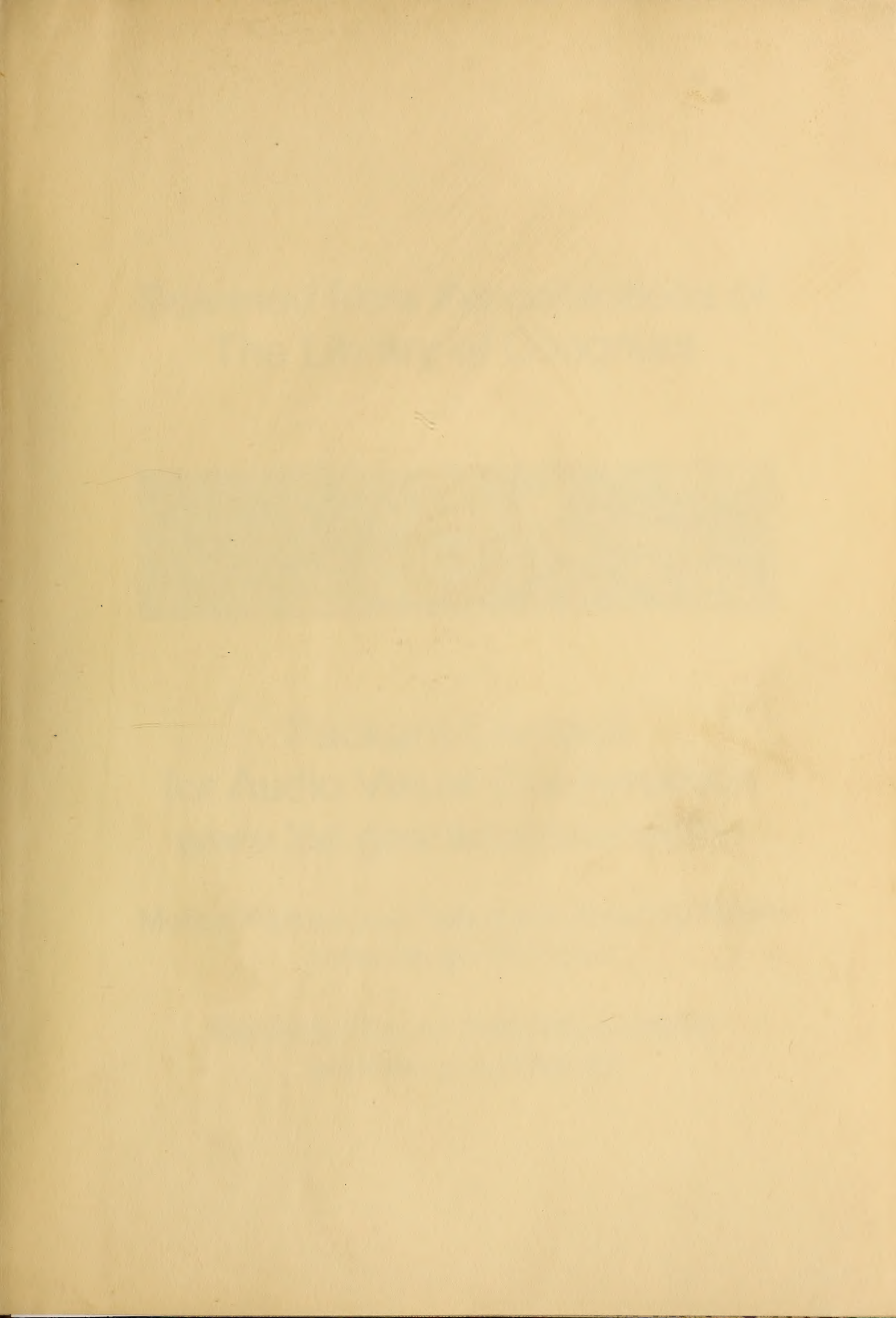




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JANUARY
1931

DOROTHY
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THE RICHEST WOMAN IN HOLLYWOOD
WHAT HAPPENS to the EXTRA GIRLS

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The New Movie Magazine

ON SALE THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH IN WOOLWORTH STORES

One of the Tower Group of Magazines

Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Vol. III, No. 1

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January, 1931

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor
Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

Published Monthly by TOWER MAGAZINES, INC., Jamaica, New York
EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Home Office: 22 North Franklin St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

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GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



Constance Bennett gives a thrilling performance of the beautiful spy in the Warner Vitaphone war melodrama, "Three Faces East." Erich Von Stroheim also plays a master spy in this absorbing thriller.

Group A

Abraham Lincoln. Here is the Griffith who stirred pioneer movie audiences. The panorama of the Great Emancipator's life, superbly acted by Walter Huston and beautifully directed by Griffith. Poet Stephen Vincent Benét wrote this screen biography, which has stark beauty. You must see this film. *United Artists.*

Three Faces East. A thrilling spy melodrama of the World War. Von Stroheim, a German spy, plays a butler in a British household while Miss Bennett, a British spy, works her way into the good graces of the German Headquarters staff. Both give noteworthy performances in their respective rôles. *Warners.*

Common Clay. Sure to be one of the big box-office pictures of the year. The problem story of a beautiful girl, an illegitimate baby and the tribulations of true love. Has a powerful emotional tug at your heart, due to Constance Bennett's fine playing. Beryl Mercer does a splendid bit, too. *Fox.*

Monte Carlo. A sort of successor to "The Love Parade"—but minus Chevalier. Jack Buchanan is pretty good in a Chevalier rôle, but Jeanette MacDonald runs away with the film as a charming, penniless countess. Adroit Lubitsch direction. *Paramount.*

The Dawn Patrol. An absorbing story of the air forces

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

in the World War. Like "Journey's End," it is a series of events showing the gallant youngsters going out one by one and failing to return. Richard Barthelmess does brilliant work. Neil Hamilton and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., too, are to be complimented. *First National.*

Romance. Here is Garbo as the heroine of Edward Sheldon's popular drama of New York in the '60's. The cast, especially Lewis Stone, is admirably chosen, but it is the vibrant Greta Garbo to whom the honors go. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Holiday. The screen version of Philip Barry's stage success. A great story, an able cast, including Ann Harding and Mary Astor. Admirable direction by Edward Griffith puts this picture in the "first-rate" class. *Pathé.*

Journey's End. One of the best war pictures yet produced. Splendidly acted by Colin Clive and Ian MacLaren. Plenty of emotional effectiveness, punch and action. *Tiffany Production.*

All Quiet on the Western Front. Here is a gruesome and bloody picturization of Remarque's detailed reaction to the World War. It is ghastly in its truth and is an everlasting sermon against war and its futility. *Universal.*

Sarah and Son. Ruth Chatterton in another "Madame X" of mother love. This will surely get your tears and hold your interest. *Paramount.*

Song O' My Heart. John McCormack makes his début in this charming drama, in which his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded.

He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. *Fox.*

Street of Chance. The best melodrama of the year. The story of Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and Broadway's greatest gambler. Corking performance by William Powell, ably aided by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. *Paramount.*

The Rogue Song. A great big hit for Lawrence Tibbett, character baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House. The tragic romance of a dashing brigand of the Caucasus, told principally in song. Based on a Lehar operetta. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Green Goddess. Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You'll like this. *Warners.*

Anna Christie. This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. Be sure to hear it. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Lumox. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab (Continued on page 8)

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| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped or crushed pineapple | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread crumbs |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnuts | Few grains salt |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar | 1 egg yoke, beaten light |
| | 1 egg white, beaten stiff |

Drain the pineapple and combine with dates, walnuts and sugar. Bread crumbs should be broken into small pieces but not ground and should be slightly browned in the oven. Mix them with baking powder and salt, and combine with fruit and nut mixture. Add egg yoke beaten light and last of all fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Fill crinkle cups $\frac{3}{4}$ full with mixture. Set cups on baking sheet or shallow pan and bake in moderate oven (350° F) for 50 minutes. Keep a small pan of water in the bottom of the oven for the first 45 minutes to keep puddings moist.

Serve hot with hard sauce or cold with whipped cream. If left in paper cups in closely covered tin box these puddings may be kept for some time. Simply freshen them by steaming in a covered sieve or colander placed over a pan of boiling water until they have been heated through.

Crinkle Cups are now available in a new, somewhat larger size—No. 1545. If it has not arrived in your Woolworth stores, send us 10¢ for a package of 75 cups.



GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 6)



"My Man" is an interest-holding melodrama based on the old song, "Frankie and Johnny," although the background has been shifted to Havana. Helen Twelvetrees gives an excellent performance and Marjorie Rambeau contributes a corking bit.

and stolid heroine. Heavy but well done. *United Artists.*

The Love Parade. Still the best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount.*

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. *Warners.*

Sunny Side Up. Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charles Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox.*

The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to

Franz Molnar's fanciful study of a ne'er-do-well, "Liliom," has been translated into an imaginative drama by the Fox Studios. Rose Hobart (at the right) plays the little slavey who cares for Liliom and Estelle Taylor is a picturesque charmer.

choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the lonely widower. *Paramount.*

Group B

What a Widow. Gloria Swanson in a lively slapstick farce. She plays a young widow who is left five millions. Of course, she immediately starts out to see life—and Paris. The array of gorgeous clothes Miss Swanson wears will please the young girls and women. *United Artists.*

Liliom. The talkies have taken over Franz Molnar's drama and developed it into an absorbing and interesting picture. It is brilliantly photographed. Rose Hobart, a newcomer, gives a sincere and sympathetic performance but Charles Farrell's work is rather dull. *Fox.*

Outward Bound. This is a strange but interesting drama, intelligently handled. A group of people find themselves on a vessel (Continued on page 107)





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It--

This New WHO'S WHO Of The SCREEN

JUST out—another pictorial directory of the film famous. "Who's Who of the Screen" contains the latest photographs of sixty-four ranking stars of today, with intimate, accurate and up-to-the-minute facts about their lives and careers.

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"Who's Who of the Screen"—the second NEW MOVIE ALBUM—is now on sale in many Woolworth stores. If you do not find it in your Woolworth store, send us ten cents, plus four cents for postage, and we will mail it to you promptly.



The latest edition has the cover pictured above. It is a beautiful portrait of Joan Crawford.

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WALTER PIDGEON



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

GRETA GARBO

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. III

JANUARY, 1931

No. 1



Gossip of the Studios

GRETA GARBO seems to be emerging somewhat from her mysterious seclusion. She gave Malibu quite a thrill lately when she came down and spent a whole afternoon on the beach with friends.



Norma Shearer: Has decided to film novel, "A Free Soul," written by our own star, Adela Rogers St. Johns.

She's been seen quite a lot recently at the theater and opera. And the other night she actually went to dine in public at the Hi-Hat Restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard. The customers stared so much that she got up and left in the middle of her dinner.

Greta has, you know, been almost as big a mystery to Hollywood as to the rest of the world. She even attended a party at the Barney Glazers one night not long ago. Perhaps she's getting a little lonely.

* * *

LILA LEE and John Farrow are going to be married. As soon as Lila is well again, there will be a Hollywood wedding.

When Lila went to Arizona for a six months' rest cure, she and John had, it appeared, come to the parting of the ways. John was seen about with Dolores Del Rio, Lila went to parties with Joel McCrae and Walter Byron and other nice young men, and everyone thought the end of a two-year romance had come.

But Johnny was so nice to her, made frequent trips to Arizona by plane, had special radios installed so that she could get Los Angeles programs, sent dinners down to her from the Montmartre, kept hot in electric ovens, saw that all the new books and magazines reached her and that her room was full of flowers—in fact, he was so nice that Lila decided she was in love with him after all, and their engagement has now been announced.



RENEÉ ADOREE has gone to Arizona for a year. She came back home too soon, after a few months in a California hillside sanatorium—and a second and more serious collapse resulted. Now the doctors say that, if she will stay in Arizona and keep perfectly

quiet for one year, she has a good chance of recovery. Otherwise—but we know Renee will be sensible this time and take care of herself. She's so vivacious and loves gaiety and people so much that it's difficult to resign herself to the rigid regime which is necessary for her delicate health.

* * *

A PRINT of "Just Imagine" has been sealed in an air-tight can and put in a vault in Fox's Movietone City—to be kept there for a half century. Then it will be opened, run on the screen, and the gents in the picture business will be able to see just how good De Sylva, Brown and Henderson were as guessors. "Just Imagine," you know, is laid in 1980—fifty years from now.

* * *

Louise Dresser tells a baby story, about the little boy who was trying to teach his pet rabbit to jump through a hoop. The rabbit refused, and the three-year-old "bawled him out" in language evidently overheard from papa, and slightly distorted:

"You're the by goddest rabbit I ever dam see. You're no more fitten to be a rabbit than a by hell," said he.

* * *

HOPE HAMPTON, who was a popular motion picture star, was one of the featured prima donnas of the Chicago Opera Company while it was in Los Angeles recently. Her lovely voice stood the test of "Manon" beautifully.

All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Louise Fazenda: Takes her first vacation in years and tours the Continent.

With her was her husband, Jules Brulatour, and they entertained and were entertained extensively. Since the movie days (she was an exceptionally beautiful blonde) Hope Hampton has studied abroad and her development, both vocally and dramatically, is surprising.

* * *

THE Chicago Grand Opera Company brought out the film stars in vast numbers. Hope Hampton was the center

of interest. Jeritza is a great favorite here, as is John Charles Thomas.

We saw:

Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor, Estelle very stunning all in white.

Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton. Ruth wore a very long evening wrap of emerald green velvet.

John Gilbert, with a party of friends.

All the de Milles. They are great opera-goers.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson, Mrs. Gibson (Sally Eilers) in a new ermine coat.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd. Mildred was wearing white, with one of these very effective short ermine jackets.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett. Only two years ago Lawrence was singing with the company himself.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks at "Tannhauser."

William Powell and Ronald Colman, in full evening dress, top hats, white gloves and gardenias. What a thrill that pair gave the fluttering debutantes in the promenade between acts.

Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Lilyan wearing an evening wrap of white velvet that touched the floor and had a white fox collar.

Townsend Netcher and his wife, Constance Talmadge, Connie being in a really beautiful sable wrap.

Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter—Mrs. Baxter looking lovely in shimmering coral.

John Loder and Catherine Dale Owen, Miss Owen wearing black satin and pearls.

* * *

CHAPLIN and Lloyd had quite a battle at a recent dinner party concerning the talkies. Chaplin was scolding Harold like a father for having given up the silent films.

"You made a mistake, Harold," said Chaplin. "Our kind of comedy is based on situation, not

dialogue. Dialogue is never necessary to good comedy. Lines are only an additional touch. The voice detracts from the essential humor of a real comedy situation. You will see that."

Harold admitted that he'd seen some of it already and that he will talk as little as possible in his next pictures.

* * *

IT makes it nice when husband and wife are in the same picture and can go "on location" together. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, playing together in "Ex-Mistress," had a delightful week at Catalina recently, and, though they were working, managed to get in a lot of fun. Bill Haines, Mae Sunday and a number of other friends sailed across to spend the week-end with them. Everybody had a good time.

* * *

REPORTS from the Great God Box Office show that Robert Montgomery is climbing the fastest of any new man on the screen and that Buddy Rogers is slipping a bit. They say that Buddy seems to be taking himself and his laurels pretty seriously these days and losing a bit of his charming naturalness.

* * *

JUST before he left for New York to begin work as supervising director of the Paramount Long Island studio, Ernst Lubitsch gave a dinner dance to say farewell to many of his Hollywood friends. Since he first came West with Pola Negri, the little black-eyed German director has won himself a pretty big place in the hearts of the picture colony. They recognize his amazing artistry, and they like him for his kindly manners and his bubbling wit.

The pretty dining-room at the Beverly Wilshire was filled with pink roses, and the big tables had baskets of pink roses and pale blue delphiniums.

Among the guests were Lydell Peck and Janet Gaynor, who looked very sweet in a gauzy white frock with little gold stars embroidered on the skirt; Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, in a tight-fitting gown of metal cloth; Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Jaffe; Mr. and Mrs. David Selznick (Irene Mayer); Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Vадja; Mr. and Mrs. Ned Marin; Jeanette MacDonald, in very pale blue; Leatrice Joy, in a deeper shade of blue, with gold embroidery; Paul Bern, Lothar Mendes and Walter Wanger.

Everybody had a swell time and everybody was sorry to see Ernst go, which brings us to—

The little battle staged at the Embassy Club on a Saturday evening not long ago between Ernst Lubitsch and his best friend, one Hans Kraly.

The Embassy that night was the scene of a Benefit Dance given for the Motion Picture Relief Fund and sponsored by Douglas Fairbanks and the Fund's



Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

patron saint, who very naturally is Mary Pickford. Almost everyone in pictures was there. The small tables about the beautiful room held dinner groups of friends in the colony. Everyone was very gay. Dancing was at its height.

When suddenly, Mr. Lubitsch and Mr. Kraly engaged in a bit of what Damon Runyon calls the gentle pastime of ear scrambling. Ernst popped Mr. Kraly, Mr. Kraly popped him back and it looked like at least a four-round go when it was ended by the intervention of Mrs. Helen Lubitsch. But she intervened not in behalf of her recently divorced husband Ernst, but Mr. Kraly. She socked Lubitsch. He couldn't hit her back, so the match ended.

Lubitsch declares that Kraly, who used to be his best friend, and his divorced wife, Mrs. Lubitsch, made fun of him, and laughed at his dancing. He says they spoke such words in German that he was obliged to at least attempt to shut Kraly's mouth.

The three had been friends long before coming to America. Upon their arrival here, all three lived together.

* * *

PAUL BERN had a housewarming at his new home in the foothills near Bel-Air. As guests of honor he presented Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Fineman (Margaret de Mille). Every one came in the afternoon, wandered about the lovely grounds, and then had a buffet dinner.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. David Selznick, Kenneth McKenna and Kay Francis, Willis Goldbeck and Mary Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, Rosetta Duncan and Walter Wanger.

* * *

KENNETH McKENNA and Kay Francis are still "going together." So are Mary Duncan and Willis Goldbeck. We see that beautiful Virginia Cherrill about with young Tommy Lee, son of Don Lee, automobile millionaire and famous yachtsman. Charlie Chaplin still escorts Georgia Hale. Joan Marsh, the pretty new blonde at Metro-Goldwyn, is seen with young Russell Gleason, William Bakewell and young William Janney.

* * *

Mary Brian always eats vegetable salad for lunch.

* * *

THE most beautiful dinner dance given in Hollywood for many a long day was the "welcome home" party for William Randolph Hearst at which Mary Pickford was hostess.

In her invitations, Mrs. Fairbanks said: "I invite you to a dinner to be given for the purpose of welcoming back to Hollywood the great friend and patron of the motion picture industry, Mr. William Randolph Hearst."

Everyone responded and a remarkable group gathered.

The French room—we

wonder if Mary had a twinkle in her eye on that one—at the Ambassador was exquisitely decorated for the occasion. Across the upper end, was one long table. Surrounding the dance floor were smaller tables, with trellises of orchids, gardenias and roses looking as though they grew there. A raised platform held George Olsen and his orchestra—the first time in months the Olsen crowd has played at a private function.

Mary, in a gown of pure white chiffon with thousands of small iridescent beads covering it, and a great corsage of white orchids on her shoulder, sat at the long table, with Mr. Hearst on one side of her, and Douglas Fairbanks on the other. She was the only woman at that table. The heads of all the great studios occupied the other seats, including Louis B. Mayer, Winfield Sheehan, David Selznick, Joseph Schenck, Harry Cohn, Harry Warner, George Hearst and Al Kaufman.

A wonderful program had been arranged. Of course, everyone was delighted to make Mr. Hearst's homecoming a success. Eddie Cantor sang two new songs. The English songbird, Evelyn Laye, gowned in turquoise blue velvet, sang three songs amid much applause. Ethel Shutta, prima donna of "Whoopie" on the New York stage and now Mrs. George Olsen, did her "Come West, Little Girl."

The success of the evening was the entrance of Mr. Hearst's pet bulldog, who hadn't seen his master since his trip abroad.

Gloria Swanson wore a very simple gown of very deep, sapphire blue velvet, cut to the waist line in the back and with a long, flowing petal-like skirt. Over this, when she came in, she wore a short jacket of chinchilla. Her jewels were sapphires, a single drop, one bracelet and one ring. At her small table were

Marion Davies, in a frock of orchid chiffon with a little ruffle at the waist line; Charlie Chaplin, Sir Philip Sassoon, and Harry Crocker.

The belle of the ball was Marie Dressler. Gorgeously gowned in deep purple, with diamonds, and an ermine wrap, Miss Dressler was the center of a gay group all evening and she was the partner selected by Mr. Hearst with whom to "open the ball." As they danced, the guests formed a circle about them, and Marie carried it off with a great air.

Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels), the Marquis de la Falaise,



Lila Lee: Going to marry John Farrow, the writer, as soon as health permits.



The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



Billie Dove: Returns from tour of Europe and opens her Toluca Lake house.

Constance Bennett, who wore beige lace, John Gilbert, William Haines, Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton, Josef von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich (in white chiffon, with touches of red and a corsage of red roses), Laurence Gray, Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard (Gertrude Olmstead), Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Anita Page, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Joan Crawford), Irving Thalberg and his wife Norma

Shearer, June Collyer, Lew Cody, Virginia Cherrill, Polly Moran, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Edmund Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beaumont, Eileen Percy, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cantor, Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Sid Grauman and Mrs. Grauman, Marjorie Rambeau, Aileen Pringle and Matt Moore, Mr. and Mrs. George K. Arthur, Catherine Dale Owen, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brulatour (Hope Hampton), Gene Mackey and Sam Wood.

* * *

DOUG MacLEAN is coming back to pictures, but not in front of the camera. He will be an associate producer at RKO.

* * *

RKO has released all the show girls and dancers it had under contract for musical pictures—which is an indication of what is going on all over Hollywood. Musicals have their place and that place in the future will be one or two a year. The fans became tired of them when they were turned out by the dozen.

BILLIE DOVE is back in Hollywood after three months in Europe. Her Toluca Lake house has just been opened and Billie is moving in. It seems probable that she will be married to Howard Hughes, millionaire producer of "Hell's Angels," soon. She is divorced from Irvin Willat, while Hughes' wife recently obtained a decree in another state.

* * *

DORIS KENYON SILLS, widow of the late Milton Sills whose sudden death was such a blow to Hollywood, went to Lake Arrowhead for a few weeks, to rest. Her plans for the future are still indefinite, but it is possible that she will go through with plans for a nationwide concert tour, which will take her away from the painful memories of her Beverly Hills home.



NORMA TALMADGE is back at her beach house, after spending the Summer abroad. She was in Paris and on the Riviera and had a grand time. At the moment she hasn't any picture plans.

* * *

Alice White is considering a vaudeville tour.

* * *

MILDRED HARRIS, who was the first wife of Charles Chaplin, is back in Hollywood. Expects to make pictures once more.

* * *

DOLORES DEL RIO has practically recovered from her long illness. She was able to go out and sit in the garden and to watch some guests playing tennis. The doctor still advises rest and quiet.

In the meantime, Dolores' contract with United Artists has lapsed. Plans for production of "The Dove" have been postponed indefinitely.

* * *

MARY DUNCAN opened her home in Bel-Air, after a hurried trip to New York, with a pretty dinner party, a buffet supper being served in the garden. Mary is one of those charming casual hostesses and looked very lovely in a white velvet frock, with a short peplum edged with ermine. Her guests included Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), Mr. and Mrs. Davis Selznick, Jeannette Loff, Aileen Pringle, Dorothy Jordan, Winnie Sheehan, Mack Sennett, Al Christie, Carl Laemmle, Jr., Paul Bern, Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy (Edna Murphy), Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm St. Clair, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow and Willis Goldbeck.

* * *

HELEN TWELVETREES gets the coveted rôle of "Millie" in Don Clark's new novel by that name. Her work in "My Man" earned her the chance at "Millie." Robert Ames is to play the reporter.

* * *

BELIEVE it or not, one building in Hollywood has 5,000 doors and 3,000 windows in it! It is only one hundred feet long and fifty feet wide. It is a storehouse where doors and windows are kept before and after they are used on sets.

* * *

GLORIA SWANSON has filed suit for divorce from Henri, Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. The complaint alleges desertion.

The separation of Gloria and her Marquis became known a short time ago. Gloria at that time declared she did not intend to sue for divorce.

* * *

HAL WALLIS has taken advantage of the shut-down at First National to

film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

make a trip abroad. His wife, Louise Fazenda, has gone with him. It's Louise's first European venture and she left in a mood of wild excitement. They'll see Paris, Berlin, and London and spend a month in New York before coming back to Hollywood.

* * *

LOUIS WOLHEIM says there is one thing he will not do again—and that's try to direct a picture and act in it at the same time.

"Say," he says now that his first directorial attempt is over, "these director fellows don't get half enough credit. They have to have eyes in the back of their heads, six ears, fourteen hands, four pairs of feet, no nerves, get along without sleep, think of twenty-two things at once and talk about nine of them at the same time—and it's a tougher racket than this actor business. I didn't know when I was well off. But I know this much now, I'll never direct and try to act at the same time again."

* * *

THE Chaplin studio is the unique studio of Hollywood. It is strictly a one-man affair. Instead of the dozens of producers and assistants, heads of departments and writers, cameramen and props you find on all other lots, the Chaplin studio has an employee list of less than forty-five people, including the gateman. They show up every morning at nine o'clock and never know whether they are to work or not that day. Because Chaplin may show up and again he may not. No one knows. But they are always ready for the boss when and if he does come to the studio.

Charlie takes his time about working on a picture and spends a year, as he did on this last one, where other studios would rush the work through in two months. But when he gets it done—it's usually good.

* * *

Paul Lukas was born on a train near Budapest, Hungary.

* * *

DICK BARTHELMESS is one of the smartest actors in Hollywood. When other stars are saying, "I must have the only real rôle in the picture" and seeing to it that good bits of acting by lesser lights are left on the cutting-room floor, Dick merely says, "Gimme a picture with several good rôles and some good actors to fit into 'em."

Someone "steals" almost every one of Dick's pictures, according to critics, just as Lila Lee did in "Drag," and as young Doug Fairbanks did in "The Dawn Patrol." In the parlance of the game this means they had a great part, a part every bit the equal of the star's, and fitted it adequately.

But Barthelmess doesn't care. He knows it helps make a better picture, he isn't a bit afraid of competition, and he gets a great,

if silent, kick out of helping someone up the ladder—as he did Doug, Jr., in "The Dawn Patrol." Which, perhaps, is one reason Dick Barthelmess has remained on top of the heap for years, while other stars have come up—and gone down.

* * *

MANY of our readers have called our attention to the mistake we made in stating that Ralph Forbes gave Ronald Colman the Viking Funeral in "Beau Geste."

(This statement was made in Dick Hyland's article on "Big Moments of Screen History" in the October NEW MOVIE). It was Neil Hamilton who set fire to the body of his brother, Ronald Colman, and credit should be given Mr. Hamilton for his splendid acting in this particular scene.

* * *

THE University of Washington, in Seattle, is going to have a class for the study of the motion picture. If they run Garbo films the course will be a popular one.

* * *

HAROLD LLOYD is sold on the new wide film and will have a wide film camera on his next picture, which will be another football picture such as "The Freshman," if his plans are carried out. One kick against the new film is that it does away with close-ups, but Harold says that can be overcome with the development of an entirely new technique, just as the talkies have forced a new technique upon directors and stars.

* * *

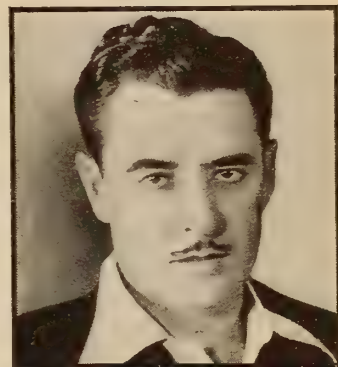
Lawrence Carter is electrician in the Paramount studio. He tends to lights and things up among the rafters over the sets. And he has spent over 32,000 hours up among those rafters since 1915. He passed that number while working on Dick Arlen's "Social Errors."

* * *

LAURENCE TIBBETT, having finished "New Moon," is going on the road for a concert tour. Mrs. Tibbett and the boys go to Europe and join him in New York for Christmas.

* * *

SKEETS GALLAGHER and his pretty wife, Pauline Mason, have about the cutest baby on display (Continued on page 97)



Jack Gilbert: Decides to go abroad and to spend Christmas at St. Moritz.



The Toughest GAME

There Are 17,541 Extras Listed in Hollywood and for the Last Two Years They Have Averaged But \$2.94 a Week in Earnings



500 men, all hoping for a few days' work and possible movie fame, waiting at the studio gates of Paramount. The call had gone out that several hundred were needed to play miners in "The Spoilers."

IT'S a tough racket being a movie extra. And the better they are the less chance they have of winning a real chance.

They starve and they faint, they work and they sweat. They make less money per week than the average girl selling knickknacks over the counters of a department store.

They come, they last a short time, and they go. No one knows where. No one knows, exactly, how they stick and live while trying to storm the gates of Hollywood.

Because today there are SEVENTEEN THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE extra people listed at the Central Casting Bureau alone in Hollywood. For these thousands there is an average of but eight hundred jobs a day. Over sixteen thousand seven hundred of them go jobless daily.

Throughout a two-year period—1928 and 1929—records show that these people averaged the grand salary of TWO DOLLARS AND NINETY-FOUR CENTS A WEEK!

OF the 17,541 extras listed (girls and boys, men and women who proudly and hopefully signed registration applications under the fantastic impression that this opens the way to the movies) only 194 worked an average of two or more days a week for the last two years. One hundred and forty of these were men, fifty-four were women. The one hundred and fortieth man earned \$14.42 a week, the fifty-fourth woman earned \$14.25 a week. Are they startling figures?

There are just eight extras in Hollywood who stand out above the rest in the matter of days worked and money earned. They are the top eight men and women. This octette—they are at the top of their profession, mind you—earned the grand and princely average of \$43.94 a week for the last two-year period. Can you name any other profession in which the top eight average only that amount?

BEFORE they could earn that they had to be able to drive a car, dance, swim, ride a horse better than well, sing and be healthy enough to withstand hardships, the least of which was hanging around in sopping wet clothes for hours at a time on cold winter days. And own a wardrobe costing over two thousand dollars!

They'll never get rich, these boys and girls, as extras.

The most successful of them all, the queen of her people during the last two years, is a girl named Jane Arden (her real name Jane Slease). Jane worked 464 days during 1928 and 1929, an average of about four days a week. For this she made \$47.45 a week—a good salary.

But Miss Arden has what is called a "very complete" wardrobe. She has every kind of an outfit. It includes, among other things, fifteen hats, four evening wraps, three sport coats, four other coats, two fur coats, twenty-one pairs of shoes, twelve street dresses, seven evening dresses, bathing suits galore! They cost over \$2,500 and left Miss Arden just a bit over twenty-one dollars a week upon which to live. And Jane Arden, I have told you, is the ace in this deck of cards. The others all earned far, far less than did Jane.

The man who worked most during this same two-year period is Myron Green, better known on the sets as "Babe" Green. He made \$46.95 a week. He is thirty-three years old and has been learning this extra business for eight years. His clothes include everything from a full-dress suit with tails to an English hunting coat and riding clothes. He is the ace among the men.

IT is a peculiar twist of fate that no person who has been successful as an extra has ever gotten to be anything else in Hollywood. No extra, who worked more than spasmodically, has ever come up from the ranks to stardom or anything approaching stardom. If they are good—they are lost forever. If they are bad (by bad I mean do not earn enough to live) they are lost—unless they have something on the ball, some way,

in the World

BY DICK HYLAND

somehow, which will enable them to come through when their "break" presents itself.

Girls and boys outside of Hollywood, and some raised in Hollywood, have said and are saying to themselves that Dick Arlen, Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor and Ramon Novarro have been extras. "They pulled themselves up, they are great successes," they report, "and I have the same opportunity."

They have. But Arlen, Farrell and their very, very few brothers and sisters from the extra ranks are so exceptional and so outstanding as to become discouraging items by the very force of the proof they give to the argument that being an extra is a tough racket and one in which but a handful out of the thousands ever succeed.

IN every case where real success has come to an extra luck has played a great part. In every case that extra was not a successful extra.

Dick Arlen had to be hit by a truck belonging to one of the companies before he got much of a break—and his job was driving a motorcycle delivery, not being an extra, when he got hit. It is not suggested that others get in front of trucks belonging to big companies. The odds against surviving are about as great as gaining success through extra work.

Edwina Booth was an extra before she got the "break" and was given the part of the girl in "Trader Horn." She had been a bit fresh one day while her picture was taken with six other extras. A year later Director Van Dyke, who had taken the picture, remembered this blonde who had kicked about posing in that picture. She exactly fit the "Trader Horn" part. But again advice is given not to try to succeed by getting fresh. Miss Booth went to Africa with the company, returned, and has spent a year ill in bed. Her health was wrecked by tropical ailments caught in Africa. And she is being sued by the wife of one of the other actors in the company, who claims that Miss Booth stole the affections of the hubby. Miss Booth says she didn't, but that is neither here nor there. She's being sued. Was her "break" a good one?

CHARLIE FARRELL is one of those who made good. But he was a flop as an extra. One day he stood in line at Paramount studio, waiting and hoping. The casting director said, "Nothing doing." Charlie walked down the line which had formed in back of him—other men, other boys, all hoping for that job the casting director had told Charlie was not there. Charlie stopped to talk to a friend, another extra, Paul Wilkenson.

"Nothing doing, Charlie?" asked Paul.

"Not a damn thing," said Farrell. "And I'm through, finished. This extra business is no good. I'm going to start looking

The switchboard at the Central Casting Bureau, where all extras must register in order to get work. The Bureau gets 900 calls an hour from extras hoping for work.



Frances Dee: the only girl picked from the extra ranks in the last year who has made good. It was just luck.

around for something else—anything but this."

Charlie did. Not again did he work as an extra. He did other things until the chance came for him to work in a small bit for Mary Pickford. He lifted her into his arms and carried her off the set. That "bit" was his initial "break." Then came other small parts and then "Seventh Heaven," which made him. But even that, that great part of Chico, would not have been Charlie's had not Jack Gilbert had a scrap with the Fox studio and walked off the lot. "Seventh Heaven" was purchased for Jack, not Charlie. Upon such vague and unlooked-for things are "breaks" built in Hollywood. You can't count on them coming at all.

PAUL WILKENSON himself, is an example of what becomes of a few of the smarter extras. The wardrobe man on a picture in which he was working needed an assistant. Paul took the job thankfully. It meant regular money, regular grub. Then he became a ward-



The Only Game That Offers No Reward and No Hope

robe man himself, a prop man, and then got into the casting end of the business. He is now the assistant casting director at M.-G.-M. and has the job of telling extras "Nothing doing" even as he was so often told.

I asked him one or two questions about "breaks" and what chance an extra had of getting somewhere. His answer was "darn little."

"Some of them do, of course," he continued, "but even when they get a break, nowadays, they don't get far.

One of them, a girl named Lillian Bond, was given a contract the other day. She is the voice of the feminine cutie in some dog pictures we are doing. No one will ever see her. Still it means steady dough, which is a break for an extra. It's a tough racket."

Studios are not charitable organizations. And one hour lost on a set may mean anywhere from two to ten thousand dollars gone out the window. So they demand that extras be experienced. Which tends to keep some old ones going and most of the new ones out in the cold.

OF the 17,541 who are registered at Central Casting (they call in there so often the telephone company had to install a special piece of equipment which handles 900 calls an hour!) thousands have no chance of working at all or, at best, but rarely.

The coming of sound jumped the registration considerably. Three thousand boys and girls, men and women, from all over the world, flocked to Hollywood. They said they were singers. They could sing enough to get registered. But further auditions and vocal tests cut that number to TWO HUNDRED! Two hundred can sing well enough and are of varied enough types so that they handled all of the jobs calling for singing extras. The other 2,800 get jobs only when great mobs are



"Babe" Green, Hollywood's most successful male extra, has averaged \$46 a week for two years.



Jane Arden, Hollywood's best female feminine extra, made \$47 a week during 1928 and 1929.

called for singing, such as the rooting section at a football game. I asked what has become of that 2,800, how they live? No one knows.

Two thousand dancers—ballet, toe and tap—registered when the orgy of musical comedy pictures first hit the industry. Those pictures are now out of vogue. Very, very few of those two thousand girls will survive as extras. It means home and failure, getting married or getting a job at something else.

THREE THOU-

SAND out of the 17,541 are fortunate enough to be called and considered "regulars." They have complete wardrobes. They handle most of the parts calling for general extra work. Mob scenes, street scenes, atmosphere, and so on. They are qualified for almost everything. All, except the 194 mentioned above, averaged well under fourteen dollars a week for the past two years. This three thousand does not change its personality very much. A few of them drop out, a few of them change types, a few new faces can be seen among them each year. But as a rule they stick in the game for from three to five years, some even longer, and eke out their bare existence. Hope carries them ever forward.

The rest of the mob of over seventeen thousand often do not have a chance to even get started. They come, perhaps having a little money upon which to live. But they last only an average of less than two years. Many, many pull out in a year. They are of two kinds, the smart ones, and the ones who lack the courage to go on, ever hoping and never attaining.

"HOW do they live?" I asked. Asked everyone. The answer invariably was, "I don't know." I came to the conclusion that these extras are better magicians than they are actors. They (Continued on page 100)




An unusual picture, in that it brought fame to Edwina Booth. She is the first girl at the right. This publicity shot was made while the studio was seeking a girl to play the heroine of "Trader Horn." A year later, it brought the job to Miss Booth. Also it brought trouble and illness.



Photograph by Hurrell

**WALLACE
BEERY**

Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler should make a roystering couple in Metro-Goldwyn's "Min and Bill." This co-starring comes as a reward for Beery's hit in "The Big House" and Miss Dressler's appropriation of honors in a number of films. The locale of this new comedy is the waterfront and Beery plays a fishing captain.



Ruth Chatterton's Greatness as an Actress Is Handi- capped Only by Her Con- sciousness of Gentility.

OF Ruth Chatterton, the Paramount publicity man writes, "She refused a flattering motion-picture contract at the height of her stardom because she was not allowed to select her own stories."

I do not know who selects her stories now. I am sure it is not the intelligent Miss Chatterton. She has probably long ago decided to allow the Paramount officials to select them and have done with it.

She has appeared in a few films that are above the average. The rest are on a par with "Madame X," which was so watery sentimental that janitors in outlying film houses were forced to wear life savers in sweeping out the theater.

A miracle woman in films, being intelligent, Miss Chatterton knows the difference in the real and the unreal.

She is a startling proof that people in Hollywood can seldom be greater than their environment.

THE publicity writer continues: "The opportunity to play opposite Jannings, whom she considered a great artist, was what induced Miss Chatterton to leave the stage, at least temporarily, to play in pictures."

This, of course, is merely publicity of an ingenious kind.

In technical ability, says Jim Tully, Ruth Chatterton is second to no living actress. Her training in stock and on the New York stage has been rigid. Born in New York, she was educated at a private school in Pelham Manor, New York.

Almost Too Much of a LADY

By JIM TULLY

Miss Chatterton, in her deepest heart, did not leave the stage. It left her. Her very life is in the stage. She has ridden to her greatest commercial success on a film horse she surely does not love. She is too big to be content to play shadows forever.

As one who is fond of Ruth Chatterton, I have a real sympathy for her. And neither is it wasted.

She would far rather play such rôles as "Sister Carrie" and "Susan Lennox" or anything else that is honest and forthright. Instead, she plays in "Paramount on Parade" and "Charming Sinners."

In technical ability she is second to no living actress. Her training in stock and on the New York stage has been rigid. At one time or another, she has played opposite such women as Pauline Lord and Lenore Ulric.

One long ago Winter night, I told Lenore Ulric that she was one of the greatest second-class actresses in America.

Hesitating for a moment as if stunned, she asked, "Why?"

"There are no first," I answered.

She talked of what an American actress must contend with, and agreed.

I once had, in the beginning, an honest Negro play rehearsing for the New York stage. I went to see Miss Ulric in "Lulu Belle," and left the tawdry business in the second act.

IN justice to a half dozen such women as Chatterton and Ulric, the American public does not care for the plays in which they would like to appear.

Miss Chatterton's last play, before grabbing the life line of the movies, was John Colton's "The Devil's Plum Tree."

The only ripe plum on the whole tree was Ruth Chatterton, herself. So, realizing that Jannings was a great artist, she went into films, determined to become financially independent and return, a wealthy lady, to her first and only love.

After several years in stock, Miss Chatterton finally became leading woman for Henry Miller in "Daddy Long Legs." She was later co-starred with him in "A Marriage of Convenience."

Born in New York, she was educated at a private school in Pelham Manor.

To those people who become agitated as to whether or not she is as great an actress as Greta Garbo, I might say that if she isn't, the reason can be first traced to Pelham Manor.

Her background, a middle-class lake, lapping the shores of American gentility, is her greatest handicap. Greta Garbo was the peasant in "Anna Christie." Ruth Chatterton is, no matter how subtly she tries to conceal it, too often conscious of her gentility. She has a beautiful body, with the grace of a ballet dancer. It is a pleasure to watch her walk across a room. There is, if anything, too much thought in her face for that of a highly successful film actress. Generally, the more popular faces among these ladies are vapid. There is always an expression on them as if the owner would say, "I would sing of love."

Miss Chatterton is always exceedingly well dressed

According to the publicitymen, Ruth Chatterton's ancestry traces to the French Bourbons, officials of the Church of England and early American farmers. Miss Chatterton's early life was a round of lunches at Sherry's, matinees and formal dinner parties. At sixteen she tried the stage. Today, at thirty-seven, she is a great success in an entirely different medium. Mr. Tully tells you here how all this came about.

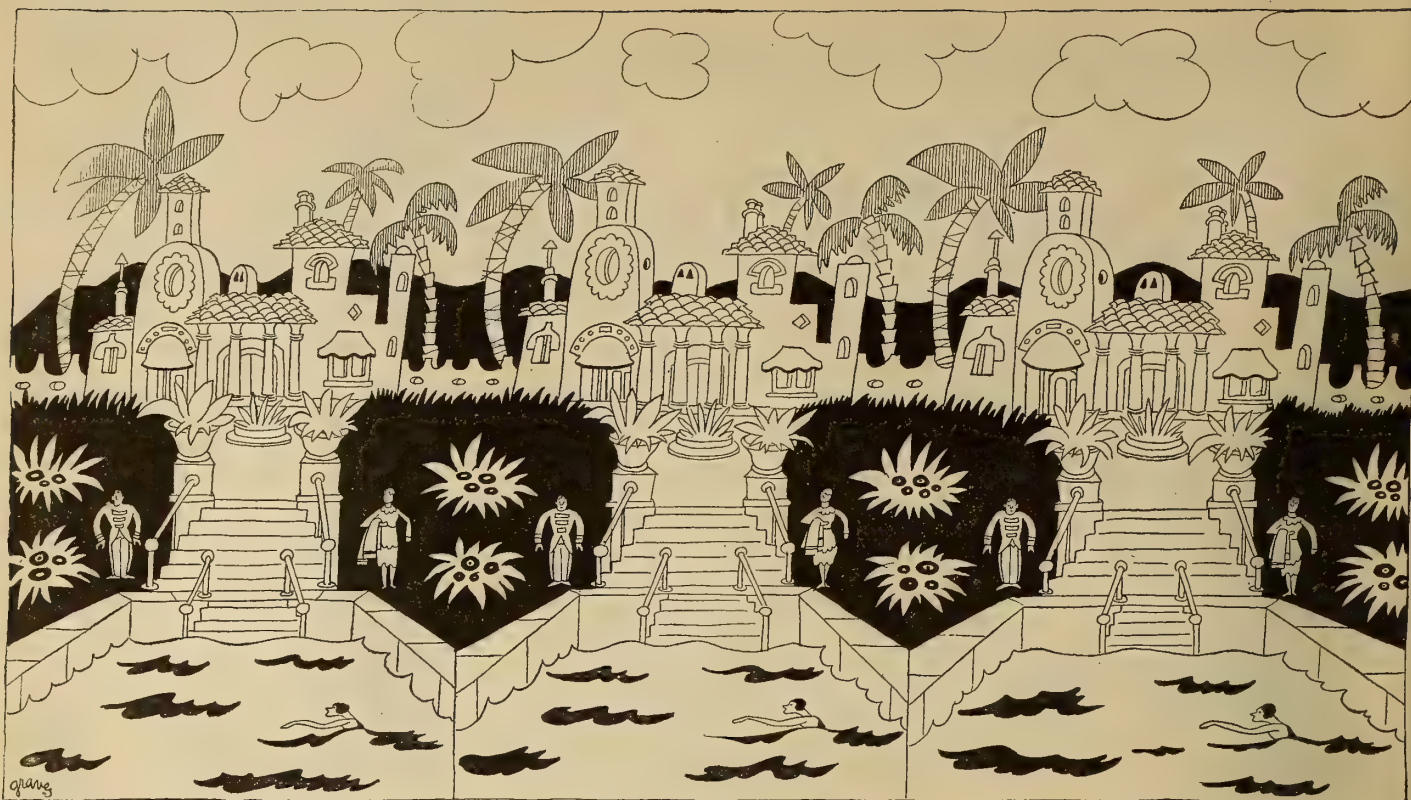


on screen and street. She wears clothes as naturally and gracefully as a tiger does its skin. Her German accent in "Sarah and Son" was superb. Her voice is delightful with melody and cadence. It is the first real gift to the microphone. Her muscular control is wondrous to watch. It resembles perfect machinery in motion. She is the triumph of a highly clever woman. But all she has, and sadly I may risk her valued friendship in writing it, does not make her surpass Garbo.

MUCH publicity has been given to certain so-called intimate details—in many cases manifestly unjustified and unfair—of the life of Garbo, seemingly forgetting that she has any right to privacy.

It was said that Garbo was economical and demanded a receipt for small items, that she sent her servants into Los Angeles for groceries to save pennies. That she likes the rain; that she will even turn the hose on herself to get wet. That she sleeps in men's pajamas. That she plays jazz records. That she will not eat in the M.-G.-M. commissary, but carries a lunch from her home. (A wise woman). That her first employment in Sweden was in a barber shop, lathering the faces of customers.

These, and many other things, were said of her. None of them mattered; and had nothing to do with her transcendent ability as (Continued on page 110)



Just a panorama of Beverly Hills, showing the simple and unostentatious home life of the movie stars.

Travelogue:

J. P. McEvoy, the Humorist, Tells His Little Boy, Rollo, All the Secrets of Hollywood—and Finds His Son Knows More About the Town Than He Does

DADDY, have you ever been to Hollywood?

Yes, Rollo.

Did you like it?

Did I like what?

Hollywood.

Who wants to know, Rollo?

I want to know, daddy.

Why?

Because I consider a diligent inquiry into Hollywood basically and fundamentally important to any cultural development which I might—

What are you running for, Rollo?

I wish you wouldn't interrupt me, dad.

I'm sorry, Rollo.

Sorry, my eye! Don't do it again.

OKAY, Rollo. Take it from "any cultural development which I might—"

Is that what I said?

That's what you were saying.

What was I talking about?

About Hollywood: Did I like it—had I been there—and when I asked why you wanted to know, you started to make a speech.

Maybe I shouldn't have done that, huh, daddy?

Maybe.

Maybe I shouldn't ask you about Hollywood, huh?

Ask away, Rollo. I have no secrets from you. Not about Hollywood, anyway.

Is it a nice town, daddy?

Very nice.

Is it bright and big and gay?

Yes, Rollo.

IS it wicked, daddy?

No, Rollo.

Not even itsy, bitsy wicked?

How would you like a good sock in the nose? Itsy-bitsy!

I thought that was cute, daddy.

It isn't.

Well, my mistake. Tell me about Hollywood, daddy. I heard it was wild and woolly and—What did you think, daddy?

It isn't.

I heard the parties run all night, daddy—and wild women can be seen up in the hills at all hours—leaping from jag to jag.

Don't you believe it, Rollo. Those are real estate agents.

And I heard all the bathtubs are solid gold, and the tennis courts are Carrara marble, and they have platinum plumbing and hot and cold running gin on every floor.



When the movie stars rough it at Malibu, they do it in a big way—but simplicity predominates.

HOLLYWOOD

By J. P. McEVOY

You have been misled, my son.
It isn't anything like that?
Nothing like it.

I'M disappointed, daddy.

Sorry, Rollo.

Heartbroken, daddy.

Don't cry, Rollo.

Desolated, daddy—ravaged with grief—prostrated with sorrow.

You're breaking my heart, Rollo.

I don't wish to live, daddy.

You mustn't take it like that, Rollo. You are a growing lad, Rollo, and disappointments such as this will come often to you in the years ahead.

No fooling, daddy?

Absolutely, Rollo.

Then what is there to live for, daddy?

You may well ask, Rollo.

All my life I've looked forward to growing a little older so I could go to Hollywood. All my life I've heard dark and delightful rumors about the night life along Hollywood Boulevard, and those devilish doings in the Pig 'n' Whistle.

Poor boy.

AND up and down the Malibu, daddy—don't tell me there's no Malibu, daddy.

Oh, yes, there's a Malibu, Rollo.

What do they do there, daddy? Tell me, tell me. I'm all a-twit.

They swim and sit, Rollo. That is—in the Summer.

And in the Winter, daddy—in the

Winter, tell me?

They sit.

That's all?

Well, they eat off each other.

Don't they make yip-yip, daddy?

I beg your pardon?

Yip-yip? Hey-hey?

Who?

The movie stars.

Where?

On the Malibu?

When?

Anytime, daddy. What's the big idea anyway? I don't think you know anything about it, daddy, and I'm beginning to suspect you've never been to Hollywood.

Oh, yes, I have, Rollo.

I'm becoming quite convinced, daddy, that not only have you never been to Hollywood, but that you don't know any of the stars.

Oh, Rollo, how could you?

WELL, then, do you know Jack Oakie?

Oh, yes, Rollo.

Does he speak to you?

Oh, no, Rollo.

Do you know Jack Barrymore?

Mister Barrymore to you, Rollo.

Do you know him?

Oh, yes, Rollo.

Does he speak to you?

Oh, no, Rollo.

Are you unhappy about it, daddy?

No, Rollo. (Continued on page 106)

Decorations

by T. Howard Graves

MOTHER

BY
ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

Marlene Dietrich, the Newest Screen Personality, Finds It Isn't Easy to Combine Motherhood with Acting

ABOVE all things in motion pictures I love an actress.

I am of the old school and cannot be convinced that the display of an attractive personality is acting.

I do not object to it, of course. It comes within the laws of entertainment. We, as a nation, love personalities, exploit them and respond to them, in politics, business, athletics and the arts.

But I do want them called by their right names. And the presentation of personality, over and over again on the screen, is *not* acting.

I love acting. Love to see it. So, I believe, do the vast majority of people who remain content with personalities because they see so little acting that they forget what it is like.

They are going to see some of it now. Believe me! Marlene Dietrich is an actress.

IN my opinion, she is a very great actress. She is going to knock American audiences right off their seats and have them, as Wilson Mizner would say, gasp-

ing in the aisles. As Pola used to say, "Here is great artist." I admit I am all excited. It happened all in one day and without any real warning, because I have long since ceased paying any attention to the ravings of a studio anent a new foreign importation. They arrive by the carload and go back the same way and they are as quickly forgotten.

But the day I saw "Morocco" and met Marlene Dietrich was a great big breath of heaven. Twenty-four hours of real thrills, which I had given up expecting in these colorless, mechanical days of the talkies. Now that I have seen her act, and met her as well, I may confess that it's been hard, woefully hard, trying to be enthusiastic about the smooth, bland, too-competent and too-conscious charms of our modern youths and maidens of Talkieland.

I have, even in print, yearned back toward the good old days.

Then—Marlene Dietrich.

I haven't had such a kick since Pola Negri descended upon us like a gorgeous tornado some years ago. Pola shook Hollywood to its foundations.

Advance showings of Marlene Dietrich's first American film, "Morocco," indicate that the newest German invader is likely to become a sensation. As the café singer, Amy Jolly, Miss Dietrich combines some of the electrical qualities of Greta Garbo and the late Jeanne Eagels.



IN the morning I saw "Morocco," which is Marlene Dietrich's first American talkie.

Into my vision moved a woman who left me breathless, who stirred me as no actress on the screen has stirred me since I saw Pola Negri in "Passion" ten years ago.

A woman who showed me on the screen all the phases and emotions of a consuming passion. The little projection room grew tense with it. I felt myself swept along upon its tide toward the inevitable end as the music of Wagner sweeps me.

I had no time to think of the story, to judge whether I liked it or didn't like it, no time to criticize this woman's technique or appearance or personality.

It was as vital as looking upon a storm in the mountains, or a great murder trial. You have nothing to do with it, no opinion of its place in the scheme of things. There it is—life. And there she was, living, suffering, loving. The heart followed her as resistlessly as the eyes. Bad woman—good woman? How can you tell? A human being, handled roughly by Fate. A fiery, lovable, dynamic, mistaken, pitiful, alluring figure. Right or wrong, something *real*. Every breath she drew you drew with her. She made you *believe* that woman.

She lifted Gary Cooper up with her. All his possibilities became actualities.

THE Paramount studio, which regards me as hard-boiled, cynical, critical and cold-blooded because I cannot get excited about the immature and routine flutterings of machine-made stars, decided to give me a special medal when I came forth, white, tear-dimmed, speechless.

"I've just seen an *actress*," I said.

Five minutes after I met Marlene Dietrich I realized that she was even greater than I thought.

Because it was acting.

Marlene Dietrich is no more like the elemental, violent, fascinating woman of "Morocco" than the gentle, sensitive Duse was like Camille.

To me, Duse was the greatest actress who ever lived. I have resented, bitterly, openly, and often the comparison of any living actress to the immortal Eleanora. In a very small whisper, let me say that if time and fate are good to her, this German girl might one day be allowed a very small corner of the Duse mantle.

I was still quivering with exaltation when I met Marlene Dietrich.

Marlene Dietrich is the daughter of a German army officer, killed early in the World War. She studied English, French, music, and, in time, married a director of German films. When Emil Jannings returned to the Fatherland, he selected Miss Dietrich as his leading woman. Her playing opposite Herr Jannings brought her an American contract.



"MARIA IS MY HAPPINESS," SAYS MARLENE DIETRICH

The rest of this interview with the star of "Morocco" belongs by rights in the magazine of the Parent-Teachers Association.

WE talked for an entire afternoon, interrupting each other, laughing, shedding womanish tears, getting all worked up—without a single change of subject.

We talked about children. Bearing them, having them, loving them.

I never saw anyone so mad about children, so proud of motherhood, so agonized over separation from a child.

"I wish I had twelve of them," she said. "Always, I have liked to think of a long table, with children on both sides, all mine, and me at the top.

"Sometimes I wish I am not an actress. It is difficult. In America you women have babies—poof, like nothing. Norma Shearer has a baby and hardly is it noticed. Me? Oh, while I wait for it I can do nothing else. I hardly dare to breathe. I must not have one thought that can go outside of that baby—which-is-to-come. Then—six months I nurse my baby. In America it is so that one does not nurse the little baby. You give it out of a bottle, eh? Maybe. I could not do that. Oh, how I cried when the doctor says, put the little baby on a bottle. That is a sad moment is it not?"

I STUDIED her while she talked and was more and more surprised.

There is an unusual simplicity about her whole appearance. Her expression is sincere and her manner gracious and a little shy. Very little make-up, less, indeed, than I have seen on any woman in public in a long time. She wore a gorgeous brown suit trimmed with two baby foxes, but without that air of smartness which makes so many American women look exactly alike. No mannerisms, no tricks. A rather deep voice which is remarkable for its lack of accent, since she arrived from Germany only eight months ago. A big girl, beautifully and strongly built, with long, slim legs, expressive hands.

There she is. You can take her or leave her. Plainly, she hopes you will like her. Her ways are neither conciliatory nor antagonistic. Simple, sincere, natural.

That's what she is. A simple, sincere young German woman, well-bred, well-educated. A sweet mouth, a clear skin, nice blue eyes, and hair that is nearer red than gold. You wouldn't call her beautiful.

"I miss my baby so much," she said, quietly. "I am very lonely here. I wish I did not have to stay. Now, I do not sleep nights any more because very soon I go back to Berlin and my little girl. You would like to see her picture? They are only little ones, but I have not



Both Adela Rogers St. Johns and Frederick James Smith (See page 84 and 85) agree that Marlene Dietrich is likely to become a great American film favorite. Miss Dietrich has a vital quality that lifts her instantly to the forefront of interesting motion picture personalities.

the big ones here at my dressing room. Some time you come to my house in Beverly Hills and I show you lots of the big ones—and when she was a little baby."

FROM her brown bag she took a small silver case. I opened it and looked at an exquisite, fairy-like little thing, with golden curls floating about a round face.

"On her birthday, December 13, I am back in Germany," she said. "For Christmas I stay there six months. Then—I come back for six months."

"How did you get the courage to come in the first place and why didn't you bring her?" I asked.

She made a quick gesture, hands open, palms up.

"I cannot bring her. It is better that I ache with loneliness for her than that she be in a strange place and this too warm climate. I am afraid here she loses the red apples in her cheeks. There—is her father, her grandmothers, her little cousins, her home and her garden. Maria is only—oh, when I get home she will be five. She was but a little past

four when I left. How quick they go! And I have missed so many days."

Her face fell. But she brightened again.

"In her letters which she tells her papa how to write to me, each time she tells me she is still little. She knows I am afraid she will grow. So she says, 'Mama, darling, I am still little. I am the same. You will see. I do not grow more than I can help!'

"You see, it was Maria herself who has made me come to America.

"For a long time they talk and they talk and they talk to me that I should come for pictures. In silent pictures they want me to come, but I say no. Then Mr. Joseph Von Sternberg, who directed 'Morocco' and is the greatest director in the world, came to Berlin. He has seen me in a musical comedy in Berlin. I was educated for music, you know—at Weimar."

I SAID I had once studied at the conservatory in Leipzig, and she came quickly and took my hand.

"You were happy there? You know then? I was happy, too. First I am at the pensionart—where one learns to cook and keep house. Then I go to study music.

"So—Mr. Von Sternberg casts me with Mr. Jannings, for a picture in Germany. Once more they start—talk, talk, talk, all day. I shall come to America. I say 'No, no, certainly not.' I cannot leave my Maria.

"It makes me nervous and unhappy. I love my work. Money—I care for that only that one may live nicely and that Maria may be safe. (Continued on page 123)



Photograph by Don English

GEORGE BANCROFT

You will see George Bancroft in a new sort of rôle in his next film, tentatively called "Unfit to Print." Mr. Bancroft will play the hard-driving managing editor of a sensational daily, a cynical gent to whom the words MURDER, LOVE NEST and CRIME are sweet music. The pleasant Kay Francis will head Mr. Bancroft's cast.



Maurice Costello



Francis X. Bushman



Charles Ray

FALLEN IDOLS

BY HERBERT HOWE

IF you are an idol worshiper don't be ashamed. So was your great grandpa.

Our pagan ancestors made idols out of wood and stone. To us, in this enlightened age, this seems a foolish waste of good building material. We make ours of celluloid. We picked models for their resemblance to the old Venuses and Apollos. Many would have passed for the wooden originals if they hadn't moved. Noting this, some genius called them "movie idols."

When Michelangelo completed his image of Moses it looked so life-like he slapped it on the knee and cried, "Why don't you speak?"

With similar pride we recently smote our images, and they, not having the wisdom of Moses, tried to talk.

It was a terrible smote to our pride. We didn't mind them looking wooden but we couldn't stand them talking that way. You'd feel foolish worshipping a ventriloquial dummy.

* * *

EVERYONE knows that the Talkie Machine has been behaving like the old French guillotine. Hollywood crowns are bouncing around with the celerity of dice at a Harlem picnic. The whole world shudders at the decimation.

Mary Pickford's abdication recently quivered in headlines of European journals along with President Leguia's Peruvian exit. Mary said she was tired of Hollywood and was quitting it for the New York stage. True, she has reconsidered since.

Queen of Hollywood through all its turbulent history, Mary is the symbol of the idolatrous régime. Prophets may see in her possible passing the end of the old order, the machine overwhelming the individual, personalities becoming mere fodder for the mangling monster.

But maybe we're blaming the Talkie too much. Father Time packs a sickle as sharp as any guillotine. Many

are the stars who have silently passed away, their departure scarcely noted, no Talkie Machine to blame. Several now boop-a-dooping the chutes were due for a quiet skidding.

NEXT to worshipping their idols, the favorite sport of our barbaric grandpas was knocking them to pieces. Ours are much more tempting for this pastime. No physical effort is required. "We make 'em and break 'em" might be a slogan of movie idolators. Some last longer than others, but the end is the same for all, unless death saves them. Every Adonis and Aphrodite must some day play the nigger baby for a public armed with baseballs.

Europeans are less given to this savagery. When they really get stuck on stars they take them for better or for worse until death divorces. With us it's a few hot years and we're off with a sexier attraction.

* * *

HERB HOWE SAYS:

"The Talkie Machine has behaved like the old French guillotine."

"Women go to the theater to be thrilled, men to be entertained."

"A star may change his wife but not his type. Harold Lloyd has stuck to his type. He has fifteen million dollars."

"Human beings must worship. They have bowed to sticks and stones and gods invisible. In the past there were kings, as well as gods, to excite the imagination. Now Hollywood alone provides the circus."

MAURICE COSTELLO was the first great god. Confess you've forgotten him and probably lost his photograph, which held the spot now hallowed by Buddy Rogers.

I don't recall what Maurice did to offend the ladies. The cause is lost in the years, anyway. He awoke one day to find his public had eloped with Francis X. Bushman.

As a dragoon of female affections Francis has been surpassed by only one. Francis was the first idol to make a personal appearance. When he walked down the aisle of the theater people shrank from him as from a spook. A

few dare-devils reached out and touched him. They discovered he was flesh and blood. It was a fatal discovery.

Francis in his turn awoke forlorn. Nor do I know what the note said. Some said his admirers were disillusioned when he divorced his wife. More probably they were disillusioned to discover he had one—along



Bill
Hart



Tom
Mix



Rudolph
Valentino

Business, Not Art, Makes the Best Hollywood Pedestal. But, at Best, It Is a Slippery Spot, for Anything May Happen to Bring New Laurels or an Unexpected Oblivion

with nine children. Then there was the exposé of him wearing silk pajamas and an amethyst ring. This was effeminacy. Women love he-men and so they quit Bushman cold and fell for Valentino, who wore two rings and a slave bracelet and had already divorced one wife.

* * *

MORE excuses can be found for breaking an idol than for making one.

No one has yet been able to give the recipe for movie popularity. Of course, the stars themselves lay it simply to genius. Genius has become a vague and stretchy word. Personality, too, is rubbery. Seeress Glyn said it was IT but couldn't say what IT was. Presuming IT to be sex-attraction, whatever that is, IT is hardly an explanation of the success of Chaplin, Lloyd, Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge. Nor even that of Garbo and Bow, since these are the idols of women rather than of men.

All movie idols may be arbitrarily aligned in two groups: the favorites of men and the favorites of women.

Men have few sets. They usually go where they're taken. But they're strong for the few they have. These are: Chaplin, Lloyd, Fairbanks and, in a lesser way, Bancroft, the late Lon Chaney, Laurel and Hardy.

The idols of men are men. Women go to be thrilled, men to be entertained. Garbo and Bow may get some of the boys, some pretty old ones at that, but with Chaplin and Lloyd in town the same night the girls can only count on a hen party—with a few hen-pecked.

When Gloria Swanson and Harold Lloyd held rival matinees in New York the line-up for Harold looked like that for an army mess hall, Gloria's for a bargain basement.

Men went for the laughs, women for the styles.

* * *

GLORIA came back in "The Trespasser" not, as many suppose, because she vocalized louder than Aimee McPherson, but because she had dolled herself up again. "Sadie Thompson" was Gloria's best performance, but those togs of Sadie's cost her nearly every friend she had.

Inversely, when Clodhopper Charlie Ray went Tailor-Made Man his admirers showered his path with banana peels.

A star may change his wife but not his type.

This brings me to my point. A star to endure as a star must specialize. I once held discussion with John Gilbert on this subject. My contention was that the screen is limiting. A player must stick close to his own character. His versatility is bounded by the variety of his personality.

John was for being Protean, running the gamut of human characters, now Lord Byron and now Mr. Disraeli.

Arty but not practical.

* * *

CHARLIE CHAPLIN talks of playing Hamlet. He never will. Charlie knows his business as well as his art. I shall come to that later. Charlie has originated a character more entertaining than Hamlet and he sticks to it. He knows that versatility is its own reward.

Douglas Fairbanks has played characters of many names, but they've all been alias Fairbanks. Doug himself is a great and stimulating personality. We prefer the real to the fictional.

Mary Pickford was the angel child with the golden curls. A deity of childhood. When she cut the curls and became a "new Mary Pickford" she faced the consequence of a new star rating. Mary did not willfully change her type. Little Eva died and went to heaven long ago. In her place we have the little bobbed baby who knows what it's all about. It was this flapper generation, not Mary, who crowded out Little Eva.

Lloyd, the spectacled Grandma's Boy, is another who has stuck to his type and is as good as his gags. Harold has fifteen million dollars. Why change your type?

* * *

TURNING to the new personalities of Hollywood I find few with the distinction of the old-timers. Show me a personality to vie with (Continued on page 118)

SAYS MR. HOWE:

"Turning to the new Hollywood personalities. I find few with the distinction of Doug, Chaplin, Mary, Valentino, Mabel Normand, Bill Hart or Tom Mix."

"The new stars haven't much chance. Hollywood has been conventionalized. It takes a stronger individual to hold out in Hollywood today. Garbo is the only figure of heroic mold to match the old gods and goddesses."

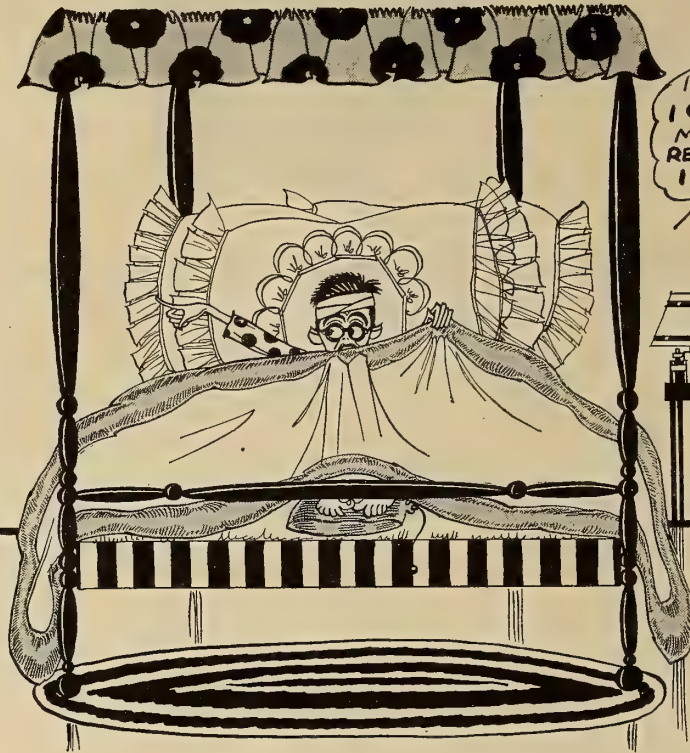
"In Hollywood they believe good pictures are accidents. Thus Lady Luck is the patron deity."

LAUGHS of the FILMS

BUT WHY SLEEP IN YOUR GLASSES?!

I'M SO NEAR-SIGHTED I GOTTA SLEEP IN MY GLASSES' SO I CAN RECOGNISE THE PEOPLE I DREAM ABOUT!!

ETHEL SHUTTA AND EDDIE CANTOR IN "WHOOPEE"



POPPA, WHAT IS ETHICS?

TAKE A MAN BUYS A SUIT AND GIVES ME TWO \$20. BILLS BY MISTAKE. THAT'S WHERE ETHICS COMES IN— SHOULD I TELL MY PARTNER?!!

AS WALTER WINCHELL TELLS IT IN "BARD OF BROADWAY"

BUT CAN'T YOU AT LEAST WAIT TILL AFTER THE FIRST ACT TO ASK FOR A REFUND? HOW DO YOU KNOW? THE SHOW MAY BE GOOD!!

IT AIN'T THAT, MISTER! I'M IN THE BALCONY 'N I'M SCAIRT TO SIT UP THERE ALL ALONE!

GEORGE JESSEL AT THE HARRY HERSHFIELD DINNER

I CAN'T EAT THIS STEAK. CALL THE MANAGER!

S'NO USE, LADY, HE WOULDN'T EAT IT, EITHER!

AND WHY DID YOU DECIDE TO TAKE UP AVIATION?

'CAUSE EVERYBODY SAID I WAS NO GOOD ON EARTH!

"HALF-SHOT AT SUNRISE"

"YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW"

ROSALIND HIGHTOWER

Says Benny RUBIN

It's a Crazy Interview and You
Are Welcome to All the Facts, If
You Can Locate Them

By SALLY BENSON



Benny Rubin, the Madcap himself. Benny declares that his favorite role is cinnamon and refuses to disclose his salary.

THE house, obviously somebody's home, lay nestled in the Hollywood hills. It was simplicity itself. I couldn't help comparing it to the houses on either side of it, although I don't like to be disloyal. The flowers, the picnic party making merry on the lawn, the ingenuousness of the sign in the driveway, "For Rent or for Sale," put me immediately at my ease. "Here is a guy," I thought, "who hasn't let success go to his head."

I stopped to pat the two curly headed youngsters who were playing in the driveway. They were playing as happily as ordinary children, apparently all unconscious that their father was the charming Buster Gilbert, Junior, idol of the silent and sound screen. Their mother, a Mrs. Everett J. Mullally of Alton, Illinois, lived within a stone's throw. Yes, the same Mrs. Mullally who flew from Los Angeles to Hawaii and cemented the friendship between Bavaria and Japan. What a life that woman has led! I could make a book of it if anyone would let me. And very soon the Editor of NEW MOVIE is going to send me all the way to Alton, Illinois by plane, to get the low down.

Photograph by De Cou
from
Ewing Galloway

This may look like the Taj Mahal to you—but it isn't. It is Benny Rubin's modest Beverly Hills bungalow. Mr. Rubin's bathing pool, while not the largest in the colony, is one of the swankiest.



from the neighbors about her. But that, of course, is another story, even though Fate has interwoven these two lives so that you can hardly tell one from the other.

I STOOD musing for a time. It may have been hours. Sometimes when I get to thinking, it's almost more than I can stand. But the shrill cries of the kiddies brought me to my senses. One of them was stuffing rocks and California poppies down his little brother's throat. Ah, California, wherein lies your charm?

I rang the bell and whistled while I waited and then I said, "Good morning to you, Jack." But I little knew the trouble that he brought me when he handed me a letter edged in black. What a pretty song that is! And yet people say that there is no sentiment. The door was opened by a youngish man, all unaware of anything. For a minute I couldn't place him and then in a flash I realized that it was Benny Rubin, Madcap Benny
(Continued on
page 111)



Photograph by Earl Crowley

DAVID MANNERS

A striking study of David Manners as the young boy of the countryside who falls in love with the 18-year-old Naomi Kellogg (played by Ruth Chatterton) in "The Right to Love." Young Manners, who is twenty-eight, was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He made his first real hit as the younger brother in the film version of the war drama "Journey's End."

A Delightful New
Short Story by
STEWART ROBERTSON



"Kiss her!" shrieked the director. "Remember, you ain't seen her for two years. Crush her to you, you sap, and bear down on those ruby lips!"

THREE hundred and fifty feet in the air the Musclebound Arms thrust its well advertised bulk of mongrel architecture, and a transient pigeon winging its way past the twenty-fifth story might have perceived Mr. J. Wellington Kwattle, directorial genius of Epictures Incorporated, taking his ease. That worthy's suite commanded what was supposed to be an inspiring view of Wilshire Boulevard, and now he sprawled comfortably, eyes on the traffic below, toward

which, with an occasional regal gesture, he sprayed the ashes from a dollar cigar.

But Mr. Kwattle's heart was no longer in his play, for his future seemed as dubious as his nationality. For two days he had mused above the heads of the multitude, finding little comfort in the knowledge that his next production would be played by the most popular puppets on his company's payroll, for what he had at first diagnosed as heartburn he knew to be the

He Learned About Swimmin' From Her

Drawings by
Ray Van Buren



pangs of ambition. And now he felt an enormous restlessness as his gaze picked out the top of someone's hat and followed it for a block or so. What, wondered the long and gangling J. Wellington, lay beneath it?

"I can do it!" he gritted. "I can discover a new face as easily as some of these lead swingers who stumble into a cafeteria or something, and what do they see but a second edition of Venus or Adonis inhaling a ham sandwich. Pooh! Here I am, with a couple of dozen box office wows to my credit, and yet, when I went snooping around the president's hangout yesterday, trying to do myself a little good, I'll be a monkey's

uncle if they weren't discussing me. ME—the guy who took 'em out of the red with 'Girls De Looks,' the musical that made the public think of a knee as a joint for entertainment. It ain't right!"

BY way of emphasis Mr. Kwattle inspected himself in the mirror and went into a frenzy of gesturing. "The gall," he complained, "of a burned bearing like the president saying no wonder I was a good director because they always gave me the best material to work with. I'll show him! Down there on the boulevard is



R. VAN BUREN — 30

LIFE — s'funny I
never thought of that before
—and here's where I mingle with it.

No languid gaping from a Rolls-Royce, either; I'll walk. Even should it cripple me, I'll walk from here to the Biltmore, part for Art and part for Kwattle." And choosing a robin's-egg blue fedora, an act that stamped him as a gentleman unafraid, he stumbled forth to the elevator.

His progress downtown brought little result, for, like any man who is surfeited with beauty in his business, Mr. Kwattle preferred to look for the odd little flair of eyebrow, nose or chin that spells personality. He barged slowly onward, wondering why ninety percent of the ladies had not lynched the inventor of the off-

The russet curve of Redondo Beach lay glistening in the heat, dappled with gaily colored dressing tents and the bluish-black figures of the lady contestants in the annual race to San Pedro. At the northernmost end of the line, the trembling Iris in a lavender bathing suit was being earnestly smeared with grease by a couple of the studio handy men, as Director Kwattle beamed encouragement.

the-face felt, and, after a rest in Lafayette Park, during which his leers at strolling damsels earned him a barrage of scowls from their escorts, he reached the noisy stretches of Figueroa Street.

Feeling that his arches had become as flat as an iceman's, the puffing J. Wellington dragged himself past the inevitable fortune teller's, herb doctor's and curio shops, and stopped before a window occupied by some of the unfortunate females who have to toil in full view of an inquisitive public. And there he remained, quivering like a naturalist who has just glimpsed a new and colorful butterfly.

POISED at an adding machine was a lustrous blonde who mercifully escaped the coldly classical type of beauty by virtue of a retroussé nose. In addition, dat ole daval Nature had planted a tiny mole at a point sufficiently southeast of a rosebuddy mouth to lend piquancy to her face, and, combined with such pre-war attractions as a bosom, waist and hips, the effect on the mesmerised director was to draw him through the nearest door and strand him at a counter.

"That young woman," he told an inquiring clerk. "I'd like to speak to her," and he watched admiringly as the blonde came smoothly across the office with the effortless ease of those who wear shoes that fit. She took his proffered card, read it, and raised a pair of amethystine eyes to the Kwattle countenance, an area which possessed no interest for anyone but a cartoonist.

"Yes?" she inquired in a voice like the rustle of silk. "Sweetheart," chirped Mr. Kwattle in a hoarse whisper that reached every perked ear in the accounting department, "how would you like to have a fling at the films?"

The girl showed none of the symptoms of rapture he had read about in similar cases. "My name," she said frigidly, "is Revere; Iris Revere. And Miss to you or any other funny looking thing in a hat like that."

"Yes, ma'am," mumbled J. Wellington, surprised to find himself quailing like a mere extra. "S'cuse me, but you know how it is with us in the talkies—all little pals together. Why, only the other day I said to Clara Bow, 'Listen, Queenie,' I said,—"

"Turn it over and play the other side," suggested Miss Revere tartly. "Perhaps I'll like it better."

IT was Mr. Kwattle's turn to grow indignant. "Do you realize that many a duchess would scrap a castle, not to mention the duke, to have your chance?" he shouted. "I'm asking you, do you want to make a test for me or would you rather play around with the Scotch piano? It's five o'clock now, so let's discuss it over a dish of tea at the Biltmore, and I mean tea. You will? Good, I thought you'd melt."

A quarter of an hour later he had himself well sprinkled with crumbs of cinnamon toast as he gestured through his argument. "So that's why you can save me," he ended. "No kidding, when I heard the president make that slur about my rep I was sore enough to go East on a bender up at one of those Montreal hotels where the guest is always tight because that's the way us artistic guys are. Try to muzzle us, and phut! we go nuts. But I'll say I gave myself a break by taking this walk and I'll guarantee one for you. What do you say?"

Miss Revere regarded him curiously. "You really think I'm good looking enough? Why, this mole, for instance—"

"Sweetheart," said J. Wellington earnestly, "Pardon me, I mean kid, the old silent movie standards are out. What you've got is personality, what I've got is brains, and the combination is irresistible, as the underwear salesman says."

"I did try to get into the movies two years ago, like most girls, but not on my face."

"Wanted to be a script girl, I s'pose. Say," asked J. Wellington in sudden alarm, "you ain't an intellectual out here to write a novel, are you? I had one of

those things working for me once, and I should have known she had a superior mind because she needed a shampoo. Well, what does she do but tear off Hollywood expose number 8472 called 'SEWER?—SURE!' and may I strangle on my next herring if I wasn't on every page."

"IT'S nice to know you've had troubles, too," smiled Iris looking at Mr. Kwattle for the first time as though he were human. "I've failed, you see, and like a lot of other failures, I'm afraid to go home. I—I don't believe I'd care to run the chance of being disappointed again, so that's why I've been so aloof to you. The pictures haven't much lure for me and there's really only one thing that holds me here."

"Could it be a man?"

"A superman," corrected Miss Revere in hushed tones, her amethystine eyes glazed with romance. "I've seen him at four premieres and once coming out of a chiropodist's. He's the

most wonderful—well, you must know Peter Silverdale."

"Oh, him," said Mr. Kwattle unguardedly. "Sure, he's wonderful so long as I'm directing him, the dizzy ape. Didn't I have to sock him twice before he could look downtrodden enough for the big scene in 'The Wages of Gin,' and then didn't the critics go gaga over the lyric beauty of his performance? It's things like that put this hump on my back."

"You bully," cried the girl. "And you want me to work for you! No, thanks."

"Wait, wait," begged the director, creating an air pocket with his flourishes. "Ain't you forgetting that you'd be tossing vowels in the same studio with this synthetic sobber?"

"We-e-el—"

"Suppose I promise that if you pass a test, I'll see that you play opposite him inside of six months?"

Miss Revere's petalled lips moved with the rapt expression of an idol worshiper. "It's a bargain," she murmured. "Oh, just to think of seeing him every day! When do you want me to report?"

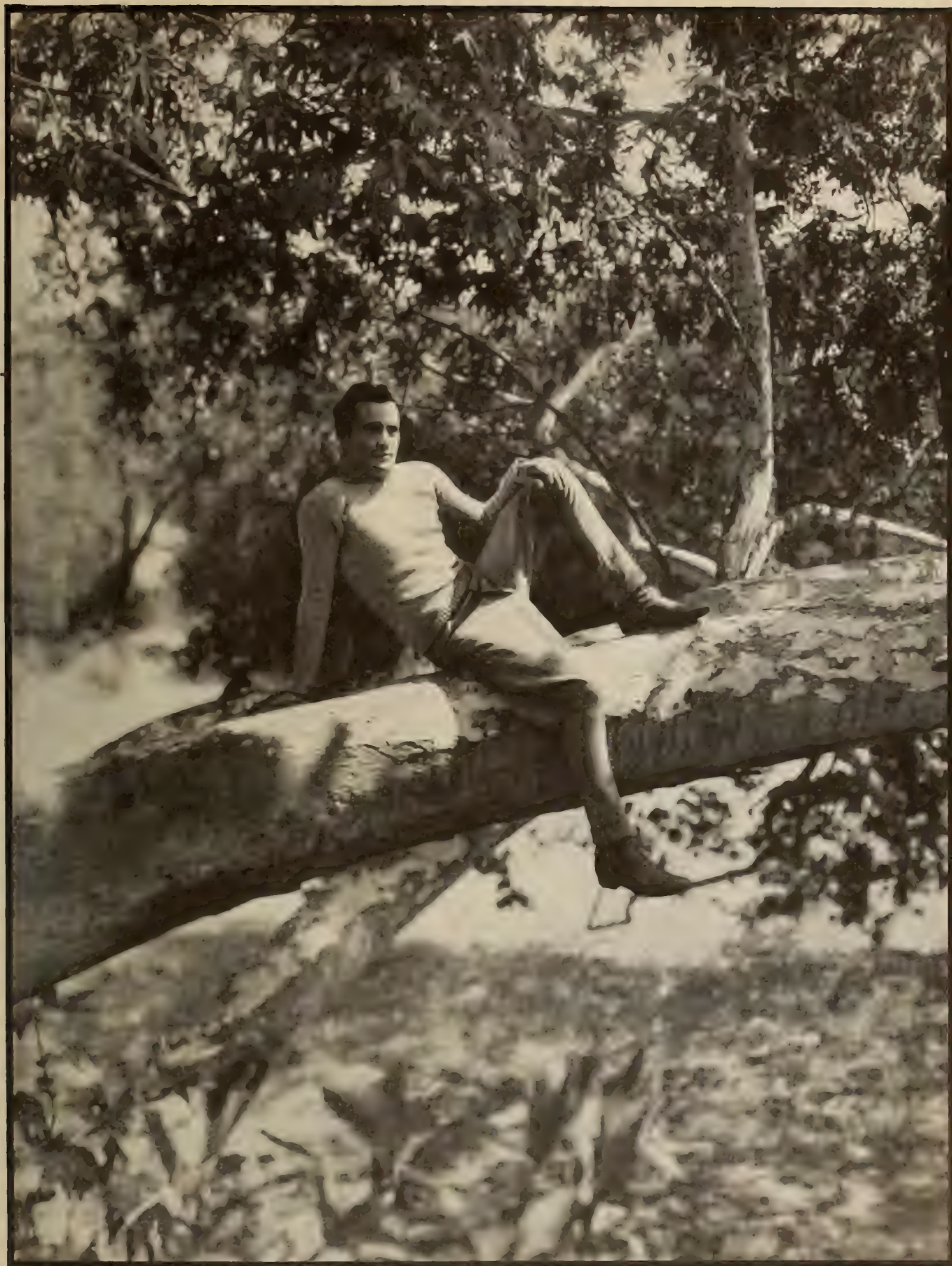
"Tomorrow morning," said J. Wellington, "but don't say I didn't warn you. Y'see, sweetheart, the trouble with your plaintive Peter is that, strictly under your hat, he's more dental than mental."

THE emergence of Miss Iris Revere from the testing laboratories of Epictures Incorporated was nothing short of a parade. Executives beamed oilyly as they ushered the complacent J. Wellington and his discovery to the sacred precincts of their private dining room, and the name of Kwattle was uttered so often that it seemed like mating season on a turkey farm.

Kwattle, said the consensus of opinion, was full of surprises. Fed up with professional beauty, he now preferred to pluck his flowers in their native soil, providing it wasn't too muddy. Bravo, Kwattle! And the object of their praises smiled cynically, speculating on how soon he could demand a raise.

On another part of the lot Mr. Peter Silverdale was brushing two spidery trails of powder from his shoulders, and although they had been placed there by the impassioned embrace of his leading lady, the fact seemed to cause him little enjoyment. But then, it had become a pose of Mr. Silverdale's never to appear delighted about anything. A darkly handsome young man with a soulful expression, he had been seized upon by the critics as poignantly appealing, and ever since then he had faced the world with wistfulness equal to that of a hungry extra at a theatrical banquet.

The brushing completed, he sighed impressively and began sauntering across the lot to the dining room, looking far too ethereal to possess such a chemical process as digestion. Then, (Continued on page 97)



Photograph by Don English

Buddy Rogers is now making his second visit to Europe. The last time he went over—in his pre-movie days—was as one of the caretakers of a shipload of cattle. Not having much money, Buddy saw foreign lands under difficulties. Recently, however, Buddy crossed with his mother on a crack boat with all the luxuries that go with film stardom. He's seeing Europe—but we'll bet he doesn't forget the carefree days of the cattle excursion.

The Richest Woman in Hollywood

By HUGH WEIR



She has earned by her own efforts one of the largest fortunes of any American woman in business

Ruth Roland, the girl of a thousand thrills, tells a true life story of her own as dramatic as any in which she starred on the screen.

a property owner—a real property owner! That was my big thought which kept hammering into me. And I thought everybody else would see it in the same way.

"But when my friends found what I had done they proceeded to tell me I was crazy. I remember that after I had made three payments on my precious property a banker told me that the best thing I could do was to forget it. 'And lose my thirty dollars?' I protested. 'You'll be lucky if you never lose more than that, young woman,' he told me. I left him and took a walk out past my lot.

"I had to admit that it didn't look like so much after all. But it was mine; it belonged to me—if I kept up my payments. And then and there I made up my mind to do so regardless of any advice to the contrary. Maybe I *was* foolish—as other folks looked at it. But you see——"

RUTH ROLAND broke off abruptly with one of those engaging whimsical smiles which she has made famous on the screen. "Perhaps I should explain that I am a native daughter of California. I had learned to love Hollywood, and I wanted to feel that I belonged to it—and that even a small part of it belonged to me. So you see, it was as much sentiment as business that influenced

me in my first real-estate operation. Regardless of my motives, I was a mighty proud person on the day when I finished my payments and received a clear title. Looking back now, I know that I paid too much as real-estate values went in those days—it wasn't even a corner lot—but the important point was that I held it until I was able to sell it for a profit. I was fairly started then in my ambition to become a real-estate owner and promoter—and I meant to do it on a big scale, too, or not at all."

Miss Roland was silent for a moment, and it did not need much imagination to conceive that her mind was going back to the days when Hollywood, the film capital of the world, boasted only a straggling shadow of its present opulence. With a little sigh she resumed:

"My problem, of course, was the problem which comes to every shoe-string operator. I was making a good salary—and saving a nice part of it each week. I had

"THE price," confided the richest woman in Hollywood, "was ten dollars." She shrugged an expressive shoulder. "That is, ten dollars down and ten dollars a month—until I had paid six hundred and seventy-five dollars. Then I would get a clear title to the property."

Ruth Roland, the girl of a thousand thrills, was describing her greatest thrill for *The New Movie Magazine*. She was revealing the purchase of her first piece of Hollywood real estate, which was to lay the foundation of one of the largest fortunes that an American woman has earned in business by her own efforts.

Miss Roland shook the sunny curls into which her bobbed hair is growing and into her eyes came a sudden gleam. "When I walked away from the real-estate office that memorable day, I knew that although I had paid only ten dollars down I was on my way to being



"Being a business woman is harder than being a movie star, and there isn't the constant excitement to keep you going."

always been trained to look out for a rainy day, and, brought up in the hard school of the stage as I was, I had never allowed myself to become personally extravagant. But I soon saw that the utmost savings I could make from my regular salary would never give me capital enough for my purposes. And my real-estate ambitions, rather than diminishing, were growing.

"I was finding all sorts of opportunities for what I thought would prove wonderful investments—if I only had the money to swing them!

"One location in particular captured my imagination. It was in a section of the famous Wilshire Boulevard, which I was certain was going to become one of the great streets of California. It was true that the plot of ground that I wanted was quite a distance out, and the more conservative citizens insisted that business would never go out that far. But in my mind's eye I could see a prosperous future for that section just as clearly and vividly as though blocks of houses had already been built.

"**T**HERE were ninety-six acres in the plot—and I could buy it, if I took the whole thing, for \$3,750 an acre. But the investment was so far beyond my reach that it seemed foolish for me even to think about it. I couldn't even get a dollar's worth of insurance because the insurance people felt that my work in pictures was of too hazardous a nature for them to take a chance on me. I was stumped! And then when I was becoming bluer and bluer about it all an opportunity came to me to make what might be a lot of money in a short period.

"At that time I was starring in serials which were being released by Pathé. My salary was my only remuneration. One day the proposal was made to me to become my own producer. I would not only star in my pictures, but I, Ruth Roland, would make them!

I would be not only an actress but a business woman! The prospect was so good that it seemed impossible—until I found what it was going to cost. It takes money to make pictures—good pictures! But by that time my heart, body and soul were set on doing it—even if I had to hock everything I owned. And I did it!

"I got everything I could on my house. I drew out all of my bank account. And still I didn't have enough. But I did have some good jewelry. And I added that to the contribution. By the time I was finished I was cleaned — but I had enough to see the picture through with careful economy. If the picture was a flop I was through for good—but I didn't let myself think of that! I was like the heroine in the old melodrama who was riding the Kentucky Sweepstakes in her brother's clothes to save the old homestead.

"**W**ELL, we finally finished the scenario and the continuity—and they were good, if I do say it myself. We had everything in the script but the kitchen stove—and I'm not sure that we didn't use that before we were through! We called it "Ruth of the Rockies"—and if any girl could do more reckless stunts in less time than I did—from roping bronchos to hand-to-hand encounters with grizzlies—I'd like to meet her! I was determined to give people their money's worth in order to get mine. And I think I worked generally from about five o'clock in the morning until it was impossible to keep my eyes open at night. The 'rushes'—that is what we troopers call the prints from the laboratory each day—looked good. But, of course, nobody could tell much about the real value of what we were doing until the powers in New York saw the completed job. The day their telegram of congratulation came I was so exhausted I was ready to drop. And their verdict was way beyond my anticipation. If they were right, 'Ruth of the Rockies' was sure to go over. And they were right. Do you know that in addition to my salary as star I made over fifty thousand dollars from that picture?

"The first thing I did was to rush over to the real-estate agents with whom I had been dicker-ing for the Wilshire property. I knew I didn't have enough to make the first payment they wanted—but I was hoping they would make better terms. They heard me through—and then shook their heads. 'We can't do it,' they told me. 'The risk is too great.' And they got together and made me another proposition.

"If you can't buy the (Continued on page 98)

"I am proud of my business success but I am prouder that I was a popular serial star—for I have always felt that the serials were one of the most genuine and universal forms of entertainment which the films had to offer."

RUTH ROLAND



Whoopie! Lily Damita is the heroine of "Fighting Caravans," another of those celluloid epics of pioneer days. Gary Cooper is the star. How does the piquant little Lily of the French Boulevards play a gal of covered wagon days? The scenarist has taken care of that. She's a little Parisienne who is driving her own wagon of merchandise across the plains when she meets our own Gary. Guess the rest.

The Financial DIARY of IRENE RICH

You Have Often Wondered Exactly What a Motion Picture Actress Earned. Here are the Facts and Figures.

By DOROTHY HERZOG

TUCKED away in Irene Rich's desk is a little black book that carefully and painstakingly notes her financial rise from a struggling extra to a high-paid film emoteur. The little book throws illuminating light on the economic battle that faces any girl who attempts to crash the celluloids without invitation.

It also throws a new light on Irene Rich; I never suspected her honesty went so deep as to permit her to admit she was born in 1891. That her first month's efforts in the movies, beginning January, 1918, netted her \$48. That she married Captain Rich of the U. S. Army when she was seventeen, lived with him in Honolulu, raised chickens for lack of a more active tropical avocation, divorced Captain Rich after her second child, Jane, was born thirteen years ago, worked in a realtor's office in San Francisco, visited Hollywood in November, 1917, gratified a secret yen to poke into a studio, received five dollars for extra-ing in Mary Pickford's picture, "Stella Maris," returned to San Francisco, assembled her small family of two children and one mother, moved bag and baggage to Hollywood, and with nary a welcoming hurrah entered upon a grease-paint career that was precarious to say the least.

"**I** MARVEL now," Miss Rich admitted, "how I ever had the courage. See," resorting to the little black book. "I made only \$1,533.25 in 1918. Not much for four people, is it?"

"When we moved here from San Francisco, we lived on Gower and Melrose. Hollywood was scarcely more than a village but even then the studios were miles and miles apart. Not within easy walking radius at all and, of course, I trudged to them nearly every day hoping for work. I walked miles—miles," ruefully.

She smiled. I reckon Irene Rich is entitled to her smile. She made the flicker grade. She hit into the money class. She is married again, happily, to David Blankenhorn, wealthy Los Angeles realtor. She has a comfortable home in the non-film-ized Wilshire section of the city. She is putting her children through school. Frances, twenty now, graduates from Smith College next year. Jane goes to boarding school. There's money in the bank, bonds in the vault. Her chil-

dren, her mother, and herself, are independent. And what's just as important to Irene is, despite her thirty-nine years, she is still youthful. A few more lines around the eyes, perhaps, but a slender figure and an eager verve of manner.

The little black book, however, shows an uncertain, a halting start. January 2, 1918 saw the real beginning of her screen career. It was on this day she corralled extra work in a William de Mille picture and was paid \$5 for "mob emoting." We drop down to January 7th and she is in Cecil de Mille's production, "Whispering Chorus." She squeezed five days out of this film to total \$28. More, she had her first close-up. Oh, things seemed dog-gone optimistic.

And then February slapped optimism smack in the face. Irene earned only \$25 for the twenty-eight days, or a fraction more than a dollar a day. It wasn't a month for smiles, not by a long shot.

MARCH pulled itself together, however, to almost triple February. She earned \$68 and among sundry jobs extra-ed in a Douglas Fairbanks picture and in two starring Mary Miles Minter, then in the heyday of her career.

April showed even more improvement. Irene totaled \$114.40 (the forty cents carefully noted)!

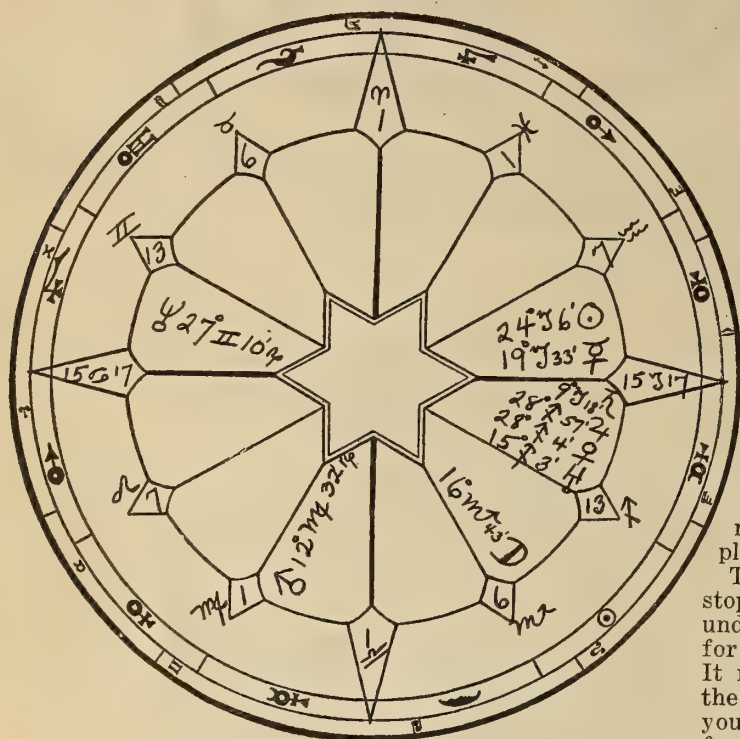
It was in May, however, that she received her most encouraging "break." She was cast in her first small part. The little black book records: "May 1st to May 10th, Vitagraph, as Betty in 'The Girl In His House'—\$75." A week of idleness then elapsed, but May 17th saw her extra-ing in a Reginald Barker film for \$5 and on May 20th she was with
(Continued on page 112)

Irene Rich faced the necessity of earning her way and caring for her mother after the birth of her second daughter. A day's work as an extra in a Mary Pickford picture started her on her way as a screen actress.



HOW JANUARY Is

The World's Most Celebrated Astrologer Tells About the First Month of the Year and the Influences of the Planets Upon Its Children



Evangeline Adams' horoscope for Bebe Daniels, who was born in Dallas, Texas, on January 14, 1901, at 4:30 P. M.

WELL, Bebe Daniels, you *have* got a horoscope! If you had come to me when you were a small child, I should have been hard put to it not to have sent you away a very much discouraged youngster. Of course, I *wouldn't* have sent you away that way. I never do. But the conditions for the later years of your life are so much more favorable that those which have governed the earlier years that it would have been difficult—even for an astrologer who has schooled herself to be a philosopher—to keep her mind off the obstacles which you, as a young girl, were obliged to overcome.

The fact that you did overcome them, that you turned early struggles into success, that you even fought your way through the early illnesses which were written in your destiny, shows what a fine, courageous, lion-hearted person you are.

FOR example, the planet Mars, which governs fevers, was in the sign of Virgo when you were born—and Virgo governs the digestive tracts in the human body. It was almost inevitable that a child with a planetary condition like that should suffer severely from fevers. And you may remember—I am sure your mother does, if you don't—that you nearly died at the age of five from a severe attack of the deadly typhoid!

It would seem, too, that your mother was inspired by foreknowledge to take just the course which would help you to overcome the indications in your horoscope which indicated delayed success, for she started you on your stage career at the age of ten weeks and kept you at it so industriously that, at the age of four, when most children are still playing with their blocks, you were good enough to attract the attention of David Belasco and to win a place in the Belasco Stock Company in California. This intervention of your mother, which resulted so beneficially for you and her, was due astro-

logically to the fact that the moon, which rules the mother in your horoscope, was the most powerful planetary influence at the time that you were born.

The fact that the moon is your star of destiny didn't stop helping you when you were four years old. It has undoubtedly been the biggest factor in your success—for the moon does many things besides shine at night. It represents, among other things, our relations with the public. And if the moon is favorable, as it is in your horoscope, success with the public is an almost foregone conclusion. There was nothing in this particular aspect which prophesied success in the movies—but with the moon and Mercury, which governs the mind, both friendly to the practical planet Saturn it was inevitable that you should have found *some* method of commercializing your talents in a big way.

THE fact that your course led you straight to California and the movie lots is accounted for astrologically by the fact that the powerful and fortune-bringing planet Venus, which governs entertainment and artistic endeavor of all sorts was in friendly aspect to Neptune, the ruling planet of the motion-picture industry. And your success in that field was predestined, not only by the fact that you naturally attract good fortune and are intended to deal in large figures but by the fact that you, more than most women, profit through personal contacts. And, as everybody knows, success in Hollywood must be built on the foundation of cordial and friendly personal relationships.

Another factor which helped you to overcome your early handicaps and turn a potentially weak body into the fine, straight, handsome creature that you are today is your love of outdoor life and the pleasure you find in association with animals. You may suffer annoyances through small animals—I don't necessarily mean anything of a crawling variety!—but it is written in your horoscope that you cannot help being fortunate through that noble animal, the horse.

You have Venus in the outdoor sign Sagittarius; and I always tell people who have Venus so placed that it is absolutely necessary that they spend part of their lives in the open and enjoy the inspiration which comes through athletics or association with animals. The fact that you rode horseback with fierce daring over the hills and fields at La Crescenta between the ages of eight and twelve and played baseball with the boys on the neighboring lots, and the fact that you are today a fine fencer and swimmer as well as a licensed airplane pilot—we won't say anything about that ten days you spent in jail for driving your motor car too fast!—all these things are direct fulfillments of your horoscope's requirement of an active, outdoor, athletic life.

Written in the STARS

BY
EVANGELINE
ADAMS

You can write to Miss Evangeline Adams, in care of NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, or you can get special advice, via your radio, three times a week: Miss Adams broadcasts through a national hook-up of 44 stations, over the Columbia chain and Station WABC in New York City, on Mondays, Wednesday and Fridays. Watch your local radio programs for this interesting feature.

MY experience has taught me not to underestimate this Sagittarian urge for animals and outdoor life as a factor in human existence. I have a client, a very wealthy woman of the Long Island polo set, who is a Sagittarian herself and is married to another Sagittarian, with whom she has just one thing in common—horses.

"I would get a divorce tomorrow," she said to me once, "if it didn't mean selling the farm and getting rid of the ponies!"

In your case, Bebe Daniels, you are probably not so Sagittarian as all that. Your husband would have to give you something besides a horse! Your Venus may be in the outdoor sign, but the sun, which has more to do with determining your characteristics than any of the other planets, was in the earthy but ambitious sign of Capricorn when you were born.

Perhaps I should explain that there are nine planets which affect our character and destiny, including the sun and the moon, which are not strictly planets according to Mr. Webster. These planets are continually moving at varying rates of speed through the astrological heavens, (*Continued on page 116*)



The moon is Bebe Daniels' star of destiny, says Evangeline Adams. The moon represents our relations with the public. If the moon is favorable, as it is in Miss Daniels' horoscope, success with the public is an almost foregone conclusion.

IF YOU ARE A CAPRICORN CHILD

IF you were born between the 23rd of December and the 21st of January you are a Capricorn person. You may not be a Bebe Daniels or a Tom Mix or a William Haines, but you will undoubtedly possess some of the qualities which have contributed to their success. Anyhow, you are a born worker. You have boundless energy, which makes you both ambitious and tenacious. You have an orderly mind and are by nature a planner. You are naturally thrifty; and your abhorrence of being dependent on others tends to increase your desire to provide for the future. Moreover, you have a strong love of service and a wholly admirable desire to improve the conditions under which you live.

This last trait, admirable though it is, should not lead you into a position where you are likely to be imposed upon or actually defrauded. You must conquer your fear of the future. You must not be overcome by the notion that you won't succeed. These feelings have downed many an otherwise well equipped Capricorn person. You must build up con-

fidence in yourself and your abilities. All your industry, your perseverance, your energy, your tenacity and your ambition will be of no avail until you have conquered fear. They may lead you to the portal of success—but unless you banish fear, you will not be able to enter the gate. In other words, you must do and dare if you wish to get the rewards to which your great abilities entitle you.

Don't take life too seriously. Above all, don't let your natural tendency to thriftiness lead you into stinginess. Thrift is something to be commended up to a certain point, but be sure not to let it get away from you. Enjoy success while you may; and if adversity comes, meet it with every confidence that your magnificent energy and industry will soon put you on the top of the heap again.

You have great physical power and a constitution of iron. But take good care of your digestive tracts and look out for any signs of rheumatism. At the first sign of failing health, these two sources of illness should be closely watched.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

IRENE DELROY

Miss Delroy, who was a musical comedy favorite on the Broadway stage before she migrated to Hollywood, will next be seen in First National's "Men of the Sky." Mandarin coats, by the way, are becoming decidedly popular in the capital of the movies.

Daring Titles

Birmingham, Mich.

Mr. W. E. Price (in the October *Dollar Thoughts*) apparently does not realize Charlie Chaplin is the greatest pantomimist in the world. He talks with his feet, cane, and hat, and even his enigmatic smile. Speech would only detract from his action.

The silent screen occupied a field of its own and had no rival, but the "talkies" compete directly with the legitimate stage and the battle is on. The movie magnates are helping to kill the "talkie" by adopting such suggestive titles as "Anybody's Woman," "The Lady Surrenders," "Wild Company," etc. The threatened smutty invasion may sound the talkies' death-knell. See what it has done to the stage!

*Dr. Hugo Erichsen,
415 Harmon Avenue.*

Cheers for O. O. McIntyre

Washington, D. C.

You are, indeed, to be congratulated on the acquisition to your staff of that popular and well-loved writer, O. O. McIntyre. I read his articles religiously every day and have done so for years, so am looking forward with zest to the next issue of *NEW MOVIE*, just to see what he has to say. He is a student of human nature with a keen sense of humor and I am sure will make new friends through his new medium.

*Dora C. Herbert,
3413 13th St., N. W.*

Anent Baby Pictures

Kansas City, Kansas

Would it shatter our illusion of Nancy Carroll to publish a photograph of her daughter?

NO!

I grant her reason for withholding it is entirely her own affair.

The encroachment of public curiosity into an actor's private life must be maddening—but that we, the motion-picture public, would think less of Nancy Carroll the actress is "bunk."

As a mother she incites our admiration.

Incidentally I am not a Carroll "fan"—although I have enjoyed most of her pictures.

Her performance in "The Devil's Holiday" was splendid!

My own opinion is that the "fans" want sincerity.

Louise H. Lewis.

Thinks Nancy Is Right

Biloxi, Miss.

Just a word about that interesting article "No Close-ups for Baby" in the November issue of *NEW MOVIE*. I think Nancy Carroll is perfectly right in not wishing to be photographed with her baby. The fact that she has a baby does not make her less appealing to her public, but to see her with the child would necessarily be disillusioning, because it would cause her to seem less the "little girl" that we movie fans have been picturing her.

*Maud Mugnier,
2307 Wilkes Avenue.*

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

For Baby Portraits

Minneapolis, Minn.

I am hoping such stars as Nancy Carroll, Norma Shearer and Gloria Swanson read *NEW MOVIE*, for I want them to know how thoroughly disgusted I am with their silly views on photographing their children because they fear the publicity.

Of course, we are all crazy to see the offspring of our favorites, and it makes us love them all the more for undergoing the agonies of moth-

erhood. As for me, it doesn't destroy one atom of my admiration, rather, it increases my love and respect for these beautiful women. We know they have the babies—why not let us see them? After all, what is sweeter than a mother with a baby in her arms?

*Charlotte Rosenberg,
2647 Polk St., N. E.*

Praise for Short Reel Stars

Burbank, Calif.

Why not a word of praise for Anita Garvin and Marjorie Beebe of short comedies? Especially that cute Miss Beebe. What entertainment she has given us. We certainly think she has Clara Bow and a few more beat a mile, and we've enjoyed her comedies a lot more than some big feature pictures. Here's hoping they have loads of success.

*Mrs. G. B.,
167 Elm Court.*

Against Song Changes

Iowa City, Iowa

When moving-picture companies are making screen versions of successful musical comedies why don't they keep the same music in them? I was very disappointed in "Whoopee" because so many of the songs that made it such a hit on the stage were left out. "I'm bringing a Red, Red, Rose," "Go West, Little Girl," and "Love Me or Leave Me." I considered the last named to be the best song in the show. Can't we please have faithful reproductions of the stage shows?

*Margaret Schlundt,
Currier Hall.*

Wants Actors Identified

Philadelphia, Pa.

I am very much out of sympathy with the present method of a number of the producers in not placing beside the name of the actor the rôle played, when the cast of characters is shown. I feel that it is quite an injustice to the players as the public, even though extremely fickle, like to give credit where credit is due, but if they do not know the name of the actor in the part who gave a performance that was particularly creditable it is impossible for them to make more than a passing record of it in their minds.

*William C. Brown, Jr.,
6471 Morris Park Road.
(Continued on page 99)*

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Beacon, N. Y., watched Robert Montgomery Grow Up and Never Suspect- ed His Dramatic Talents

about 1919, young Harry Montgomery, then fifteen, was greatly interested in dramatics. When he went to visit his grandmother in Brooklyn during vacation, he took part in a church play at St. John's Episcopal Church in the city of Brooklyn. The play was "Clarence." Young Montgomery was cast as "Bobby". He scored such a hit that the family and neighbors insisted on calling him Bobby. The name stuck and, when the future star climbed onto the legitimate stage in New York City, it was as Robert Montgomery.

Montgomery was born at the Holland Hotel in Beacon and lived there with his father, mother, and brother during all the sixteen years he remained in Beacon. His father was an executive of the New York Rubber Company, dividing his time between the Beacon and New York offices.

Asked for reminiscences of the movie star, Joe Grennan, clerk at the Holland during those days, just held up his hands and opined: "He was all boy, but as nice a little lad as you would want to meet—when he wanted to be. When he and his brother came down to the dining room with their father and mother there were no two nicer boys in the room. But when they foregathered with pals in the hotel barn on a wet day, it was time to watch out."

"The one thing I remember about Harry," he continued, "is his eyes. He had the largest and bluest eyes I ever saw and, when he smiled, he just melted your heart. That's how it got him off so easily the day I caught him trying to ride his bicycle around the hotel billiard table."

"He was just a real boy, healthy and full of fun," recalls Mrs. Katherine Gordon, who managed the hotel all the years the Montgomerys lived there. "But he

When Beacon, N. Y., knew Robert Montgomery, his surname was Harry. The name of Robert came about through young Montgomery's hit in the role of Bobby in an amateur performance of "Clarence." Folks just took to calling him Bobby after that.

JUST plain boy—that's the way most of his hometown folks remember Harry Montgomery; for Harry is the surname by which Beacon, N. Y., knew its Robert Montgomery, favorite of the Hollywood films and one of its most popular young men.

Born in Beacon, September 26, 1904, this city was the movie idol's home until he finished at the Pawling School and was graduated to the legitimate stage in New York City. Beacon remembers the movie favorite as the elder of two brothers—Harry and Donald—who lived at the Holland Hotel with their father and mother. Around the hotel are still told many a story which would add color and appeal to a Montgomery picture of today. For the future moviemanager was what neighbors term "a holy terror."

Beacon for a long time pondered its "Robert" Montgomery. We knew him as Harry. His right name is Henry, of course. The story of how he adopted the name of Robert is perhaps on the borderline of this tale but it is interesting: While at Pawling School

the lad as you would want to meet—when he wanted to be. When he and his brother came down to the dining room with their father and mother there were no two nicer boys in the room. But when they



Harry—now Robert—Montgomery as he appeared in 1906. The movie favorite was born in 1904 at the Holland Hotel in Beacon, N. Y., and lived there for the first sixteen years of his life. His father was an executive of the New York Rubber Company.

HOME TOWN STORIES of the STARS

BY ROY GILLAND

Editor of The Beacon, N. Y., News

NEW MOVIE has been presenting the home town stories of the movie idols for the past year. In that time NEW MOVIE has told you all about John Boles, Myrna Loy, Conrad Nagel, Norma Shearer, William Haines, Richard Dix, Rudy Vallee, Amos 'n' Andy, Mary Brian, Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie—just as the home folks and relatives remember their childhood. These stories—far removed from the publicity careers as painted by Hollywood press agents—have been replete with hitherto unpublished details. This remarkable feature of NEW MOVIE has attracted wide attention. Coming are more home-town yarns of your favorites. Watch for them.

Next month you will hear about another big star.

was all for action. The rest of the young folks could be playing as nicely as you please but the moment Harry came in sight there was sure to be trouble.

"He was just that kind—chock full of mischief. If there was anything wrong about the hotel it was always safe to look to Harry Montgomery as the source. But everyone always liked him. There was never anything mean about him. He was always up to tricks and mischief but always lovable and likable."

Much of the charm of manner which marks Montgomery on the screen today, Mrs. Gordon believes, was inherited from his mother. "His mother was the sweetest woman I ever knew," she phrases it. "She was just beautiful to those boys. They were elegantly brought up."

In the group in which young Harry moved as a lad were his brother, Don, who was two years younger; Julia Gordon; the Brinckerhoff boys; Ted Williams; Jud Greene, and one or two more, not forgetting "Peggy," the Gordon dog.

Mrs. Gordon recalls that it was a favorite pastime of the youngsters to play tag on the hotel stairs, with the dog as the most active participant. The Montgomery boys had a pony and owned cowboy suits. Perhaps the reason they were so keen on Western stuff was Willie Douglas, colored employee of the hotel, who had a penchant for sombreros and leather chaps. He was forever managing their rodeos.

But Harry had a serious side, too. His friends say he was a youthful book-worm. It was not unusual for him to sit down of an

Robert Montgomery, as Beaconites best remember him. This picture was made in October, 1919, when he was a student at Pawling School. He was fifteen and his future movie career was undreamed of in those days.



Robert Montgomery at the age of three in 1907. This snapshot was made in Prospect Park in Brooklyn. Young Montgomery frequently visited his grandmother in Brooklyn and, years later, it was while on such a visit that he got his first taste of theatrical success.



evening and read a book in its entirety.

"He had a remarkable power of concentration," says his brother, Donald. "I often thought he just skimmed through the pages. I used to take the book and ask him questions about it. He could tell the whole story down to the smallest detail."

Harry was quite fond of athletics, his brother recalls. Horseback riding was his favorite diversion. He wielded a skilled tennis racket, and was good at golf. He was quite a swimmer.

During the time he was in Beacon, the future movie star showed no special interest in dramatics.

The HOLLYWOOD

VENICE, ITALY: Your boulevardier has gone lagoonier this month, so slip into the old waters if you don't mind and we'll do the Grand Canal. This being the wettest town in the world, you'll want to be dry. Roll in the gutter here and you'll need a pulmotor to bring you to.

Queen of the Adriatic, Garbo of cities, Venice was the Hollywood of her day. Artists and writers flocked here for inspiration as they now hover to Hollywood for the ducats. Some, of course, still come here for inspiration (Director Murray Anderson was seen reading *Variety* in Piazza San Marco.) Robert Browning lived here and a well-read flapper of my party asks if "Peaches" lived with him. But no, baby, that's another story.

YOU can see Venice on the screen, but you have to come here to smell her. It's a test of love, smelling her in Summer, and I love her, every scent of her. She's the only city without traffic cops . . . pigeons and gondoliers have more sense than motorists. The Adriatic is her front lawn. It is the silkiest, most sirenic ocean in the world. The old dogs

Mr. Howe Dreams of Far Off Hollywood as He Drifts Along the Grand Canal of Venice and Learns About Greta Garbo on the Lido

loved it so much they married it. At each ceremony they dropped a ring in. So it's not for pleasure only that your boulevardier is diving this month.

The Two Venices—You know there is a Venice in California too. But you can smell the difference right away. The one in California has a hot-dog fragrance. A man with a heart full of romance and a bag full of dough came to the brink of the Pacific some thirty years ago and was seized with a Venetian dream. Canals were dredged and a wharf was built along which edifices were to be reared. The only one that materialized was the Ship Café, where movie stars orgied in the pre-Hays days. On my first night in California Tony Moreno took me there on a party. It was a memorable night. I can still hear the roar of the ocean, the sweet clink of bottles and the laughter of Texas Guinan. Now all is faded. Of course, the ocean still roars but the clink of bottles is muffled and the laughter of Texas is monopolized by the New York courts. Venice, Cal., is now dedicated to shooting galleries, palmists' shrines and weinie incense. So here, as in Hollywood, you can see what happens to a Big Idea.

Learning About Greta—I've been lying on the Lido sands reading "La Vita di Greta Garbo" ("The life of Greta Garbo," in case you don't guess.) The sands are getting hot . . . *scusi* while I dip again for a doge's ring.

"La Vita" is an Italian translation from Spanish



The Hollywood Boulevardier has gone lagoonier this month. "Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, the Garbo of cities, was the Hollywood of her day," says Herb Howe. "Artists and writers then flocked to Venice for inspiration as they now hover in Hollywood for the ducats."

BOULEVARDIER By HERB HOWE

and is on sale at the kiosks along with the daily papers. Greta, you see, is news in all languages.

Like most stories of Greta, this gives you more vocabulary than information. Apparently there isn't much to be said. Greta herself has been reading everything she can find to post up. After one yarn weighing around eight thousand words she asked, "What means this?"

I'm asking the same, Greta, reading "La Vita." I always thought my Italian better in the silent version than the spoken but I'm having difficulties. Naturally Mussolini can't be bothered with me running to him every few minutes to ask what a word means, especially since none means much.

All I've learned I didn't know before is that Greta's earliest ambition was to be a fruit vendor. She never achieved a push cart but she landed in the film business just the same. This shows how much smarter she is than a lot of others you might think of.

The Barber-Shop Episode—"La Vita," of course, recounts the barber-shop episode. Swedish barbers have girl assistants just as American barber shops have nail butchers of the luring sex. From the age of fourteen to sixteen little Greta applied the brush to men's faces and the broom to the floor. Sometimes, dreaming of her future, she'd get the two mixed. During those two years not a man in Sweden shaved himself. I wouldn't be surprised if the safety-razor firms had something to do with Greta's transfer to a dramatic academy. By this move two industries were helped.

How Greta was Signed—"La Vita" doesn't say that the American film concern didn't want Greta, that they only took her in order to get Mauritz Stiller, the Jewish director, who wouldn't sign without her. Greta hung around the studio for months a forlorn and homesick waif. Then suddenly Hollywood did one of its humpty-dumpties and Stiller, the maestro, was fired and Greta, the unwanted, was placed upon a pedestal. Beaten and humiliated, Stiller went to Europe, traveling aimlessly without apparent interest in pictures. Greta, his protégée, remained in the chains of the Hollywood contract.

Perhaps Mauritz Stiller played the hero. Some of his Swedish friends think he did. They believe he pretended he didn't care so that Greta might feel free of any attachment. Stiller was an actor as well as a director. His death



Herb Howe sees a little wagon circus in camp in Paris and is reminded of Renee Adoree, who grew up in a tiny French circus. At kindergarten age she was a bareback rider in a small circus that toured the Continent.

sent Greta into a hermitage from which she has never quite emerged.

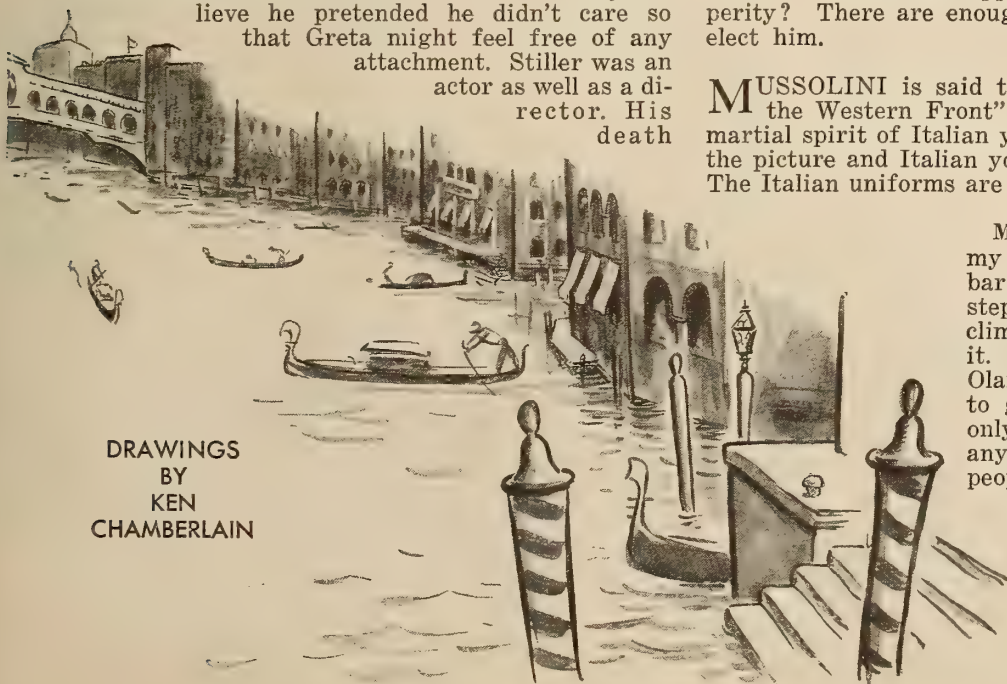
That, I think, is the short story of Greta Gustafsson.

Italy's Contributions—Italy has made three great contributions to the screen: Valentino, Mussolini and Bull Montana. All three happen to be favorites of mine.

Mussolini is my news-reel hero. When he appears I even forget my date with Greta. Benito isn't just an actor. His name will go down in history as the benefactor of mankind. He has put a stop to tipping. Why not Benito on a non-tipping platform to restore prosperity? There are enough of us spaghetti twirlers to elect him.

MUSSOLINI is said to have banned "All Quiet on the Western Front" because it would destroy the martial spirit of Italian youth. That's a compliment to the picture and Italian youth. But Benito is mistaken. The Italian uniforms are too beautiful.

Milan—The Milan Cathedral is my favorite cathedral. It has a bar on the roof. You climb 153 steps to get to it and then you can climb the steeples if you feel like it. I found my old friend Dr. Fu Oland seated at the bar refusing to go higher. It seems the bar only serves soft drinks now. If anything stronger were served, people might not be able to get down. Under the circumstances Dr. Fu felt he couldn't get either up or down, and so there he sat like an unbudging Buddha atop a Christian church. Eventually, I suppose, he will be pointed out as one



DRAWINGS
BY
KEN
CHAMBERLAIN

OUR ROVING BOULEVARDIER REPORTS ON ITALY

of the interesting old gargoyles.

Bull Montana's Birth-place—I came to Milan as an ambassador of good will to lay a wreath on Bull Montana's birth-place nearby. People are always asking me if Bull is really Italian or is it just a pose. This suspicion has wounded Bull, for he loves his public. That's why he hides away in his Spanish castle in the Glendale hills where he can gaze over the mountains and dream—who knows what?

Bull came to this country a little shawled stowaway from Italy some twenty years ago. In the very first place he visited his genius was recognized by the bartender and he was made the official bouncer. It was only a step from this to the ring.

"What's yer name?" the referee croaked, introducing him at the first bout.

"Luigi Montegna," piped our little one, who later was to be permanently showered with cauliflowers.

The referee, an oafish fellow, couldn't get the first name at all and the second sounded sufficiently like Montana to him.

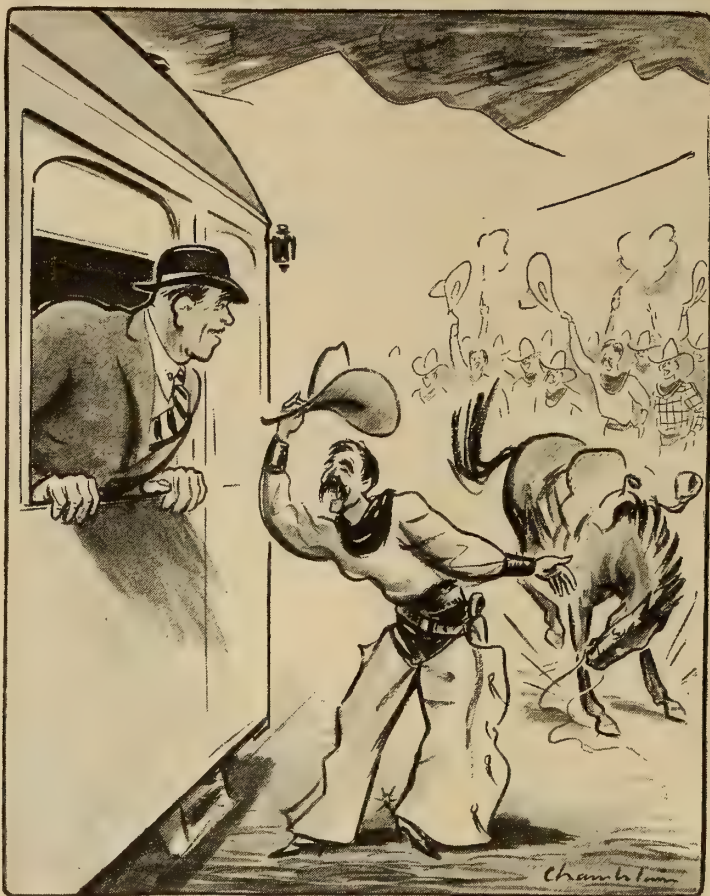
"Introducin' Bull Montana," he bawled with ready inspiration, "Cowboy Terror of the West."

Bull threw a kiss and tripped into battle little knowing what he'd been called.

The name clung and only a few years ago the State of Montana staged a homecoming for its Terror. Bull was met at the first station by cowboys who brought a wicked pony for him to ride in the parade. The sight of the bronc filled Bull with such dismay that he would have refused to leave the train had it not been for an automobile salesman asking him to honor the firm by riding in one of its cars. Little Bull seeped into the back seat with a sigh: "That was a close call for de Bool. If I ride dat nag I sure do a flop in Main Street."

Bull's suspicion of horses—you might say his animosity, were his tender heart capable of such vile passion—extends back to his early days when he operated a derrick in a stone quarry. He threw up his job for a fling at the gay White Way. His money gone, he returned to the quarry. "When I get back," he wailed, "I find a horse she have my chob!"

WHEN Bull visited Italy he was given another home-coming. The villagers are still gasping at the swathe he cut as he flung into the *stazione* wearing a brown derby, a silk shirt with lavender stripes and a crimson tie blazing with a diamond horseshoe. A public banquet was given at which twenty hogsheads lost their all. At the nineteenth the town council voted to erect a statue of Bull in the Piazza. It was to be life size but as yet it has not materialized. They are



Misled by his name, Montana once staged a homecoming for Bull Montana. The Italian was met at the station by cowboys who brought along a wicked pony for Bull to ride in the parade. Imagine Bull's dismay!

still quarrying for them ears.

Genoa—Columbus left here to discover America. I'm sure I don't know why. The next great adventurer to leave for the same place was a student of the Royal Academy of Agriculture who called himself Rodolpho Alfonzo Raffaello Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antongoulla, a name which America affectionately reduced to "Rudie."

I VISITED the Orphanage Don Daste of which Mabel Normand was a patroness. I was admitted doubtfully by a woman in black who resembled the lady of the broomstick in the fables except that she wore a huge steely cross. Although I had a letter which I had cherished several years, I didn't get far. After consultation with the head of the institution the lady of black and steel informed me he couldn't see me because he was praying. It was also impossible to see the children. I caught sight of some little girls in the courtyard. They

were dressed in black, which made their small faces look whiter than sorrow. It was the noon hour and some were nibbling bits of bread. No shouts or laughter. The place had the brooding sadness of unshed tears. In such a place a lot of theories go to rubbish and the heart is weighed by futility. These children, like their distant patroness, must pay the penalty for being born. And we sinners romping at large talk airily of the law of compensation.

Why Valentino Succeeded—Italy is the only place I leave with regret. Grant Allen says every day spent out of Italy is a day wasted. Valentino approved my contention that the chief reason for his success was his being Italian. He had that Italian attribute for which there is only an Italian word—*simpatico*. He had the radiating warmth, the rich humaness, the—Oh, let Mme. Glyn say it . . . the IT of Italy.

BUT I confess it is not alone the charm of the Italians nor even their art which lures me forever back to Italy. It's their soup. I'm a hopeless addict to *minestrone*. Not the watery soup you get in restaurants at home—but the potage thick with *pates* and vegetables that takes three hours to prepare. Never this side of the fiery furnace shall I forget the *minestrone* prepared by a sweet, old peasant woman as she breathed now and then on the embers of the open fire or gently worked the bellows.

The only other comestible having a similar hold on me is snails. So when I received word that those little signs "*Huitres et Escargots*" were beaming out along the Paris boulevards I (Continued on page 126)



Photograph by Preston Duncan

JOAN BENNETT



Photograph by Hurrell

DOROTHY JORDAN



VIVIENNE SEGAL



Photograph by Hursell

MARIE DRESSLER



LEWIS AYRES



Doug Fairbanks plays a modern business man in his next film, "Reaching for the Moon." It marks a return of Fairbanks to the sort of part that first thrilled movie fans before he adopted furbelows and laces. In "Reaching for the Moon" Doug will introduce some brand-new stunts.

Keeping in Condition

BY DICK HYLAND

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is going to play an American business man in his next picture.

For the first time in ten years, Doug will forego the pomp of plume and sword to wear a plain sack suit. For the first time since the War he will abandon the days of ancient glory and come back to the Twentieth Century.

For this one picture, "Reaching for the Moon," the Fairbanks who made D'Artagnan and "Robin Hood" live for us, will become the Fairbanks who won his spurs as His Majesty the American.

The romance of battle and duel, kings and courts, will yield to the dynamic romance of dollars, tickers, and airplanes.

The return of Fairbanks as we first loved him is a thrilling event for picture fans.

We're going to see Douglas Fairbanks—and thus come face to face with a very remarkable gentleman.

In this picture, you'll see Doug, himself.

IT may be because I devoted a good many precious years to athletics myself, that I feel for Douglas Fairbanks such a real admiration.

There have been plenty of athletes in pictures. They have brought them from the gridiron, the ring, the cinder path and the tennis court. Dempseys and Padlocks, Tildens and Browns have moved across the silver sheet.

But the greatest athlete who has ever been in pictures is a motion picture star and has been for fifteen years.

When you see Douglas Fairbanks as the riproaring, hard working, go-get-'em, dynamo business man in his next film, you'll see pretty close to an ideal American in a lot of ways. If you open your eyes real wide, you'll

realize that Doug has something more to give the American audiences than entertainment—though he's sure to give them plenty of that, well seasoned with perils, laughs and stunts.

Not that Doug knows or is conscious that he's a good example. He never preaches, even to his son. He's a bit shy of talking, a little pleasingly reticent and roundabout in expressing his real thoughts and ideas. I mean that, like most men who aren't talkers by profession, he doesn't come right out with a bit of philosophy or advice. If you're with him any length of time, however, you're surprised to notice how much you remember of what he's said so casually and what a lot of ideas and information you've picked up.

HE'D much rather listen to you, watch you, than do things himself. That way he figures he's learning—maybe only what *not* to do, but learning. He gathers interesting people around him and "picks their brains" as the old saying goes.

At the same time, he gives a lot.

I've been fortunate enough to know him pretty well. We have a great interest in common. He loves athletics as passionately as I do.

We've played follow the leader at Fairford—down by the Pacific Ocean at Santa Monica—and believe me playing that game with Doug as leader is a heart-breaker even for a young fellow only a few months away from the strict training of a long football season. The first time I played it I nearly broke my back doing a one and a half dive over a rope, sprained my right shoulder getting down off the rope via an awning pipe, and ruined my disposition trying to make a perfect putt on the green in the back lawn.

Doug Fairbanks Is Forty-Seven But He Can Out-Swim, Out-Run, Out-Ride and Out-Play Anyone in the Hollywood Colony

Plenty tough.

But it was after some games of "Doug," his own invention and one of the fastest games on two feet, a game which needs wind, quick eye, muscular co-ordination, speed and swift reaction, all a 100 per cent more than tennis—in the steam room after a few sets of that, that I first comprehended the far-reaching mental effects and character development of Douglas Fairbanks' athletics.

They are, one might almost say, the basis of his creed of life.

IT'S my opinion no one ever had a better one—certainly not a more American one. The only time my wife becomes a real picture fan is over Mary Pickford. I'd like to mention here, in all sincerity, that Doug made a fan out of me. I think he would out of all "Young America" if they could watch him and listen to him.

Now Douglas Fairbanks is no kid. He has, as you may have noticed, a son who can vote. He was a success on the stage before he came into pictures. In fact, "Who's Who" gives 1883—the same year, by the way, and the same state in which Lon Chaney was born—as Doug's birth year.

For that reason, he's all the more marvelous. If I thought that by following in Doug's footsteps I'd be the man he is when my son is six foot tall, I'd start getting up at six-thirty tomorrow morning.

Douglas, Senior, is younger than his son. He can out-swim, out-run, out-ride, out-play him at anything. His thoughts are more vivid and more expansive. He has a keener sense of fun and twice the enthusiasm and gets much more kick out of life than Doug, Junior, does.

As you may remember, he made a trip around the world not long ago. Jack Pickford, his brother-in-law, who made the trip with the party, turns pale with fatigue at the mere memory of it. Jack made the grade about as far as Italy and then retired to his stateroom and remained there. He couldn't even watch Doug's enormous vitality, his constant enjoyment. The younger generation hasn't the stamina of a man like Fairbanks.

THE answer?

There you come to the things I've picked up from Doug in the few years I've been around Hollywood and been fortunate enough to enjoy some play hours with him.

You have to pick them up, because you can't—nobody can—just interview Doug. He hasn't been interviewed, officially, in years. He will *not* talk, on purpose, about himself.

The answer is good physical condition.

Now don't shy away from that. That's merely the phrase—the common phrase—that describes the motive and the result. Its application, its working, are mighty interesting.

"A healthy body makes a healthy mind," says Doug. "That has been reversed and made the basis of a number of religions. I don't think you need to reverse it. It comes easier and more naturally, and (Continued on page 128)



"Keep your body in first class condition," has been Doug Fairbanks' creed since he was a boy. The result? See that boyish waistline! Moreover, says Doug, a good physical condition keeps worries away. Doug always feels great. He never tires. He never has "nerves."

Right, Doug in his earlier success, "Don Q." This picture was typical of the painstaking care Doug puts into his pictures. Fairbanks spent months mastering the use of the great whip. There was no camera trickery about it. Doug could flick the ashes from a cigarette twenty-five feet away without touching the smoker.





Photograph by Hurrell

The great photographic beauty is Joan Crawford. She is the darling of the great god Camera. Meeting Miss Crawford face to face you would never call her beautiful. Her coloring is negative. She never wears make-up of any kind. Yet, as Mary Pickford points out, she would have thrilled the ancient Greek sculptors. She has perfect symmetry of line. Adela Rogers St. Johns states that she has never seen any woman in such fine physical condition, except perhaps Helen Wills. It is that condition and muscular control that gives her such grace and poise.

The Screen's SEARCH for BEAUTY

By ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS



Vilma Banky's loveliness is of the romantic type. This quality was enhanced by her first screen rôles. With Rudolph Valentino and Ronald Colman, she was nearly always gowned in the silks and laces of the picturesque and golden past.

THIS striking series of articles on film beauty will be of tremendous interest to young women, for the rules followed by the celebrated beauties of the screen can be utilized by everyone striving to achieve loveliness and charm.

Last month Adela Rogers St. Johns said that the screen had produced but two whose beauty was indisputable—Barbara La Marr and Corinne Griffith. This sort of beauty is all encompassing. "It included the fascination of sex, the charm of personality, the promise of delight, the enchantment of thought and imagination, the delicacy of grace, as well as perfection of face and body," said Mrs. St. Johns. "Real beauty is inclusive of every separate magic which has also a beauty of its own. In simple words, it has everything."

IN talking of screen beauties, there is one thing which must always be considered. The great god Camera.

There used to be a saying that the camera cannot lie. That is, like many sayings, open to much discussion. In some respects, there has not been a bigger liar since Beelzebub. A tricky, amusing liar, with a winking eye and its tongue in its cheek.

The camera lies both ways. Some beauty it washes out, understates. There are many actresses who are more beautiful in person than they are on the screen. That is usually true of women whose coloring is magnificent. Mary Astor, for instance, whose glorious dark red hair, black eyes, and copper and rose skin suggest a maple grove in the early autumn.

"The motion picture camera is the biggest liar since Beelzebub. It lies both ways. Some beauty it washes out, understates. The camera, too, recognizes and displays many things of beauty which the untrained human eye misses. Sometimes, also, it performs beauty tricks of sheer black magic."

ON the other hand, the camera recognizes and displays many things of beauty which the untrained human eye misses. Certainly, the great god Camera has its favorites, its likes and dislikes in no mean fashion.

The great camera beauty is Joan Crawford. She is the darling of the camera.

Meeting Joan Crawford face to face you would never call her beautiful. Granting her charm and attractive appearance—and she is one of the nicest people I know—still, beauty would necessarily be denied her. Her coloring is negative. She never wears any make-up of any kind. There is something that to our sophisticated eye seems almost rugged about her.

It was Mary Pickford who first pointed out to me Joan's real beauty.

"Look at the bone structure of her face," Mary said, as we watched Joan stretched at full length on the little beach at Fairford, Mary and Doug's Santa Monica

home. "See the perfect balance. There isn't a line that hasn't complete symmetry. That is why she photographs so amazingly. You know, in some ways the art of photography is nearer the art of sculpture than that of painting. Joan would have thrilled the ancient Greek sculptors much more than she would have thrilled a Reynolds or a

Rubens or any other colorist."

I STUDIED her carefully after that and found that Mary, as always when she speaks of anything inside the picture field, was correct. Where color, background, costume, and expression enter in, it seems to me easier to achieve beauty for the average eye. In sculpture you must depend on line alone.

THE MOVIE CAMERA MAKES and UNMAKES BEAUTY

Joan Crawford would answer the test of beauty in sculpture both in body and face. I think perhaps she realizes this and accentuates it. Her daily sun baths have given her an even tan from tip to toe. Her clothes are now always simple, nearly always of one color, and made in straight lines.

Her beauty secrets relate to health alone. She is a devotee of hygiene. She agrees completely with those physical experts and doctors who declare that most beauty defects can be remedied, must be remedied, from within not from without. Her diet is selected with the utmost care, to give her a clear skin, bright eyes, slimness. Her athletic condition is top form all the time. She never spends any time in beauty parlors nor with cosmetic experts. But the gymnasium, the dance instructor, swimming, are part of her daily regime.

I have never seen any woman in such fine physical shape except, perhaps, Helen Wills. Of course it is that condition and muscular control that gives her such grace and poise. Like a fine athlete, she is never off balance, never makes an awkward movement.

THAT, too, is the secret of Marilyn Miller's effect of beauty. She is the most graceful woman on the screen, or who has ever been on the screen. And it isn't only when she is dancing. Because of her dancing, she has learned to use her body, every part of it, and in every gesture, with supreme grace. The eye is filled and pleased with that grace and concedes to the swan-like Marilyn real beauty.

Thus you discover a beauty secret—which is hard work, the same kind of work a champion prize-fighter or football player or tennis ace puts in. It isn't a short cut, by any means, but it yields enormous results and results which every young girl should make her own. It can't be a question of time or expense. Joan does most of her work-outs at home. She works very hard at the studio. But she never allows anything to interfere with her work and exercise.

The other "camera favorite" is Ann Harding, the stage actress who has recently scored in pictures.

But that is another matter. It isn't, like Joan, a question of fundamentals. It's a trick of black magic, what the camera does for Ann Harding. I hope she burns incense for it every day of her life.

There is, actually, no such person as the Ann Harding you see in "Holiday." She is a creation of the magic lens. Take away that magic, see through this whimsy of the camera, and you have a woman of more than ordinary plainness. A woman who wouldn't be given a second glance in any room anywhere in America.

Her coloring is drab. Except for the nose, she lacks



One of the few existing full face pictures of Ann Harding. This was made of the star when, robed and crowned, she was queen of the Fiesta which celebrated the 149th anniversary of Los Angeles. Adela Rogers St. Johns says that Miss Harding's screen beauty is a pure trick of photographic magic.

any beauty characteristic. Yet on the screen she achieves an illusion of beauty which is the old camera's most famous joke on its public.

But even there—and it was necessary to consider her on her screen merits alone—the careful eye will see the flaws that remove her even photographically from any possible claim to the golden apple of Paris. The peculiar shape of the head, which rises to a peak at the back. The eyes, which are set too close together. The mouth which is too big. Her profile is perfect. And the camera is a kind master in the hands of a good director. If you will notice, Miss Harding is very seldom photographed full face,

Of the two great screen beauties, let it be said now that Barbara La Marr and Corinne Griffith were as beautiful off the screen as on. The camera was kind to them in all truth because it must be. They had real beauty which fortunately was camera beauty also.

It is said by all photographers that Mary Pickford has the perfect camera face. Every angle is good. Mary comes, to me, under the heading of romantic beauty, which we'll take up later.

In classifying beauty, we now come to what we

are accustomed to speak of as lovely women.

I like the word. It is, in some ways, a sweeter word than beauty, surely a kinder one. Lovers are fond of that word. To them, the women they love are always lovely. There is a softness and appeal about it which suggests the lines of the ancient English poet, "There is a garden in her face." In its wake sweeps romance, which has survived our hard-boiled era.

Of course, Corinne Griffith is the loveliest of them all. The force of her beauty is loveliness, as allure was the keynote of Barbara's.

There are many lovely women on the screen. I was surprised when I talked with a lot of men around Hollywood on this subject to find how many chose Vilma Banky as their favorite. It seemed to me a very excellent lesson for the youngster of today who believes in sex appeal in the raw. Vilma has plenty of the ancient lure for me. But it is romantic, lovely, suggestive of Tennyson's poems rather than the tabloid newspaper.

With Vilma, two things contributed to that effect of loveliness. One, her picturesque ability to make settings for herself. Vilma, in the early days of her screen success, never appeared much in modern costume. With Valentino, with Colman, she nearly always was gowned in some flattering, bejeweled, artistic costume which made you think of the princess in the fairy tales you read when you were a kid. And Mr. Freud will tell you that (Continued on page 121)



Above, one of Hollywood's strangest places, the Old Screen Type Club, on North Date Street. This club boasts 25 fine beards and ten swell mustaches. It's a community proposition, each man paying \$5 a month for his board and room. When he isn't working, his fellow members help out. Sitting: left to right, C. P. Fisher, who has been 25 years in pictures and once was a cook in Boston; Robert S. Hillegas, aged 68, of Cincinnati, and for fifteen years a general contractor there; James Kelly, aged 82, of Pittsburgh, and a resident of Los Angeles long before pictures came; J. J. Walsh, once a mechanic in Philadelphia but is a sixteen year old veteran of pictures; J. F. Baggs, who seven years ago was a guide, rancher and trapper in British Columbia. The first four, left to right, standing: L. Wagner, who was a carriage builder in Detroit in pre-motor days; G. Dicks, once a nurseryman and gardener in Washington; J. F. Peters, at one time a carpenter in San Francisco; Felix Verbeck, veteran of the French army. It is interesting to note that Mr. Fisher played with Broncho Billy Anderson

At the right:

J. D. "Shorty" Ballard, seven feet 4 1-2 inches in height, came from Commerce, Texas, a short time ago. He took the job of doorman at the Pantages Theater, hoping to attract the attention of some passing movie director. Viewing him are Angie Girard, of El Paso, Texas, and Carmen Delmar, of Mexico City, both in quest of a film career.

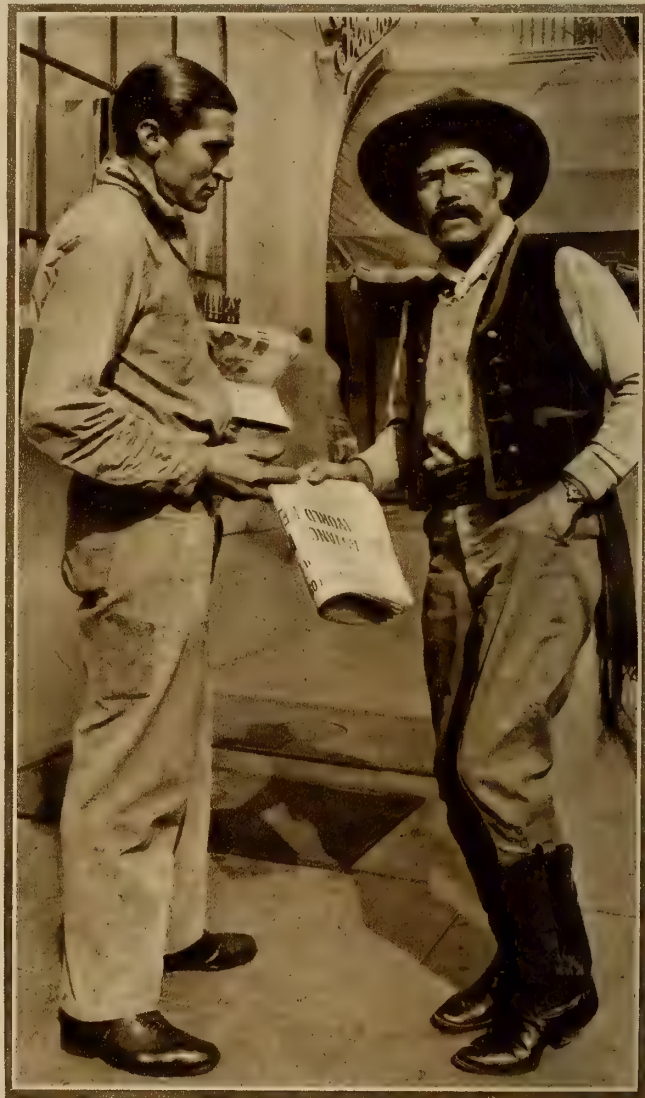


**The New Movie's Photographer
Tours Hollywood Boulevard
and Pictures Its Strange Every-
Day Types**

The Lure of Hollywood Screen Success Draws



At the top left are Eugene McDonald, who has played in "Min and Bill," "The Viking" and other pictures, and Richard Foley, another film veteran of "Feet of Clay," "The Ten Commandments" and other pictures. Mr. McDonald came from New York ten years ago and Mr. Foley hails from Lawrence, Mass.



At the left is Helen Strand, driving her car on Hollywood Boulevard. She came from Seattle a short time ago to try for success in pictures. Like 10,000 or so others, she hopes to make good. Just above, buying the paper from the newsie, is Pedro Valenzuela, late of Durango, Mexico. He has been on the screen for thirteen years. Down in Mexico he was a plasterer. Now he plays Mexican cowboys.



From Every Land and From Every Walk of Life

The man at the right, standing at the corner of Hollywood and Bronson, is Julius Jbrart. "In pictures?" he was asked. "Sure," he replied, "With Milton Sills in 'The Barker' and in a lot of others."

At Cahuenga and Hollywood is what they call the Water Hole. This is the cowboys' private stamping ground. Below left to right: Bill Russel, from Como, S. D., three years ago; Jack French, in from Nevada six years ago; Ed. Clay, who used to give Burns, Oregon, as his address; Bert Higgins, from Pecos, Texas; Roy Bucko, a merry gent from Nevada; Charles Schilling, who hails from Fort Benton, Mont., and used to be a guide in Yellowstone National Park. These boys boast that they can spit in an automobile horn twenty feet away while the car is in movement. They've tried and they know.

PICTURES and CAPTIONS
BY STAGG



MOVIE BOUDOIRS

JEANETTE
MacDONALD

The dressing table in Miss MacDonald's boudoir has a glass top with a flounce of delicate Renaissance lace over peach satin. The boudoir drapes are of peach brocaded satin and the curtains are of a lighter shade of silk net. The floor lamp has a lace shade, consisting of two wide flounces, over peach silk, with sprays of hand-made French flowers on one side. Miss MacDonald's toilet articles are of hammered silver. The small lamps on the dressing table have delicate glass bases, with pink parchment shades. The overhanging mirror has a wide band of walnut for its frame. Miss MacDonald's negligée is of heliotrope chiffon velvet, with wide bands of satin down the front and around the hem, as well as on the wide sleeves.



The fireplace in Jeanette MacDonald's boudoir is in keeping with the rest of this French Provincial room. The clock and candelabra are of Dresden china. The mirror which hangs over the fireplace has a frame of twisted gold. A tapestry fire screen adds a touch of color to this part of the room.



Miss MacDonald's boudoir is furnished in true French Provincial style, the furniture being of dull-finish light walnut. The walls are stucco, tinted a light cream. The large rug is tan chenille. The chaise longue is striped orchid satin. The small coffee table has a cover of filet lace. The bedspread is filet lace over peach satin, in keeping with the drapes and hangings.



Miss MacDonald's boudoir opens out on a small patio. A large banana tree stands just outside the door. Miss MacDonald is wearing lounging pajamas of rose shantung, with a blouse of eggshell satin.



Little Peggy, five years old, is the luckiest girl in all these United States. Hasn't she been adopted by Harold and Mildred Lloyd and isn't Harold our national comedy idol and one of the richest men in America? Besides all that, Harold and Mildred are about the nicest folks in Hollywood or Beverly Hills. Thus little Gloria Lloyd gets a playmate, a little sister to share her lovely Beverly Hills garden and the magnificent Lloyd bathing pool. Gloria, who is just past six, is the taller of the two little girls in the pictures on this page. Peggy has golden hair and blue eyes.

Gloria's New Playmate



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

LORETTA YOUNG

The Luxury of the New MODE



The exquisite gown of white transparent velvet, shown above, was created for Marion Davies during her recent stay in Paris by Callot. The gown is extremely severe as to line, with only a border of ermine at the hem, which forms a train. With this gown, Miss Davies wears a stunning evening wrap of silver brocade, with collar and cuffs of ermine. The lovely tea gown at the right was also created for Miss Davies by Callot. The gown, of white velvet, is ankle length and slender lines are achieved by the side effect. Luxurious white fox bordering the bell-sleeve and a novel belt of white silk fringe complete this smart tea gown.



Redfern designed the striking evening gown of white satin shown at the right, especially for Marion Davies. A novel feature of this gown is the cape which is worn at the front and which falls over the shoulders to the back. An exquisite turquoise ornament on the cape is the single touch of color.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
APEDA



The smart black wool suit worn by Miss Davies, at the left, was created for the star by Schiaparelli during her recent stay in Europe. Miss Davies will wear this suit in her next picture. The somberness of the black woolen skirt and jacket is relieved by a smart vestee in white antelope with matching gloves. The vestee is belted at the natural waistline and shows a mushroom collar. A black felt hat, created by Agnes, and black suede shoes and bag are appropriate accessories.

Mrs. James Gleason Gives a Luncheon to Welcome Anna Q. Nilsson Back to the Social Life of the Hollywood Colony

VERY charming, indeed, was the small luncheon which Mrs. James Gleason gave at her Beverly Hills home to welcome Anna Q. Nilsson back to the social life of the movie colony.

Of course, it had to be rather small and quiet, because Anna Q. hasn't been going out for some months and didn't feel quite equal to a big, noisy affair. And you know how much noise a lot of women all make at a luncheon.

Lucille Webster Gleason has one of the most delightful homes and is one of the most delightful hostesses in Hollywood. I almost said THE most delightful, and I don't mind telling you that I enjoy going to her house more than anywhere, because she is so cordial, so witty and so comfortable. Her entertaining is always done with a view to making everybody happy.

THE lovely wood-panelled dining room was gay with flowers and the table looked perfectly beautiful. Green glass was used entirely. A big green glass bowl to hold the mass of mixed flowers—right out of her own garden and you could tell at once that Lucille had arranged them herself. The effect was artistic, yet it had a personal touch that no florist ever gives. Green glass plates, goblets and candlesticks with green candles completed the picture.

Heavy lace runners were used instead of a tablecloth and showed the dark polished mahogany of the table in a most attractive way.

Anna Q. looked lovely, all in pale blue. The trousers and vest of her pajamas were blue georgette and the coat was of a

Anna Q. Nilsson and her hostess, Mrs. James Gleason. Miss Nilsson made a charming appearance in pale blue. The trousers and vest of her pajamas were blue georgette and the coat of lovely blue velvet matched. Miss Nilsson's recovery seems complete.





Mrs. James Gleason personally arranged her dining room for the luncheon. Green glass was used entirely. Even the candles were green. Heavy lace runners set off the beauty of the table. In the center was a big green glass bowl, with a mass of flowers from Mrs. Gleason's own garden.

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY
EVELYN GRAY
Photographs by Stagg

darker blue chiffon velvet. Mrs. Gleason wore a red and white frock that was gay and just the right thing for informal entertaining.

The other guests were Corinne Griffith, in an all-white sport outfit; Claire du Brey, the character actress who lives with Anna Q. and has been such a loyal and devoted friend all during Anna's long illness; Mrs. Robert Armstrong and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, the wives of those two popular young actors.

AFTER luncheon a number of other friends dropped in to greet Anna Q. and make a great fuss over having her back. They were all so thrilled to see her walking about, and finally, after a few rubbers of bridge, they all went out in the back garden and had a swim. There was a lot of cheering when they all saw Anna Q. could actually swim and from then on they decided she was quite well and shouldn't have any of the privileges of an invalid any more.

Among those who came in after luncheon were Joan Marsh, Viola Dana, Mrs. A. H. Van Buren, Mrs. Joseph Cawthorne, Mrs. Morgan Wallace, Mrs. Basil Rathbone, and Mrs. Gleason's lovely white-haired mother, Mrs. Webster.

The Gleasons are famous for their cook, or cooking, and usually, Lucille says, there is a wild protest if they

don't have corn beef and cabbage for dinner guests. But for luncheon Lucille chose much lighter fare.

TOMATO juice cocktails were served first, in the drawing room, with tiny silver onions in the bottom of each glass.

Following this, at the table, a chafing dish full of turkey that was too wonderful. Here is the recipe:

Mix a cream sauce, to which add enough turkey gravy to give it flavor. Add chopped green peppers, mushrooms, chopped olives and pimientos. Then add prepared mustard and Worcestershire sauce to taste. To this add the cubed breast of turkey and allow to simmer for half an hour on a very slow fire. Serve with fresh steamed rice.

With this was a delicious salad. Those Chinese lichee nuts, which you can buy now in cans anywhere. Stuffed with peeled grapefruit and served with a delicious French dressing.

Hot biscuits, with real home-made strawberry jam. And no dessert.

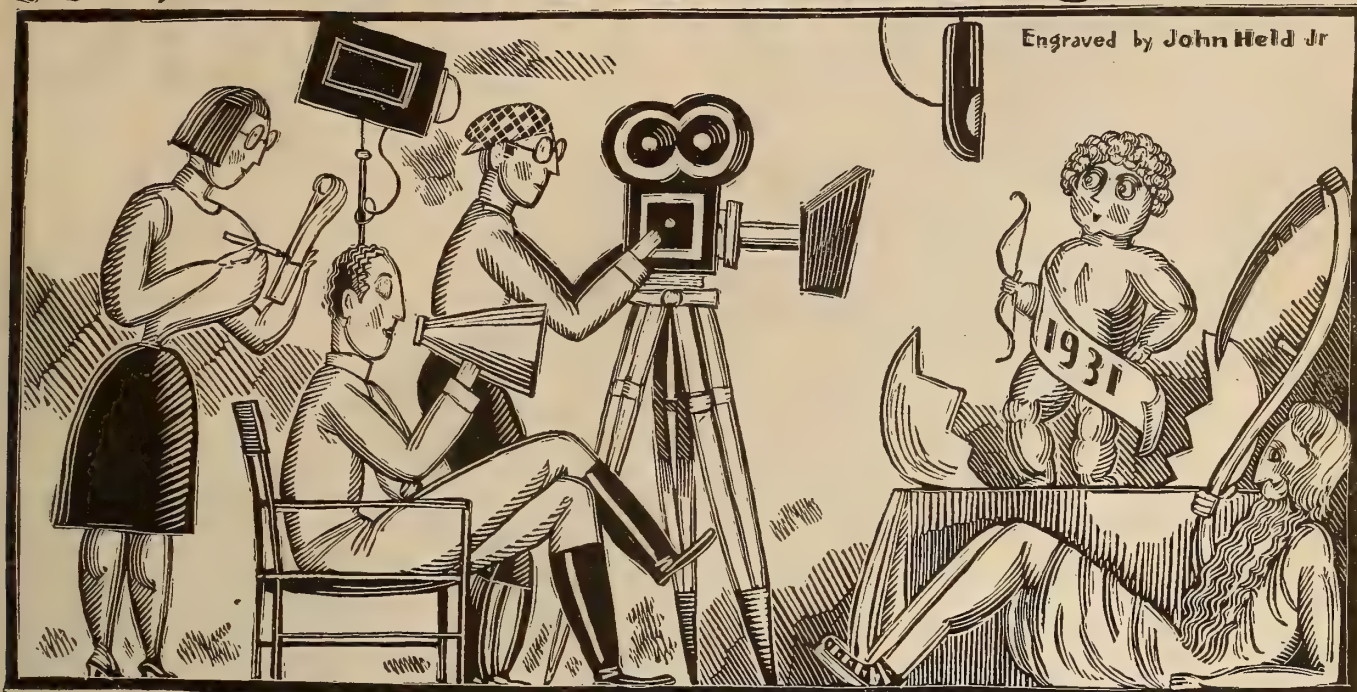
LUCILLE says a sensible hostess won't serve dessert at luncheon these days, because nobody eats it and there's only a lot of self-denial necessary. Also, she says, it starts everyone (*Continued on page 113*)



Photograph by Hurrell

BESSIE LOVE

JANUARY



Engraved by John Held Jr

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.	M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
1	Thurs.	1901: William Haines born at Staunton, Va. Make your New Year resolutions now.	17	Sat.	1884: Noah Beery born. 1902: Nils Asther born at Malmo, Sweden.
2	Fri.	1901: Allene Ray born. 1924: Gilbert Seldes discovers that Charlie Chaplin is a genius.	18	Sun.	1923: Wallie Reid dies in Hollywood. New Moon tonight.
3	Sat.	1897: Pola Negri born. 1900: Marion Davies born at New York City.	19	Mon.	1900: Virginia Valli born. How are your resolutions standing the strain?
4	Sun.	1900: First movie magnate declares that the surface of the industry has barely been scratched. Full Moon.	20	Tues.	1919: United Artists form with D. W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin and W. S. Hart.
5	Mon.	1905: The Warner Brothers conducting a movie theater (with 96 seats) at Newcastle, Pa.	21	Wed.	1793: Louis XVI executed.
6	Tues.	1887: Thomas Edwin Mix born at El Paso, Texas. 1912: Loretta Young born at Salt Lake City.	22	Thurs.	1916: The option discovered by Hollywood executives. Except for the close-up, most important aid to movie progress.
7	Wed.	1920: Cecil DeMille reveals the first dressed-up telephone.	23	Fri.	1900: Ralph Graves born at Cleveland, Ohio.
8	Thurs.	1902: Alexander Gray born at Wrightsville, Pa. 1913: Mary Pickford opens in New York stage-play, "A Good Little Devil."	24	Sat.	1848: Gold discovered in California and first rush starts.
9	Fri.	1902: Vilma Banky born at Budapest. 1916: Subtitle, "Dawn of a New Day," invented at Fort Lee.	25	Sun.	1929: Second gold rush (of song writers) gets under way.
10	Sat.	1901: Pauline Stark born at Joplin, Mo.	26	Mon.	1929: Loretta Young and Grant Withers elope. Moon in first quarter.
11	Sun.	1890: Monte Blue born at Indianapolis, Ind. Moon in last quarter.	27	Tues.	1899: George K. Arthur born at Aberdeen, Scotland.
12	Mon.	1884: Milton Sills born at Chicago.	28	Wed.	1920: Gloria Swanson marries the Marquis. Start of Hollywood royalty.
13	Tues.	1901: Kay Francis born at Oklahoma City.	29	Thurs.	1922: Sid Grauman introduces the prologue to astonished Los Angeles.
14	Wed.	1901: Bebe Daniels born at Dallas, Texas.	30	Fri.	1649: Charles I beheaded in London. 1926: Barbara La Marr dies at Altadena, Calif.
15	Thurs.	1913: First Hollywood movie star builds a private bathing pool.	31	Sat.	What about your New Year resolutions now?
16	Fri.	1902: Carol Dempster born at Santa Maria, Calif.	Watch for This Feature Every Month		

January birth stones: Ancient, the garnet. Modern, the hyacinth. The garnet is credited with endowing the wearer with constancy and fidelity.

1930

BY
FREDERICK
JAMES
SMITH

THE Year in Brief: The producers have failed to realize the possibilities of the sound screen. Where are the 1930 films to equal "Alibi," still the best talkie melodrama; "Broadway Melody," still the best song film; "The Love Parade," the best development of the operetta picture; "Bulldog Drummond," the best satirical melodrama, or "The Hollywood Revue," still the landmark in revues? The year 1931 will find the talkie at the crisis of its career.

The Year's Development: Encountering an impasse in making better talkies, the producers turned to making bigger ones. Nearly every company has its own particular brand of wide-measure film, all promising (but not achieving) a stereoscopic effect. So far there has been nothing definite about the adoption of a wider film. If it comes—and it is unlikely—any future production mistakes will be gargantuan, at least.

The Public Decides: The end of 1930 finds the movie producers withdrawing from the making of musical films. Song pictures have flopped, one after the other, at the box-office. Following the hit of "Broadway Melody," producers began turning out musical films by the dozens. In making them, the producers forgot the two reasons for the appeal of stage musical shows: comedy and pretty girls. Even in inland America, the picture of a dancing chorus girl makes a purely esthetic appeal. The screen had no comedians to put over the comedy and the ones imported from the footlights did not know their medium. The producers enlarged upon the plot of the musical comedies—and what is feeblar than a musical-comedy plot? Hence failure of this sort of film was inevitable. The screen will yet have musical pictures, when the producers learn how to make them.

The Best Selling Stars at the End of 1930: Greta Garbo, Harold Lloyd, Clara Bow, Maurice Chevalier.

Steadiest drawing and surest acting of all stars: Richard Barthelmess.

Most Promising Feminine Personalities: Constance Bennett, Kay Francis.

Most Rapidly Advancing Young Actors: Robert Montgomery, Lewis Ayres.

Players Who Slipped From the Screen During 1930: Colleen Moore, Alice White, Vilma Banky, Corinne Griffith, Paul Muni, Billie Dove.

The strip of film above shows scenes from "Abraham Lincoln," "Sarah and Son," "Romance," "The Dawn Patrol," "The Street of Chance," "Holiday," "All Quiet," "The Devil's Holiday," "Journey's End" and "Common Clay."

THE BOX OFFICE HITS OF 1930:

"The Big House"

"Common Clay"

"Caught Short"

"The Dawn Patrol"

"Romance"

"Anna Christie"

"Animal Crackers"

"The Divorcee"

"Amos 'n' Andy"

"Whoopee"

Most Versatile Actor: Walter Huston, whose fine work ranged from the Great Emancipator of "Abraham Lincoln" to the Mexican General of "The Bad Man."

Most Sensational New-comer of the Year: Marlene Dietrich, who should take a position right behind Greta Garbo in popularity during 1931—if she gets the right rôles.

Highly Promising New Personality: Helen Twelvetrees.

BIGGEST Single Hit of the Year: Dorothy Mackaill

in "The Office Wife." This won her a new starring contract. **Able in All Their Roles:** Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Fredric March.

Fading Fastest in Popularity: Al Jolson, Dolores Del Rio.

Future Still in the Balance: Jack Gilbert. This star was in the same position a year ago and, if anything, has lost ground. Due to bad pictures, Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers suffered some in favor. Miss Bow pulled up again

SCREEN REVIEW

A Tabloid Survey of the Motion Picture Personalities and the Significant Pictures of the Year

in the final months, however. No other star could have made the pictures turned out by Miss Bow and survived the year.

Long Absent but Back Again: Janet Gaynor. We congratulate Mr. Winfield Sheehan, head of the Fox forces, and Miss Gaynor upon the reconciliation.

The Best Pictures of the Year: "Abraham Lincoln," "The Street of Chance," "Journey's End," "Holiday," "Romance," "The Dawn Patrol,"

THE BEST FILMS OF 1930:

"Abraham Lincoln"

"The Street of Chance"

"Holiday"

"Journey's End"

"Romance"

"The Dawn Patrol"

"All Quiet on the Western Front"

"Feet First"

"Morocco"

"Common Clay"

Dressler in "Anna Christie," and George Arliss in "Old English." Close behind these ten I place: Ruth Chatterton in "Sarah and Son," Nancy Carroll in "Laughter" and "The Devil's Holiday," Jeanette MacDonald in "Monte Carlo," Winifred Westover in "Lummox," and Richard Barthelmess and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Dawn Patrol."

Most Regrettable Fact of 1930: That Emil Jannings still is absent from our screen.

Best Direction of 1930: David Wark Griffith, for "Abraham Lincoln," Edward Griffith for "Holiday," Ernst Lubitsch for "Monte Carlo," John Cromwell for "The Street of Chance," and Josef Von Sternberg for "Morocco." King Vidor, our

best American director, was represented by an inferior Western done in wide-measure film, "Billy the Kid."

Best Original Screen Story: "Laughter," by the director, Harry d'Arrast. Best adapted play, "Holiday." Best all-round production, considering acting, direction, and all details, "Holiday." Poorest screen story, "Check and Double Check."

Best Short Reel Features: Laurel and Hardy, Mickey Mouse, and Silly Symphonies.

Most Unexpected Film Flop of the Year: "Byrd in the Antarctic."

Most Compelling Dramatic Moment: Beryl Mercer on the witness stand in "Common Clay."

Scene Most Charged with IT: When Marlene Dietrich, as the café entertainer of "Morocco," invites Gary Cooper to her apartment.

FUNNIEST Scene: When Harold Lloyd, after his human-fly stunt, reaches
(Continued on page 107)

"Common Clay," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Feet First," "Morocco."

The Box-Office Hits of the Year: "The Big House," "Common Clay," "Caught Short," "Anna Christie," "Check and Double Check," "Romance," "The Dawn Patrol," "The Divorcee," "Animal Crackers," and "Whoopee."

The Ten Best Performances of the Year: Walter Huston in "Abraham Lincoln," Greta Garbo in "Romance" and "Anna Christie," William Powell in "The Street of Chance," Wallace Beery in "The Big House," Colin Clive in "Journey's End," Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco," Constance Bennett in "Common Clay," Marie



The Mystery of William Powell

BY EVELYN GRAY

WILLIAM POWELL has played in so many mystery dramas—as a super-crook or the master detective who solves the crime after the police fall down—that we are presenting the picturesque story of his life just as one of his own scenarists would tell it. There really is no mystery to William Powell's success. It's just the result of hard work. Next month NEW MOVIE will tell you more about the suave and interesting Mr. Powell.

WILLIAM POWELL is one of the fortunate men who carved his own destiny.

He wanted to be an actor. He was born to be an actor.

How or why, nobody could figure. There were not any actors in the Powell family. Never had been. No knowledge of nor contact with the theater had ever touched the members of the rather clannish circle.

By all the laws of heredity William Powell should have been a quiet, respectable, orderly business man. By careful training and early environment, he was intended to be a lawyer.

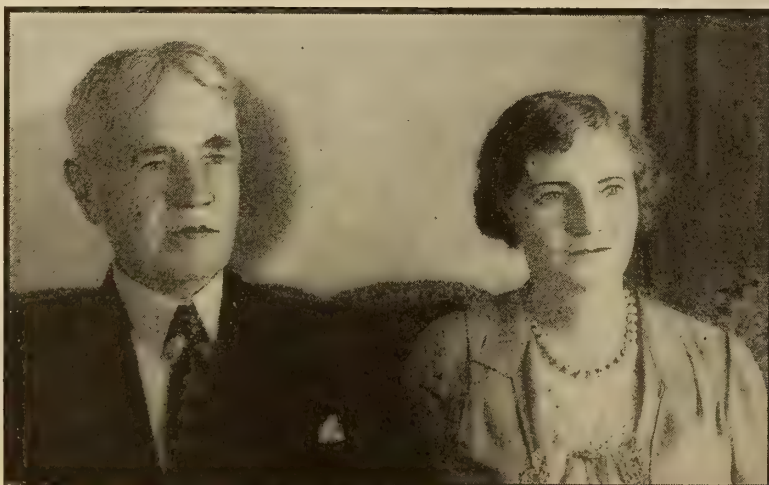
Fervent distaste for routine and time clocks kept him from being the first. A mad, romantic youthful passion destroyed his intentions to be the second.

He fulfilled his own desires. He is the thing he wanted to be—and his family all admit that it has turned out very well indeed.

IN the latter part of July, 1892, a little house on Pittsburgh's north side began to show signs of unusual activity. Neighbors



William Powell, at the age of seven. The year was 1899, just after the Spanish-American War. Bill's proud parents were painting a legal career for their offspring. Below, Bill's father and mother, Horatio and Nettie Powell, who now live in Hollywood with their son.



noticed a lady arrive in a carriage. Another appeared on foot. Soon another carriage, with more well-gowned ladies, arrived. Wicker suitcases of amazing proportions were carried in.

All along the street lace curtains were pushed back. Curious eyes peeped out, taking in these unusual occurrences.

"Nettie Powell must be going to have her baby," said one housewife to another. "I see her mother and sisters have come."

In those days, women had their babies at home. Hospitals, baby wards, obstetricians would have been regarded with scorn, not to say suspicion. The family doctor officiated, with the family in eager attendance. A cup of tea instead of a can of ether was administered for comfort.

YOUNG Powell was late for his first entrance. He held up production for days, even weeks. The neighbors watched eagerly. Nothing happened. The star performer was still delaying matters.

Then early one morning Nettie's husband, Horatio, dashed out of the house minus his collar and returned in a few minutes, nervously hurrying another man who carried a little black bag.

In the afternoon, the door of the little house crashed open again. Pa Powell skipped down the walk and headed for a corner several blocks away. He pushed open a pair of swinging doors and cried, "It's a boy, boys, it's a boy. Seven and a half pounds. Mother doing fine. They're on me. Set 'em up for everybody."

In good Dutch beer, the gang toasted the newcomer.

"What's his name?" they inquired.

He Came From a Family Untouched by the Theater and He Was Destined for the Law—But He Became an Actor

"William," said Horatio Powell. "William Powell, after his grandfather."

"Here's to William Powell," said the friends and hoisted steins.

WILLIAM POWELL has been toasted since then many times in many lands. But never in better beer nor with more honest good wishes. Because Horatio and Nettie Powell were very popular in Pittsburgh. Fine young couple. Doing well. The right kind of American citizens.

"You want to know where Will got his acting trend?" said Father Powell to me. "Look at his mother. What an actress she would have made. Never had a chance to do it, of course, but I don't believe there's anyone on the stage would have made a better comedienne. She had it in her."

Bill's handsome, gracious, white-haired mother blushed a little, but there was a twinkle in her eye. Certainly there is no question as to where the hero of "Street of Chance" and "For the Defense" got his distinguished good looks.

Many people imagine that William Powell has a foreign look. His first big stage success, his first big picture rôles, were all in foreign parts—Spanish, Italian, Cuban. As a matter of fact, he is American to the core. Perhaps that look is his heritage from a paternal grandfather named Brady. The black Irish fit into any nationality. There is, too, a good strong strain of Holland Dutch, and a bit of French and English. But to know Bill well is to realize that once again the Irish predominates over all other ancestry.

THE first thing this baby did to distinguish himself from all the other babies of Pittsburgh was to sit up in his crib at the age of five months, wag his right forefinger at his admiring parents and remark, "I umpha basha arga." Not once, but many times he did it. Long before he could talk in any accepted terms. Powell, junior, made speeches from his crib and highchair. There was no question that they were intended to be speeches, because they were accompanied by gestures and a noble, intent expression.

"I umpha basha arga" became a tradition in the Powell family.

"I have made speeches since that were less coherent," said Bill, with the slightly sheepish look that comes over all men when their infant days are highlighted by the older generation.

After watching him for some time, Mrs. Powell said breathlessly to her husband, "I'm sure he's going to be a preacher."

Father Powell demurred. Billy Sunday hadn't yet pointed the way to millions through the

Many fans believe that William Powell is of foreign birth. He was born in 1892 in Pittsburgh. Irish ancestry predominates all others with Bill Powell, although in him there is a strain of Holland Dutch and a bit of French and English as well.



HOW BILL POWELL, PITTSBURGH BOY, MADE GOOD

ministry and Bill's father had the American ambition to see his son in something that would be profitable as well as successful.

"He's going to be a lawyer," he said. "Look at the way he uses that forefinger."

For eighteen years, Horatio Powell cherished the delusion that he was the father of a lawyer.

He might have been, if it hadn't been for a girl named Edith. Why is it that there is always an Edith in every man's life? The first girl—the dream girl of adolescence?

IF Bill hadn't fallen in love with Edith in high school in Kansas City he might now be playing "For the Defense" in real courtrooms instead of those built by stage carpenters.

He doesn't think he would have been happy. Acting was the one thing he ever really wanted to do.

Right from the beginning, young Bill showed a trait that has never left him. His passion for conversation with men—all kinds, anytime, anywhere. He and Ronald Colman—you must know that they are inseparable friends—talk an entire week-end away in Ronny's cottage at Malibu.

His close friendship with Dick Barthelmess began with a conversation that lasted three days.

One of his first pictures was "The Bright Shawl," with Barthelmess. Neither one was pleased about the casting. Powell thought Barthelmess was just another star. Barthelmess thought likewise that Powell was just another actor.

On the boat bound for Havana, they ignored each other pointedly for twenty-four hours. Passing on deck, they didn't speak. Inwardly, Powell said to himself, "Ham." Inwardly, Barthelmess said, "Ham." Finally, they bumped each other smartly coming around a corner.

"G-rrr-rr," said Barthelmess.

"Same to you," said Powell.

"Well," said one, glaring bitterly.

"Well," returned the other.

"Do you drink?" said Barthelmess.

"Yes," said Powell.

"Come on."

Without more ado they repaired to the star's stateroom and didn't come out for three days. They talked for twenty-four hours without sleeping, and they've been pals ever since.

IN his youth, Bill's hobby was street care conductors and blacksmiths.



Another early portrait of William Powell, this time at the age of four. At this time Bill's hobby was street-car conductors and blacksmiths. Bill usually visited the neighborhood smithy, borrowed a nickel and spent the day touring Pittsburgh by trolley.

never felt the stern hand of parental discipline. Never as a child was his little spank spanked.

His mother says it wasn't necessary. She employed more subtle and more effective methods.



BY the way, I don't mind telling you now that William Powell's mother thinks pretty highly of him. After thirty-eight years of intimate acquaintance, she will contend he's the best man she knows—except his father. The three of them live together, which shows real love and understanding. Bill is the sort of bird who likes liberty and would quickly resent any curtailing of his privileges. Their apartment in Hollywood is charmingly arranged, run for Bill's convenience, and his complete comfort.

(Continued on page 124)

This looks a little more like the William Powell of Hollywood triumphs. Bill is eleven and an earnest student, even a "teacher's pet." Young Master Powell was then looking forward to a great career as a lawyer.

Before—

the
Movies
Changed
Broad-
way



Above, Broadway just after the turn of the century. The old hansom cabs still hold their own. There are no blinding electric signs. No traffic problems. The theater district centers around Herald Square. The big favorites of the day are such stars as Maude Adams, Otis Skinner, Henrietta Crosman, Weber and Fields, John Drew, Mrs. Fiske, James T. Powers and Mrs. Leslie Carter. Current hits are "Ben-Hur" and "Arizona," later destined to be super-films.

Below, Times Square as it is today, looking North from the Times Building. The lofty Paramount Theater Building is on the left. Just up Broadway is the Astor Hotel. Across the square "Hell's Angels" holds the electric lights. Broadway is thoroughly sky-signed. The movies have completed their conquest of the Great White Way. Seventeen big theaters, all located in this zone, are playing feature films.

After—



While the movies have captured Broadway, it is interesting to note that the center of all this vast world of motion pictures lies 3,000 miles away, in California.

Photographs
by Brown
Brothers

MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

WHEN you see Bert Lown's name on anything that is musical, you know it's good and if you look around these days, you'll find quite a few selections with Bert Lown's name. "Maybe It's Love," recorded by Bert and His Boys for Columbia, is good enough to write about. This number is from the Warner Bros. picture, "Maybe It's Love." Not satisfied with calling this a day's work, Bert turns the old record over and reels out another one, and just as good, too. "I'll Be Blue Just Thinking of You" is the title, and if you have heard the boys play this over the air it doesn't need any recommendation to make you buy it. Both of these numbers are A Number 1.

Do you know that Bert Lown and Rudy Vallee are old friends, and that in December, 1927, Bert Lown, who was booking orchestras at the time, placed Rudy in Don Dickerman's Heigh-Ho Club and started the boy out in what was later to be known as the Lown-Vallee Orchestras, Inc.?

FROM the William Fox picture, "The Big Trail," we hear an unusually fine waltz, "Song of the Big Trail." This is played by Leroy Shield and the Victor Hollywood Orchestra. This combination is a new one to me and it may be to you, but it's surefire. We're bound to hear more of these boys. They do a praiseworthy job on both sides of the record. "Song of the Big Trail" carries a vocal refrain by Bud Jamison. The other side of this disc is a fox trot by the same orchestra and the title is "Sing-Song Girl." This side carries a vocal by James Blackstone.

Do you know that both of these numbers were written by Joseph McCarthy and James F. Hanley, the boys who wrote one of the best numbers of the year, a fox trot ballad called "What's the Use of Living Without Love?" This was recorded for Victor by King Oliver and his orchestra and you should hear it.

RUTH ETTING, the Sweetheart of Columbia

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS:

- "Song of the Big Trail," waltz
Leroy Shield and the Victor Hollywood Orchestra
- "It's a Great Life," fox trot
Merle Johnston's Saxophone Quartet
- "Maybe It's Love," fox trot
Bert Lown and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra
- "Just a Little Closer," vocal
Ruth Etting

records, certainly proves to us how she got her name when she sings "Just a Little Closer." The number is from the Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer picture, "Remote Control," and is darned good. The other side of this record is also sung by Miss Etting and is the popular "I'll Be Blue Just Thinking of You."

Although it's hard to call four saxophones an

orchestra, Merle Johnston and his boys make up what they lack in numbers with a musical ability that is noteworthy. "It's a Great Life," recorded by Merle Johnston and his Saxophone Quartet, will certainly astonish you by the way the boys get along without the customary strings and brass, and the rhythm they can get out of their saxophones. This number is from the picture, "Playboy of Paris."

"Always in All Ways" sounds like a pretty tricky title to me and the tune is from the Paramount picture, "Monte Carlo." This number is also played by Merle Johnston and his quartet, and very nicely, too.

Do you know that Merle Johnston, who is one of the country's foremost exponents of the saxophone, is considered by hundreds of musicians as the leader in tonal artistry, that he appears on dozens of radio programs each day and is said to have the largest number of pupils of any sax teacher in the country?



It begins to look as though some of the old-time tunes are due for a revival. The Columbia people have acquired Ken Maynard, the Universal picture star, and tackling the title "The American Boy's Favorite Cowboy" on him have made him sing a few Hill Billys.

One of these numbers is the old-timer, "The Cowboy's Lament." The other side of this record is a song from the Universal picture, "The Wagon Master," and is called "The Lone Star Trail."

Maurice Chevalier has just made a sprightly new record for Victor. This offers two numbers from his new picture, "The Playboy of Paris." These numbers are "It's a Great Life," which is excellent, and "My Ideal," also up to standard.

REMINISCENCES

of Maurice Costello

The First Idol of the Screen Tells About the Grand Old Days of Vitagraph When Actors Often Doubled as Carpenters

By GRACE KINGSLEY



IMAGINE Maurice Chevalier personally hopping off jagged rocks into the sea below. Fancy John Barrymore putting overalls over his Hamlet tights and taking a hand with the saw and hammer at building sets. Picture the fastidious Ramon Novarro being chased down the street, with the rabble joining the running mob at his heels, in an old-fashioned picture chase!

That's what they did when Maurice Costello became the first of the picture sheiks, back in the good old Vitagraph days in Brooklyn.

Fancy Greta Garbo working in the wardrobe department in off hours away from the stage, or Mary Pickford waiting after hours to pay off the extras herself! For the feminine stars worked, too, in those old days at odd studio jobs.

THEY called him Dimples in those days, because they didn't know Costello's name, since actors' names weren't on the screen. Fans wrote him letters under that pet name.

You will see him

Flora Finch and the late John Bunny, at the right. It was Maurice Costello who suggested that Miss Finch and Bunny would make a great comedy team. Vitagraph took his suggestion—and the two made the first laugh hit of the films.



They called Maurice Costello by the name of "Dimples" in the palmy days of the silent screen. Mr. Costello came from the stage to become the first great favorite of the films. Being an all round trouper, he did a lot to lift screen acting out of its first crude state.

still, this Dimples, in a picture, once in a while—and a handsome trouper he is.

Handsome, vital, most attractive, with his white hair and his brown eyes and his face that is a little seamed, we found Mr. Costello as we visited him in his apartment in Beverly Hills.

It isn't quite on the right side of the railroad tracks to be in the fashionable section, but it is charming, nevertheless.

He and his son-in-law, Jack Barrymore, are good friends, by the way—but he has never seen his little granddaughter.

"Just imagine," he said proudly, "what a baby that grandchild should be!"

We knew he was thinking of the stage.

Present-day actors owe a lot to Costello. It was he who broke down the producers' ideas that actors shouldn't have their names on the screen. He was the pioneer in introducing dialogue into screen acting. Also it was Costello who introduced the slow tempo in acting, so that screen playing didn't look like a wild



Edith Storey

Norma Talmadge

Florence Turner

Van Dyke Brooks

scramble, as admittedly it had before he came into it.

"I HAD an argument with Florence Turner, my leading lady, the very first day I went into pictures," said Costello. "I was dumfounded at the methods used. I had never seen a picture made, but I believe that I did know trouping. I came in after several years of stock.

"Our very first scene was one in which a knock came at the door. I was seated at a flat-top desk in my study at home. Naturally, I would say, 'Come in.' I ushered Florence in and said, 'What can I do for you?' She sat there like a dummy. Finally my director said, 'Answer him,' and she replied, 'We aren't accustomed to using words!' But I argued, and finally we rattled off a little dialogue.

"Albert Smith, who was head of Vitagraph, along with David Smith and Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, spoke up and said to me, 'That's all very fine, Mr. Costello, but when you hear that knock at the door, register it this way, with your hand to your ear.' He illustrated, looking like a deaf man cupping his hand to his ear.

"Well," I answered, 'I never heard of anybody in their own home doing that.'

"He didn't answer, but went on, 'And mind this, if somebody points to something, shade your eyes with your hand to register that you see it,' again illustrating.

"What," I answered, 'as if I were somewhere out on the prairie?'"

Van Dyke Brooks was Costello's director.

"The director was certainly the supreme in those days, you know. He did the wardrobe and everything! We made pictures in a week and they were out on the street the day after!"

STUDIO discipline in those pioneer days was tough. "We had to be there every morning at eight, whether we were working or not. Actors received a guarantee of \$15 per week, whether they were actively engaged on a picture or not.

"The actors had to punch a time clock! Can you imagine Maurice Chevalier or Douglas Fairbanks doing that? I never would though. I wasn't asked to, strangely enough, maybe because I was a star.

"All the actors helped build the scenery, too. I was the first to refuse to handle a saw and hammer. Even Ralph Ince and Paul Panzer did it in those days.

"The women? They were busy, too. They worked in the costume department when they

weren't acting. Florence Turner also assisted in paying off the extras at the end of the day.

"Actors were paid \$12 or \$15 a week for labor and \$3 a day when in front of the camera. Ralph Ince and John Adolphi both started that way.

"I started at \$30 a week and had made about three pictures before they propositioned me to stay with them. Mr. Smith said, when I demurred about doing work, 'Well, Cos, all the boys have been doing it.' I said, 'I don't care what they are doing. Steve Brodie jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge, too, but I'm damned if I will. But I can handle saw and hammer, and I will take \$30 a week to build scenery for you, but I won't act and be prop boy, too.'

"But evidently Mr. Smith didn't think I meant what I said. After a couple of days he came to me and said, 'Have you thought it over?' 'I have decided,' I said. 'I certainly won't double in my jobs.' He said, 'Maybe you can suggest a way out so as not to hurt the other boys' feelings.' I said, 'This is a funny proposition to have a manager ask me how to run his business.' I said, 'Who's running this place?' He gave me one look, shook hands with me, and that's all the contract we ever had. They jumped my salary and kept jumping it."

I asked about the sets in those days.

"Oh," said Costello, "sets were of canvas. The first thing we did was to teach the actor not to slam the door. The whole place would shake if an actor grew too vehement. We made some of the exteriors indoors with painted scenery. It was very hard to keep the trees and rocks from waving in the breeze, since the studios were open-air affairs.

"**W**E had one permanent set that the producers were very proud of. It was a thirty-by-fifty-foot tank with a grass mat around it, which was used for everything from Eliza crossing the ice to Washington crossing the Delaware. We also had a sawmill, and we had a boy come over from the Belasco Theatre and build a windmill. It took two weeks to build.

"It was constructed for a picture of mine. I forget the name of the girl playing opposite me, but I had to catch the windmill and rescue the girl from the little platform atop. It was a pretty good windmill, except that
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Lillian Walker had been a chorus girl in a musical show in which Maurice Costello had played before going to Vitagraph. He helped her and she became a great screen favorite of the day.

What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYER
COLUMBIA STUDIO				
Barbara Stanwyck	Roseland	Lionel Barrymore	Romance	Ricardo Cortez
Walter Huston	Criminal Code	Howard Hawks	Melodrama	Constance Cummings
Jack Holt	Dirigible	Frank Capra	Air Story	{ Fay Wray Ralph Graves
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Closed Until January 1, 1931				
FOX STUDIO				
Janet Gaynor	{ The Man Who Came Back	Raoul Walsh	Romance	Kenneth McKenna
Charles Farrell		Berthold Viertel	Drama	Neil Hamilton
Kay Johnson	The Spy	Guthrie McClintic	Romance	Joel McCrae
Dorothy Mackaill	Once a Sinner	John Ford	Sea Romance	Mona Maris
George O'Brien	The Sea Beneath			
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
Greta Garbo	Inspiration	Clarence Brown	French Romance	Robert Montgomery
Eleanor Boardman	Great Meadow	Charles Brabin	Drama	John Mack Brown
Joan Crawford	Within the Law	Sam Wood	Drama	Kent Douglas
Harry Carey	Trader Horn	William Van Dyke	African Romance	Edwina Booth
Marie Dressler	{ Reducing	Charles Reisner	Comedy	
Polly Moran				
PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO				
Richard Arlen	Stampede	Edward Sloman	Western Drama	Fay Wray
Jack Oakie	On the Spot	Edward Sutherland	Comedy	Jean Arthur
Ruth Chatterton	The Right to Love	Richard Wallace	Drama	{ Paul Lukas David Manners
Gary Cooper	{ Fighting Caravans	Otto Brower	Western Drama	Ernest Torrence
Lily Damita				
Gary Cooper	{ Dishonored	Josef Von Sternberg	Spy Drama	Barry Norton
Marlene Dietrich				{ Kay Francis Clive Brook
George Bancroft	Unfit to Print	John Cromwell	Newspaper Drama	
PARAMOUNT EAST COAST STUDIO				
Ina Claire	The Royal Family	Cukor-Gardner	Comedy-Drama	{ Mary Brian Fredric March
Nancy Carroll	Stolen Heaven	George Abbott		
Clara Bow	No Limit	Frank Tuttle	Comedy	Norman Foster
Claudette Colbert	Strictly Business	Dorothy Arzner	Comedy-Drama	Fredric March
PATHE STUDIO				
Constance Bennett	Sin Takes a Holiday	Paul L. Stein	Comedy-Drama	{ Basil Rathbone Kenneth McKenna
Ann Harding	Rebound	E. H. Griffith	Comedy-Drama	
Bill Boyd	The Painted Desert	Howard Higgin	Western Romance	{ Helen Twelvetrees William Farnum
R K O STUDIO				
Ralph Forbes	Beau Ideal	Herbert Brenon	Romance	Loretta Young
Lowell Sherman	Queen's Husband	Lowell Sherman	Comedy-Drama	Mary Astor
Bert Wheeler	{ Hook, Line and Sinker		Comedy	Dorothy Lee
Robert Woolsey				
Richard Dix	Cimarron	Wesley Ruggles	Romance	Irene Dunne
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO				
Douglas Fairbanks	Reaching for the Moon	Edmund Goulding	Romantic Comedy	Bebe Daniels
Mary Pickford	Kiki	Sam Taylor	Comedy Romance	Reginald Denny
UNIVERSAL STUDIO				
Helen Chandler	Dracula	Tod Browning	Melodrama	{ Bela Lugosi Robert Ames
Lupe Velez	Resurrection	Edwin Carewe	Drama	John Boles
Conrad Nagel	Modern Wife	Hobart Henley	Drama	Genevieve Tobin
WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO				
Closed until January 1, 1931				

The GIRL Who Almost FAILED

By JACK BEVERLY

THE dawn of a new day has come for Helen Twelvetrees. It appears to be a day with sunlit skies. And it follows a night of dismal blackness such as few girls must face.

Helen Twelvetrees has just put behind her the worst year of her short life. She says the future must be brighter, because unhappiness such as she has had for the past twelve months or so cannot possibly come to her again.

"I'm happy, now," she told me. "Happy, happy, happy. And you don't know how it makes me feel."

A SMALL, blonde girl graduated from the Brooklyn Heights Seminary in 1925. She wanted to be an actress. Not a motion-picture actress. Hollywood was far from her thoughts. But a stage actress. New York and Broadway were calling her.

Her father, an advertising man for a group of New York newspapers, finally gave his consent. "You were kicked out of the Berkeley Institute for smoking," he

said. "And they tell me all great actresses and author-esses start that way. Maybe you're qualified. Go ahead."

So Helen Twelvetrees enrolled in the Art Students' League and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts—both in New York City.

"That was fun," she said. "But it was also work. I had always had a sneaking suspicion that all you had to do to be an actress was to get up on a stage and say a lot of lines you had memorized. But, oh, how wrong I was. I found out that I did not know how to walk, to stand, and couldn't even sit correctly. I had to take long breathing exercises so that I did not gasp when I spoke. I had to learn a thousand things that—I haven't learned yet." She smiled at me and I forgave her for not knowing all of them. In fact, when she smiles and blinks a pair of large blue eyes at you, you think it sort of silly that one should have to know how to do anything else.

"I finally graduated from the Dramatic School and was fortunate enough to get a place with the Stuart Walker Players," she continued. "We played all sorts of things, being a stock company. Among the plays we did on the road were: 'An American Tragedy,' 'Elmer Gantry' and 'Broadway.'"

She hesitated in her recital of those days and I could see that she was debating something with herself. Something she felt she had to say but was not quite sure how to say it—if at all. Finally she came out with it.

"Then I made a mistake," she said. And I thought of the thousand things that simple statement covered.

A marriage. The wedding united two youngsters, neither of them knowing just what they were getting into. The entire affair was complicated by the fact that Helen Twelvetrees was an actress, a working woman with hours that were irregular if nothing else.

A young wife with a job which took her away from home for weeks and months at a time.

Home? They had none. Not as you and I know it. Not as we knew it as children. It was a make-shift home.

Helen Twelvetrees does not like to talk about that chapter of her life, al-

though she did mention the end of it. But I found out from others who knew that the marriage was doomed to failure from the start. "Maybe it was my fault," she

Helen Twelvetrees in "My Man," which presents her first real opportunities. Miss Twelvetrees came from the city of movie stars, Brooklyn. She is tiny, blonde and blue-eyed. Before she went to Hollywood she had a long schooling with the Stuart Walker Players, who do dramas on the road.



Released by One Producer, Helen Twelvetrees was Ready to Give Up, Licked. Then the Big Chance Came

told me, simply. "I don't know. I think this marriage business is a job of work which requires study and brains to make it work successfully. You say you're happy after three years of it but I—oh, let's forget it. I want to, please."

I ASKED no more about it. But by others who knew her in New York and when she first came to Hollywood, I was told that Helen Twelvetrees tried desperately to be successful with her marriage. It was not her fault; it was not.

But I travel ahead of my story. Because Helen Twelvetrees came to Hollywood with her husband and that helped make the dark night I mentioned above but darker.

The Fox Company, like other movie companies, was struck by the talkies. Stage people were wanted, people who could speak lines. Fox jumped upon the New York stage and signed actor after actor, girl after girl. The Hollywood studios gave out contracts and transportation in such profusion that it became a laughing matter in Hollywood. "How many landed today?" was a standing comment.

But it was not long before the actors signed to movie contracts saw the handwriting on the wall. Over a hundred new faces roamed around that Fox lot in Hollywood wondering what it was all about. Uprooted from their normal lives, dropped down into a new and impressively different league, they finally came to want only one thing—work. Please, could they get into a picture? Please may I not do something besides sit around all day and watch others get an opportunity to show what they can do? The battle cry became, "Take off these handcuffs and allow me at least to try before option time comes and I'm shipped back to New York—a failure."

IT WAS not possible to give fair and adequate tests, much less conclusive ones, to all the new faces imported into the Hollywood studio. Some must be overlooked. And those who were would suffer heartaches. To have been so near—and missed.

Helen Twelvetrees was among those who suffered, and missed.

In all the time she was on the Fox lot she was given but three small parts in three unimportant pictures.

Night after night she went home to cry herself to sleep. Nothing was going right. Everything was wrong. Her husband—well, it was the beginning of the end with him.

She cracked under the strain and, when her contract with Fox was finished, she was ready to return to New York. Ready to put everything she had worked for since leaving school behind her, and start anew. Forget pictures, which had raised her hopes so high, forget her marriage.

Small, blonde, blue-eyed, alone, still a girl, deep in debt, Hollywood had licked Helen Twelvetrees. And

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Helen Twelvetrees' marriage went on the rocks, just when failure in Hollywood seemed definite. The tragic turn of events almost swamped her. She was packed up, ready to go home, when opportunity came knocking at her bungalow door.



Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE



The Movie Colony's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife

Kay Johnson, in her own kitchen in Beverly Hills. Miss Johnson is putting the final touches to her chocolate pie.

warm but don't boil it first—and cook until thick and creamy. Keep stirring to avoid those lumps. Now add the well beaten yolks of the two eggs and stir for two minutes.

Remove from the fire and add one teaspoon vanilla. Now fold in the stiffly beaten white of the two eggs. Pour into a baked pie shell, put into the oven to set the custard and serve.

You may take your choice of pastry recipes for the shell, but it is best not to try a very elaborate puff paste.

AS you can see, all the ingredients for this chocolate pie will be found on your pantry shelf. It might be well to say that pie

NOW that winter is here, this is the time for pies made with a cooked custard filling. After all, it can't be apple pie every week.

Kay Johnson, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, contributes a good recipe for chocolate pie to THE NEW MOVIE. Kay Johnson is Mrs. John Cromwell in private life and she knows that men like chocolate desserts and that a chocolate pie is doubly welcome.

Here is her recipe:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.	2 cups milk.
2 tablespoons cocoa.	2 eggs.
A few grains of salt.	1 teaspoon vanilla.

PLACE the half cup of sugar mixed with the salt into a double boiler and mix in the two tablespoons cocoa. Stir in two cups of milk—have it luke-

crust is always best if it is allowed to remain, uncooked of course, in the ice-box for twenty-four hours. When the crust goes into the oven, it should be cold and all the ingredients used to make pastry should always be chilled.

Many housewives make up a good supply of pastry crust, wrap it in cheese cloth and place it on a plate in the ice-box. Then there is always a supply on hand for various pastry desserts. The dough will keep very well for quite a long time and it improves in crispness and delicacy if it is allowed to stand.

If you like, you may serve the chocolate filling in small tarts instead of one big pie. These little dainties are delicious for luncheon. If you have children in the home who are too young for pastry, you may give them some of the custard, saving out a helping before putting it in the crust.

THIS IS THE NEW MOVIE'S NEWEST SERVICE PAGE

He Learned About Swimmin' From Her

(Continued from page 44)

with the thrill that comes at glimpsing a rose among the weeds, he raised his eyes to see the Kwattle procession coming toward him.

"Hey!" shouted J. Wellington. "Snap out of that technical trance and register astonishment!"

The request was unnecessary, for the mournful Peter had suddenly become an engaging youth of twenty-five. He appraised the Revere ensemble and smiled more pleasantly than ever. Here, he told himself, was some visiting personage, to judge by the smirking entourage. Such well sculptured legs! Quite different from the geometrical stems indigenous to his celluloid enchantresses. And that fascinating mole! At last a woman who was not trying to baste up her future with an electric needle. Could it be that she was a he found himself bending over a firm little hand.

"CHARMED," he murmured, forgetting to click his heels with the military precision seen only on the Hollywood parade ground.

"And so am I," said Iris softly, fluttering a little at being so close to her paragon. "A—and s-so am—, er, I mean—"

"She means, 'And so am I,'" chuckled Mr. Kwattle. "We all are, Peter, my old tomato, and you should head the class. Before you stands your leading lady—by next May, positively."

Mr. Silverdale's eyes dulled to a lustreless black. "Do you mean to say that she's an actress?" he demanded.

"She will be by May," promised an official. "Seems to me you're in luck, my boy. How about having lunch with us?"

"Sorry," said the actor stiffly. "I have other plans." His gaze encountered the bewildered Iris. "Very glad to have met you," he murmured mechanically, and resumed his pilgrimage.

"Don't bother about him," consoled J. Wellington. "That's only Genius in his shirt sleeves, baby, and you'll have to get used to it around here. Maybe you see now why I socked him in the nose. Maybe—" he broke off and goggled delightedly at the storm signals that were flying.

"No man," flared Miss Revere, "can do that to me! Why, when he first

looked at me I felt all over the way I do when I hit my funnybone, and then he froze up. It's a . . ."

"Don't spring that line about being insulted," begged Mr. Kwattle. "You got to develop a cuticle like an armadillo in this dump, sweetheart, or you're liable to get chapped."

"Who said anything about being insulted? It's a challenge!" And Iris, her twin amethysts glinting fire, was swept off to luncheon and later into a vice-president's office, where that gentleman forgot his enthusiasm sufficiently to sign her for six months at one hundred dollars weekly.

FIVE o'clock found her with Mr. Kwattle still in charge of her elbow. "You can have supper with me at the Arms," he offered, "or I'll send you home in a studio car."

"Thanks very much," said Miss Revere evenly. "I'll be happy to dine with you, so look for me at seven."

"But how—?"

"My superman will drive me," announced Iris, and Mr. Kwattle, jaw at the slope, watched her cross the lawn and accost the somber Peter.

Mr. Silverdale removed his hat at the angle approved in the advertisements and questioned her with his eyebrows.

"I haven't any car," she told him, "and so I'd like you to drive me out to Santa Monica and then back to the Musclebound Arms. Shall we start right away?" And before the actor had assembled a negative they were skimming toward the little town where the best minds believed that psychology should be studied by everyone except the landlord.

"That is so sweet of you," tinkled Miss Revere, nestling against him.

"I'm not interested in actresses," said Peter morosely. "They bore me, and as I generally use two hands for driving, kindly move over, will you?"

"But I've admired you for years. Don't you like me at all?"

"Your figure," stated Mr. Silverdale in the colorless tone of an artist who knows his wife has her ears to the hole, "is practically perfection. Your hair, gorgeous. Your eyes—"

"Yes?" crooned Iris, turning on both batteries.

"Most—ah, unusual," said Peter,

trying not to look at them. "Nevertheless, you are about to become an actress, a mere delineator of moods as false as old Kwattle's middle name, so you will pardon me if I refuse to allow your short vamps to scuff a pathway across my heart. It's been tried before, my dear girl, and it's no use. Dash it," frowned Mr. Silverdale, "why are you staring at me like that?"

Miss Revere indulged in a rippling laugh, thereby proving that she was no mean actress already. "I'm just wondering," she said with a jauntiness she did not feel, "whether I'll marry you in May or June."

THE passage of six months saw Iris securely established in the arms of Mr. Silverdale, but for screen purposes only. Climbing through the stages of being photographed with a prize pig or a delegation of visiting exhibitors, she was allowed to say, "Wown't you have some moah buttah?" in a sherry-and-crumpt English comedy, and from that purple moment Epictures required another sack for the fan mail.

But it was a somewhat humbled Iris who wriggled slowly out of the Silverdale embrace, flounced petulantly in a chair and exchanged meaning glances with Mr. Kwattle.

"Too stiff," wailed the director. "Listen, stupid, you got to put more feeling into the clinch or the fadeout will be a flop. Why's it so hard for you to make love to Iris? On the level, Peter, I've seen better heads on umbrellas."

"And why," said Mr. Silverdale suspiciously, "is it only in the clinches that I can't suit you? Every one of them's had to be made a dozen times but the other scenes went smoothly enough."

"I'm trying to give you a break, that's why," snapped Mr. Kwattle. "Ain't you got sense enough to realize that Iris is a comer? Why, she's stealing scenes from you already, you self-satisfied nincompoop."

"Kindly remember that I'm the star."

"Yeah?" bellowed the director, "and I'm a comet! Another squawk from you and you'll end up by loafing around in the bread wagon with the rest of the buns. Get me? You've got to play

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Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 23)

in the picture colony. He made his first appearance at Malibu the other Sunday and was a riot. Papa Skeets is becoming quite a favorite in pictures, by the way. His work with Clara Bow has received a lot of comment.

MARJORIE RAMBEAU, the stage star, has signed a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her work in "My Man" landed her on the permanent payroll.

DO you remember Mary McLaren, the blonde star of five or six years back? Mary is in business in Hollywood now, and the other afternoon gave a delightful tea at her home on Rossmore. She looks younger and prettier than ever, but has no desire to go back into pictures. Neither has her sister, Katherine MacDonald, once called "The American Beauty." She's married to a millionaire and you see her, in diamonds and ermine, at the opera.

VIRGINIA VALLI has returned from New York sooner than her friends expected. You remember she went East with Colleen Moore. Charlie Farrell met her at the train and they took up their romance just where they left off when Virginia went away.

LEW AYRES and Lola Lane still appear to be devoted. They're seen about at the Ambassador, the Embassy and the Mayfair together.



A striking enlargement of a beautiful scene photographed in the new wide Realife method for Metro-Goldwyn's "The Great Meadow." Johnny Mack Brown is the actor in the scene and Charles Brabin is the director

The Richest Woman in Hollywood

(Continued from page 47)

whole ninety-six acres,' they said, 'why not buy part of it? Why not take sixty-one acres? This was quite a let-down for me—but it was all I could do. And finally we closed for a gross purchase price of \$350,000, for they charged me more per acre. I didn't realize all that was going to mean to me when it came to paying—until later. But at the time I was thrilled. That was the only word to express it.

"I made my first payment, the papers of sale were drawn up—and I went back to work. I knew I was going to be in hock for some time to come—for I had something like a quarter of a million dollars to pay—and the only way I could pay it was from what I could earn.

"A procession of serials followed 'Ruth of the Rockies.' There was 'The Avenging Arrow,' 'White Eagle,' 'The Timber Queen,' 'Haunted Valley,' and 'Ruth of the Range.' I never worked so hard in my life. And when I would be so worn out that it seemed a physical impossibility to drag myself down to the set for another day, I would drive very slowly down Wilshire Boulevard, and get a good look at the sixty-one acres which I was trying to make my own. 'And when that time does come,' I announced one day, 'I am going to make all of this property into a city block and call it Roland Square!' My bankers shook their heads when I told them. 'You are a deluded young woman,' they answered. 'Don't you know that when you buy real estate you should buy for a raise in value? And you are buying acreage?'"

Miss Roland digressed for a minute as a sudden thought from those eventful years came back to her.

"Most of the mistakes I have made in my life have come from listening to

other people—and taking their judgment instead of my own. This isn't egotism. It just happens to be fact. My own hunches may not have always been the best in the world, but, at least, they gave me confidence—and if I went wrong I had nobody to blame but myself. Do you know one of the worst mistakes I made?" And there was a genuine note of sadness in her voice.

"THAT was when I gave up active work in pictures. By that time I had paid for my Wilshire property and there were so many details connected with developing and promoting it that everybody told me that I would break myself down if I tried to attend to my picture work too. And, besides, they said I might be killed any day if I kept on riding over burning bridges, running locomotives, and jumping out of balloons! And then what would happen? Well, I finally gave in—and I have been sorry ever since.

"Not that I regret being a business woman, for I am proud of it. And it's harder work and takes more ability than being a movie star—and there isn't the constant excitement and chance to keep you up.

"But do you know one thing that has always brought a glow to me and reached right down into my heart? That was whenever the little boys and girls would stop me on the street and call me 'Ruth,' and say they had seen me the night before or the week before just about to spring from a cliff to escape the wicked villain who was pursuing me, and tell me they were sure I would get the best of him in the end! I knew then that I was making good—that I was bringing a new zest into thousands of lives—for if the kiddies were so interested in my pictures I

knew their fathers and mothers must be, too. When all is said and done we are all children at heart. That is why I am proud that I was a serial star—for I have always felt that the serials were one of the most genuine and universal forms of entertainment which the films had to offer. There was nothing high-brow about them, no elaborate spectacles, no involved psychological studies. They were just what they were designed to be—entertainment for the multitude. And I was a part of it—quite a sizable part, too, if we go by quantity, for first and last I made fifteen serials, averaging from fifteen to twenty two-reel episodes in each. If we count two thousand feet to an episode that means about half a million feet of celluloid—in most of which I had a more or less active part!"

To understand just what this means, consider that the average "super-feature" picture of today runs from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet at most. This would mean that Ruth Roland's serials alone would make at least fifty features as we know them today!

Just how does it feel for a one-time serial queen of the films to realize that today she is regarded as the richest woman in Hollywood? Has it changed her philosophy of life? Has it changed the merry girl who was afraid of nothing—for whom no feat of daring was too much?

Ruth Roland possesses something of the eternal quality of youth. She will always be a girl—an adventurous girl, if you will—eager to press forward to something new, quick to thrill to a novel sensation, warm-hearted, impulsive, glowing, daring, but never forgetting that she is feminine. Somehow,



Eleanor Boardman and Johnny Mack Brown in a scene of Metro-Goldwyn's "The Great Meadow." NEW MOVIE reproduces this scene to show its readers how Realife (wide measure) photography appears in an enlargement.

you get the idea that she is just a little bit awed now, when she lets herself think of the impressive list of property holdings in her name, which make bankers rub their eyes.

Two of the best known real estate divisions in California belong to her—Roland Square and New Roland Square in Wilshire Boulevard. A magnificent new theater building was erected on a corner of her property—and the rest of it proceeded to boom in a way that was almost shocking. And a transportation company decided to build a big passenger and freight depot just a half block below her property—and the demand for lots jumped as a result overnight!

It would be an anti-climax if she had not bought more real estate, not only in California but in other sections—and even more of an anti-climax if her investments had not proven fruitful of golden returns. Yet she strenuously denies that she has found Alad-

din's lamp, which certain jealous competitors have charged!

In Beverlymont, one of the newest and smartest subdivisions of Beverly Hills she has recently opened a new subdivision, in which she intends to build for her very own home the house of her heart's desire, which will overlook "Pickfair."

IT would need a bold person to estimate the wealth today of Ruth Roland who started her theatrical life at the age of two behind the scenes, while her actress-mother attended to her when and as she could, and who began her film career at a salary which many secretaries would sneer at today. But certainly no one would deny that in all Hollywood, with its glitter and tinsel and lure and constant striving for something bigger and better, she is classed, by those who should know, as the richest woman there!

But with it all she is the same Ruth

Roland who made movie audiences marvel and gasp and lean forward in their seats years ago! And by some mystery of nature she contrives to keep just as youthful and bubbling a smile and just as much of a girlish charm as when she was billed across a continent as "Ruth of a Thousand Thrills."

"The movies will always be my first love," she says. And she means it. To prove it she has staged a come-back in the feature production, "Reno," in which Ruth, perhaps a little more mature, a little more sedate, proves that she has not lost the ability to rally again to her cohorts who used to cheer her in her mad races against time with all species of skulking villains to bar her way!

And for the girl who—if she wants to—can call herself the "richest woman in Hollywood," this is a triumph, which the millions of dollars she has earned cannot buy! It is something she has earned—and not by money!

Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 53)

Where Is Colleen?

Salisbury, Md.

What has happened to my favorite of all actresses, Colleen Moore? I am anxiously awaiting another of her pictures. No matter the type I know I'll like it. I'll never forget her part in "Lilac Time." A picture I thoroughly enjoyed. My whole bridge club casts one unanimous vote for Colleen. Here's hoping for more "Moore" pictures.

(Mrs.) T. C. Duffy,
Powell Avenue.

Averse to Stage Stars

Detroit, Michigan

The public—the same public we had in the old silent days—cares nothing for names from other amusement

fields. It wants what it wants and it resents any effort on the part of the producers to force a certain type of actor or production down its throat. The sign was up against the musical talkie months ago, but the producer failed to heed it. Today he is paying heavily for running through the red light.

Jane Ambrose,
11200 McKinney Ave.

Attention, Herb Howe

San Antonio, Texas

Herb Howe dared the fans to pick the handsomest men on the screen, and then he picks the most beautiful women without deigning to mention the beautiful June Collyer, that ravishing Norma Talmadge, lovely blond Dorothy Revier, and Dolores Costello

Barrymore! How dared he leave them out. Herb, I like your Hollywood Boulevardier so well, I'll try to forgive you this time, if you'll mention Nancy Carroll more often in your ramblings; but next time you give opinions of Hollywood beauty, include these.

Nancy Claire,
620 Hoefgen Avenue.

Wants the Old Gary

Salisbury, N. C.

I am a most ardent Gary Cooper fan and never miss one of his pictures. Yesterday I saw his latest, "The Spoilers." Now, I ask you, just because he is an honest-to-God he-man and can stage a convincing fight, is it fair for Paramount to continue casting him in such rôles which are fast label-

(Continued on page 109)

The Toughest Game in the World

(Continued from page 26)

pull a living out of a game in which there is no living.

The real answer is that most of them do other things. Dick Arlen, for instance, told me that he mowed lawns—eight of them—and kept them in condition when the extra going was tough. "I could do those during hours I was not called to studios or looking for work at studios." Others grab off daily jobs. Others are married, especially women, and take extra work through the desire to add to the family income brought in by their husbands or the vain hope that they might click and become a Chatterton, a Crawford, a Bow, or a Swanson. This type makes it tough indeed for those depending solely upon picture work for support. But they are well dressed and reliable and the studios like them.

IT is practically impossible to get registered in Central Casting today unless some studio requests it. And you have to get to know someone in a studio before that can happen. Which is a tough job in itself.

A girl we will call Mary F. came to

Hollywood. She had been a beauty at home. Boys, her friends, told her on moonlight nights and other hours of the day and night, that she was more beautiful than any picture star. She should be in the movies. She gathered together a few dollars and came to Hollywood. She tramped the streets to the studios. She could not get past a gate. Central Casting told her they had other beautiful girls, could see no reason why they should register her. Her money grew less and less. Finally it was gone.

She took a job serving drinks at a drug store soda fountain—and was fortunate to find that. She moved into a room near her work. Next door lived an assistant casting director. Mary's landlady knew him, introduced Mary.

"AND I," he told me, "played her the dirtiest trick I could play. I allowed her to talk me into requesting that she be registered at Central Casting. She quit the soda fountain and is now trying to live on about one check a week (A check is the amount paid an extra for one day's work. In

this case it is \$7.50.) I keep her working as much as I can but we need her type only every so often. What can I do about it?"

I said I did not know. I don't. I don't know what to do about any of them except to slip them eating money whenever one of them seems to need it. They never ask, but they do look hungry and tired.

Frances Dee is about the only girl picked out of the extra ranks during the past year who has a chance to make good. A girl was needed, she struck the fancy of the man doing the picking, looked like she might make good. And so got the job, and a small contract paying not a great deal of money, yet.

Yes, Frances Dee was lucky in that she was picked. The others were not picked. They remain extras.

They remain until they get wise and turn their faces from the camera. Until they decide that this tough racket is too tough. And leave it to get married, get a steady job in some business—or die.

AT the left is the form of application every extra must fill out with the Central Casting Bureau. There are three pages to the application blank. The application carries this warning:

"If you are entering the motion picture industry with the expectation of making extra work your livelihood, we ask you to consider the following statistics for the year 1929 very carefully, as your registration is being taken subject to these conditions which exist in the industry.

"The statistics of this office for 1929 show that 17,541 extras were registered with the Central Casting Office, with several thousand more seeking employment as extras in pictures, while the motion picture industry had to offer only an average of 840 jobs for extras, daily. A large percentage of this daily placement was absorbed by unregistered extras, used for large mob scenes, who are employed through our downtown office. Another large percentage was absorbed by extras who speak foreign languages, sing, dance, play musical instruments, etc. Another percentage was absorbed by children. The greatest portion of the remaining placements was made from experienced extras who had been in the business several years and who were known and requested by studio casting directors.

"Our records for 1929 show that only 65 men out of the 6095 registered averaged three days of work per week, or better. Only 21 women out of the 10,000 registered averaged three days per week, or better.

"THE ABOVE STATISTICS INDICATE THAT VERY FEW PEOPLE ARE DERIVING A LIVING FROM EXTRA WORK.

"Your application will not be accepted until all information has been verified and satisfactory references have been received. Do not call at this office in person seeking employment as all placements of registered extras are made over the telephone. It is the policy of this office not to discuss lack of employment."

PROFESSIONAL NAME.....	
ADDRESS.....	
PHONE.....	PHONE.....
AGE.....	HEIGHT..... WEIGHT.....
COLOR OF HAIR.....	EYES.....
REAL NAME.....	
PARENTS' NAME.....	
PARENTS' ADDRESS.....	
IN CASE OF ACCIDENT NOTIFY: Name.....	
Address..... Phone No.....	
WARDROBE:—State number of each.	
FULL DRESS.....	TUXEDO..... BUSINESS SUIT.....
SPORT.....	TOP COAT..... RIDING HABIT.....
HIGH HAT.....	KNICKERS..... CUTAWAY.....
STATE ANY SPECIAL WARDROBE OR COSTUMES YOU POSSESS.....	
STATE ANY QUALIFICATIONS OR TALENTS YOU MAY HAVE TO OFFER THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY: INCLUDE PRACTICAL TRAINING AND SPORT SPECIALITIES.....	
WHAT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS DO YOU PLAY?.....	

THEY NEED WARM CLOTHES

Cutting out and putting together cozy things for the baby is as easy and diverting as making doll dresses, and from there it is a short step to suits and dresses for the child of kindergarten age. Through making clothes for their younger children many women have discovered how simple it is to make clothes for the older ones; and when winter's winds blow cold it is a comfort to know that you, too, can make warm things to wear at small expense.



2865

Bedtime on a cold winter's night brings no protests from brother and sister when they have warm night garments made from soft, colored cotton flannel to wear on their way to the Land of Nod. 2865.

2914

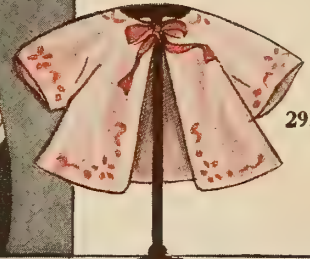


Baby's nightie is easy to put on and sure to keep him toasty warm until morning because it is tied at the neck and feet with a cotton tape or ribbon. 2914.

2914

Even the woolen petticoat—best of all safeguards against winter colds and chills—is good to look at when it is made of soft flannel, featherstitched with light pink or blue. 2914.

A flannel jacket made with wide sleeves and roomy armholes can be put on at a moment's notice when baby needs a little extra warmth. 2914.



2914



3399

664

2780

2773

Made with dark wool shorts and a cotton or wool jersey blouse the suit at the left is practical enough to please mother and boyish enough to satisfy any ambitious young man of three or four. 3399.

After all, there is no sort of outdoor costume more desirable for the girl of five or six than the double-breasted rough cloth coat with closely buttoned leggings. 664.

There is something decidedly French about the cut and finish of the play dress of figured wool challis, made with short bloomers, and pleats at the center back and front. 2780.

For special occasions, a black or dark colored velvet dress is decidedly becoming when worn with neat collar and cuffs of white linen or silk. 2773.

How to Obtain TOWER MAGAZINE Patterns

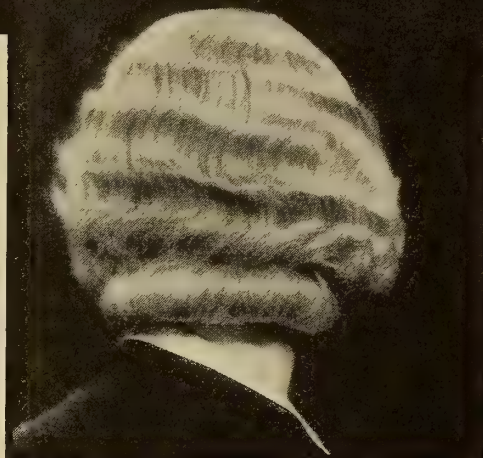
Write to TOWER MAGAZINE Pattern Service, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Enclose ten cents in stamps for each pattern ordered, naming the size you wish. Write your name and address plainly.



Carol Lombard demonstrates, at the right, the mode in longer tresses. The smartest coiffure of the moment is water-waved hair caught in a roll at a low line on the neck. Above, Miss Lombard shows how the latest millinery edicts make shallow crowns an imperative rule. When shallow crowns meet modishly rolled hair, the result is not chic. The hair above has been re-rolled near the top of the head, without bulges near the rim.



Above Miss Lombard shows the secret of her hair arrangement. The solution of the problem lies in the style of coiffure. Miss Lombard accomplishes this by dividing the roll into two sections, bringing them upward at the side of the head and pinning them very flat. This offers a charming compromise and lends that smart appearance to the hat. Miss Lombard, by the way, is one of the most beautiful of the younger Hollywood actresses.



FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

Solving Our Readers' Problems of Weight, the Care of the Hair and How to Keep Your Hands Attractive.

By ANN BOYD

MY first answer, this month, is to M. L., of Spencer, Massachusetts, because Miss L. brings up an interesting point. She tells me that she is twenty-one years old, five feet, five inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. There's nothing much wrong with that, is there? Her measurements are good—by which I mean that she is well-proportioned. *But*, and here is the worry, Miss L. says that there is a tendency to stoutness in her family. And she doesn't propose to take on any of this hereditary fat.

Analyzing the case of Miss L., I would say that she doesn't need to diet. She is a good weight, both for health and for appearance—now that fashions do not demand that a girl be abnormally slim. But she does need to watch her food.

What I say to Miss L., I am also saying to the granddaughters, daughters and nieces of fat women. Because fat, whether you like it or not, does seem to run in some families. There are no hard and fast laws about it and I am not going to go deeply into scientific theories; but you can be reasonably sure of one thing. At forty you will be approximately the weight and build of the other members of your family. Certain races are short and stout; others are tall and angular. In America, where most of the races are mixed, the rules aren't so certain. Nevertheless, we may all consult the family album if we wish to find our general physical type.

So if, like Miss L., there is a tendency to stoutness in your family, *watch your food*. A reducing diet may

not be absolutely necessary but you will, if you are wise, eschew the delights of the fatal "second helping." Miss L. should go slow on the long and luscious luncheon, on the snack between meals, on the heavy, happy breakfast. She should get herself a weighing machine, or make it a point to weigh herself once a week, on a machine that she can trust. And she should learn to walk instead of ride and fight off a tendency to relax.

In other and briefer words, Miss L. must not allow herself to grow fat. It is up to her whether she can keep her good figure or whether she will go the way of all flesh.

I HAVE before me a stack of letters inquiring about a good cure for dandruff, which is the curse of the world and one of those annoying defects that we hate to talk about. There are plenty of good preparations on the market which, if rubbed into the scalp, will cure dandruff. Many women hesitate to use them because they feel that this care of the hair will make the hair oily, or will spoil a newly acquired wave or will give the hair an unpleasant medical scent. And so, for some weird reason, they prefer to be worried by dandruff.

As a matter of strict fact, I know from experience that these dandruff cures are not at all messy, that they do their work, that any slight temporary inconvenience is offset by the permanent results. Dandruff seems to be a Winter disease; it is probably aggravated by dry, steam-heated rooms, by heavy, (Continued on page 105)

"Pink tooth brush"



Time to call a halt on *that*!

IT'S no joke, at any age, to find a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush. For it always means that your gums are soft . . . "touchy" . . . inclined to bleed; and it sometimes means that gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea are on the way.

Tender, soft foods, hurried eating and too little chewing are the principal causes of weak, tender gums. A slight bleeding warns you that more serious infections may be getting a foothold, and that unless you get after the trouble promptly, you may run the risk of losing the whitest and, outwardly, the soundest teeth!

Strengthen your gums with Ipana and massage

So protect your gums, with Ipana and massage, when and while you clean your teeth. That's the modern way to oral health. To do this is simple and easy. You massage your gums, with Ipana, each time you brush your teeth.

Thousands of dentists recommend this healthy habit. They know the good it does. For Ipana contains ziratol, a preparation professionally well-known for its efficacy in toning and stimulating tender gum tissue.

Massage with Ipana keeps gums firm and sound. It puts the fresh, clean blood to work—sends it coursing through the tiny cells—tones and strengthens the walls of the gums. Soon they become pinker, harder and healthier.

You'll like Ipana. You'll like its taste, and the delightful sensation of cleanliness it leaves in your mouth. And you'll be amazed to see how clean and white it keeps your teeth—how strong and firm it keeps your gums.

Start tonight with Ipana. Get a full-size tube today from the nearest druggist. Money cannot buy a better dentifrice, and that kind of dentifrice, like a good dentist, can never be classed as a luxury!



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-11
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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COLOR-MAGIC FOR EVERYTHING IN HOME AND WARDROBE

SO QUICKLY, SO SAFELY,
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Tintex really works wonders! Use it to restore faded color or to give new color to your curtains and drapes... to frocks and finery, to your hose and household linens.

You'll find that Tintex-ing is only a matter of minutes. You tint as you rinse—with results that are always perfect.

There's a Tintex color-range of 33 lovely shades including the six new Paris-sponsored colors—Rust, Royal Blue, Beige, Wine, Turquoise and Seal Brown.

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old color from any material so it can be dyed a new color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

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On sale at drug and notion
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Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

He Learned About Swimmin' From Her

(Continued from page 97)

up to Iris as you never played before. Now, walk through that homecoming scene again, for me alone; there won't be any recording."

HE waved the monitor and camera experts from their posts and settled hopelessly in his chair. "For me alone," he repeated.

Mr. Silverdale disappeared through a door, climbed back through a window, recoiled in surprise as he saw Iris and then prepared to launch his speech.

"And so-and-so, and so-and-so!" yelled Mr. Kwattle for him in theatrical jargon. "Never mind the gab; go into the clinch!"

Peter obediently gathered Miss Revere into his arms in his most elegant manner and saluted her somewhere in the vicinity of her nose.

"KISS HER!" shrieked the director. "Remember, you ain't seen her for two years. Crush her to you, you sap, and bear down on those ruby lips!"

The actor tried valiantly while Iris clung to him and helped him all she could, running her hand caressingly along his neck until Mr. Silverdale broke loose, more than a trifle pink under his makeup.

"It's five-thirty," he mumbled. "I—er, have a certain engagement to fill, so you'll pardon me. See you in the morning." And he stalked away with a nonchalance that was a shade too perfect to be real.

Mr. Kwattle looked despairingly at his lovely find. "You can't say I haven't done my best, sweetheart. The guy ain't human, that's all."

"Let him go," faltered Iris. "You've been a brick, J. W., to try to get him interested in me, but I guess it's no use. A girl's got to have some pride, I suppose, so I'll have to stop imitating a doormat. D-do you think there's another woman, J. W.?"

"He'd have that brooding look if there was. No, sweetheart, he's just in harmony with himself, like most of the Hollywood hims of praise."

"Find out for me! I-if there is, you'll have to let me play opposite somebody else."

"But your next picture has been okayed by the head office and we'll have to go through with it. I'm coming over tonight to read you the plot. Be game, baby," soothed Mr. Kwattle, glimpsing the sheen of amethystine tears, "and I'll go after him now and find out for sure."

He caught Peter at the car park and clambered uninvited into the nickel and aluminum showcase on wheels. "Listen, you," he said roughly, "you've been giving us the mackerel eye around the studio for a couple of years now, not mixing with us outside and all that guff, but this time I want cards on the table. Is my little Iris deformed or something that you treat her like she was a waxwork?"

MR. SILVERDALE drove seven-eighths of the way home before answering. "I've never seen a more beautiful girl," he admitted, "but making love to actresses is out. The cost is prohibitive, the postures before the

public are apt to be ridiculous and, judging by the divorce records the sensation is momentary. In other words," said Mr. Silverdale growing irritated, "close your trap and go aim your blonde at somebody else."

"I'll aim something at that beak of yours," hissed the director. "Remember 'The Wages of Gin'?" Well, loosen up or I'll take you apart on my own hook. Are you interested in anyone at all?"

"Not particularly. I admire real women, the kind that actually do things, if you know what I mean."

"Don't sling that Greenwich Village patter at me," cautioned J. Wellington. "Women who do things! Believe me, a clean smoke and a facial would kill the half of them!"

"Wrong again, old sock," said Peter, reaching his Tudor bungalow and herding his annoyances inside. "I mean athletic women. Yesterday I saw the Ladies' Badminton Tournament get under way; tonight I'm seeing the Hollywood High girls play a basketball match. It fascinates me, J. W., to see all that poetry of motion and the players don't have to be beautiful. The swish of a brassie in the hands of a supple goddess—ahhhh!"

"But where do you get off to go nuts over sports?" asked Mr. Kwattle, staring around the living room which he never before had entered. "The whole colony is wise that your favorite game is played with a knife and fork."

"Opposites attract, I guess," smiled the actor, "so you see why I can't run a temperature over your Iris. When I first saw her I thought she might be some famous tennis player, but what can she actually do? Why, when we make 'The Greasiest Way' you'll have to use a double in the big scene."

J. Wellington growled an assent, and after a few moments of profitless arguing he stumbled dazedly into the street and across town to the waiting Miss Revere. Used as he was to the eccentricities of Hollywood, which ranged from a dyed pink wolfhound to a motor horn that played "The Rosary," the idea of having a yen for overheated damsels was quite beyond him for, knowing his rotogravure sections, the husky females depicted therein had never incited him to go after them with a net.

"YOU'VE brought bad news," flustered Iris as her knight errant blundered into her apartment. "Is it a woman?"

"Make it plural," husked Mr. Kwattle, "and then listen to how singular it is. Say, whose picture do you think is on that gilligaloo's desk?"

"Greta? Clara? Norma? Well, whose, then?"

"Helen Wills Moody!"

"Well, she is lovely, but—"

"With Glenna Collett over the mantelpiece, Gertrude Ederle on the wall along with a flock of fencers, runners and skaters, not to mention a statue of Diana, the bare huntress. Women who do things, he calls them, and you might as well realize you're all—why, what are you so frazzled about?"

(Continued on page 108)

First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 102)

hot hats and by too little exercise for the scalp.

Once again I must insist that my readers, if they be really sincere, follow all beauty treatments conscientiously. One or two treatments will have no affect at all; even a week of concentration won't help much. If you are inclined to have dandruff, you will have to watch your scalp at all times.

H. J. complains that if she brushes her hair every night, the hair gets oily. A great many girls have the same idea. Here's a little secret about brushing the hair. Always use a long stroke and carry the brush to the very end of the hair. This will do away with that oily texture.

MANY young girls between the ages of fourteen and seventeen complain that they are too stout and want to reduce. If these young girls are abnormally fat, they should consult a physician. But I am a little suspicious about these complaints. I think that many of them arise from sheer vanity. And here is another point: young girls are generally heavy eaters; they go in for sweets, for ice cream sodas and for heavy luncheons. In other words, they are still on their childhood diets. Then, too, they lead active lives and work up tremendous appetites which must be soothed. Many girls who are fat and dumpy when they are young, become slim and graceful when they reach the age of eighteen. Nature provides the extra weight when they need it most.

Now for the older women. Mrs. T. Y. suffers from red, chapped hands. She blames the condition of her hands on housework. And that, my dear Mrs. Y., is nonsense. Most of the soaps used for dishwashing are bland and soothing. Those lovely soaps used for cleaning, which save you hours of hard work, won't hurt your hands if you buy yourself a pair of protecting gloves. Every kitchen should be equipped with a hand lotion and this lotion should be used after every siege of cleaning or washing. Dusting is hard on the hands—much harder than the heaviest washing. So never dust a room without wearing gloves. And, Mrs. Y., do you always rinse your hands carefully after having them in hot water? Do you scrub them thoroughly with a stiff brush after your morning's work?

H. T. J., Hartford, Conn. If your eyes are "in-between," wear greens and soft blues in the daytime. Gray eyes shouldn't look washed out; usually they aren't actually gray but a mixture of gray, blue or hazel. So the colors in your dresses ought to bring out the color in your eyes. With your hair, you would look well in a gay red in the evening or an off-shade of white—something with a hint of rose in it. But stay away from yellow!

Helen, Chicago, Ill. When choosing a perfume, it isn't a question of price but a question of taste—or smell. The so-called "cheap" perfumes aren't really cheap, unless you make them so by applying the scent too heavily. Try rubbing the perfume on your skin; it gives a more agreeable fragrance and it doesn't stain the clothes.

Gwen has "no time" for outdoor sports



YET HER SKIN HAS THE VIBRANT BEAUTY AND FRESHNESS OF A YOUNG ATHLETE

ON a tennis court Gwen's a flop but at a tea-dance she's a shining star. Bridging, partying... Gwen's a little hothouse flower... in everything but her skin! Everyone admires Gwen's complexion—so charmingly fresh, so gloriously smooth. Even under ball-room lights, it glows with radiant "outdoor" tones!

Smart little social butterflies and other city "shut-ins" have discovered in OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder a marvelous way of giving their complexions the priceless sparkle of youth. Thanks to this luxurious powder, wan faces assume a vibrant beauty. Its unique olive oil base (found in no other face powder) warms the skin to natural richness and protects against the ravages of winter winds and biting frost.

Active sportswomen have long sung the praises of OUTDOOR GIRL. Now, business girls and stay-at-homes are welcoming it eagerly, too. If you have not already used OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder, try it today. Its seven shades include Lido, a glorious "duo-tone" for all types of complexions, and Boulevard, a mellow evening tint. Generous acquaintance packages of this unusual powder are available at the 10c counters of F. W. Woolworth and other prominent chain stores. Larger boxes at 35c and \$1.00 may be had at leading drug and department stores. Z. B. T. Products Co., 138 Willis Avenue, New York City.

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If your local Woolworth or other chain stores do not happen to have on hand the particular OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products you desire, send 10 cents for each one you want and we will forward them to you post-paid... Address Z. B. T. Products Co., 138 Willis Ave., New York City, mentioning product and shade desired.

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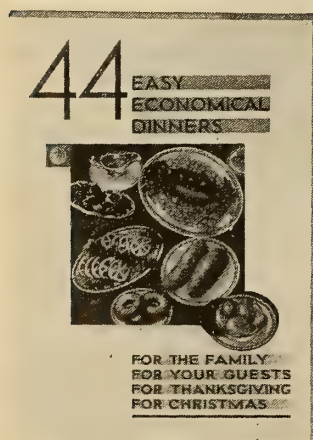
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The Girl Who Almost Failed

(Continued from page 95)

during that licking about all she had been asked to play were comedy parts! That was the deep darkness before the dawn.

Packed up, about to leave Hollywood for New York and a fresh start, Helen Twelvetrees was called upon by one of the few people she had come to know since she had arrived in the west.

He encouraged her to stay. At least until he could see what he could do for her. He took her to an agent whose business it is to know what is going on in the studios, what director needs what kind of a girl for what part, and so on.

The agent took her at once to Pathe Studio. They, more than anyone else, needed good actresses. They gave Helen Twelvetrees a test—and a contract.

The dawn had come and with it skies cleared.

HER first real picture was "Her Man," and in it she proved to all of Hollywood that she could play any kind of a part given her. This one was like nothing she had ever done before. It was what they said she *couldn't* do.

I asked her what memories she had of working in that picture. I expected that she would tell me something of her feelings. That it was grand and glorious to have such a part, that it gave her satisfaction to show Hollywood the mistake it almost made.

But that was not the answer I received. It seems that Helen Twelvetrees thinks of others besides herself first.

"I'll never forget Marjorie Rambeau," she said. "You don't know what it means to work with an actress such as she is. She pulls you along, helps you without ever showing it, lifts you even in scenes where yours is the big part. I found myself doing things I

had never thought of doing. And when thinking about them afterwards I realized that Marjorie Rambeau had pointed me, cue-ed me, pushed me—call it anything you like—and left me so that I could do nothing else but those things. They were better things than I could do by myself, by far. I'll never forget working with a truly great actress."

Knowing and thinking as much of Marjorie Rambeau as I do, you can imagine how that little speech went over with me. I decided for keeps that this Twelvetrees person must be all right, that she belongs.

SHE is now doing the lead in "Millie," that sensational book by Don Clarke. She's going to play a red-hot, fiery girl who just can't be held down.

"And oh, I'm so happy now," she cried. "Everything is right. I haven't a care in the world. Nothing to bother me. Just work and be happy. I feel as though a great big load had been lifted off my shoulders and I'm light and free. I want to kick chandeliers, furniture everything."

But although she raised her arms above her head as she said this, quiet, blue-eyed Helen Twelvetrees made no move to kick the furniture. But I know what she meant.

It is seldom in Hollywood that stars raise themselves to heights without first having gone through a long period of hopelessness. It is like iron being tested in fire and coming out pure steel. Chaplin went through it, so did Ruth Chatterton, Dick Arlen, Charlie Farrell, Jack Gilbert, Joan Crawford. All of them have been down into the depths of despair and climbed back. They shook off the dreary chapter of their lives and went on to fame and happiness. I think it will be so with Helen Twelvetrees.

Travelogue: Hollywood

(Continued from page 31)

Are they unhappy about it, daddy? Not perceptibly, Rollo.

Then I should look upon it as a most satisfactory condition, huh, daddy?

Yes, I believe one might empirically consider it such, Rollo.

And you think such a situation might obtain if I were to go out there, daddy?

I HOPE to tell you, Rollo.

And I will experience none of those other conditions that I have been led

to anticipate so delightedly such as nocturnal yip-yip up in the Beverly Hills?

In a word, no.

So it's a long and fond farewell to all my hopes and dreams?

Precisely.

Then I have but one thing to say in closing, daddy.

Say it, Rollo, my son.

Tahel with it, daddy.

Okay, Rollo.

J. P. McEvoy

The Famous Humorist, Author of "Show Girl," "Show Girl in Hollywood" and many other successful novels and theatrical offerings, writes exclusively in the motion picture field for

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

Guide to the Best Films

(Continued from page 8)

bound for the other world. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Montagu Love give fine performances. *Warners.*

The Office Wife. Taken from Faith Baldwin's current magazine serial. It is the time-worn plot of the busy business man, the faithful and decorative secretary and the charming wife who philanders when opportunity permits. Dorothy Mackaill heads a splendid cast with Lewis Stone as the employer and Natalie Moorehead as the wife. *Warners.*

Old English. Another of those matchless character studies by George Arliss. A sketchy drama of a gay, gallant old reprobate who has lived far beyond his time. Mr. Arliss is brilliant, the drama rather pale. Still, you will want to see the star. *Warners.*

Hell's Angels. Cost its maker three million, three years and the lives of several stunt aviators. The war scenes in the air are great but the drama is pitiful. Not very well acted, either. Still, it has its thrills in the clouds. *United Artists.*

Moby Dick. John Barrymores' newest talkie version of Herman Melville's priceless old sea yarn, once done by Jack as a silent film called "The Sea Beast." Joan Bennett now has the rôle that made Dolores Costello both famous and Mrs. Barrymore. *Warners.*

Raffles. Another mystery thriller, somewhat along the lines of "Bulldog Drummond." Ronald Colman is delightful as Raffles—so, too, is Kay Francis, who supplies the heart interest of the film. *United Artists.*

1930 Screen Review

(Continued from page 85)

the roof in "Feet First."

Best Enunciation and Diction: Maureen O'Sullivan, imported from Ireland.

Loveliest Dancing Moment When Marilyn Miller toe dances in "Sally."

Best Song of the Singie Year: Jeanette MacDonald singing "Beyond the Blue Horizon" in "Monte Carlo." Other excellent musical numbers of the film year: "It Happened in Monterey" in "The King of Jazz"; "The Kiss Waltz" in "Dancing Sweeties"; "My Future Just Passed," sung by Buddy Rogers in "Safety in Numbers."

Most Potent Love Scene: The *diva* and the minister confess their love in "Romance."

Best Instance of Sound and Song Recording: John McCormack's "Song o' My Heart."

Best Examples of Color Photography: The Indian girls ride through the mountain pass in "Whoopie." This was done by the Technicolor process.

Greatest Single Scene of the Year: The worried Lincoln, in shawl and night shirt, keeps a lonely vigil in the White House. This, of course, was in "Abraham Lincoln."

Most Tragic Event of 1930: Death of Lon Chaney.



"YOUR HAIR, TOO, CAN BE BEAUTIFUL ALWAYS"
says HELEN TWELVETREES, Pathé Film Star

Here is the PRICELESS SECRET

"KEEPING her hair in perfect condition—at all times—under all conditions—is probably the greatest difficulty of a screen actress on location."—says Helen Twelvetrees, Pathe Film Star. "In fact, I think the proper care of her hair is every woman's greatest problem, no matter what her vocation."

This intimate photograph shows Helen Twelvetrees keeping her hair always ready—even for a close-up—in the heat and dust of the Arizona desert. She does it with Jo-cur Beauty Aids for the Hair—like thousands of other women whose beautiful hair is the envy of all their friends.

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Finally—Jo-cur Brilliantine. The finishing touch to a perfect coiffure. Gives your hair the sparkle and sheen that brings out its true loveliness.

Stop at the nearest 5 and 10 or your druggist today and see how simple it is to keep your hair always lovely with Jo-cur Beauty Aids. Once you have tried them you will never be without them again.



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He Learned About Swimmin' From Her

(Continued from page 104)

"More, more!"

"More, my eye," said Mr. Kwattle fearfully. "I won't give you the chance to go into an emotional song and dance à la Madame X, because my nerves ain't what they used to be. Forget this guy and his steeplechasers. Now, about the new picture, 'The Greasiest Way'—it's all about a debutante who has to swim back from a speedboat and it makes a new woman of her, for what does she do but become a kind of mermaid. Novel, hey?"

"Very," said Iris, her eyes ashimmer. "Oooooo, J. W., I feel all in a whirl!"

"Column yourself, sweetheart; never mind if it is your last picture with that restive Romeo. Now, the blow-off comes when the heroine enters the big swimming race across the point from Redondo to San Pedro, and we ring in on the real event because it's being held a week from Wednesday. We'll get shots of the crowds at the start and finish, free for nothing, and I'm surprised my middle name ain't Moses or McKenzie."

"And what must I do?"

"To make it look genuine I want you to wade into the water with the rest of the swimmers, then we'll pull you out, speed ahead to San Pedro and shoot you climbing up the dock ladder to be greeted by Peter. He'll meet the real winner later on, too, because he's hipped on the subject and it's a new sort of publicity. We'll want some action shots, too, but we'll just dub in some views of a stunt woman about your size doing her stuff. You don't mind being all greased up for the sake of Art?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake let me alone," pouted Miss Revere, apparently on the verge of hysterics. "It doesn't sound like much of a part for an actress, if you ask me. I might drown; on the other hand I might—her voice trailed into a melodious hum as she looked at Mr. Kwattle without seeing him."

"Read that last line over again," he requested.

"It's just a favorite one of yours," she told him. "You know, the one that stands for a lot—and so-and-so, and so-and-so."

THE russet curve of Redondo Beach lay glistening in the heat, dappled with gayly colored dressing tents and the bluish-black figures of the lady contestants in the annual race to San Pedro, while a heavy fringe of spectators milled curiously about, making loud remarks on the idiosyncrasies of the human form.

A little aloof, at the northernmost end of the line, the trembling Iris in a lavender bathing suit, was being earnestly smeared with grease by a couple of Epicture handy men as Mr. Kwattle beamed encouragement. The day before, at Santa Monica Bay, she had pluckily jumped from a motor launch to escape the villain's advances, and had been picked up in a state of collapse, sobbing her way back to normalcy on the director's shoulder.

"Don't be nervous, sweetheart," he chuckled. "We'll take you out after

you've swum fifty feet, and remember, you're the first player that's done anything like this. Maybe it'll get us the college trade, who can tell? Hurry, now, they're getting ready! Throw your head back and try to look like an aristocrat going to the guillotine, because that self-sacrifice stuff will make the audience pull for you. Away you go!"

A revolver cracked, and simultaneously the long line of sixty damsels walked waist deep into the Pacific, dived through the first comber and came up swimming strongly. A sound truck and two cameras recorded Miss Revere as she left the beach; then another, braced in a dory rowed by Mr. Kwattle carried on the work as she emerged from the water.

"Swell," cheered the director. "Now, give me that smile of determination I had you practicing all yesterday. That's it! Keep going . . . a little further . . . ah, now we've got you blocked against the bonafide background! You can come out now."

Iris, head down, continued to swim like a seal.

"You hear me?" shouted Mr. Kwattle uneasily.

"I'm not coming out for a while."

"But you pretty nearly drowned yesterday, and the way you choked made me feel like a murderer. Come out, I'm telling you."

MISS REVERE rolled over on her back and laughed at him through a mask of vaseline. "I thought it was a pretty good performance," she tinkled. "You forget that I'm an actress, J. W."

"You must be something else besides," said Mr. Kwattle, admiring the piston-like perfection of her back stroke.

"Just lady swimming champion of Virginia two years ago, that's all. That's what brought me to Hollywood in the first place, but they sized me up as just another bathing girl."

"But listen, sweetheart, you're out of practice."

"I've done it twice already this week in the evenings."

"Ain't that comical," said J. Wellington without enthusiasm. "But what about me? Do I have to raise a crop of blisters because you want to make Peter's heart beat faster?" His eye fell on a grinning cameraman. "Here, you, grab hold of these oars."

"Oars hell," said the other like the true holder of a union card. "I'm a cinematographer, but it ought to be pie for you. Directors are most adaptable, from what I've heard around the studio."

"Shut up," ordered Iris, spouting a little plume of water. "Both of you, understand? There's some chocolate and beef tea in that thermos kit I hid under the seat, and all you have to do is feed me when I signal." And once more she rolled smoothly through a deep green hollow, leaving a little wake of churning white.

The miles wore on as resistlessly as the skin of Mr. Kwattle's hands wore off, and bit by bit the field dwindled

to a stubborn few with Miss Revere well up. Point Firmin was reached and still the lithe young body slipped dolphin-like through the sea.

BACK on a San Pedro dock Mr. Silverdale, trim and cool in double-breasted cream linen, postured elegantly before an admiring crowd, wondering why he couldn't keep his mind on the business in hand. A small voice kept telling him that Iris was as lovely as the flower she was named after, that it was too bad she wasn't athletic, that the winner would probably be a lumpy individual in comparison, that . . . he swung sharply as an excited murmur came from the onlookers.

A small, bobbing, white cap had come into sight, and Peter again went into conference with himself. Here, undoubtedly, came the winner, and what was it he had planned to say? Ah, yes! "I am proud to congratulate a woman who does things." The cameras would catch his right profile and the effect would be very neat. Then he would say . . . by the time he had decided the cap had grown to a resolute little face and a pair of rounded arms.

Then came the welcoming rush of eager officials to help the victor up the long ladder, while the prudent Peter waited in his camera and microphone ringed space. There was a burst of cheering, the sound of some none too gentle backslapping, and suddenly an unkempt, slippery young woman was helped forward. A tousled radio man popped up, proffering the mike in the manner of a vestal virgin. "Don't say 'Hello, folks,'" he begged.

"Hello," said Iris wearily, but she failed to add 'folks,' for Mr. Silverdale, the only person on the dock for her, was much too distingué to come under that label. "D-do you like me better now?"

"You!" gasped Peter, his speech taking flight and leaving him mentally marooned. "You did this?"

"Uh-huh. Just to show you that I was more than a puppet."

"Darling!" chanted Mr. Silverdale while the recording men leered joyfully at their lucky break. "How perfect you are! I've always thought you were the most gorgeous girl, and now—well, will you . . . will you? . . ."

"Just a second," said Iris unsteadily. "I'm not sure whether I'm so fond of actors. What can they actually do? Stand around and smirk and pretend to be something they're not, that's all."

The patron of the sports grew crimson around the gills. "Not always," he blurted. "I'm through pretending, honey," and with a swift movement he drew Iris tightly against the immaculate cream linen.

"Never mind the gab!" husked a bleary voice as Mr. Kwattle drooped painfully into the circle. "What stiffs you actors are—KISS HER! I'll give you the lines: 'Dolling, will you marry me tomorrow?', and so-and-so and so-and-so—KEEP KISSING HER!!—and so-and-so—what's that! She will? You're happy? And so am I, because you learned about swimmin' from her."

Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 99)

ing him as a "fighter"? I don't like it! Give us back the wistful-eyed Gary of "Shop-Worn Angel"; the dashing romantic Gary of "Only the Brave"; and the hard-boiled dough-boy of "A Man From Wyoming."

(Mrs.) L. H. Earnhardt,
625 E. Bank Street.

Wants "Beau Brummell"

Los Angeles, Calif.

I am sure that there are vast numbers of the theater-goers, who are waiting and hoping for John Barrymore to make a "talkie" of "Beau Brummell," one of his greatest silent pictures. There is a current of delicious humor, a levity of romance, satire, with an equal balance of pathos and tragedy in "Beau Brummell." It will meet with instant success, I am sure. Who can ever forget that last scene between John Barrymore as the Beau, and Alec B. Francis as Mortimer, when Barrymore, mentally ill, old, tottering, drooling, imagines he is entertaining his lady-love—and in the stress of the excitement of his hallucination dies?

Wilmon B. Menard,
2617 Roseview Avenue.

Slighting the Old Favorites

Pittsfield, Mass.

We have been losing a lot of sleep lately trying to solve a deep problem. Why, oh why, must we continue to see the best stars in inferior pictures, while actors and actresses of whom we know nothing and for whom we care less are seen in noticeably good shows? We are not averse to seeing new people, but is it necessary to ruin our favorites in so doing? An actor no sooner rises above the Hollywood horizon and climbs to the medium of popularity than he starts on the starry path which ends in oblivion, as the result of the colorless parts in which he plays. Just what is the advantage in this continual rotating of stars?

Emily Jean Amirdale,
472 West Street.

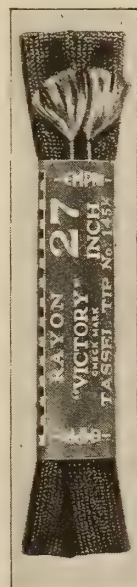
That London Bridge

San Antonio, Texas

Here's a cautious Scot down in Texas who likes your excellent publication, and who not only reads all the text carefully, but also takes a good glint at the "pictures." Consequently he has observed that Ken Chamberlain, the illustrator of "The Hollywood Boulevardier," by Herb Howe, slipped up on his showing of the bridge that Charlie Chaplin played under when a boy. The drawing shown is "A bridge in London" but, if this wandering Scot knows his large cities of the world, it is most certainly not London Bridge which is shown—but rather "The Tower Bridge in London"—which I fear Chaplin never played under.

J. B. Macfarlane,
147 E. Baylor Street.

"And what do you think DAD liked best?"



WHEN all the packages were opened and Dad took stock of his Christmas gifts, he thought with comfort of the twelve pairs of shoe laces—six for his black shoes, six for his brown. Brother liked his too. He is forever forgetting to buy new laces. Mother and Sis were just as pleased—with tasseled laces of fine rayon in shades that are just right.

Here's a very thoughtful gift to add to your Christmas shopping list. And you can buy the famous EMPRI laces in all wanted lengths and colors. "The VICTORY TIPS are part of the lace—they can't come off."

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FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Reviews the Important New Films
Every Month for NEW MOVIE—Turn
to Page 84 and read his Review of
1930

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Almost Too Much of a Lady

(Continued from page 29)

an actress. In talent, she is manifold.

She springs from the earth, grimy with the debris of life. Heart hungry from the miseries of countless generations; the culmination of ages of sorrow. She is earthy, deep, fundamental. She makes the heart roll in the throat. Even the most blasé must admit that she comes as close to high talent as the screen will allow.

ODDLY enough, I consider Ruth Chatterton's struggle the hardest.

If anything, she has been too comfortable and snug in Broadway roses. Garbo lives much to herself. Ruth Chatterton is the boon companion of superficial wise-crackers. She is surrounded by as many people not worth knowing as the most illiterate director. During the Summer, she lives in Malibu, in the great open spaces, where one can hear what goes on in the next house. Film players are more like bees than eagles. They get lonely for the drone of their own kind.

Every move Miss Chatterton makes on the screen is timed to perfection. Garbo knows what to do without

knowing in the least why she knows.

This is fundamental in all great art. Both women get the same results by entirely different methods.

Garbo has one great advantage as an actress. She came out of the soil.

The life stories of most great actresses read alike.

Bernhardt and Nell Gwyn, windblown wastrels of poverty and passion. Rachel, the daughter of gypsy Jews, born in a wayside inn.

THE publicity writer for Paramount says: "The phenomenon of Ruth Chatterton, gathered from the French Bourbons, officials of the Church of England, early American farmers."

A farmer, of course, on a publicity tree, must be early American. Probably a French Bourbon blown across the Atlantic.

Walter Chatterton was "the son of wealthy parents. He dabbled in art, music, architecture, and the sheer joy of living with equal enthusiasm." I quote further—"Her paternal grandparents introduced Ruth to the lure of luxury at a tender age. They lived in

an exclusive New York hotel where their grandchild was entertained in state, one week-end each month.

"Lunch at Sherry's, matinees, and formal dinner parties were always included in these New York visits. Ruth loved it all. She adored the beautifully gowned and jeweled women, the candle-light dinners, the opera and the carriage rides down Fifth Avenue.

"She was inordinately indulged on these excursions, and returned to her country home with such gifts as fur coats, party frocks, and, upon one occasion, a Shetland pony."

And while all this was happening there was an uncouth peasant girl in Sweden lathering wrinkled and sun-burned faces, who was destined to become, in the opinion of those who are not Ruth Chatterton fans, the greatest film actress of her day.

Ruth Chatterton had all the above to live down.

HENRY MILLER, if not the biggest influence in Ruth Chatterton's life, at least brought her the greatest opportunity.

She was about sixteen when it came to her. She had had, at one time, about two years experience in stock. After finishing in "The Fight," in the cast of which was Milton Sills and Zelda Sears, she tried her luck in New York.

Gilbert, the son of Henry Miller, was casting for "The Rainbow" while his father was in England.

He gave the young girl a part in the play which was to open at the Bijou Theatre, a fact which Miss Chatterton did not know. When she discovered where the play was to open, she told Gilbert Miller that she would not appear unless it was opened elsewhere.

Henry Miller returned from England and engaged the young woman because, believe it or not, he liked her voice over the telephone.

The day following the opening of "The Rainbow," Henry Miller presented the girl with a contract, which included an increase in salary each year and a share in the profits as well. Verily, there was a God in Israel—for Ruth Chatterton.

Miss Chatterton carried the contract about for two weeks before signing it.

After a successful run in this play, she appeared in "Daddy Long Legs," which, along with "Come Out of the Kitchen," was her greatest success.

YEARS later, while looking for a leading man to appear with her in the musical comedy, "The Magnolia Lady," she met a blond young Englishman who was playing in "Havoc." His name was Ralph Forbes. Eleven weeks later, early winter in 1924, she married him.

At the pinnacle of her stage career, she refused \$300,000 a year for six pictures. This offer was made by the Selznick Corporation. A unit was to be formed, and her films were to be shown in the towns in which she appeared on the stage. Her hours were to be from nine till four, with no film work on matinee days.

Of all the fantastic film offers, this is among the most weird. The trans-

(Continued on page 117)



Ruth Chatterton and her husband, Ralph Forbes. Miss Chatterton met Mr. Forbes, a young actor just over from England, when looking for a leading man to appear with her. She married him some weeks later.

Says Benny Rubin

(Continued from page 39)

Rubin. Later it developed that he had been asked over for an *hors d'œuvre* or two and finding no one at home, had been unable to leave, what with the telephone ringing every minute, the iceman, the gas inspector, the plumber, the milkman, and people who wanted to look at the house. Benny Rubin's heart has always been ruled by his head, and so he even gave up his rooms in an expensive hotel to stay and look after things.

"Who are you?" I asked, putting him on the defensive.

"Madcap Benny Rubin, Master of Ceremonies," he told me.

"What's your name?" For a full minute Mr. Rubin seemed at a loss, and then he smiled. It has won his audience. It didn't win me.

"ARE you funny?" I persisted.

"No."
"What's the idea of the smart crack?"

"I'm funny that way," he told me. By that time I had wormed my way into the living-room, and Mr. Rubin was showing me with pardonable pride his collection of bridge lamps and bottle tops.

"Are you in pictures?" I asked, holding the cap of a Cliquot bottle near the window to get the light on it.

"Yes."
"What's your vocation? And if you say the last two weeks in August, I'll go home."

"Yes," Mr. Rubin told me, earnestly.

"What are your favorite rôles?"

"Cinnamon," he said with the simplicity of a child.

"How much is your salary? You're a liar."

"So am I."

"Let's go for a walk," I suggested and we started to, only the light hurt Mr. Rubin's eyes so we had to turn back.

"Would you wear socks with holes in them?" I asked, hoping to bring things on an equal footing.

"I do."

"How much is two and two?"

"I don't remember."

"Do you smoke, Mr. Rubin?"

"Yes or yes."

"And in what hand would you hold a cigarette if there were any?"

"I could tell better blindfolded," he

confessed. Later he told me that he only endorsed on Thursdays, and only worked this out by a cheerful budget system.

"DO you cut your own hair?"

"No, just my salary," he said. And we both had a good laugh. There is nothing like a good laugh to relieve the tension.

"Did you ever go to school?"

"You're a liar," Mr. Rubin said but in such a nice way that no one could take offense, I'm sure.

"Who was that lady I saw you walking down the street with?"

"Smile when you say that."

We had finished looking over the collection of bottle tops. Mr. Rubin offered to send to the drug store for more but I wouldn't hear of it. "I'd just as soon look at bridge lamps," I said. And by his expression, I could tell he was pleased.

"What are your favorite books?"

"Go East, Young Man, Go West. But I like dogs better."

"If you were at Montmartre, would you drink tea from a saucer?"

"I swear I didn't think anybody saw me," he said. We waited for a few minutes until he composed himself.

"What is your favorite theme song?"

"Pick me up and lay me down in dear old Dixieland. Once over lightly."

"Have you ever been turned down by any other insurance company?" But Mr. Rubin refused to answer and to relieve the situation I didn't insist.

"What is your method of evading collectors?"

"I'm not in favor of changing present styles," he said with more firmness than I had thought him capable of.

"DO you ever hear from home?"

"Not a dollar."

"Who killed Cock Robin?" I asked at my wits' end.

"Douglas Fairbanks."

"It's a wonder you knew."

"What size hat do you wear?"

"7 1/4."

"What size before entering pictures?"

"Who killed Cock Robin?" he replied.

"I didn't know," I confessed. "Do you?"

"6 7/8."

(Continued on page 119)



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COMING in NEW MOVIE

Striking Personality Stories of
the Prominent New Screen Hits
of Hollywood —

NEXT MONTH we present LEWIS AYRES
As seen by DICK HYLAND

The Financial Diary of Irene Rich

(Continued from page 49)

Cecil De Mille again. Two days later she won her second small part in "Bound in Morocco," starring Douglas Fairbanks. This engagement lasted to May 31st, for the troupe went on desert location to Oxnard.

"Location was my joy," Miss Rich sighed. "It meant steady pay and for a few days, anyway, ended the awful strain of job hunting and wondering where the next dollar would come from."

June held up nicely. Irene annexed \$118. June 26th and 27th netted her five dollars per as an extra in Marie Dressler's picture, "Spy Annie." Yes, Marie dabbled in the movies in the earlier days.

It was in July or August that her real opportunity came a-running.

"I queried the Famous Players studio as usual," she reminisced. "I remember I thought I was quite the gorgeous one in a white dress, a purple hat and a purple parasol. The casting office droned 'nothing today,' and I moved on ready for another two or three mile walk, when someone cried:

"Look at that girl. She's just the type. Who is she?"

"That was Frank Keenan. I was introduced to him and we had a talk, with the result I got the part. Through his generous interest in me I met Dustin Farnum, and that began a series of introductions which led to real parts, but I wasn't out of the woods yet. Not by many a dreary day nor many a long search for work.

"I PLAYED my first lead with Dustin—let me see," consulting the little black book. "Here it is, October 30th, 1918—in 'A Man in the Open.' It lasted most of November and finished on the 22nd. I made \$262.50 that month. And then I didn't work again until January 25th of the following year! The anxiety of two months without earning a cent! Of trying to get a job but meeting with the discouraging dismissal: 'Nothing today. Maybe the end of the week.' All your savings going to the butcher, the grocer, the landlord, and you just hanging on to happy-days hope by your teeth." She wasn't smiling now.

But the end of January picked up and Irene earned some badly needed money—\$75 to be exact.

Nineteen hundred and nineteen was destined to scare the wolf quite a distance from the Rich door. In February she made \$150. Yes, after a year of bucking the movies, Irene was beginning to be known at the studios. Beginning to be liked. Competition was keen, as always, but it wasn't quite so specialized as it is today with the talkies here. Fortunately, Miss Rich had more than ambition. She had personality, poise and a degree of charm. The camera caught this when she managed to maneuver within range, and what the camera approves the producers usually okeh—eventually.

In March she earned her biggest salary since launching herself into the topsy-turvy celluloids. She totaled \$725 for the month, almost half as much as the entire total for 1918. She had two good engagements in March. The first,

as William Farnum's lead in "Wolves of the Night."

"I MET William through Dustin," she explained.

She also appeared with the late Olive Thomas in "The Spite Bride." Now comes a particularly interesting item. William Farnum starred in the original screen version of Zane Grey's much-filmed Western romance, "The Lone Star Ranger." This was in April, 1919, and Irene heroined for him.

May seesawed to \$500, and in August, slightly more than a year and a half after she invaded the studios, Irene met the man destined to be among her staunchest friends in the profession—Will Rogers.

Rogers had been signed by Samuel Goldwyn to star in a series of pictures at the Culver City lot that has since

become the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Peggy Wood, Broadway musical comedy star, was brought West to play opposite Will. She made one picture with him and returned to New York. Rogers, however, was slated to go into immediate production in "Water, Water, Everywhere." He needed a certain type of leading woman, a wholesome type who looked natural in gingham and calicoes and who could wander through rural scenes without seeming to be flaming youth trying hard to vacate.

IRENE stormed the Goldwyn lot at the crucial moment and was spotted by Will. He talked to her. He liked her. He figured her a natural for his lead. He battled to have her signed for the part. He had to battle. She didn't impress the Goldwyn powers. But Will, as was and as is his custom, got what he wanted. Irene went to work in "Water, Water, Everywhere." The two became friends. Rogers likes a scrapper and the Rich qualified.

A curious feature of this affiliation was its threat to jeopardize Miss Rich's future. Directors got to classifying her as a "calico type." They decided she couldn't wear clothes, because they had never seen her wear attractive frocks in pictures. Verily, pitfalls masquerade in darn funny guises in the flickers.

It was much later that she stumbled into the style plate category. Much later that evening she attended a theatrical program at the Writers' Club gowning very smartly.

"Good gracious," greeted an astounded director she knew. "You look marvelous."

Irene took a bow.

"I didn't know you could wear clothes!" The discovery nearly floored him.

Miss Rich never played the social game. An actress should. She should be seen. That's one reason Hollywood opening nights are so gala. Players hope producers may get ideas when they see them face to face. Be that as it is, as a result of her Writers' Club appearance, the word got around that Irene Rich could wear clothes. Nothing was done about it, for the little black book shows that in October, 1919, she worked only \$41.67 worth. Quite a setback from the \$916.67 of the preceding month, but characteristic of a financial movie life.

IN November, we see Miss Rich playing opposite Will Rogers again in "The Strange Boarder." More gingham and calicoes. She went from this to a Clarence Badger offering and earned for the month the magnificent total of \$1,041.67. December held up beautifully, for a change. There were retakes on the Rogers' picture, a rôle with George Beban in "One Man in a Million," a few other jobs and a monthly money accumulation of \$1,019.04. Christmas was jubilee day in the Rich home that year.

In January, she had another calico lead opposite Will Rogers in "Just Call Me Jim," and a week's work in



Wallace Beery is considered the best aviator among the screen celebrities—and that's no mere publicity yarn. Here he is shown with his new eight-seated plane, which he can fly like any other expert.

the overlapping Beban film. A good month—\$946. The Rogers' picture lasted all of February for a grand smash of \$1,000. Will took his time even in those hurry-up days! In March and April, Irene made a number of pictures on the Goldwyn lot, and on May 25th she celebrated her first contract. Goldwyn signed her for a flat \$250 a week until March of the following year. No more trudging around to the studios now. A steady income and a chance to save. Which she did. Irene knew the value of money. The little black book announces: "Have made on one-year contract \$11,500."

After this, Miss Rich seesawed from \$2,000 to \$100 a week. The exasperating anxiety of never knowing whether a month would be good, bad or indifferent induced her to accept a Warner contract at \$500 a week.

It is interesting to observe that Warners loaned her to play a prominent rôle supporting Mary Pickford in "Rosita." Four years earlier, Irene had tasted her first kleig war paint as an extra in Mary's "Stella Maris."

Miss Rich's contract expired in February, 1923. A little later Warners signed her again, this time as a star and to a five-year contract beginning at \$1,035 a week, jumping in 1925 to \$1,285, to \$1,535 in another year, and soaring to \$2,500 in 1927. The contract expired July, 1928, and the option was forgotten by mutual consent.

In 1929 Miss Rich averaged \$1,500 a week. She sustained this figure—and a charming figure, too—most of the present year, but if free lance work isn't steady she doesn't fret. Not any more. She's independent, her children are independent, and her mother likewise. The movies gave Irene a living and a fortune. She likes them. She always will.

And the little black book has a few pages left. . . .

How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 81)

talking about reducing and diets—and spoils the conversation.

Coffee was served on the terrace at the back of the house.

Altogether it was a delightful affair and one that gave intimacy and an at-home feeling to a few very close friends. Sometimes that's nicer than any formal affair can be, don't you think? And sometimes it's nice to have a few chums and relatives in for lunch and do it just this way.

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(Left) Lipstick—Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c.

(Right) Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c.

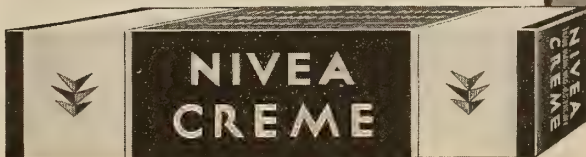
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Reminiscences of Maurice Costello

(Continued from page 92)

somebody wanted to save money on the axle, so they made it out of yellow pine. There was a swivel worked on a turnstile to turn the windmill. I rehearsed and we timed it. Bing Thompson—he got his name Bing from the way he would say that word, (Helene, my daughter, named him that)—was directing.

"I grabbed the girl from the platform. She weighed a hundred and thirty. Just as we were descending, with me holding onto the windmill, the axle twisted. It was a drop of twenty-five feet. Somebody yelled, 'Get Cos out of that!' And I yelled back, 'H—, get the girl out!'

"We did dangerous stunts in those days, and we never dreamed of having doubles. I therefore liked rehearsals for dramatic scenes, but not for stunts. Indeed nobody rehearsed stunts, then. They just did them. But a director named San Luce came along, and in course of a Western, due to his demanding a rehearsal of a scene, I got a shot in the back.

"We had chases in all the pictures. We did one called 'He Tried on the Handcuffs.' Pat Hartigan was in it and so was Ralph Ince. Of course, we had a chase, and the public joined in as we ran down the street. We didn't care, as long as we got a crowd. We got all smashed up in the chases—but we were all young and didn't give a darn. It was a lot of fun in those days, and yet everybody did his work. There weren't any laggards."

I REMINDED Maurice that he got no credit for his work on the screen. "No, that's so," he said. "The public called me Dimples, and I got a lot of

fan mail addressed that way. I told Commodore Blackton, that I would have to go back to the theater unless he let my identity be known, as people were demanding my name. A Mr. Kennedy of the old Biograph—not Joseph P. Kennedy—stood out against actors' names going on the screen. I guess he thought it would turn the players heroes. The important companies—including Biograph, Vitagraph, Lubin, Selig, Essanay and Kalem stood together on everything. Finally I had my way."

I asked the actor about his leading ladies.

"Florence Turner and I were together two or three years, until finally my name went up on the screen. Then they gave each of us our own company. They would put all the young leading ladies in my company to train, after which they would get their own companies. Florence was lovely.

"Mary Fuller was a dear. I used to kid the life out of her. She was a dreamy person—would stand gazing upward for minutes at a time. Mary's real name was Claire Fuller, which she changed to Mary when she did a series called 'What Happened to Mary.'

I T WAS I who got Flora Finch into comedies with Bunny. But that was after a funny happening at the studio before I knew her.

"Flora had been on the stage, but was out work. I'll never forget the first day Flora came to the studio. She was to play in a comedy with me. I had been looking for a leading lady, and Van Dyke Brooks came to my dressing room and said, 'I've got a new leading woman for you.' I noticed all the gang stand around as I came

across the lot. The boys came around, hammers in hand. They said, 'That new leading woman of yours is a dream!' I said, 'Where is she? Is she tall?' They said, 'She is there in that dressing room making up'. I noticed they kept on standing around.

"Brooks called, 'Oh, Miss Finch, are you made up?' But she didn't look out, but just put her hand out with her script book. The boys used all sorts of ruses to get her to show her face in the door. It was raining, and I was standing waiting. Suddenly she put her head out of the door. Flora is a smart woman, but nobody said she was beautiful. Far from it. I gave one look, and gasped. I think she knew about the joke, anyway, she was a good sport about it. She had a fine sense of humor.

"After we had finished, she stayed around the lot. In the meantime John Bunny had come to the studio and was working steadily.

"I was always clowning, and so when I spoke to Blackton about keeping Miss Finch on, he said, 'Are you joking? Where would we find parts for her to play?' But I kept after them to put her on steadily, with the \$15 guarantee, and at the end of six weeks I succeeded.

"Bunny hadn't been doing anything for a while and one day I saw him standing outside the studio. Flora stood talking to somebody, close to Bunny. An idea flashed into my head, and I said to myself, 'What a foil she will be for Bunny!' I called Blackton over and he laughed. I said, 'Doesn't that combination look funny?' I said, 'Match up those two.'

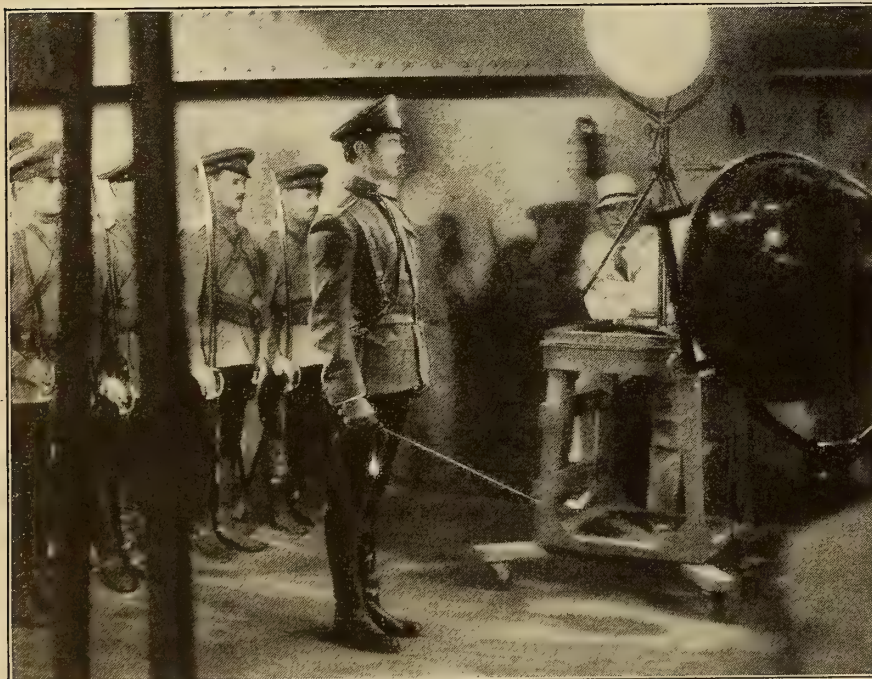
"Sure enough the brain department, as we called the scenario division, planned some stories for the pair. Eddie Montaigne wrote the first story, I believe. The first couple of stories weren't so hot, either, but later, the two scored. But Bunny died."

I ASKED him about Lillian Walker. "Oh, she was a protégée of mine, too. She was from the stage. She had been a chorus girl in a company I had played in, and she was a beautiful girl."

A lot of stars started at Vitagraph. "Anita Stewart was a kid around there," declared Cos. "Her sister, Lucille, was married to Ralph Ince. Anita was a lovely child. Norma Talmadge started with me. She was the sweetest little thing in the world. There were altogether six or seven young girls at the studio.

"I called to Commodore Blackton the first time I saw Norma and said, 'There's a kid that will make a dandy some time.' She had a strong face and I spotted it. I think the first bit she did was with me when I was playing Sidney Carton in 'A Tale of Two Cities.' Then they were going to let her out. I happened to go down to Smith's office—one of my leading ladies was leaving me, I think Mary Fuller—and I wanted to see about a new lead.

"By this time Norma was about seventeen or eighteen. Smith had what he called a rogues' gallery with a lot of postcard photographs of players on his wall. I told him I wanted a leading woman. He said, 'Let's see,' pointing to the pictures. There was Norma's picture with the rest. He said, 'I'm



Lawrence Tibbett and his "army" face the big lights for a scene of Metro-Goldwyn's "New Moon." Charles Dorian, assistant to the director, is ab-serving the military effect with a calculating eye.

going to let Norma go.' 'Too bad,' I said. 'Well,' he declared 'She had a good opportunity and she didn't ring.' I said, 'You are making the mistake of your life. I want Norma to play the lead in my next picture.' He said, 'Don't let your success run away with you. You usually get your way, and I suppose you'll have it now, but this is one time you are wrong.'

"We were to start Monday. You know in those days, if we said we would start, we started. I called Norma aside. I said, 'Go up to my room and on my desk you will find a manuscript. Take it and don't say anything to anybody. Go home and read it. You are going to be my leading lady.'

"Oh, Cossy!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"I said, 'I'll take you across my knee if you don't make good.'

"We started the picture and Norma played my lead. The story was 'Eliza and Bill,' from the Costermonger song.

"When we finished the film, we went in to see it. When the governor—Smith—saw anything that pleased him, he would whistle 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.' He began to whistle it as he watched the film. Norma not only held her job, but got a raise.

"Peg Talmadge, the girls' mother, used to come down and work in pictures sometimes, too. Constance would come after school and get \$5 for playing a small part once in a while. I had Constance in mind for a part and I told Peg I would give her a chance. I said, 'But she is too young yet.'

"I went on a trip around the world in 1912, and when I came back they gave me a two-reel story called 'The Moonstone of Fez.' It was located in Egypt. I gave Constance the lead and Eulalie Jensen played her mother. Constance wasn't nearly as good as Norma. I had more trouble teaching her to act.

"MABEL NORMAND was at Vitagraph, too. She played leads with me. She was always playing tricks on people, but you couldn't get mad at her, because she was so good hearted. She was lovely and very athletic and not afraid of anything.

"Norma, Mabel, Constance and Dorothy Kelly went about together. They were little rascals. They would sneak off and we never knew where to find them.

"Helene and Dolores, my daughters, were at the studio too. Dolores used to play with me as a child while Helene acted Mary Charlton as a child. Mary was my leading lady for a while, you know.

"Leah Baird was once my lead, also. She was very smart. And there was Arline Pretty, very beautiful. Kate Price was there at the time, and Mary Maurice, who played my mother. People used to think she really was my mother.

"Helene had better opportunities than Dolores—and how she could troup! Dolores was timid, but when she cut loose she could go. Helene was a little clown. Where they made a mistake in Hollywood is that they never gave her a chance to play comedy. She should have been given the kind of parts Bebe Daniels had. Helene came first to the studio. She played with me in a half-reel thing called 'Old Sweethearts of Mine.'

"My wife was working at the studio. I gave her the name of Georgia Maurice. My real name is Maurice George Washington Costello. I am Irish and
(Continued on page 120)

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Hollywood's Own Cooking Page

For a Sunday night supper, how about Eggs Chasseur, à la Nancy Carroll—or muffins as made and served by Leila Hyams? The famous stars are giving us their favorite recipes for New Movie readers. There is a favorite recipe every month on Hollywood's Own Cooking Page. It's on page 96 in this issue.

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How January Is Written in the Stars

(Continued from page 51)

which are divided like the calendar year into twelve parts. These parts are called signs—hence, the expression, "Twelve Signs of the Zodiac." Now, when a planet comes into a sign, its influence is modified according to the characteristics of that sign. The sun, for example, is still the sun, whether it is in Aries or in Scorpio; it still gives life, health, vitality, strength; but the way it does its work is influenced greatly by the fact that Aries is a highly mental sign and Scorpio a highly physical one. So when I say



Joan Marsh wearing a dance frock in the new shade of antique ivory, which flatters both blondes and brunettes alike. The dress is designed in the slenderizing princess manner. Tracings of bead work and applique flowers form the adornments while a flounce, extending from the knees to floor, boasts of a width of many yards at the bottom.

that the Sun, which influences our character, was in the sign of Capricorn when you were born I mean that your character is likely to be molded to a great extent by the prevailing characteristics of that sign.

IF you read the box which goes with this article you will discover the dominant characteristics which are found in most Capricorn people. Generally speaking, you may expect to find these strengths and weaknesses in your own make-up. But in your case, I have been fortunate enough to know not only the month in which you were born, but the year and the day and even the hour, so I have been able to tell you how your horoscope has been modified by the influence of planets other than the sun—for example Venus and Neptune and Mercury. At least, I *think* I know your exact date, although with a woman, you can never be sure! Anyway, the information I am giving you is based on that date, and if it doesn't seem to fit you in every particular, you have only yourself to blame!

Now, perhaps you would like to know a few more personal matters. How about love? Well, you seem to be all right on that point right now. But look out for 1932 and 1933. You may not suffer yourself during this period through anyone you love, but if you don't watch yourself, you may cause sufferings to someone who loves you. On the other hand, if you get through this difficult period successfully—as you can, if you will—you will not be under such bad conditions for love for another twenty-one years.

As for your general peace of mind. I see that it will be threatened during a good part of 1931 by disorganizing and depressing vibrations. But don't let that worry you. The main thing is to know about such conditions in advance and to realize that they are caused by temporary movements of the planets whose effects will soon pass. Like all Capricorn people, you are easily cast down, and suffer from fears of the future which are seldom realized. You must learn not to cross bridges, the plans for which have not yet been draughted by the architects.

YOU especially should not look forward to the future with foreboding; for after all is said and done, the outstanding feature of your horoscope is that the last half of your life will be much more successful than the first. I don't mean that you haven't been successful so far. What I mean is that you are now due to become more successful—to climb heights of which you have hardly dared to dream. Whether the talking screen is the instrument designed to give you this opportunity, I do not know, but I should say that it would be something to do with your voice. Capricorn is one of the musical signs and with the Sun and Mercury in conjunction in that sign—as they are in your chart—you should win fame in some sort of musical endeavor.

Take comfort as well as warning, my dear Bebe, from what I am telling you in these pages. You cannot escape your stars! I had occasion not long ago to draw up a written horoscope of your fellow star, William Haines. I didn't even know his name at the time I drew the horoscope, but afterward, when I did know I read it over to see how closely he had fulfilled his destiny.

I was forcibly reminded by the first phrase which struck my eye of Bill Haines' introduction to the movies. (You remember how he was stopped on the street by a theatrical agent, when he was making his rounds as a bond salesman, and shipped forthwith to Hollywood for his first part in the pictures.) The phrase read: "*You just naturally attract good fortune.*" I had a similar experience once before with Tom Mix—only the phrase in his case read: "Many successful actors, also those who make a study of vibrations as expressed through motion, have horoscopes like yours." William Haines and good fortune! Tom Mix and motion! And both of them, Bebe, were born under Capricorn, your sign!

BUT I do not have to go outside your own chart to give you an amazing example of the way astrology searches out the truth about every detail of our lives. When I was drawing your horoscope for this article, I said to my secretary, "This young woman ought to go to Spain. She has Jupiter and Venus in Sagittarius, and Sagittarius rules Spain and all Spanish things."

"Well," replied my secretary, "I don't know whether Miss Daniels has ever been to Spain, but she certainly ought to be interested in Spanish things. Her mother is a Spaniard—and Bebe herself speaks the language like a native."

You see, young woman, you can't escape your stars!

IF YOU ARE A CAPRICORN CHILD

Many a famous man has been born under your sign, and women too! Among the men, Lloyd George, W. E. Gladstone, Sir Isaac Newton, Rudyard Kipling, Admiral George Dewey, and Woodrow Wilson; among the women, Joan of Arc, Carmen Sylva and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge.

Your planetary colors are maroon, purple, violet, green, black, brown, ash-gray and indigo; your flowers, the holly, the poppy and the flax; your jewels, the garnet, the moss agate, the onyx, the lodestone and all unpolished blue and black gems; your ruling planet is the celestial teacher, Saturn; and the symbol of your sign—don't laugh, because he is a very ambitious, industrious and persevering animal—is the Goat!

Almost Too Much of a Lady

(Continued from page 110)

porting of a director and his entire company to await the whims of an actress would have been rather an expensive item.

Though unselfishly urged by Henry Miller, his charming young leading lady did not accept the offer.

The years were to take their toll of misfortune. Miller was to die; she was to have a quarrel with the Shuberts, which, among other things, caused her to turn her eyes in the direction of Hollywood—and at much less money than \$300,000 per year.

Her first screen test upon arriving in Hollywood was made for Joseph Von Sternberg's "Docks of New York." The director did not think her suited for the rôle opposite George Bancroft.

Emil Jannings saw the test later while looking for a leading woman to appear with him in "Sins of the Fathers." He selected her immediately. She made good at once.

A Paramount contract was offered at once.

MISS CHATTERTON is said to be that most futile of humans, a leader in the social life of Hollywood. Among her intimates are named Elsie Janis, Irving Berlin, and his wife, Louis (Butterfly) Bromfield and his wife, Lois Wilson, Fay Bainter, Clive Brook, and Guthrie McClintock. Truly a broad and comprehensive group for a lady who is "equipped with a remarkable knowledge of music, literature, art, science, and the gift of rendering effortless entertainment."

According to "Who's Who in America," Ruth Chatterton is thirty-seven years of age. She is tireless in energy and has executive capacity of a high order. Likewise she is the only woman on earth who ever made a sensational and sustained success in films in middle life.

She knows the stage and the business of acting as few men or women know it in the world. In conversation, as well as in her work, she has a keen dramatic and emotional sense of story values.

She has, within the realms of the drama, a wide knowledge. If she ever gave up screen and stage, she could undoubtedly become as excellent a director as she is an actress.

She contributes a great deal to every film in which she appears. If the stories are sometimes tawdry she is more or less blameless. Business must triumph.

Some of her biggest commercial successes have been directed by Dorothy Arzner. It is common knowledge that Miss Chatterton would be well able to direct herself—and probably does—a great deal.

It may still be possible for Miss Chatterton to surpass Garbo as the supreme screen actress. If so, her producers will need to select something less sentimental and tawdry than most of her films, and something less socially banal than domestic scenes with Clive Brook.

At her very best, she will always have a very serious rival in Greta Garbo, the Swedish peasant girl. For, as an artist, Miss Chatterton has been too well cultivated by the Broadway harrows of civilization.

Greta Garbo is virgin soil.

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Fallen Idols

(Continued from page 37)

Doug, with Chaplin, Mary, Valentino, Mabel Normand, Bill Hart, Tom Mix.

They haven't much chance, these young stars. Hollywood has been conventionalized. Every star must please the club ladies or be smacked on the wrist by Schoolmaster Hays. The stars themselves are partly to blame. They all want to be ladies and gentlemen of society, doing the correct thing. If they don't make themselves over, they are made over by their directors.

It takes a stronger individual to hold out in Hollywood today than when the motto of the town was "Be Yourself." Garbo is the only figure of heroic mold to match the old gods and goddesses. Defiantly intrenched in her own personality, she is a type without specializing. Indifferent and taciturn, fascinating if not likable, she will not last as long as Mary. I doubt if any new star will. The idol business has deflated along with other lines.

RATED in earning power Chevalier is the leading male favorite of the new stars. His cinematic ascension has enabled him to charge twenty thousand dollars a week for caroling a couple of times a day. His triumph is almost exclusively personality. It's hardly worth the trouble naming the characters he plays; it's always Chevalier you see. The Frenchman is frisking the francs abroad as well as at home. He's harvesting while the sun shines and it won't have to shine very long for this haymaker to clean up all there is.

Lawrence Tibbet bounded on with the roar of a lion that sank to the bleat of a lamb in the sticks. He's a specialist without being a type. Charm without

voice will go further toward making an idol than voice without charm.

Valentino always yearned to play a cowboy, contending it was the most romantic of all characters. In this he shared the American sentiment. One or more cowboys we've always had with us. The strong silent man is a stock idol. Gary Cooper is the logical contender for the pedestal once held by Bill Hart, later by Tom Mix. Gary is slowly emerging into a character that has its appeal to both men and women. He's due for a considerable run if he has a fair break in stories.

CLARA BOW has been Paramount's little slavey. Being a reliable breadwinner, she's been left to shift by herself. The producers figured she didn't need stories any more than clothes. Why spend any money on Clara? Give her an old bathing suit or a pair of sailor pants and leave her alone with the Navy. She has the ideas, why bother a scenario writer? If Clara were not the most popular of the flappers she'd have passed out with the rest of them some time ago. Clara is to this generation what Mary was to us kiddies. How kiddie ideals do change! But Clara cannot continue the years that Mary has, any more than Garbo can.

MARY holds the endurance record because she is something more than an actress—something more, did I say?—a darned sight more. She's a battler and business genius. Any old skinflint who tries to foreclose on Mary had better remember his first-aid kit.

Norma Talmadge is the only other feminine star who can compare with

Mary for longevity. Norma married Joseph Schenck, business genius and film rajah.

Business, not art, makes the best pedestal in Hollywood. Every star who has stayed a star had to become a producer or marry one. The politics of Hollywood are complex and the business methods wily. Stars are not all paid according to their earning power. Some receiving eight thousand a week do not bring in as much as others getting three thousand. You have to be as good a performer in the business office as on the screen if you get what's coming to you.

Studios are factories. A producer is an executive who O. K.'s or N. G.'s the broth of many cooks. Even if he has some creative talent he has to spread it over many productions.

One great picture will make a star as "The Four Horsemen" made Valentino, "The Miracle Man" Betty Compson, "The Birth of a Nation" Mae Marsh and Henry B. Walthall. Good pictures keep a star going. A poor actor may star a long time in good pictures but a great actor will get the Gates Ajar after a few poor ones.

In Hollywood they believe good pictures are accidents. Thus Lady Luck is the patron deity.

Not every star has succeeded in being his own producer. Not every star has creative talent and business ability.

WHEN Mary, Doug and Charlie broke away from the big companies to make their own pictures they were considered Reds. They were forced to fight for their lives. The combine controlled the distributing network by which pictures are wholesaled to exhibitors. Mary, Doug and Charlie—the United Artists—had to establish their own exchange offices throughout the country and hire salesmen. This necessitated the raising of immense capital. No sooner had this been accomplished than the big companies started buying up theaters, thus getting control of the retail market as well.

"The business is getting so complicated," Mary said a little wearily, when I lunched with her several years ago. "First we had to organize studio production, then establish our own exchanges, and now we are compelled to build theaters to insure first-runs for our pictures."

We were lunching in the studio bungalow. Mary sat at the head of the table, Doug on her right; the other places were taken by directors, scenario writers, supervisors, production managers, publicity men. It was a business conference with refreshments.

Turning to Doug, Mary said, "How many billboards have you contracted for in New York for the opening of your picture?"

Doug was too hungry to recollect. He thought about sixty.

"That's not enough," Mary said. "I have taken a hundred and fifty for my picture. I think billboard advertising very important."

I give you the billboard incident as a cue to the riddle: How many talents must a star have to be her own producer?



Doug Fairbanks is an enthusiastic golfer and between scenes of "Reaching for the Moon" he recently entertained several noted golfers. In the picture, front row, left to right: Mrs. Stuart Hanley, Glenna Collett, national women's champion, Mr. Fairbanks, Bernice Wall. Back row, left to right, Mrs. Ruth Brown Park, Virginia Van Wie, Leo Diegel and Edmund Goulding, Mr. Fairbanks' director. Both Doug and Mr. Goulding are amateur golfers of note. Recently Doug won first prize in the actors' division of the motion picture tournament.

CAN you blame Mary if she is tired of Hollywood? Confronted with the new talkie problems, she probably regarded the stage as a pleasant rest cure—until her old spirit of combat returned.

Doug was ready to quit a long time ago. He's shrewd in business, but he doesn't like it. Furthermore he is a philosopher. He has been known to ask, "What's the use of it all?" In moods of despondency he has paced the lot shouting soliloquies worthy of Hamlet. Doug has done his Hollywood stunt. He's not the gentleman to spend his life at one little task, even though it be as worthy as carving the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin.

Chaplin, too, is bored, not with being Chaplin but with being just a Hollywood Chaplin. He works when he feels like it and each picture takes longer.

Norma Talmadge confesses she only works to keep from being bored.

When these idols pass will there be others as great to fill their thrones? I don't think so . . . not idols of equal magnitude.

BESIDES the Talkie there have been other rents in the Hollywood illusion. In the beginning heroes were as heroic as they appeared on the screen. The public did not know they lived earthily. Mary was adored before her name and address were known.

Then publicity descended like a bolt from Jove, angered perhaps by the usurpation of Olympus. The illumination was not as flattering as screen lighting. We discovered that all heroines were not as pure as they photographed, that dare-devils had doubles and some little saints were devils without doubles.

The counter-attempts of the Olympians to keep up the illusion in the face

of revelation only made for skepticism. Stars were suspected of being worse than they are.

But human beings must worship. They have worshiped sticks and stones and gods invisible. The heart is lonely and craves to love. In Rome it was necessary to place a bronze sandal over the foot of Michelangelo's plaster model of Christ. It was being destroyed by kisses.

Pagan idolatry was an outgrowth of human necessity. Voltaire is often quoted saying if there had not been a God it would have been necessary to invent one. Even with one, people must have their human heroes to canonize.

IN the past there were kings, as well as gods, to excite the reverent imagination. Democracy took these away, along with the pomp and glitter that entrances the human serf. Life is dull without some sort of circus. The Caesars, knowing this, made Rome a center of lavish gayety.

Today Hollywood radiates its glamour through a drab, prosaic world. The luxury, adulations and mad revelry in which its nobles are supposed to dwell has excited the awe and envy of real royalty whose racket has all but broken down.

Hollywood is The Big Idea. As long as it can keep its searchlights blaring it will be a sort of Mecca for worldly imagination.

It is still doing a flourishing business in idols, but it no longer holds a corner on this essential commodity. The air is filled with mystic voices from the sirens of radioland. Will the invisible deities win you away from the optical illusions? Perhaps there is room for still more Lares and Penates by the hearthside . . . More but not as big.

Says Benny Rubin

(Continued from page 111)

Seeing that we were on dangerous ground, I asked him if he liked vegetables.

"I didn't know," he told me. "I'm a stranger here."

"When do you make your next picture?"

"You flatterer."

"It is?"

"No, you do."

AND then I asked the standard question that all interviewers must ask sooner or later. "Were you ever in jail?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I haven't killed you yet."

"I catch on," I said. "Goodbye."

"Good luck."

"I'll need it," I admitted.

"You've got it. You're still alive."

We both heaved a sigh of relief that the interview was over and started in to have some fun. Some people dropped in and seeing they'd made a mistake, joined us for a while. But we soon got tired of that and decided that we would all go to another place that one of the girls knew about. After we piled into the car, some in the rumble seat and others on foot, the girl whose name was Kate and a perfect peach, Scotch-Irish,

remembered that she didn't know the address, so we stayed where we were.

"However did you happen to be in Buster Gilbert, Junior's house?" I asked Mr. Rubin.

"This isn't his house," he said flatly and as he seemed pretty sure of himself I demanded to know whose house it was. I don't believe in letting the tropics break down all the barriers.

"Well, I've forgotten her name," he told me. "But she came here from New York to write dialogue for the talkies and happened to mention something about her art. We haven't seen her for quite a while. They are investigating."

"Who is investigating?"

"Don't pretend you don't know."

"I've stood enough," I said.

"If you think you have," Mr. Rubin whined. "How about Me? I am a comedian and I was born in Boston."

"It's the Hollywood of the North," I told him.

"You said it," he answered somewhat appeased.

After that we made scrambled eggs with bacon and a man with a ukulele sang almost like Frank Crummit or Ukulele Ike.

Sometimes I'd almost like to be a writer myself.



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Reminiscences of Maurice Costello

(Continued from page 115)

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Spanish, and my family goes back to King John. We have a coat of arms.

"Edith Storey was with us, too. Couldn't she throw a rope and ride a horse! She is living on Long Island now. She was a sweet girl, but she never married.

"Dorothy Kelly married an automobile dealer in New York and had twins. Wally Van is out here in Hollywood now. Jimmie Morrison was there, too. Jimmie is writing now.

"I SECURED Harry Morey his first real opportunity. They had kept him playing judges and police and parts like that that didn't get him anywhere. I had a convict story, and I said to the

director that here was a chance to give Morey his opportunity. He did the part well and afterward became a leading man.

"Carlyle Blackwell was with us, too. He is married now and wealthy, living in Constantinople, I believe.

"Anders Randolph, who died a few weeks ago out here, was on the lot painting pictures. I said to myself, 'There is a great type for a part I have in my picture.' He said, 'What can I do? I can't act.' But I persuaded him. He said, 'Well, if you take as much interest in me as you do in others, I'll take a chance.' I said, 'Well, you don't suppose I want my picture ruined, do you?' He made good."

reduce

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RIGHT
WAY. . . .



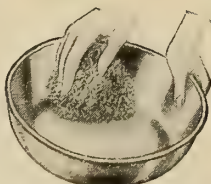
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The Screen's Search for Beauty

(Continued from page 68)

those first loves in every man's and woman's life never quite disappear from consciousness.

OF course, it isn't possible for the average girl who wants to be beautiful to go around dressed up in the style of Isabella D'Este or Mary Stuart. But Vilma should suggest to anyone's mind that sheeplike conformity to some fashion conceived by a distant dress-maker is a mistake. One of the most frequent and most deadly of all beauty mistakes.

Vilma, on the screen, could achieve the picturesque, the pictorial and decorative, because of period costumes. But the average girl or woman can at least strive for these things. She can study her type, her coloring, her good points. It is no longer necessary for every girl to look exactly like every other girl, to sink individuality in a stupid mass formation. If a fan is decorative, suitable and a girl knows how to do things with it, why abandon the fan because the terrific fad for fans no longer exists?

It should not be difficult to get a lovely effect with clothes.

Just the other day, at the tennis matches, I saw Corinne Griffith in sport things, yet they were soft and lovely and flattering. Perfectly correct for such an occasion, too. The suit was of the softest, white knit wool, so meshed that it gave almost the appearance of lace. The long sweater had a softly rolled collar, that softened the neck. No severity. You never see Corinne at any time that there isn't something soft and delicate about her clothes. Laces, drifting chiffons, dainty little capes, flowing sleeves, gleaming chiffon velvets. Her sport clothes are always of some soft shade of blue or rose or pale yellow—never the more startling note that creeps into so many outfits.

The woman or girl who wants a lovely effect should never attempt to be a bizarre fashion plate. Men never know what fashion is, anyhow. Of course there are always certain fundamental fashion notes. But once those are regarded, the screen beauties develop individual style. Griffith does. Gloria Swanson does.

THERE are, of course, screen beauties who have developed an effect that is almost entirely clothes. No, that sounds unjust. I should rather say that they have used clothes as an artist uses paint, to create a beautiful picture. It may not be beauty in its true sense, but it is certainly art. A modern art which, as I said in my first article, is opening beauty up as a goal for all women.

It is easy to speak of being well-dressed. Often women comment upon it merely as a matter of money. That is far from the truth. Dressing that

creates beauty requires a flair, cultivated and educated taste—which should be easy nowadays, with the many fine shops and, above all, the screen—much time and thought and an unflinching eye.

Lilyan Tashman is the best example of beauty in decoration, or clothes, that the screen has produced.

She subordinates herself to her clothes and yet by some miracle you never think of her clothes. She produces a perfect whole. Her extreme thoughtfulness is always apparent, both on and off the screen. Perfection of grooming and perfection in detail are essential and there Lilyan is unflinching. Every smallest detail from her shoe buckles to her hat crown are in harmony. Her bag, handkerchief, scarf, stockings, gloves, jewelry, cigarette case and holder, are always exactly right. I know that her lingerie, her garters, girdle, are all molded for each costume, to give it the best fit.

There is never a hair out of place. Her make-up is exquisite, and done to go with the lights—artificial or real. Her hands are perfectly cared for and she doesn't go in for those horribly ugly red, pointed nails. And Lil never loses her pose. If you happen to catch her in the garden in the morning, wearing linen coveralls, the picture is just as complete. Every detail is as accurate as it is when she goes to a ball at the Embassy.

THERE are many women who might be decoratively beautiful in this fashion, but it takes infinite pains and thought. Lil, as a matter of fact, spends much less money on her clothes than you might imagine. Of course, she has some wonderful furs and gowns. But I have seen her lunching at the Biltmore when she presented a fashion picture that stood out like a lighthouse and had her whisper to me that she picked the dress up for \$29.50. It was the carefully selected accessories and the grooming that counted.

To go back to Vilma Banky, the second thing that makes her so lovely is expression.

She has the sweetest expression I have ever seen. With Vilma, it's natural. She is a sweet person, with kind and lovely thoughts going on inside her pretty blonde head. That shows in her face. If you will stop and think a moment you will agree that no woman ever looks lovely with a cross or bored expression.

It may sound a trifle trite and Victorian to suggest that a sweet expression is sometimes a great asset to a woman and can be cultivated. But it happens to be true.

Chatterton is another lovely woman. Ruth is so completely a personality, her amazing charm, her cultivated intellect, her genius as an actress, are all so molded into one irresistible woman, that

(Continued on page 122)

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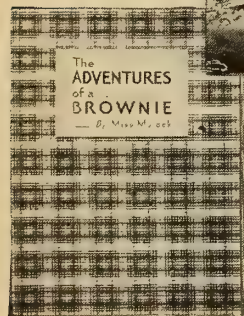
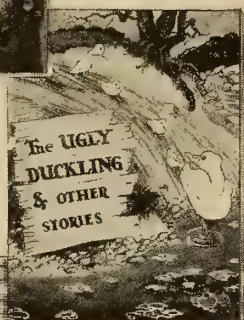
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS contributes her third article on
SCREEN BEAUTY next month.

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The Screen's Search for Beauty

(Continued from page 121)

it is difficult to think of her as physically beautiful or not beautiful. I don't believe it can be done. She is an example of that beauty which is a result of many things—beauty of personality, let us call it. Her allure is as much a matter of her character, her interest in life, the brilliant give and take of her mind as it is of her physical loveliness.

RUTH CHATTERTON, like the famous Ninon de Lenclos, has developed complete charm, far beyond the physical. She doesn't care and doesn't need to care about her looks. She is like a fascinating book, whose contents are sure to hold and to please, whether bound in priceless vellum or yellow paper.

She can be lovely. She has an exquisitely shaped head. Her eyes are full of light. Her nose is impudent. Her mouth passionate, her chin strong.

Chatterton is the product of breeding and education and contact and character. And she knows, as every woman of thirty should know, how to weld those things together into something vital and beautiful. So, you see, we have another school of beauty—the beauty of personality which encompasses many things.

Dolores Costello is another lovely woman. **Leila Hyams**, **Loretta Young**, **Catherine Dale Owen**, **Alice Joyce**—are all lovely.

And there are many other classifications of beauty. Next month I want to analyze for you the beauty of **Clara Bow**—which I refuse to concede as mere sex appeal. And then there is sheer prettiness—like **Marion Davies** and **June Collyer** and **Billie Dove**.

Bow is the modern. I think I can show you why—and why she is, in her way, beautiful.



Ramon Novarro is happy these days. Isn't he directing himself? That's enough to make any actor happy. This picture was made while Ramon was directing himself in the Spanish and French versions of "The Singer of Seville." Mr. Novarro still has a director for his English versions.

Mother

(Continued from page 34)

You know. One night I come home from the studio. All day they talk to me. My husband, even, who is also a director in German pictures, he thinks I should do it. He feels they should not hold me back from the great career they talk about. I am crying.

"Maria—she is only four—comes. 'Mama, cry here', she says. And I put my head on her little shoulder and cry and cry. When I have stopped and she holds out her little dress and says proudly, 'See, my mama makes it all wet on my shoulder.' Then she looks at me and says 'They talk to you more about America, one sees that.'

"I said yes. So she goes to the telephone, so little, and she calls up Mr. Von Sternberg at his hotel. She likes him much. She says, 'Is it right that my mama should go to America and will she come back soon?' He told her yes, and said how great things awaited me across the ocean. She comes back and says, 'Mama, you must go to America. I will wait here. You will come back soon and I will be a good girl. Only before you go, you must buy me a little doggie. Then I will think about him and not be so lonesome for you.'

"THE day I left everybody cried but Maria. She had her new doggie, a little white Sealyham, so cute. She looks at the nurse, and the servants—who are kind enough to love me—and her papa and grandmama, all crying. Then she dances to me and says 'You must all stop crying. What is this? She comes back! Soon she comes back. How proud we shall be, no?'

"If, that last moment, she had said 'Stay here, mama,' I would have stayed. Oh, yes. No one could have made me go then. So I come, for six months only.

"Now I go back for six months. Maybe I come again. I have said so. Unless Maria asks me to stay. All the time I am here we make phonograph records for each other. At night I do not go out to parties. I am very lonely. I sit and play over and over those little records, where my Maria talks to me. She has learned some English words now and she says them in the records.

"When you are a mother everything becomes clearer to you. My mother—she was a very good mother. Very careful. My father, he was an army officer. So, of course, he was killed early in the war. Mother thought she must be everything to us. Always she made me study English, French, music—to make something of myself. Sometimes I grew so angry. Why is that? I felt she—bossed me too much. 'Do not take cold'; 'come practice your music'; 'here is your English teacher.' I grew so cross.

"The minute my baby was born I understood all. I loved my mother much more than I had ever loved her before. She wished to come with me.

But a mother cannot be spared. My baby—my husband—my sister and her children. All revolves in this world around the mother. Is that not so?

"THEN, too, I have two babies, really. My husband, he is very young. Men are younger than women. I have told Maria when I leave always she must sit with her papa while he eats dinner, always she must be at the door to greet him. While I am away, who else has he but his little one? She will do it. No one in all the world understands me like she does.

"We are so close. If somebody does wrong or forgets in the house she will say, 'Mama, next time you tell me and I write it down.' She cannot write, but she says that. She knows what to get for me, what I need. No one understands so well. Like an angel.

"This Summer they have taken her to the North Sea. When she saw the ocean she runs down and stands by it and holds out her little arms and sings songs to me across the water. She thinks maybe I can hear. Maybe—I can.

"It is not easy to be a mother and an actress. I wish now to have another baby. But that means, for me, two years out of my work. Why not? But once you are in the thing, it is like a squirrel cage. So hard to get out. I love my work, too."

I told her what I thought of her work.

"That is kind," she said. "Most of it is Mr. Von Sternberg. The actress is part, the director is part. Fifty-fifty, as you say. You must give to him much credit. Without him I could not do it. I know. When I am working it is not so bad.

"I HAVE a house in Beverly Hills.

When I first arrive I see all those sweet, lovely little houses. So clean, so pretty. I say, 'I must have one, I must have one.' But never again. A home is no home alone. I am afraid. I get a little dog, then a great big dog. I have my German maid. But—I am afraid and lonely. I play the radio. I write letters. I listen to my records. But no home is home without a child.

"Next time, I work in New York. Then I can get on the boat after each picture—and be home quickly. That will be all right. Only four days. Then I will be happy. Now—it is nice I am a success. I am grateful if it should be so. But—Maria is my happiness. I go to her."

I think in time Maria will be very proud of her mother.

When she is older she will be glad that she could make her baby sacrifice.

She will be proud to be the daughter of so great an artist as Marlene Dietrich. That's a lot. It's a wonderful thing for a little girl to be proud of a fine mother who is also a great actress.

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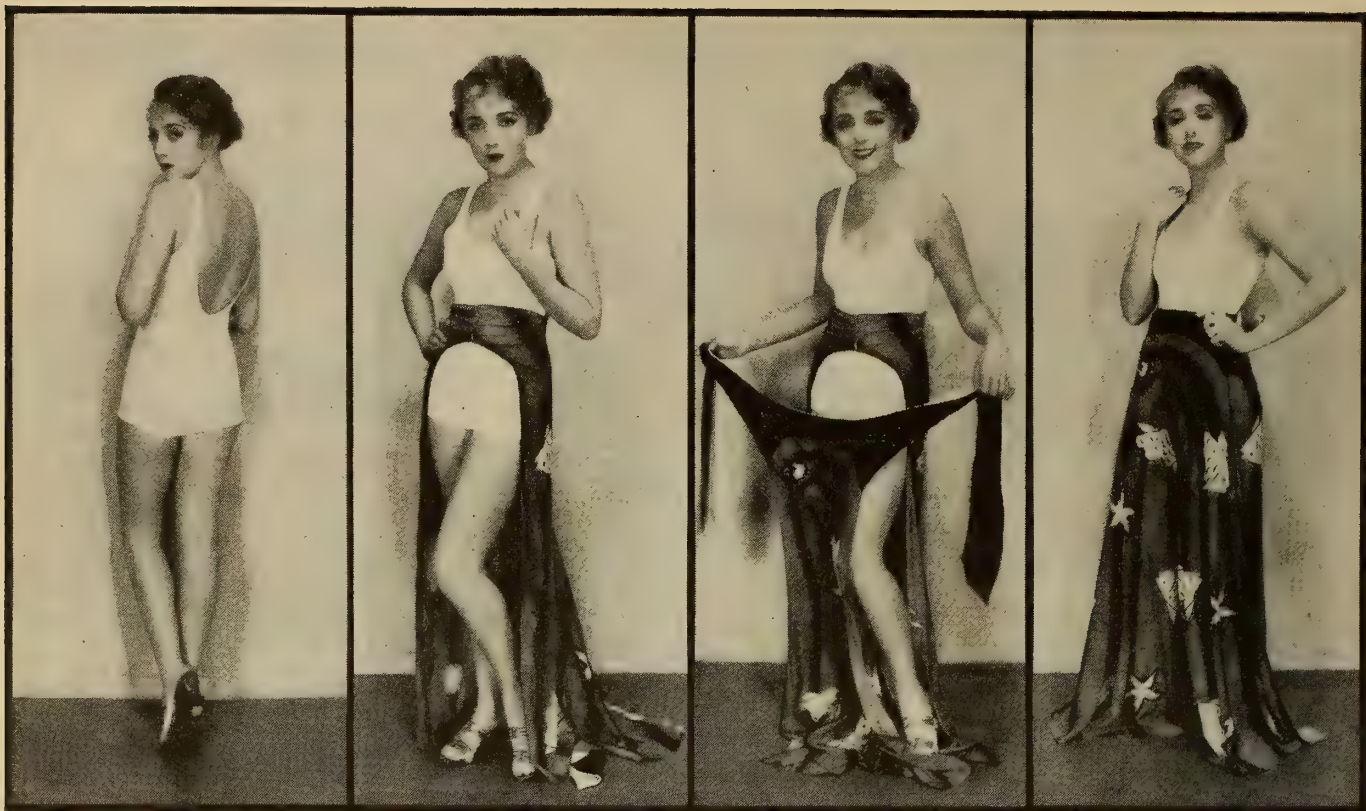
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HERB HOWE writes only for NEW MOVIE. Read his famous HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARDIER every month.



Here's an attractive item for the beach next Summer. Bebe Daniels offers her idea of a bathing suit that can be transformed into beach pajamas. At the left, Miss Daniels shows her simple, one-piece, backless suit of white jersey. This is ideal for real swimming. Second, she fastens part of the pajamas around her waist like a train. The material is heavy flat crepe, dyed several shades of gray in a batik design, and painted with rose fish and sea urchins. In the third picture, the pajamas begin to assume form. The front overlaps with the back and ties with a large bow, while the sides remain open to permit of easy movement. Fourth, the pajamas are complete.

The Mystery of William Powell

(Continued from page 88)

"It wasn't ever necessary to punish Will," said Mrs. Powell. "It wouldn't have done any good anyway. You had to reason with him. He was very obedient, if he understood a thing. But you had to explain all the whys and wherefores. Then, if it looked logical to him, he would do it without any trouble. If it didn't he'd convince you you were wrong. That was another reason I thought he'd make a good lawyer. He was so reasonable."

She heaved a little sigh. Even now that her son is one of the great movie stars, I think Mrs. Powell remembers her dreams of seeing him administer justice from the bench.

It seems to me that Bill has run true to form in all the predictions of his childhood. His character fundamentals are about the same.

"There was one thing about Will that was different from most other children I have seen," said Mrs. Powell. "He could always amuse himself."

Give him a box of blocks when he was quite small and he was good for a whole morning. He didn't want anyone else to build houses or arrange them for him. In fact, he rather resented interference. Apparently he had ideas of his own that must be carried out. He was never depending on anyone else in order to be happy and well occupied. Later pencil and paper,

books and pictures took the place of blocks.

WILLIAM POWELL is still like that. He doesn't mind being alone. If he has enough books, he is perfectly happy and contented. Not all the time, of course. He likes a bit of whoopee as well as the next man, and is a most convivial and entertaining companion. But he is a real book lover. When he comes into my library at Malibu, he touches the volumes gently, examines the bindings, picks out a few and peeps into them, reading a paragraph or two. Also, he is one of the few people who borrow books who always return them.

This summer I saw him stretched out in the sun, hour after hour, alone, with a big stack of books piled on a table beside him. They were never allowed to touch the sand.

"Was he always careful of books as he is now? I asked his mother.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I remember how he cried one time when a book he liked and had read a dozen times was chewed up by a neighbor's dog. He took wonderful care of his books. But then, he took wonderful care of all his things. His room was always neat, his clothes always hung up where they belonged. He folded his pajamas every morning. He could never be happy if anything

was in disorder around him. So different from my grandson, Bill's little boy."

Baseball and sand lot football interested Bill Powell in his grammar-school days. But athletics never became a strong passion with him. He liked talk, reading, people too much. Athletics seemed slightly a waste of time. His friends were usually older boys who were too big for him to play with but not too smart for him to talk to.

IT is an awful thing to admit, and I will say in all fairness that he shows no signs of it now, but in school Will was "teacher's pet."

His first battles were fought at school because the boys used to call him that in a manner not too polite.

"I was in a tough spot and didn't know it," he told me. "I made companions of my teachers and profs because I liked them. They always talked about things that were interesting. I wasn't trying to ease myself into their good graces in order to get better marks in school. In fact, I flunked several courses in high school even though the profs were my pals. I just liked to hear them talk."

When the Powell family left Pittsburgh for Kansas City, Bill was ready to enter high school. Professor Smith, of the 6th Ward School, Pittsburgh, wrote a letter to the teachers who would

take him in charge in the new school. His mother still treasures that letter. In it, Professor Smith recommended Bill to the special attention of his high school teachers as a boy of unusually brilliant mind and active brain. It wasn't his conduct which was acclaimed, but his eager mental ability.

There is an unsolved mystery connected with another memento which reposes in that cedar chest. It is a shaving mirror—Bill's first gift to his father. On it is written—From Will. Xmas, 1901. The mirror was on the Christmas tree. No one knew where Bill earned the money to buy it. No one knows to this day. When I questioned him, Bill began to talk about the Einstein theory.

Maybe that's a skeleton in Bill's youthful closet.

ALL his vacations were spent on his grandmother's farm, in West Middlesex, Pennsylvania. Upon his arrival, the farm was turned over to this favorite grandson, by a grandmother devoted to her husband's namesake. Through the farm ran a little stream, with many deep pools. The boy swam, dived, ran wild for the entire summer. It built up his health, which was not too robust. And he spent long afternoon hours swinging in the hammock, singing to himself, and reading. Ideal days. Every kid should have some experience in the country.

William Powell graduated from grammar school when he was thirteen.

At fourteen, he entered the Kansas City High School.

For four years, he was a "leading citizen" of that institution. He wrote for and edited the school paper and annuals. He was yell leader at one time and sang in the glee club. He took part in all the school activities and held various offices.

Ralph Barton, now famous all over the world for his drawings, was in High School at that same time. He was the paper's cartoonist for three years.

When he left, it was a bitter blow to the artistic triumphs of the sheet. In desperation, Bill decided he could draw cartoons. And did. They weren't as good as Barton's, but they got by all right.

Because he was going to be a lawyer—that having been decided in his cradle and planned for every hour since—Bill took some high school course in public speaking. It was a subject he loved and in which he did remarkably well. His speaking voice was unusual, he had a dramatic flair for intriguing and holding his audiences.

The professor suggested immediately that he ought to try out for the school play, which was the big event of the year, held just before the Christmas vacation.

IN his junior and senior years, William Powell played the lead in those plays. Played them, so everyone tells me, remarkably well. A natural-born actor.

Right there, everything was settled. That was what he wanted to do. Acting was his real ambition. There was something he would like to do.

Also, acting was a quick road to fame and fortune. He saw himself taking New York by storm, rising to heights of greatness, thrilling vast audiences who applauded his genius and showered him with rich rewards.

Though he had never been backstage of a theater, knew no actors, had no connections of any kind with the stage life, he felt that he must and could succeed.

To be a lawyer meant four long years at Kansas University, where he was about to be enrolled. Two or three more for a law degree. He'd be an old man before he was allowed to practice!

Whereas it was strictly necessary for him to be able to support a wife in the shortest possible time. Why, he and Edith had been waiting now, ever since their sophomore year! They had

(Continued on page 127)

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The blackboard with its K tells the story. The two Kays—Kay Francis and Kay Johnson—are both featured in William De Mille's new Metro-Goldwyn film, "The Passion Flower."



The covered wagon train puts on its make-up for a big scene of Zane Gray's "The Fighting Caravans." Property men are piling huge stacks of freight on the early Western wagons for a close-up. The real pioneers didn't have it quite so easy.

The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 58)

gulped three plates of *minestrone*, kissed my old Italian honey good-bye and leaped a train for Chevalier's home town, stopping off in Dijon on the way for a sustaining mess of the fat, creamy shelled *escargots* Bourgogne.

Paris—Valentino's pictures show continuously in Paris. On the anniversary of his death a mass was said in the church of the Trinity. At this moment he is appearing in "The Black Eagle" in the Boulevard des Italiens directly across from Lon Chaney in "Thunder."

Chaney Was Italian—Chaney, too, had Italian blood. On my arrival in Hollywood ten years ago Lon invited me to his four-room bungalow for a spaghetti dinner which he cooked himself. A monster of evil on the screen he was actually the most domestic and home-loving of men. He liked to cook and make things for the house. Wood-carving was a hobby. I remember he showed me that night an ash-stand carved in the form of a butler. It was his only burst of pride during the evening.

CONTRARY to press reports, Lon Chaney's last sickness was not due to torturing himself into grewsome shapes. He himself declared emphatically it was the result of an oatmeal "snowstorm" in which he was obliged

to work for a scene. The cereal dust settled in his throat, jellied on his lungs.

ONE of the American-made song-and-dance film revues was hissed off the screen by Parisian fans because they couldn't understand its English. Imagine what they would have done if they had understood. Exhibitors have a lot of nerve showing English talkies on the grand boulevards. Fancy yourself sitting through an evening of French when you know very well you are dazed by a menu.

Perils of the Talkies—The Pantheon Cinema on the left bank caters to the American colony with talkies in the original Hollywood tongue. I saw "Bulldog Drummond" there for the first time. It got snorts but not for its English. I wonder how it got all those floral notices at home.

Silent pictures were suffering a slow decline but these talkies show signs of a galloping malady that requires immediate action. Producers have tried everything—new writers, new actors, new directors—everything except new producers. Maybe a little change upstairs would help. Mass production of pictures doesn't seem to work in the long run as with Fords.

The Paris Stage Revues—While Parisians object to English from the

screen they don't mind it in their revues. Of course, you don't go to a revue to hear. I sat all night through a dress rehearsal at the Casino de Paris. I don't know why they called it a dress rehearsal. The only costume I noted was the work of a sick oyster. The rest were talcum.

All the principal players were American and Josephine Baker, the star, is an American negress. Josie came to Paris several years ago. Josie shook and shouted herself to glory. Josie was the colored fireworks. Then she married a count. Josie became a countess. (Take that Marquise Swanson and you, too, Princess Negri!) For three years the countess has been studying voice, dancing and dramatic art. The countess is no longer the "cullud" fireworks. At least it seemed to me that Art had affected her arsenal. It is possible, of course, that she did not let go at the rehearsal. I sat by her between numbers and I must say she is gracious, humble, refined—too refined ever to mess 'round like befoh.

I recall what Stepin Fetchit said: that colored folk are no good when they go to imitating white folk. Step stuck to his color on the screen but he seems to have gone sort of white in temperament. Now he's gone the way of all such—vaudeville.

French Prosperity—France is the most prosperous country in the world

today. (Practically no unemployment until I arrived). But a fatal blow has been struck. Peggy Joyce has up and left the country flat. Says she is tired of France, tired of men, tired of herself and of the world in general. Says she is going to Hollywood to join the spicers. Well, that's one way of ending it all.

OVER in Prague the populace went wild and cleaned up on the talkies, taking pot shots at the screen. I am happy to report that Greta Garbo and Al Jolson escaped unscathed. The demonstration was against German talkers, not only because they are bad but because the Czechs are mad at the Germans. Perhaps the talkies will solve the problem of civilizing warfare. When we get sore at another nation, we can shoot them in effigy.

Cheers for Renee Adoree—The best news I have had from Hollywood is that Renee Adoree is back from the sanatorium. Stars like to have Renee support them because she has a way of making them look great without ever grabbing much credit herself.

I thought of Renee as I wandered Sunday morning among the wagons of a little street fair now circling the Lion de Belfort in the Place Denfert-Rochereau. The performers were cooking dejeuner in their wagons.

Puffs of smoke emerged from tiny chimneys, giving fragrance to the autumn air. At the small lace-curtained windows an occasional geranium beamed. And by the door of one wagon there was a cage of canaries twittering off a flip little ditty.

Renee de la Fuente, of French and Spanish parentage, spent her childhood in just such a wagon, traveling all over Europe with her parents in a little French circus. At kindergarten age she was a bareback rider with her sister. When they came out of the ring they would quickly slip into overalls and rush back with dust pans and brooms to police up after the horses. Sometimes they travelled without their parents who put them "in bond" with a circus. Sometimes there were tears in Renee's eyes when she threw kisses to the audience; she had just been beaten by the manager, who used a horse whip.

Out of such a life the human heart emerges either pretty hard or very tender. I think Renee of the circus wagons is superior to other actresses in portraying sympathetic warmth and womanly compassion.

Let's get together and give her a big yell at the box office.

Those Luckless Ones—The finest characters in Hollywood are the luckless ones. I suppose that is true of life everywhere. (Reminds me I'm always being called a lucky devil. Must put a stop to it.)

I have just received a letter from George Stewart, who grew up in the studios along with his sisters, Anita and Lucille Lee Stewart.

Gallant and handsome George was sheiking up on success when illness intervened. He's just coming out of a four years' rest cure. Judging by his letter I fear the four years have made a confirmed thinker of him or—worse—a writer.



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The Mystery of William Powell

(Continued from page 125)

been in love for what seemed centuries.

Edith was a pretty, blond girl, and she was Bill's first love. It was serious, right from the start. No playing around. They "went together" for four entire years of high school, and when William graduated considered themselves officially engaged. He was eighteen. She was sixteen.

These things young Powell pondered deeply during the summer vacation after his graduation, with honors, from High School.

WORKING in the clerical department of the Kansas City Telephone Company, Bill thought deeply.

With a bitter loathing, he hated his work at a desk. Everything in him rebelled, not placidly, but actively and violently, against regular hours, routine work, the same faces, same surroundings day after day. If he went to college, he'd have to work there summers. He'd have to spend the best years of his life slaving to learn law. And he didn't want to learn law. He wanted to act.

One year in New York, he'd be a success, and he and Edith could marry.

So he decided to write to his Aunt. She was really his great aunt. A very, very rich great aunt. The matriarch of the Powell family.

But Bill knew that already the family had made many drains upon her. Already she had financed many a Powell project.

He was different. And he sat down and composed a twenty-three page letter to prove to her that he was the flower of the Powell family, clean, honest, hard working. He tried to impress upon her the fact that she would be denying the American theater a great genius if she didn't send Bill money enough to go to New York. The letter was a masterpiece.

It asked for money to pay a year's tuition at the Sargent School of Dramatic Art, and fifty dollars a month for that year. Within five years, William Powell would return to her that money with interest. And she would forever be glad and proud that she had helped him to attain great heights in dramatic art and bring glory and renown to the name of Powell.

He read the letter to his mother. He read it to Edith.

Then, with prayer and trembling, he put a stamp on it, dropped it in the mail box, and sat down at his desk in the telephone company to await the answer which, to his youthful vision, meant life or death, happiness or despair.

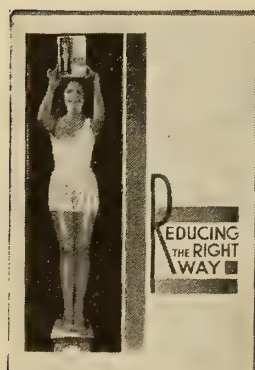
(To be continued in the next issue)

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TOWER BOOKS
INCORPORATED

55 Fifth Avenue

New York

Keeping in Condition

(Continued from page 65)

arrives at the same place if you play it straight."

Why?

To keep your body in first-class condition, really first-class condition, you've got to think sanely, live abstemiously, and forego self-indulgence. You've got to discipline yourself and submit to discipline. Keeping in good shape is self-discipline, believe me. Don't I remember the New Year's Eve when I went to bed at ten o'clock to be in shape for the New Year's Day football game at Pasadena while all the world was frolicking about me? Don't I remember being in *Paris* for the first time in my life before the Olympic Games in 1924 and not being allowed even one little glass of wine nor one peep at the Montmartre?

Diet, regularity of sleep hours and exercise, are part of keeping in condition.

It's a regime that forces you to learn self-control and self-command.

Doug knows that better than anybody. He has worked it out to a science.

THERE is no fake about the stunts Doug does on the screen.

He *does* 'em and take it from one who has played some football in his day against Pittsburgh, Alabama and all Pacific Coast teams, scared Paddock in the hundred, played on an Olympic team and pitched for a college ball club, those stunts are a handful. I've seen champions of many kinds try to follow Fairbanks and get lost by the wayside, including that world's champion all-around athlete, Fred Thompson.

Good physical condition is absolutely necessary for Fairbanks pictures.

BUT Fairbanks claims that every man would do his job fifty percent better if he felt that same condition was **NECESSARY** for him. He'll wallop me for saying that.

Now, conceding that the ideal of a healthy body, a conditioned body, forces sane living, and creates certain mental traits of the best type, as Doug says it does, what follows.

"If your body is in good shape," said Doug the other day, when he and I and Eddie Gouling and Chuck Lewis had just finished a set of 'Doug,' "you feel well and you can do good work. Concentration is easier. You can stick to a job and see it through. Your mind is held back by an out-of-condition body that gets tired easily. Your mind is clouded if it's pulled off the subject by aching muscles, burning eyes, tired back. True, a lot of great men have done marvels in spite of physical handicaps. But how do we know what greater marvels they might have done had they had health and condition?"

I'VE heard Doug say the best heritage you can give a child is a healthy body. "Start them off with a good body and it will be easier to teach them to think," he said. "That's the aim of all primary education—to teach a child to think."

Remember one thing. Douglas Fairbanks isn't only an actor.

He produces his own pictures, which means that he runs a business with an investment of several million dollars a year.

The costs of production, the expenses of a picture, the selection of story, its construction, casting, all the voluminous details of making special feature pictures are upon his shoulders. Besides that, he often writes his own stories. Elton Thomas, the author's name seen on a number of his pictures, is really his *nom de plume*. Then, there is the acting, the stunts, the special training for such features as the whip work in "Don Q." and the sword play in "The Three Musketeers."

Yet he never seems tired. I've never

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The boys are back again! Tully Marshall and Ernest Torrence have returned to the famous rôles of the tough old scouts of "The Covered Wagon." The fire-eating pals re-appear in "Fighting Caravans."

seen him show the least bit of fatigue, though young Doug and I would be sweating, panting, crawling around after him. More, he never shows—"nerves"—mental irritation. He has never been close to a nervous breakdown, though he is older than many stars who have had them. He's always in a cheerful frame of mind. Nothing worries him. He sleeps like a baby.

He gets enormous pleasure out of his good condition.

"You know the story about the little urchin's mother who told him always to wash his feet because you never know when you are going to get hurt and they'd have to undress you at the hospital," he said one day. "Every man ought to feel like that about his physical condition."

USUALLY the excuse for lack of physical condition is, "I haven't got time."

Doug spikes that, he says, "If you're in good physical shape you can do your work in much less time and therefore have more time to keep in shape."

Besides, he doesn't spend a great deal of time. But what he does, he does consistently, honestly, regularly.

Plays golf two or three times a week—at seven in the morning, when he's

working. Often you will see the Fairbanks leaving a party early because Doug has what Mary calls a "crack of dawn golf game." Doug says seven hours' sleep are enough for any decent, healthy man.

When he works, he knocks off at five-thirty and plays two or three sets of 'Doug.' Then he dives in an icy tank.

The mornings he doesn't play golf, he does setting-up exercises.

Jack London's great test of any system of thinking was—"Will it work?"

Doug makes his work.

When he made his early pictures, "The Mollycoddle," "The Americano," "The Man From Painted Post" and others, Doug was much less of a man, much less of an athlete than he is now.

In "Reaching for the Moon" he's got a lot of new stunts, just as thrilling in their way, as those of Robin Hood. More, they are things we can understand, things we might be able to do ourselves. He's got some stuff that ought to make the T. B. M.—or any other business man—get a real kick.

Out in Hollywood, there isn't any picture being made that we're all waiting for with such eagerness and expectation as this new Fairbanks production. Because it will bring Doug of old back to us for a visit. And it will be Doug, Himself.

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At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

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Lionel Belmore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Harry Carey
Joan Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Mary Doran
Duncan Sisters
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton

Charles King
Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Bessie Love
Joan Marsh
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Navarro
Edward Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Gilbert Roland
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Lawrence Tibbett
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Roland Young

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Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Virginia Bruce
Jack Buchanan
Nancy Carroll
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
June Collyer
Chester Conklin
Jackie Coogan
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Stuart Erwin
Norman Foster
Kay Francis
Richard Gallagher
Harry Green
Mitzi Green

Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Fredric March
Rosita Moreno
David Newell
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
Zelma O'Neal
Eugene Pallette
Joan Peers
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Marian Shilling
Stanley Smith
Regis Toomey
Florence Vidor
Fay Wray

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lewis Ayres
John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Reginald Denny
Jack Dougherty
Lorayne DuVal
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent

Beth Laemmle
Arthur Lake
Laura La Plante
George Lewis
Jeanette Loff
Ken Maynard
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Glenn Tryon
Lupe Velez
Barbara Worth

Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston
Luana Alcaniz
Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
Noel Francis
John Garrick

Janet Gaynor
Dixie Lee
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Claire Luce
Sharon Lynn
Kenneth MacKenna
Farrell MacDonald
Mona Maris
Victor McLaglen
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Paul Page
David Rollins
Nick Stuart
John Wayne
Marjorie White

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore
Noah Beery
Joe Brown
Dolores Costello
Claudia Dell
Louise Fazenda
James Hall
Winnie Lightner
Lotti Loder

Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Marian Nixon
Walter Pidgeon
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
James Gleason

Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Fred Scott
Helen Twelvetrees.

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Doris Dawson
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Lloyd Hughes

Doris Kenyon
Lila Lee
Jack Mulhall
Vivienne Segal
Thelma Todd
Loretta Young

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Joan Bennett
Charles Chaplin
Dolores del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson

Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Margaret Livingston

Jacqueline Logan
Dorothy Revier
Alice White

RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

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Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorne
Betty Compson
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Richard Dix

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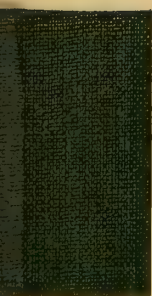
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FEBRUARY
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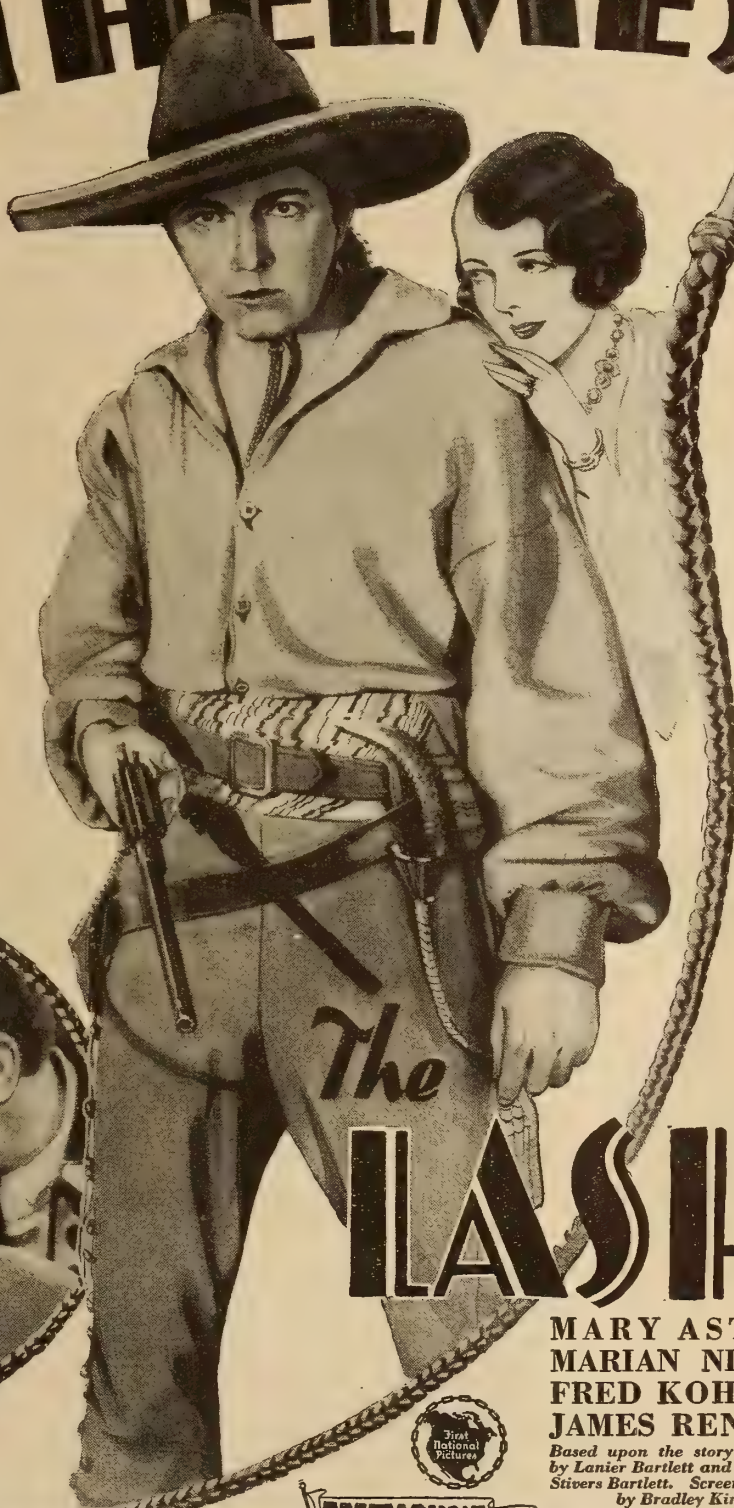
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The New Movie Magazine

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Vol. III, No. 2

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February, 1931

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor
Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

Published Monthly by TOWER MAGAZINES, INC., Jamaica, N. Y.

Executive and Editorial Offices, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Home Office: 22 North Franklin St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

OFFICERS

Catherine McNelis, *President*
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EVELYN LAYE, co-starring with John Boles in a recent picture, says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin fresh and even-textured."



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The Men Who Make the Movies

The Story of Harry M. Warner

BY LYNDE DENIG

NOT long ago, Harry M. Warner was named throughout the country, throughout the world, in fact, as one of the fifty most important men in the United States. The list of leaders compiled by Ambassador James W. Gerard was published in practically every American and English newspaper of consequence. Mr. Warner is president of the world-wide organization known as Warner Brothers, producing pictures and showing them in thousands of theaters. More than anyone else, he is responsible for Vitaphone, which signifies talking pictures. Ambassador Gerard named Harry M. Warner in company with the most influential men of the period, indicating that Brother Harry is some pumpkin in or out of his old home town.

Like the Marx brothers, the Warner brothers are a family team. Harry is captain. The Warner team has bucked and dodged a lot of interference since the boys peddled newspapers in Baltimore, but they still hold the ball. There has been just one real tragedy in their lives: the death of Sam Warner, leaving Harry, Jack and Albert to keep up the drive. They still miss Sam, however, a good fellow and a smart one.

WARNER, SR., father of a dozen children, hailed from Poland and located in Baltimore. He opened a shoe-repairing shop and spent a large part of his time keeping his own offspring properly shod. The pennies brought home by the boys after selling their papers were banked in a sugar bowl. From that time on, the Warner brothers have shared alike in a family bank account.

Harry's first real, grown-up job was that of a traveling salesman for a wholesale meat dealer. Sam was developing his back muscles firing a locomotive on the Erie Railroad. One night, Sam dropped into a tent show in Sandusky, Ohio, where "The Great Train Robbery" was on view. He was impressed.

There came a meeting of the four brothers in Pittsburgh. They decided to get the jump on the new era—the motion-picture era—following the passing day of the safety bicycle. They hired a hall in Newcastle, Pa., rented chairs from a local undertaker; Sister Rose played a piano; Jack, a thirteen-year-old lad with a



HARRY M. WARNER

Mr. Warner is president of the world-wide organization known as Warner Brothers. More than anyone else, he is responsible for Vitaphone, which signifies talking pictures. It was Mr. Warner who gave the screen a voice.

husky soprano, sang illustrated songs; while Harry ran the show, assisted by Albert. Brother Sam took "The Great Train Robbery" on a tour of Ohio and Pennsylvania. Harry handled both the cash and the credit for the Warner enterprises when there wasn't much of either. Now that there are millions of both, he still guards the family purse.

THOSE were the trust-busting days—the days of Teddy and his Big Stick, of Tom Lawson, of schooners of lager, of hot stew on the free lunch counter in the corner saloon. Also, they were the days of the General Film Company's monopoly. The Warners jumped into the first line of independents and defied the trust. They made some pictures of a sort, established a primitive exchange for the distribution of their films and promptly went broke. They took the count, smiling, and came up for another round with Ambassador Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany" in their tin cans.

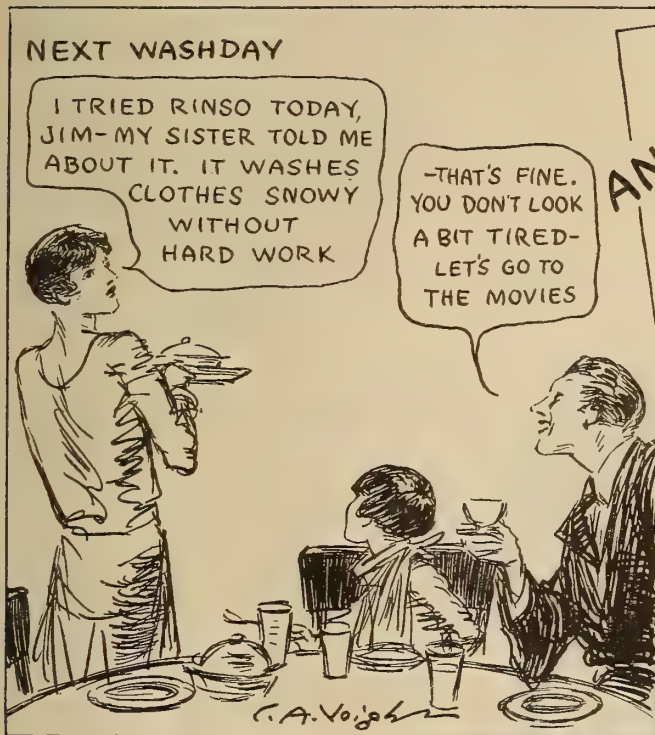
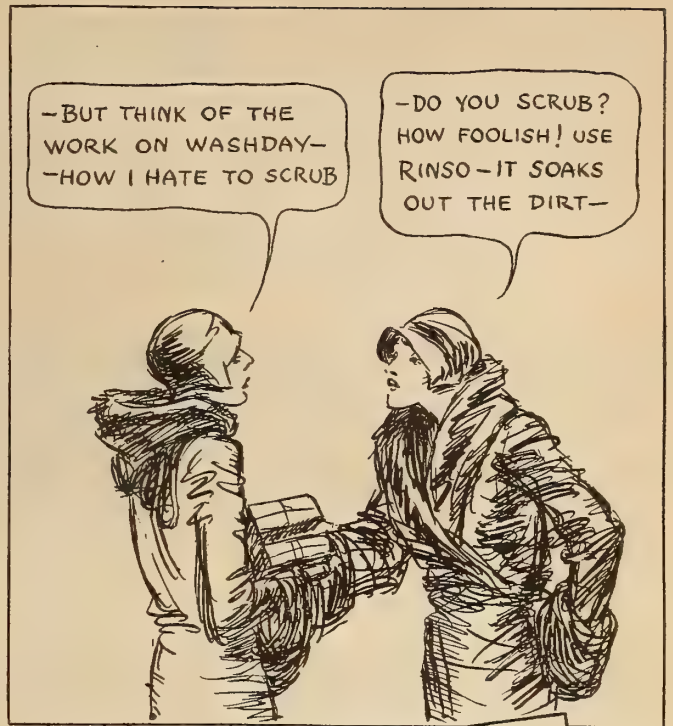
The picture was a war-time favorite.

The stalwart Warners carried a pocket full of cash to Hollywood, borrowed a few thousand more and set up a studio, allowing room for Rin-Tin-Tin and his dog-house. For a considerable period Rin-Tin-Tin was the main support of a large family. While such memorable productions as "The Marriage Circle," "Lady Windermere's Fan" and other accomplishments of the redoubtable Ernst Lubitsch gave the Warners an artistic standing, the famous police dog barked away the creditors.

It never has been the policy of the Warners to hoard money. When the end of a year showed a balance, whether it was \$1,000 or \$100,000, the cash went right back into the game: More pictures, more stars (John Barrymore and Al Jolson, for example), more everything. The Warners have been pretty well sunk, now and again, but they always go forward by raising the ante. If a project is new and big in its possibilities, Harry Warner believes in giving it a ride, regardless of cost. But, oddly enough, he almost turned a deaf ear to the talkies. And it is for his promotion of the talkies that he will be remembered.

The year 1925 was one of the not-so-good years. As in the old General Film days, competitors were playing a game of freeze-out. (Continued on page 91)

New Movie is going to tell you—briefly and concisely—the life stories of the men who make your movies, so that you may better know these men who provide your entertainment and guide your taste in literature, fashions and all the things of life.



AND Everyone cheers for these richer suds!

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MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

MCKINNEY'S Cotton Pickers have certainly turned out a pip this time, and the tune is from the Fox talkie, "Just-Imagine." "Never Swat a Fly" is the title, and the reason for the swatting precaution is fully explained in the ditty. Although the tune itself doesn't rate so much, the way the Cotton Pickers tear through it is nobody's business. The number has lots of rhythm with a hot trombone and trumpet solo, besides a vocal refrain. The last chorus is all flares with a hot tenor sax change. Without doubt, it's the boys in the band who put the number across.

The reverse of this record carries a song which is far superior to the fly-swatting fracas. The title, strangely enough, is "Laughing at Life." This melody has everything to be desired in a popular song. It is thoroughly enjoyable to hear and very easy to hum. Needless to say, the Cotton boys are still at the front when it comes to this one. It opens with a sweet clarinet solo, and the sweet theme is carried all through the number. Following the vocal chorus is a trumpet solo which hits me right. I highly recommend this record, and I know you will surely enjoy it too. (This is a Victor record.)

Do you know that Don Redman, leader of McKinney's Cotton Pickers is said to be able to play every instrument in the orchestra and is famous for his tenor sax playing? And that this band also features Cuba Austin, the famous colored drummer?

THE next song is also from the Fox talkie, "Just Imagine." This is called "You Are the Melody," and is recorded by Wayne King and his orchestra, the boys who are pulling them in at the Aragon ballroom in Chicago. I think you'll enjoy this one and it is done quite nicely.

On the other side is another song from the same picture, "Old Fashioned Girl." This is played by Wayne King also, and the sweet theme still persists. Both of these numbers carry pleasant vocal refrains by Ernie Birchill. (This is one of the month's best Victor records.)

THE HITS OF THE MONTH:

"Never Swat a Fly," fox trot—played by McKinney's Cotton Pickers (Victor)

"You Are the Melody," fox trot—played by Wayne King and his orchestra (Victor)

"You're Simply Delish," fox trot—played by Smith Ballew and his orchestra (Columbia)

"You Will Remember Vienna," Waltz—played by Leo Reisman and his orchestra (Victor)

De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, the boys who wrote these numbers, have a list of popular songs to their credit as long as your arm, and are said to be the town's most consistent hit-producers.

"YOU'RE Simply Delish" is the fond declaration of the new number from the Metro-Gold-

wyn-Mayer talkie "Those Three French Girls." This is played by Smith Ballew and his orchestra, and, to repeat the immortal words of Ben Bernie, "I hope you'll like it."

It's a pretty number and the boys toot through it in very good style.

The other side is also by Smith Ballew and the boys. "You Were Only Passing Time With Me," is the title and although this is not from any picture, I think it is the best side of the record. The vocal chorus is the high spot in this number. (This is a Columbia record.)

Do you know that Smith Ballew, although comparatively unknown three years ago, has, through the medium of his excellent orchestra, made his name a household word over the country? Just listen to him on the radio some night.



AT last some one has gotten up enough courage to produce a really good operetta for the talkies. Warner Bros. have done it with "Viennese Nights." The score for this production was written by Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, and Sigmund Romberg, so you know it's good. Leo Reisman and his orchestra have been selected by Victor to record two of the numbers from this production.

"You Will Remember Vienna," a waltz, seems to me to be the headliner so far. It's a smooth flowing melody, done in the Reisman manner, sure to delight you.

The reverse of this record is the fox trot, "I Bring a Love Song," played by Reisman, and this also is an excellent arrangement. (This is a Victor Record.)

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Rudy Vallee is represented this month by several excellent records for Victor. They reveal Rudy at his crooning best.

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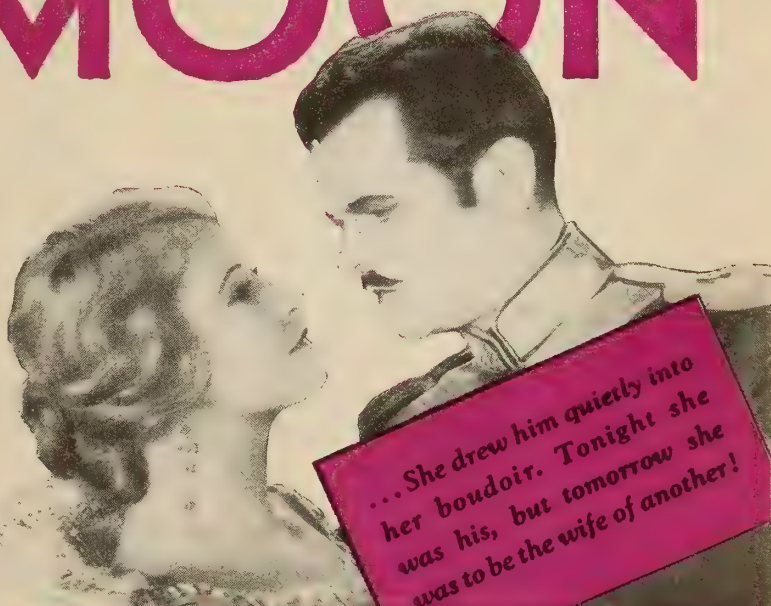
**"NEW
MOON"**

with

**ADOLPH MENJOU
and Roland Young**

Every producer in motion pictures tried to get this prize stage sensation. M-G-M brings it to you with all the thrills that made it Broadway's wonder show for more than a year. Great stars — dramatic story — superb action — soul stirring love scenes — glorious voices. Don't miss it!

Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd, FRANK MANDEL and LAURENCE SCHWAB. Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG. Directed by JACK CONWAY.



... She drew him quietly into her boudoir. Tonight she was his, but tomorrow she was to be the wife of another!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Cheers from
Scotland

Glasgow, Scotland

I have just received a copy of NEW MOVIE and I think it is the best film magazine because all the information and articles are so up-to-date. Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor's pictures are greatly favored over here and we never seem to be getting tired of the singing and dancing pictures. "The Show of Shows" scored a success here.

Annie McKenzie,
160 Allander Street.

Malta Likes Talkies

Valletta, Malta

In Malta, at present, the talkie fever is raging and all other shows have sunk into insignificance beside them. However, I do not care much for them myself. I am conservative and I prefer the silent films. Talkies require too much concentration and the story has to be understood from the words the stars say. Besides, there are not as many different scenes as there used to be in the silent.

Denise Mifsud,
45 Mezzodi Street.

An English Admirer

Derby, England

I am an ardent movie fan, and recently have been very bored with the present-day movie magazines, both English and American. Then some time ago my chums in the States informed me that they were getting a real good magazine for a dime. And someone sent me a copy of this dime magazine. Now I like it better than any other magazine you can buy. I now drive all my American chums frantic, one after the other, asking for NEW MOVIE above all others. Another reason I like your magazine is, because it's a bit cleaner-minded and more wholesome than most. You do not find NEW MOVIE doing any mud-slinging, for which I thank you.

Edna S. Boothway,
91 Pear Tree Road.

NEW MOVIE in Mexico

Ciudad Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico

Your NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is sure the best reading matter on screen activities and Hollywood that I have seen. I am enjoying your magazine to such an extent that I am mailing it every month to a cousin of mine now living in France, who is also a true movie fan.

Gilbert Rueff,
107 Ave. Lero Sur.

That Perfect Trio

New York, N. Y.

It's been said before, I know, but may I repeat for emphasis? The world of movie fans is eagerly awaiting the reunion of the most perfectly blended trio on the screen: Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, and Ernst Lubitsch. They

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

capable and charming actress, but since the advent of the talkies has not been seen on the screen. No matter how lovely and talented are the newcomers, we always miss the old familiar faces that we loved in the movies. The great public is not so fickle and forgetful as it is reputed to be.

Molly M. Wilds,
1735 Grove Street.

Too Much Chatter

Baton Rouge, La.

At last producers and directors are uniting sound and silence. I think most of us were getting pretty tired of the incessant chatter that went on in the earlier talkies. But, in "Raffles," the periods of talk were combined with tense stretches of silence which made it one of the most enjoyable talkies I have yet seen. This was also true of "The Dawn Patrol" and "Feet First." By joining sound and silence the results obtained prove that these movies are far superior to those in which people stand around and do nothing but talk, even though the talk is brilliant.

Clarence Norgress,
2010 Chestnut Street.

Films as Teachers

Pittsburgh, Pa.

When will school authorities awaken to the value of motion pictures as assistant teachers? No more effective instrument of entertaining and accurate instruction has been invented. And, as yet, except for the few noteworthy instances where its use has been adopted, this potent education medium is being shamefully neglected. Every alert teacher uses still pictures freely in the teaching of geography, history, nature studies, and reading; and she is rewarded for any extra trouble she may have taken by the rich returns in the form of her pupils' heightened interest and close attention. How much greater then would be the benefit from live moving pictures?

B. C.,
Georgian Apts.

The Ten Wonders

North Hollywood, California

In the picture world today there are ten things that are very much overrated: Amos 'n' Andy, John Gilbert's salary, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell as singers, the come-back of Bebe Daniels, that "Sez you—sez me" team, Connie Bennett's wardrobe, Sue Carol's cuteness, Lilyan Tashman being the best dressed woman in Hollywood, Norma Talmadge's beauty and Rudy Vallee.

B. E. Jaques,
4133 Vantage Avenue.
(Continued on page 113)

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



CHARLEY'S AUNT

Featuring CHARLIE RUGGLES

You'll **LAUGH** as you
never **LAUGHED** before



FROM BRAZIL-
WHERE THE
NUTS COME
FROM!

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



PRODUCED by CHRISTIE

ASK YOUR THEATRE WHEN CHARLEY'S AUNT WILL BE SHOWN

Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE



The Movie Colony's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife

Want to know how Norma Shearer makes her famous fruit cake? All the details are on this page.

7 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups powdered sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup candied orange peel
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup seedless raisins
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup chopped walnut meats
1 teaspoon vanilla.

Put the butter, which should be rather soft but not actually melted, into a mixing bowl and beat it with a wooden spoon until it is light and creamy. Sift the flour with baking powder and soda and add a little at a time to the butter and continue beating until it is well blended. Sift the powdered sugar into another bowl and beat into it the stiffly beaten egg whites and vanilla and combine this with the flour and butter mixture. In the meantime cut the orange peel into small pieces, wash the raisins, put them in a colander and let steam over boiling water for five minutes, chop the walnut meats and add these ingredients to the cake mixture immediately after the beaten egg whites have been added. Have ready a loaf cake tin well buttered and sprinkled lightly with flour, turn the cake batter into it, and bake in a moderate oven one hour. If your tins are small you will need to use more than one.

AN appropriate spread for this cake is Lord Baltimore icing which Miss Shearer makes as follows:

1 egg white
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
2 cups seeded raisins
2 cups chopped nuts

NORMA SHEARER, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star who has won fresh laurels with the talking pictures, submits a recipe for cake that sounds good enough to try.

LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup butter
2 cups sifted flour (scant)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder

Put unbeaten egg white, sugar and water in top of small double boiler. Let cook over boiling water 10 minutes, beating constantly with rotary egg beater. Take at once from the fire and let cool. In the meantime cut the raisins in small pieces with a pair of scissors and chop the nuts coarsely, add to the icing and spread over the top and sides of the cake. For unfrosted cake Miss Shearer makes a glaze by mixing one unbeaten egg white with four tablespoons of cold water and brushing lightly over the cake just before putting it into the oven.

You Can Use
these
**INDIVIDUAL
BAKING DISHES**
for Cakes and other
Interesting
Recipes . . .



Crinkle Cups are now available in a new, somewhat larger size—No. 1545. If it has not arrived in your Woolworth store, send us 10c for a package of 75 cups.

CRINKLE CUPS

LESS work and less time spent in the kitchen . . . that's the modern way to cook. Use Crinkle Cups to help you make and serve cakes and many other dishes that are daintier and better in individual forms. No greasing, no burning, no sticking—and no washing up of pans when the cooking is done. Keep a supply of Crinkle Cups on hand. You will discover many different ways to use these dainty individual baking dishes for easier, better cooking.



Pour your cake mixture into Crinkle Cups, just as they come from their dustproof box. No greasing . . . no bother.



Heat the oven to the proper temperature and the cakes will bake evenly and come out delicately browned.

BOBOTEES—A Delicious New Recipe for Meat Cakes

(For other tested recipes, see the Recipe Book packed in every box of Crinkle Cups)

1 cup chopped cooked meat	2 tablespoons butter	¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
6 blanched almonds	1 egg	
1 teaspoon chopped onion	1 thick slice white bread	Cracker crumbs
	½ cup milk	Salt and pepper

Use any left-over cooked meat. If you are making the bobotees specially for a party use veal or chicken or a mixture of the two. Melt 1 tablespoon of butter in a small saucepan, add the onion and let cook three or four minutes. Remove crusts from bread, break into coarse crumbs and put in pan with onion, add milk and stir over a low fire until you have a smooth sauce. Add chopped meat, chopped almonds, pepper and salt to taste and Worcestershire sauce or desired seasoning. Add the remaining tablespoon

of butter, melted, mix well and fill cups nearly full. Sprinkle the top lightly with crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (about 375° F.) for about 30 minutes.

This will fill six of the smaller cups.

Serve at once in the cups with a sprig of parsley on each for dinner or substantial party refreshments, or let cool and pack in the paper cup in the box luncheon. When cool the Crinkle Cup may be removed, leaving a well-formed meat cake.



Then the cakes will slip out of their Crinkle Cups without sticking or breaking, daintily shaped and delicious.



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GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



One of the big box-office hits of the year was "The Office Wife," the Warner Vitaphone production starring Dorothy Mackaill. As the faithful and decorative secretary, Miss Mackaill ran away with a big hit. Lewis Stone was excellent as the big business man who didn't appreciate her until almost too late.

Group A

Abraham Lincoln. Here is the Griffith who stirred pioneer movie audiences. The panorama of the Great Emancipator's life, superbly acted by Walter Huston and beautifully directed by Griffith. Poet Stephen Vincent Benét wrote this screen biography, which has stark beauty. You must see this film. *United Artists.*

Three Faces East. A thrilling spy melodrama of the World War. Von Stroheim, a German spy, plays a butler in a British household while Miss Bennett, a British spy, works her way into the good graces of the German Headquarters staff. Both give noteworthy performances in their respective rôles. *Warners.*

Common Clay. Sure to be one of the big box-office pictures of the year. The problem story of a beautiful girl, an illegitimate baby and the tribulations of true love. Has a powerful emotional tug at your heart, due to Constance Bennett's fine playing. Beryl Mercer does a splendid bit, too. *Fox.*

Monte Carlo. A sort of successor to "The Love Parade"—but minus Chevalier. Jack Buchanan is

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

pretty good in a Chevalier rôle, but Jeanette MacDonald runs away with the film as a charming, penniless countess. Adroit Lubitsch direction. *Paramount.*

The Dawn Patrol. An absorbing story of the air forces in the World War. Like "Journey's End," it is a series of events showing the gallant youngsters going out one by one and failing to return. Richard Barthelmess does brilliant work. Neil Hamilton and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., too, are to be complimented. *First National.*

Romance. Here is Garbo as the heroine of Edward Sheldon's popular drama of New York in the '60s. The cast, especially Lewis Stone, is admirably chosen, but it is the vibrant Greta Garbo to whom the honors go. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Holiday. The screen version of Philip Barry's stage success. A great story, an able cast, including Ann Harding and Mary Astor. Admirable direction by Edward Griffith puts this picture in the "first-rate" class. *Pathé.*

Journey's End. One of the best war pictures yet produced. Splendidly acted by Colin Clive and Ian MacLaren. Plenty of emotional effectiveness, punch and action. *Tiffany Production.*

All Quiet on the Western Front. Here is a gruesome and bloody picturization of Remarque's detailed reaction to the World War. It is ghastly in its truth and is an everlasting sermon against war and its futility. *Universal.*

Sarah and Son. Ruth Chatterton in another "Madame X" of mother love. This will surely get your tears and hold your interest. *Paramount.*

Song o' My Heart. John McCormack makes his début in this charming drama, in which his glorious lyric tenor is su-

perbly recorded. He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. *Fox.*

Street of Chance. The best melodrama of the year. The story of Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and Broadway's greatest gambler. Corking performance by William Powell, ably aided by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. *Paramount.*

The Rogue Song. A great big hit for Lawrence Tibbett, character baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House. The tragic romance of a dashing brigand of the Caucasus, told principally in song. Based on a Lehar operetta. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Green Goddess. Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You'll like this. *Warners.*

Anna Christie. This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. Be sure to hear it. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

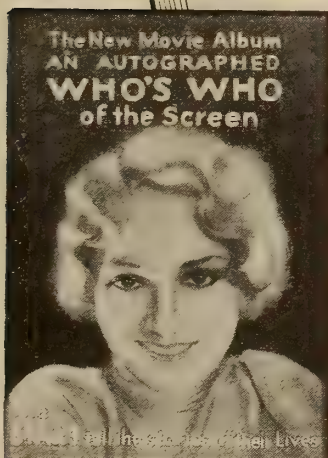
Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. (Continued on page 16)

A NEW MOVIE ALBUM



My sister and I entered a local talent contest at one of the Loew Theatres on the East Side of New York. Just before the contest we had to confess that we were not from the East Side at all but had been born on Tenth Avenue. The management let us go on with our act, and encouraged by our reception, we got jobs in the Passing Show of 1923. In the Chorus, of course. A dance specialty led me to the leading feminine rôle in the show after I had been there three weeks. My mother refused to let me go on the road so I went in the "Topics of 1923" and appeared in one of the sketches as Madame DuBarry. After a brief period in New York I had a chance to go West and appeared in two Music Box Reviews. It was in these that Louis MacLoon saw me and offered me the leading rôle in "Ladies which toured the Pacific Coast, and at the conclusion of this tour he cast me for the lead in "Chicago." I did not feel I had any particular future in motion pictures, but after a screen test I was cast in "Ladies Must Dress," starring Virginia Valli. Then Paramount launched a search for a girl to play Rosemary in "Abie's Irish Rose." I called at the Studio to keep a luncheon appointment with a friend, Ann Nichols, who was passing through the foyer, saw me and gave me the part. My first talking picture was "Close Harmony" with Charles Rogers. I have red hair and blue eyes.

Nancy Carroll



An autographed WHO'S WHO OF THE SCREEN

It's different because it's autographed . . . the most interesting album of them all! New photographs. Career stories written by the stars themselves! Your record of the film famous can't be complete without this third New Movie Album. If you do not find it in your Woolworth store, send us ten cents, plus four cents postage.

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ON SALE IN MANY F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. STORES

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 14)



The Warner Vitaphone production of "Outward Bound" takes an important position among the artistic films of the season. Here was a strange drama, superbly acted and produced. In the scene above are Alex B. Francis and Leslie Howard.

This is well worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Lummox. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. Heavy but well done. *United Artists.*

The Love Parade. Still the best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette McDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and haughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount.*

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin'

With Frank Borzage directing, the Fox Studios made Franz Molnar's "Liliom" into an extraordinary production. Here you see Charles Farrell as the side-show barker and colorful Estelle Taylor appears as Madam Muskat.



in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. *Warners.*

Sunny Side Up. Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charles Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox.*

Group B

The Office Wife. Taken from Faith Baldwin's current magazine serial. It is the plot of the busy business man, the faithful and decorative secretary and the charming wife who philanders when opportunity permits. Dorothy Mackaill heads a splendid cast with Lewis Stone as the employer. *Warners.*

Hell's Angels. Cost its maker three million, three years and the lives of several stunt aviators. The war scenes in the air are great but the drama is mild. It has its thrills. *United Artists.*

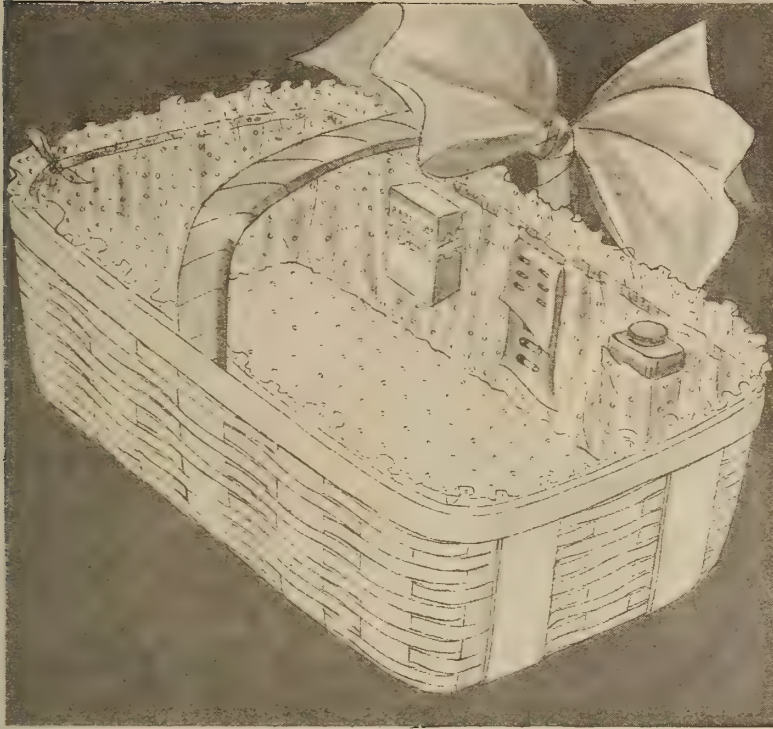
Liliom. The talkies have taken over Franz Molnar's drama and developed it into an absorbing and interesting picture. It is brilliantly photographed. Rose Hobart, a newcomer, gives a sincere and sympathetic performance but Charles Farrell's work is rather dull. *Fox.*

Outward Bound. This is a strange but interesting drama, intelligently handled. A group of people find themselves on a vessel bound for the other world. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Montagu Love give fine performances. *Warners.*

Things You Can Make for a Baby



F1. Jacket, cap and bootees made from blue or pink outing flannel finished with featherstitching and ribbon bows make a charming and inexpensive gift for the new baby. The circular gives diagram patterns and full instructions.



F2. An ordinary market basket or small clothes basket, finished with enamel paint and lined with white net over light blue or pink cambric, makes a dressing basket that any mother would be proud to possess. Circular gives complete directions for making and equipping this useful addition to the baby's outfit.

F3. To make the high chair soft and cozy, baby must have one of the new chair pads, covered with white cheese cloth and tufted with tiny ribbon bows. The circular explains how to make this dainty accessory as well as the matching floor spread shown above.

F4. The smartest of the new carriage covers and crib spreads are decorated with amusing animal and bird designs cut from soft eider-down. The circular gives patterns for four different cut-out designs—elephants, cats, dogs and ducks—with directions for applying them.

ALITTLE time will give the harmonious and beautiful surroundings which modern doctors realize help contribute to a normal happy babyhood. Baby's equipment should not only be sensible and sanitary but lovely to look at as well, and this page shows dainty things you can make at home, quickly for any baby.

Our New Method Circulars give full directions for making the pretty things shown on this page, according to short cut methods endorsed by busy modern women.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles in care of this magazine enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars or twelve cents for all five circulars. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given beside the descriptions.

F5. Toys for baby must be soft and made from washable materials. The circular explains how to make the Mary Jane rag doll and the yarn doll shown below, the wool-covered ball above, and two other easily made and harmless playthings.



WILL ROGERS

in HENRY KING'S production

LIGHTNIN'

WITH

LOUISE DRESSER

JOEL MCCREA HELEN COHAN

SHARON LYNN

WILL ROGERS, wizard of wise-cracks . . . as the lazy, lovable landlord of a divorce hotel—in a far west Paradise of scenic beauty. Will Rogers—host to a houseful of love-loose, man-wise, marvelous divorcées. Will Rogers—helping a handsome six-foot hero fight clear to the most wonderful girl in the world. Will Rogers—after his success in "They Had to See Paris" and "So This is London"—in his role of roles—**LIGHTNIN'**.

A FOX MOVIE TONE adapted from the stage success
produced by **JOHN GOLDEN**

FOX



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

LEILA HYAMS

Gallery
of
Famous
Film Folk

The New Movie Magazine



Photograph by Hurrell

FIFI DORSAY



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

DOUG FAIRBANKS, Jr.



Photograph by Hurrell

ESTHER RALSTON



Photograph by Autrey

JANET GAYNOR



Photograph by Preston Duncan

JOAN BENNETT



DOROTHY MACKAILL
Charming First National Star

Says—

"You, too, will find Life Savers 'always good taste'"

Adv. 25



CAROLE LOMBARD

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. III

FEBRUARY, 1931

No. 2



Gossip of the Studios

THE annual awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences were made at a banquet attended by 600 prominent members of the motion picture industry in the Ambassador Hotel.



Colleen Moore: In a Battle Creek sanitarium recovering from nervous breakdown caused by trials of touring with a new stage play.

These awards are made by vote of all the members of the academy and are the highest honors which can be given by those who work in pictures to their fellow-members for artistic effort.

A feature of the evening was a speech made by Thomas A. Edison and given to the guests by means of the talking screen. Will H. Hays was also a speaker, in person.

These honors were presented for pictures seen in Los Angeles during the year from Aug. 1 to

honors each received a bronze statuette, symbolizing achievement.

In the absence of William de Mille, president of the Academy, Conrad Nagel presided and made the awards.

* * *

COLLEEN MOORE is resting at a sanitarium in Battle Creek, Michigan. A complete nervous breakdown and the need of a rest are given as the causes for her entrance. Colleen went out on the road with a stage play, entitled "Foam," which she expected to bring into New York. Much re-writing was necessary to whip the play into shape.

"In the meantime," writes Colleen, "they change the script every day. I never know when I arrive at the theater what lines I'm to speak, those we used last week in Rochester, the week before in St. Louis or the ones we rehearsed that day. I've learned millions of words and forgot them, too. I rehearse all day on new stuff authors think is good, do a performance and then sit up all night while they all decide it wasn't so good after all. And I thought pictures were hard work! But if I get a good play, I'll show 'em. I'm set to do it now. Exhaustedly—I think my name is still—Colleen." And we know she will.

* * *



Ruth Chatterton: Going to Europe for a much needed vacation after which she plans to make her pictures in New York City studios.

July 31, 1929-30.

The award for the best performance given by any actress went to Norma Shearer for her work in "The Divorcee."

The best performance given by an actor was voted that of George Arliss in "Disraeli."

The greatest achievement by a director was credited to Lewis Milestone for "All Quiet on the Western Front." And the outstanding production award went to Carl Laemmle, Universal Studios, for the same picture. Two more honors for this dramatic hit.

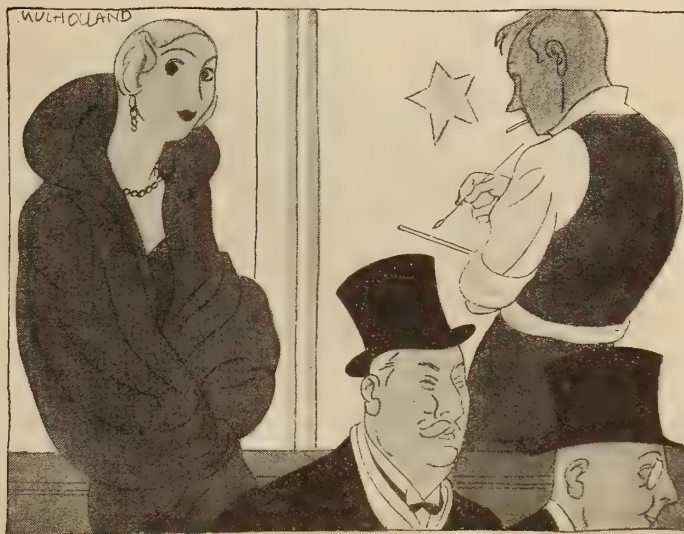
The stellar writing achievement was that of Frances Marion, who wrote "The Big House."

The sound department of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio received the award for the best sound recording.

William Van Der Veer and Joseph T. Rucker were jointly awarded the medal for the best cinematographic work of the year for their photographing in "With Byrd at the South Pole."

Art direction achievement, Herman Rosse for "The King of Jazz."

The winners of these



GLORIA SWANSON was granted a decree of divorce from Henri de la Falaise de la Coudray by Superior Judge Walter Guerin in a Los Angeles courtroom. Gloria alleged desertion. In order that she might be spared the crowds, the judge consented to come into court at one o'clock and the thing was over in a very few moments. The Marquis de la Falaise did not contest the suit. "If my wife wants it, she shall have it," he said. "The decree will merely

All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Marlene Dietrich: Hollywood opening of "Morocco" staggered the movie colony and Miss Dietrich wept.

place a legal stamp on our separation."

* * *

You can get almost every kind of an animal delivered to your door in Hollywood within one hour after you have ordered it. That goes for anything from a giraffe to a camel, from a tapir to a monkey.

* * *

the major social and sporting event of the Fall in the film colony. It's a real tournament, conducted according to the rules of the Southern California Tennis Association, and the drawing this year was arranged by no less a tennis star than Louise Dudley, one time National Women's doubles champion.

The guests and tournament players were invited for ten o'clock and play began immediately, on Brenon's own court, and on the Malibu courts belonging to Allan Dwan, Robert Leonard, Buddy da Sylva and George Olsen. Mr. Brenon—who, by the way, directed such great screen successes as "Beau Geste" and "Peter Pan"—has the most delightful English cottage, and the back courtyard and gardens were filled with swings and canvas chairs under umbrellas where guests could watch the important matches, played on the main court.

At noon a buffet luncheon was served on small tables set under bright umbrellas in the front yard. Mr. Brenon was assisted in receiving by Betty Williams, who writes his scenarios, Mrs. Louise Dudley, and his mother. After luncheon tennis play was resumed, and the bridge players also went back to their games.

The tournament was won by Dick Hyland and Mrs. Ruby Jenks. The first prize for men was a brown leather and jade humidor presented by Ronald Colman, the first prize for ladies was a beautiful traveling watch.

All the matches were mixed doubles. Ronald Colman and Eileen Percy made a formidable team and were expected to go through to the finals, but were eliminated in an upset by Paul Scofield and Mrs. Witterson, after they had defeated Kay Johnson and Henry Hobart in the opening round.

Clive Brook and John Gilbert won their first match and defaulted the

THE annual tennis tournament at Herbert Brenon's Malibu Beach home has become

next because Jack developed cramps in his side. Dorothy Robinson, former state champion, and Clive Brook were eliminated in one of the most exciting matches of the day, 8-6, by Hyland and Mrs. Jenks. William Powell played with Ethel Sutton Bruce, Irene Mayer Selznick with Pan Berman, Teddy Von Eltz with Betty Williams, Ralph Ince with Florence Sutton, John Cromwell, who is Kay Johnson's husband, with Lou Rosson, holder of the women's singles title in the film colony, Oliver H. P. Garrett, author of "Street of Chance," with Mrs. Allan Dwan, and May Sutton Bundy, former world's champion, with George Olsen. The host, Herbert Brenon, was the partner of Mrs. Louise Dudley, but the couple lost in the first round to Lou Rosson and John Cromwell. Adela Rogers St. Johns and Buddy da Sylva, the famous song writer, were paired and defeated in the initial set by Dick Hyland and Mrs. Jenks.

The final match, which caused much enthusiasm with the crowd, all the defeated players gathering about, was played between Dick Hyland and Mrs. Jenks, and May Sutton Bundy and George Olsen, the former team winning 6-0.

Among the guests who watched the matches were Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis, Mrs. Mary Forbes, Carol Lombard, Dove Armstrong, and Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman.

Sue Severance, Doris and Violet Doeg, sisters of the national champion, Johnny Doeg, Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud, Steve and Dot Royce, David Butler and Louise Garrett, Milton Cohen, Solly Bianco, men's champion of the movie colony, who played with Mrs. Da Sylva, were other entrants.

* * *

ALAN CROSLAND, well known director, and Natalie Moorehead, are to be married soon. They're planning quite a wedding.

* * *



THIS Chester Morris is a quiet young fellow, who has risen to unusual heights of popularity without anybody in Hollywood being quite conscious that he was doing it. He is happily married, has a family and doesn't go out much. But everyone who knows him swears by him. He is probably headed for stardom soon, unless the dearth of good leading men makes it more worth while for him to continue as a featured player.

* * *

OPENINGS get bigger and better. "Hell's Angels" topped everything for crowds and attendance of celebrities. But "Morocco," starring Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper, electrified the professional first night audience at Grauman's Chinese

Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

Theater and brought forth more enthusiasm than any premiere ever seen in these parts. Miss Dietrich herself was present, accompanied by Josef Von Sternberg, who directed the picture. She wore a very simple white frock and wept quite openly as the cheers and applause for her great work swept through the packed house.

In the audience we saw Ruth Chatterton, accompanied by her husband, Ralph Forbes, Clara Bow, looking very bright and snappy and squired by Rex Bell, Mr. and Mrs. George Bancroft, William Powell and Carol Lombard, Gary Cooper with Lupe Velez, Kay Francis, in cloth of gold, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen, The Marquis de la Falaise and Constance Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), Mr. and Mrs. Nick Stuart (Sue Carol), Mr. and Mrs. John Monk Saunders (Fay Wray), Harry Bannister and his wife, Ann Harding, who is never recognized by the crowds, Charlie Chaplin and Georgia Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Marie Dressler, getting the biggest reception of anyone from the fans, Lily Damita, whirling her silken draperies under a new ermine coat, Lew Cody, Wallace Beery, Victor McLaglen, towering over the rest of the crowd with his big smile, Mr. and Mrs. Al Jolson, pretty Marian Nixon, with her good looking husband, Harry Green, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brulateur (Hope Hampton), wearing the most magnificent jewels of anyone present, Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter (Laura La Plante), in shimmering white and ermine cape, Hedda Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. George Olsen, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woolsey, and Joan Marsh, in pale pink. It was really a great occasion.

* * *

The salary of a hippopotamus in Hollywood is \$600 a day.

* * *

BEN LYON and Bebe Daniels have remodeled one of their Santa Monica beach houses and expect to stay there all Winter.

* * *

THE biggest billboard advertising ever seen in Hollywood was given Marlene Dietrich just a few weeks prior to the opening of "Morocco." A twenty-four sheet, in pale green, simply bore those two words **MARLENE DIETRICH** in letters many feet high and bright scarlet. That's hard to live up to, but the gal does it.

* * *

RUTH CHATTERTON leaves for Europe shortly. When she returns she will stay in New York to make pictures. Jack King gave a delightful dinner party for her recently. Jack is the good looking blond young man who composes songs and

plays accompaniments for Elsie Janis. Among the guests were William Powell, Ronald Colman, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook, Elsie Janis, Ramon Novarro, Jimmy Dyrenforth, who writes charming songs, Carol Gibbons and John Clare.

* * *

DOLORES DEL RIO was well enough to entertain a few of her friends at tennis on Sundays when she had a relapse and had to undergo an operation. She and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, have been living in Cedric's beautiful new home in Santa Monica Canyon. Dolores' plans for future work are indefinite. Her United Artists contract was canceled because of her long illness with its attendant inability to appear before the camera. She's been rumored about to sign with Fox, where she was first starred.

* * *

Marlene Dietrich, the newest sensation of Hollywood, fiddles a mean fiddle.

Janet Gaynor plays the zither.

* * *

RENEE ADOREE and Lila Lee are both in the same sanitarium, near Prescott, Arizona. They've not been allowed to visit each other yet, but they can write notes back and forth and I imagine there are plenty of laughs in the notes, for both those girls have courage and humor enough to pull them through anything. Lila is getting better every day and Renee has showed a decided improvement since she went there for a complete rest and treatment.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD'S younger set had a very swell time at a party given the other night by Mr. and Mrs. William Ince at their home in Beverly Hills. Young Bill Ince is the eldest son of the late Thomas H. Ince, one of the pioneers of the motion picture industry.

It was a "hard time" party, and everybody tried to look as though they were the original fellow that got caught in the stock market crash. Some insisted they were. All came in old clothes.

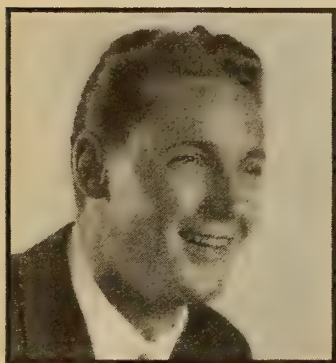
Mrs. Ince wore a costume made out of old sail cloth and managed to look very pretty just the same. Among the guests were Maureen O'Sullivan, Mar-



Marie Dressler: On the stage since she was five, she now arrives at stardom and spurns \$10,000 a week.



The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



Charlie Farrell: An announcement of his engagement to Virginia Valli is expected at any moment.

tha Sleeper, Josephine Dunn, Sally Blane, Adrienne Dore, Nancy Drexel, William Bakewell, Arthur Lake, Tom Ince, Lew Ayres, Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, and David Rollins.

* * *

WHEN Marie Dressler finished her last picture, called "Reducing," she gave a turkey dinner on the set for the entire company, electricians, grips, sound and cameramen, actors and all. Over fifty people attended.

* * *

Miss Dressler has been on the stage and screen since she was five years old. She recently turned down an offer of \$10,000 a week to make personal appearances in a New York theater.

* * *

NORMA TALMADGE is back in Hollywood and doesn't seem very happy about it. She had a marvelous time in Europe. No story has been selected for her next picture. We'd like to see Norma do one of the charming, romantic things that were so popular in the old days.

* * *

MADGE KENNEDY, who forsook Hollywood for the stage, was tossed through a windshield in an automobile accident near Boston. Her face was cut but she managed to appear behind the footlights that very night.

* * *

ON Armistice Night, Marion Davies was hostess to 3500 ex-service men and their wives and sweethearts, at a magnificent ball and supper given at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles.

It was really one of the most remarkable entertainments ever presented for any occasion. Miss Davies is Honorary Colonel of the Twenty-Sixth Infantry and on that evening presented new colors to her regiment. She appeared at the ball in full regimental uniform, sword and all.

The enormous Sala D'Oro at the Biltmore was gay with flags, lights and flowers. An orchestra played dance music. The boxes arranged around the glistening floor were reserved for wounded veterans. Decorations of all kinds were worn and many of the men came in their uniforms.

From eight until nine-thirty there was dancing.

Then Miss Davies appeared on the platform with Governor-Elect James Rolph of California. Both made welcoming speeches and Colonel Davies was cheered until the "rafters rang," as the saying goes.

Followed a program including Eddie Cantor, who sang and told stories. An Albertina Rasch ballet danced. Grace Moore sang. Then more dancing and, at eleven-thirty, supper was served to 3500 of Miss Davies' guests in the banquet room, the small ball room, and the main dining room, which was closed to others for the night.

"We won't forget this in a hurry" was the comment of many of the boys of the A. E. F. Miss Davies made a tour of the boxes and talked to the disabled veterans and signed autographs for everyone who asked.

Among those who assisted her in entertaining the veterans were Norma Shearer, looking stunning in a gown of henna colored crepe, Bebe Daniels, who wore the uniform of a colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-second flying corps, of which she is Honorary Colonel, Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Carmen Pantages, Louella Parsons, Lily Damita, Eileen Percy, and Grace Moore.

* * *

JOHN GILBERT'S trip to Europe was canceled because of studio obligations. He expected to leave at nine o'clock on the Chief. At four, he was told he couldn't go and the trunks, all packed, had to be taken off the trucks. The only casualty was Jack's valet, who wasn't used to such violent and sudden changes and suffered a nervous collapse. Jack was disappointed but he's so anxious to work that he really didn't grieve much. His next will be "Gentleman's Fate," a best seller by Ursula Parrott, who broke into the big time with "Ex-Wife." Norma Shearer made that and they called it "The Divorcee."

* * *

Lew Ayres was asked how he enjoyed working with Greta Garbo. "She was fun," he said, "has a great sense of humor, and asked me a million questions about what boys thought about girls. And then she topped every one of them before I could say anything with the statement, 'But you are too young, you do not know. What do I ask you for?' Who was I to be arguing with Greta Garbo—so I shut up whether I knew or didn't know what she asked."

* * *

KAY FRANCIS is making a big bid for the title of Hollywood's best woman bridge player. Bebe Daniels has held that honor for some years now, but Kay is running her a close race. Kay Johnson and Constance Bennett are also up with the experts.

* * *

RICHARD DIX is happy again. Director Wes Ruggles



film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

yelled, "Cut!" for the last time on "Cimarron." The picture is finished and Richard can get his hair cut. He's been letting it grow since last May! A flock of Indians was used in this picture and the Kaw tribe adopted Mister Dix. They gave him the name of "Gawani Oweri." It means "Big Heart" in English.

* * *

SOME time ago we told about a robber entering "Fairford" the beach home of Mary and Doug, and holding up the latter while Mary slept upstairs. He was caught, escaped, and was caught again. He and two companions were arrested after a gun battle with Hollywood police and lodged in the county bastille. The leader merely kicked out a fourth story window, jumped sixteen feet across an alley onto the roof of another building, jumped the alley the other side of that, went down a fire escape, into a room, socked a fifty-year-old man on the chin, took his clothes, and walked out the front door of a hotel. Only to be caught two blocks away. He broke his ankle on the second jump.

* * *

ONE of the most peculiar and startling of all censor stunts has Hollywood by the ears. Mickey Mouse has been CENSORED! And Hollywood says, "Holy Smoke! If they pick on that poor, inoffensive, lovable little fellow—what chance have the rest of us got?" It seems that among the things which have put Mickey in bad in several places are: a cow in one of his pictures wore a skirt, another cow read a book titled, "Three Weeks," a fish slapped a mermaid, an army of cats wore helmets faintly resembling the German helmet used during the late fracas and battled another army of mice.

* * *

ELINOR FAIR was given a divorce from Bill Boyd, of "Volga Boatman" fame. They met while playing together in "The Volga Boatman" and parted last month in the courts.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. CLIVE BROOK live in the house that was built by Wallace Reid. Fay Wray and her husband, John Monk Saunders, occupy the home in which King and Florence Vidor lived when they were married to each other. How times do change in pictures.

* * *

GLORIA SWANSON has just "done over" her bedroom, in her beautiful Beverly Hills home. It is all in a soft, silvery beige, with the most stunning long mirrors and specially built bed which in the daytime is a large and fascinating couch. The whole house is being redecorated. Gloria bought it several years ago, and while the rooms are big and stately, with

heavily beamed ceilings and a majestic staircase, she always felt it was too dark. Now the walls are to be in soft bright colors and the house will be much more livable.

* * *

DORIS KENYON, the widow of Milton Sills, has left Hollywood for New York, where she intends to take up her career once more. She will probably continue the concerts—a la Raquel Meller—which aroused so much interest last year. Doris feels that work is the best consolation for her grief.

* * *

No one has ever accused Marie Dressler and Wally Beery of having that thing called sex appeal, yet they are two of the most powerful box-office attractions in motion pictures today.

* * *

YOUNG Irving Thalberg, Jr., son of Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, is one of the handsomest little babies you'd want to see. Norma is a devoted mother, even if she won't have her picture taken with the new heir.

* * *

JEAN ARTHUR just returned from a trip to New York, her first vacation since she went to work for Paramount. Says she had a wonderful time and saw some very good plays.

* * *

AMONG the members of the Crusaders, the powerful Anti-Prohibition organization formed by the young men of America to combat the evils wrought by prohibition, is Lawrence Tibbett. Others are Bobby Jones, all-time golf champion, Peter B. Kyne, author of many favorite motion picture stories, James Joseph Tunney, better known as Gene, Donald Ogden Stewart, Jock Whitney, Charles Hamilton Sabin, Jr., Jess Sweetser, Bob Benchley, Leonard C. Hanna, Jr., and many other important young business men.

* * *

The Missouri River was the scene of Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer." But when the picture was made in Hollywood the Sacramento River in California doubled for the Missouri.

(Continued on page 91)



Eddie Cantor: The comedian of "Whoopee" now specializes in telling comic automobile stories.



Great Love Stories of HOLLYWOOD



Wide World Photos

Gloria Swanson and the Marquis, when they first arrived in America. Soon after this the world closed about their romance. The Gloria who had followed her lover so gently, so willingly, in Paris, was reclaimed by her career. Once more she was a woman whose time was never her own. In a strange country, Henri felt himself lost.

A SLENDER young man immaculately dressed in light gray, with a bit of colored ribbon in his buttonhole, strolled leisurely across the Place Vendome upon a certain hot afternoon in the summer of 1924.

His air was gay, nonchalant, as though he were pleased with the world, with himself, and with the prospect of a cocktail at the Ritz bar. His bright blue eyes looked upon the moving crowds with amused affection.

A Parisian of Parisians, that was plain. And many passersby recognized Henri, Marquis de la Falaise and de la Coudray, for he was a well-known figure upon the Boulevards and in the press, where one saw him pictured at the races, at the opera, on the Riviera, between famous beauties and grandes dames. A friend of the

I GLORIA SWANSON AND THE MARQUIS

By
Adela Rogers St. Johns

Prince of Wales. A distinguished veteran of the War. Last of a long line of aristocrats.

In fact, one of the bloods of the French capital.

THE Marquis entered the Ritz bar. Yet once within a shadow seemed to fall upon his mood. There were times, since the mad and tragic business of the war, when he felt the world a little out of key. When he craved a new, even if brief, experience of unfamiliar things. Even as he joined a group which included the best dressed woman in France, a titled Englishman, a renowned sportsman and two famous dancers, he wondered if the coming day might not hold for him something a little different.

Beside him at the little table sat a tall, solemn looking gentleman, whom he did not know, who seemed absorbed in gloomy reflections and a champagne cocktail. They were introduced. His name was Forrest Halsey and he was an American scenario writer.

Henri de la Falaise made him a graceful little speech. "I'm so interested in your American pictures," he said. "You are doing remarkable things."

The gloom upon the writer's intellectual brow lifted. "You speak English?" he said. "Thank God for that. I'm so sick of the French language I get limp at the sound of it. I don't speak French. I drink it, but I don't speak it. I'm over here making a picture. It's a great country but the next time I hope we build sets in Hollywood instead."

The Marquis laughed. They talked about pictures. The writer brightened by the minute. He expounded on the greatness of the movies.

"HOW'D you like a job yourself?" he said, entering upon his next cocktail.

The Marquis drew himself up a trifle.

"Oh no," he said. "One grows a trifle restless, since the war. But it is not necessary to become an actor."

"I wasn't talking about acting," said Forrest Halsey. "Let me explain. I'm over here with Gloria Swanson. We came to shoot 'Madame Sans-Gene' in its native haunts. Real historical background and all that. I don't speak French. Gloria doesn't speak French. Nobody else on the picture including the director speaks anything else. It's terrible."

"Why not get an interpreter?" said the interested Marquis.

Their Romance Began in Paris in Springtime and it Swept Them Off Their Feet. But the World Was Their Mother-in-Law

"We've got nine," said Mr. Halsey wearily. "Miss Swanson doesn't like all nine of 'em. If we can understand their English, the director can't understand their French. And vice versa. Or they don't understand about pictures. They're dumb. They drive Miss Swanson crazy. I was going to suggest that you take the job."

For an instant the young Frenchman turned a very cold eye upon this gentleman from America. The Marquis de la Falaise an interpreter for a movie actress? Still—why not? A long dull Summer ahead. This might be the small adventure he had been beseeching the gods to bestow. To see a film made, to get on the inside, might be very amusing.

"It might be," said the Marquis.

"Come right on up now and meet Miss Swanson," said Halsey. He knew his Ritz bar. He was taking no chances.

Half an hour later a surprised butler in a beautiful Parisian apartment was announcing to Miss Swanson that Mr. Halsey and the Marquis de la Falaise were in the drawing room.

Miss Swanson powdered her well known nose, glanced in the long mirror to be sure that her slim, black negligee, just home from Chanel, was quite to her liking, and went down.

"Miss Swanson," said Mr. Halsey, "may I present the Marquis de la Falaise. Marquis, Miss Gloria Swanson. How would you like to have him for an interpreter?"

The two shook hands, laughed a little, began to talk. Very casually. Miss Swanson thought he

Gloria Swanson's marriage was the peak of her happiness. She had always wanted to be married. She has always wanted a home, a man to love and to love her. She had known all too well the loneliness of fame. So her marriage to the Marquis was to be different from anything else. It was for ever and ever.



A REAL LOVE ROMANCE WITHOUT A HAPPY ENDING

was handsome and had delightful manners. Henri was somehow surprised at a wistful sadness in the beautiful gray-green eyes which met his so directly. Glittering and gorgeous as she was, this lady of the cinema, she did not look happy. Perhaps she was lonely, or homesick, in this strange country.

He wasn't particularly impressed by the fact that she was Gloria Swanson. He knew many women of the theater, opera stars, dancers and actresses. They were fascinating, but they didn't belong to his world. He saw no reason to make a fuss about them. He stayed for dinner, though. And his hostess wondered why he seemed a little nervous, a little distraught. She didn't find out until long afterwards that he had basely deserted a dinner party in the elegant Avenue Victor Hugo and that he didn't exactly understand why he had done it.

He was, for her—the French language.

She was, for him—part of an amusing adventure to fill a dull summer.

THEY met beneath the glaring arc lamps, within a few feet of the cinema. To Henri, very calm and elegant, Gloria would explain what she wanted to do with a scene. She would tell it in minutest detail, trembling with real excitement.

The Marquis would watch and then in a few swift, delicate French phrases, would pass it on to the director.

"But you didn't—you couldn't have explained what I want," Gloria would cry. "Oh, please, make him understand."

"He understands," Henri would say.

Apparently he did.

Then, as the weeks drifted by, they began to see each other after the day's work was done.

"It wasn't love at first sight then?" I asked Gloria.

Her eyes gazed, rather sadly, into the happy past, perhaps the very happiest time of her life.

"Not at first sight," she said, "but—I think it wasn't long afterwards."

What a setting it was for a romance. Paris, always the best beloved of cities, with her manifold charms, took them to her heart. She lent all her glamour, all her poetry, all her beauty, to this son of hers to aid in his wooing. The distilled essence of centuries of romance flowed about these two young lovers. The background which has always gone to the hearts and heads of men as no other background has ever done was the stage before which they moved.

A Summer in Paris. Her first Summer in Paris. And Henri, who knew Paris as few men knew it, gay and gallant and perfect in his own setting, to show it all to her.

Days spent wandering together in those very gardens where Marie Antoinette played her tragic comedies. Days in the parks and the countrysides, all abloom for this illustrious visitor. Days



Wide World Photos

Hollywood always looked upon the Marquis as just a charming play-boy. They didn't believe he had ambitions. They didn't believe he wanted to work. They wouldn't give him a chance. No one would take him seriously.

when they journeyed by motor into France and saw all the rarest moments in her history and her art. The collected art treasures of centuries quickened their senses as they stood, hand in hand, before Venus herself, in the treasure house of the Louvre.

Afternoons at the Chateau Madrid, when they sat across a little table—as lovers always do—and the soft twilight gathered in the terraced gardens, and the distant music of a tango drifted in to them. Nights in the famed Montmartre, nights among Henri's friends, who showed her a life, a

European culture and elegance, which this little girl from Chicago had never seen.

Days and nights when the young Frenchman, the perfect Prince Charming of every girl's dreams, said softly, "*Ah, je t'aime.*" And Gloria said, "I love you."

They didn't dream then—how could they—that the fatal end was in those very words, since they spoke a different language.

A perfect setting—and a fatal one. A fairyland: America, Hollywood, the movies seemed very far away. Henri did not know and Gloria, all woman, had forgotten what it meant to be a movie star. They loved each other. I know that. You would know it, if you had ever talked to them, as I have, before and since the American courts ended that idyll. They didn't look ahead. They were neither of them practical people, at best. Then, in that Parisian Summer, madly in love, with everything about them singing just the song they wanted to hear, they didn't have a practical thought.

Gloria said, "You know, Henry (she pronounces it the American way), I have to go back to America, to my work. You will come, too?"

"I'd go to hell to be with you," said Henri, after the immemorial fashion of lovers, and didn't know how literally he was speaking the truth.

For the world stood ready to shatter their dream.

"The world," Gloria said the other day, "the world was our mother-in-law. The world was the villain in our story. The world—and circumstances."

ON January 28th, 1925, six months after they first met, they were married, in Paris, with only two friends present.

It was the peak of Gloria's happiness. She wanted to be married. She wanted a home, a man to love and to love her. She had known all too well the loneliness of fame. This marriage was to be different from anything else. It was for ever and ever. It would go on as it had begun.

So Gloria Swanson became the Marquise de la Falaise.

There have been a lot of things said about that. People must have something to talk about. Rumor has suggested that Gloria married for a title and that Henri married for money. Gloria didn't care any more about a title than

(Continued on page 120)

Next Month Adela Rogers St. Johns Will Relate Another Great Love Story of This Most Glamorous Town



Photograph by Russell Ball

The first camera study of Mary Pickford in her newest talkie role, "Kiki," played behind the footlights by Lenore Ulrich and in the silent films by Norma Talmadge. Kiki originally was a reckless little gamin of the Paris gutter who haunted the theaters for a chance. Miss Pickford has shifted the background from Paris to New York. Reginald Denny plays the young stage producer opposite Miss Pickford and Sam Taylor is the director.



GRETA GARBO—as you will see her in her next talking film, "Inspiration." Miss Garbo plays Yvonne Valbret, the inspiration of all the artists in the Latin Quarter. No, she isn't a model. The scenario describes her as "world weary and a little aloof towards men, yet capable of charming and fascinating all of them." You know how well Greta does that. The popular Robert Montgomery plays the young artist who combats that aloof attitude.



The strange, white-haired man followed me and asked me to listen to his story—the oddest ever told me in all my Hollywood experience.

The Strangest STORY Ever Told Me

By
O. O. McIntyre

IT was one of those gala Friday nights which bring the motion-picture folk to Eddie Brandstetter's Montmartre café in Hollywood. Here the favored occupy ringside tables, a guest star for the evening awards the weekly cup to the most graceful dancing couple and the well known are singled out by the master of ceremonies to take a bow.

If one attends these gatherings long enough, a close-up of every cinema celebrity is inevitable. As every American drifts some time or other to a marble-topped table in front of the Café de la Paix, so do all connected with the motion-picture industry

at some time or other appear at a Montmartre Friday night.

These affairs constitute nights when the movie colony relaxes and rubs elbows with hoi-polloi. The little girl from Big Creek, Neb., chaperoned by her aunt, may reach out and actually touch as they pass to their tables the Gloria Swansons, the Joan Crawfords and the Conrad Nagels—all indeed save The Great Garbo who, in all Hollywood, seems to be the only one to realize the box-office draw of complete isolation.

We were seated one night in Montmartre at a gala evening—
(Continued on page 122)

Drawing by Ray Van Buren

FEBRUARY as it is



Ramon Novarro is a typical Aquarian. He is serious minded, he always was sure of his ultimate success and it was fated that his voice would play a vital part in his career. 1931 will be a banner year for Novarro. But he must be careful of an overreaching ambition. Napoleon had his Saturn overhead just as does Novarro.

MY compliments this month to the editor for giving me two such splendid subjects to write about as Ronald Colman and Ramon Novarro. The former has long been my favorite hero of the screen and the latter is an old client and valued friend. So, under the circumstances, the old saw about comparisons being odious does not apply. I approach my subjects without fear for their safety—or my own!

There is another reason for my enthusiasm about these two young men. They were born under Aquarius, my own sign. By that, I mean that they were born between January 21st and February 22nd, when the Sun was in that part of the zodiac ruled by Aquarius, the Man Pouring Water. The symbol is significant. Aquarians pour themselves out on the world. They are universal in their interests, humanitarian in their impulses. They work for others as well as for themselves. That is why eighty per cent of the people in the Hall of Fame are said to be Aquarian born.

Do you wonder that I am proud of my sign?

You Can't Get Away From Your Stars, and Miss Adams Tells How Ronald Colman and Ramon Novarro Have Been Guided by the Planets

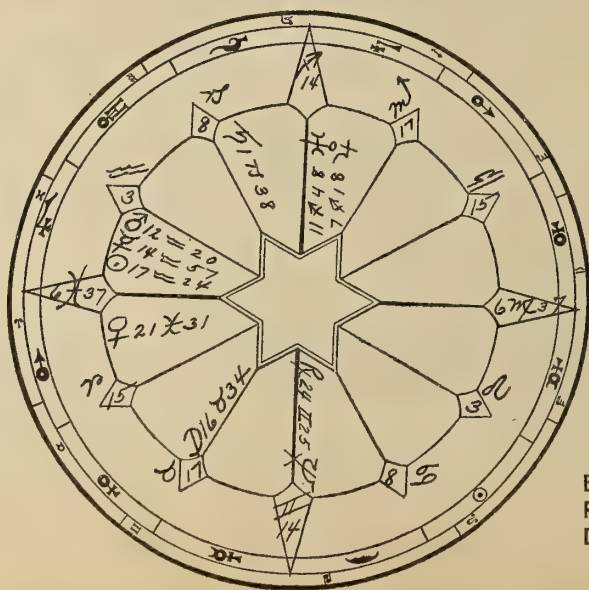
IF you *do* still wonder—if you, who were born under Aries or Leo or Scorpio or Pisces, are still unwilling to accept the desirability of us Aquarians—I can give you even more convincing proof of our ranking under the stars. Abraham Lincoln was born under Aquarius; and so were Thomas A. Edison and John Ruskin and Robert Burns and Victor Herbert and Fritz Kreisler and John Barrymore and Charles M. Schwab and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Elihu Root and Charles Augustus Lindbergh.

Of course, there are Aquarians and Aquarians. I, for instance, cannot write like Robert Burns or play like Fritz Kreisler or act like John Barrymore or fly like Colonel Lindbergh. And it is not likely that any two men—let alone two such widely different men as Mr. Colman and Mr. Novarro—would combine all of the fine traits of this fine sign. One of them is almost sure to be more of an Aquarian than the other. And the first question I asked myself when I looked at their charts was "Which will it be?"

I could almost have told by looking at the two men that it would be Mr. Novarro. There is a certain masterfulness about Mr. Colman, a certain rough-and-readiness for all his polished manner, which indicates the presence of planets in his horoscope which would tend to modify the gentle, altruistic characteristics of his sign. On the other hand, Mr. Novarro's almost hypnotic eyes and that ethereal quality which is so much a part of his personality are unmistakable traits of the true Aquarian. The fact that he runs so true to type does not necessarily mean any superiority over Mr. Colman as an artist or as a man. It simply means that he is a better example for me to use in showing you the kind of person you yourself are most likely to be if you, too, were born in the last

week of January or the first three weeks of February. So I will tell you about him first—and then tell you how Mr. Colman differs from him.

Like most Aquarians Mr. Novarro is notably good to his family. His humanitarian instincts begin at home. He likes to do things for those of his relatives who have had less opportunity than he has to do things for themselves. He is the kind that would travel about with large crowds of elderly people, sharing with them all the comforts and pleasures which his



Evangeline Adams' horoscope for Ramon Novarro, who was born at Durango, Mexico, on February 6th, 1900, at 4:45 A. M.

Written in the STARS

BY
EVANGELINE
ADAMS

bounty could buy. And, as a matter of fact, he does do just that. I remember one trip to Europe about two years ago, when the Novarros young and old required a good part of one deck to house them!

MR. COLMAN, too, has this quality of interest in his family. But he is not likely to get anything like the same amount of pleasure out of his relatives while he is with them. He has Mars, the God of War, in that part of the heaven ruling brothers and sisters. It is seldom, that a person with Mars so placed in his chart achieves real happiness in the family into which he was born. If he has not suffered from this aspect, it is because of other influences in his horoscope which contribute to the charm and magnetism which we all know him to possess.

Mr. Novarro not only has the Sun in Aquarius but he has Mercury as well. The Sun is the principal factor in determining the character of a person, but Mercury is important, too, because it governs the mind and determines the whole mental outlook on life. Superficially, for example, Mr. Novarro is a very serious young man. He looks out at you from those great glowing eyes of his in a way that makes you feel he has been communing with all the spirits of unutterable sadness. Actually, thanks to Mercury in Aquarius, he is the essence of optimism. He never crosses bridges until he comes to them. He was just as sure of his ultimate success when he was an unknown dancer in the prologue entertainments of Sid Grauman's Hollywood theaters as he was when he was chosen for the much-coveted rôle of Ben Hur.

Mr. Colman, on the other hand, has Mercury in Capricorn, which causes just the opposite to be true. People with Mercury in Capricorn appear to be much more cheerful than they really are. They look out on the world with a happy mien on many an occasion when they are inwardly facing fate with grim eyes. They leave little to chance, but prefer to fight their way through every problem. It is a question, I suppose, which is the preferable attitude. Mercury in Aquarius often leads its possessors into literary channels. It encourages self-expression along imaginative lines. Mercury in Capricorn, on the other hand, gives an almost photographic mind; it enables its owners to recall every detail about things which have happened after the passing of many years; it is concrete rather than imaginative. Take your choice!

Ronald Colman's horoscope, as presented by Miss Adams. Mr. Colman was born at Richmond, Surrey, England, on February 9th, 1891, at 5:15 A.M.

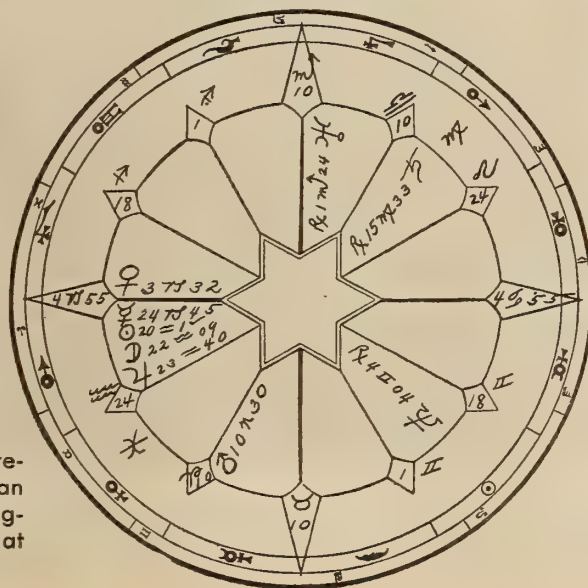


In the case of Ronald Colman, the gentle, altruistic characteristics of Aquarius are modified by other planets. He was destined to express himself along imaginative lines. Mr. Colman's outlook is excellent, according to the stars.

MR. NOVARRO has Venus in another universal sign, Pisces. This is the chief factor in making him so successful in romantic rôles. People who have Venus in Pisces are not only romantic themselves, but they are able to simulate or act romance. Neptune, the planet which rules acting, especially acting on the screen, is the ruling planet of the sign Pisces. Neptune is the shadow planet. It represents the semblance of reality rather than reality itself. That is why it is the ruling planet of the motion-picture industry. To have Venus, the Goddess of Love, in this sign ruled by Neptune is the ideal situation for one whose fate it is to be cast for a romantic lover on the shadow stage.

Mr. Colman—to turn again to our other Aquarian—has Venus in the same sign in which he has Mercury, the more forceful and practical Capricorn. This again is a much more personal sign. Venus-in-Capricorn men are masculinity incarnate. They are what is known as "he-men." Ronald Colman is essentially that. The difference between these two men as lovers on the screen would

(Continued on page 98)





Batteries of flood lights front upon the Fox Carthay Circle Theater in Hollywood. The event is the premiere of the Fox extravaganza, "Just Imagine," disclosing just what life will be like fifty years from now. You know how Hollywood stages its opening nights. The premiere of "Just Imagine" was one of the biggest events in the history of the movie colony.

Janet's DAD

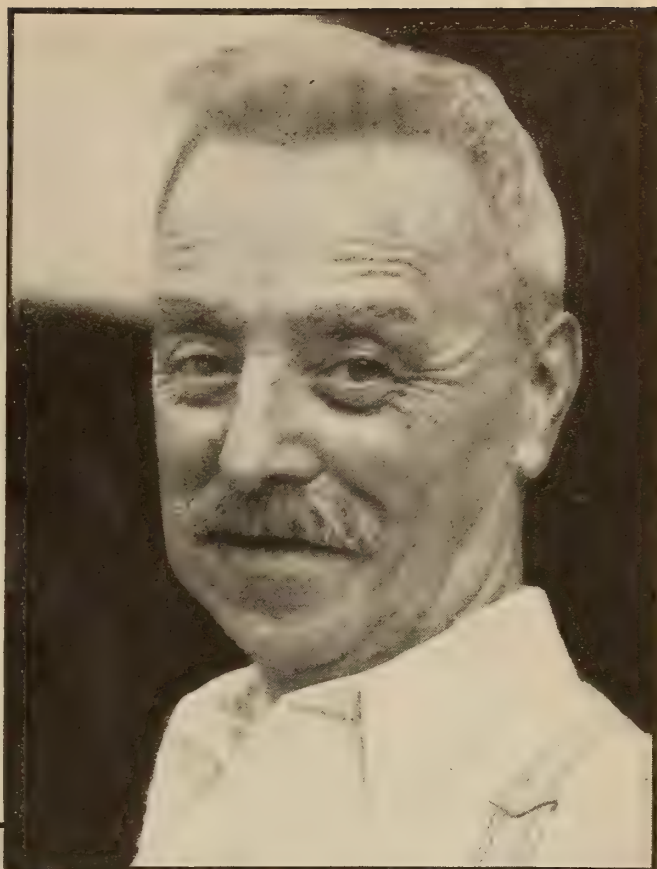
For the First Time the Dramatic Story of Janet Gaynor's Real Father is Told

BY THOMAS E. LEWIS

IT was as natural for Lolly Gainer—christened Laura, but known as Janet Gaynor in the movies—to become a mimic as it is for another Barrymore to step behind the footlights or into the glare of the kleigs. It was in her blood.

That Janet Gaynor, diminutive star of "The Four Devils," "The Street Angel," "High Society Blues," and other cinema successes, rose to great heights while her father, Frank DeWitt Gainer, remained a contented interior decorator, is beside the point. Frank Gainer was, and still is, at heart, a mimic.

And, in that father's heart of his, as fathers will, he still feels he could teach his famous daughter a few tricks, even as, before she was eight years old, he taught her some of the acrobatic stunts she found so useful in "The Four Devils." He said so. And, incidentally, Frank Gainer was in the movies before "Lolly" had cut her back teeth. More than twenty years ago



Frank De Witt Gainer, the father of Janet Gaynor, is a painter and paperhanger in a suburb of Philadelphia. Mr. Gainer is as shy as his famous daughter and it was difficult to get him to pose for this picture, which shows his striking resemblance to the celebrated Janet.



he played character bits on the old Lubin lot at Twentieth Street and Indiana Avenue, in Philadelphia, where Janet was born.

A LITTLE more than two years ago Janet, on a visit to "the old home town," was asked by this writer how she came to try motion pictures. Was it a lifelong ambition? Was she movie struck as a child? What made her think she could act?

She replied with no hesitancy whatever, with that girlish frank-

ness which those who know her best say is so much a part of her: "For no reason at all, Jonesy thought I had talent, so I got a job as an extra. You know the rest."

Thus—and you will note she referred to Jonesy, her stepfather, who has since died—did she summarize her first step to stardom. On this occasion, for reasons of her own, she did not mention her flesh-and-blood father.

But the reason, although it did not become apparent until recently, when Frank Gainer himself let the secret out, was that at that very moment she was planning a reunion. Within an hour her press-agents began informing everybody she was "out," while into her luxurious suite walked Frank Gainer, the paperhanger. Janet wanted to be alone with him!

What went on between father and daughter during the hour they were together is nobody's business. Perhaps they just got acquainted again, for they had not seen one another for years, (Continued on page 109)



Above, the house at 1372 Gillingham Street, Frankford, Philadelphia, where Mr. Gainer resides with his nephew. Left, a picture of Janet at the age of seven, when, as a member of a Germantown Sunday School class, she was described as "very quiet, with a remarkable memory."



Lewis Milestone directing a scene of the grim "All Quiet on the Western Front." During the World War, Milestone served in the Photographic Division of the United States Signal Corps. After that he got a job in Hollywood as assistant cutter. In other words, he swept up the cutting room floor. But he licked Hollywood in a few years.

HIS face is broad. There is a glint of laughter in his eyes. He is well tailored, about five feet ten, and slightly heavy for his height. He gropes for a word now and then and has a slight accent; otherwise his English is perfect.

A Russian who came to this country after having received the equivalent of an American high school education in his native land, he is more keenly aware of the subtleties of the English language than most native educated men. Meeting him a half dozen years ago, it was the first thing I noticed.

So small a world is the film colony that a few words concerning him lodged in my memory several years before I met him. Rowland V. Lee, the Paramount director of George Bancroft, said to me when I saw the heavily built young Russian walking across the Ince lot:

"**H**IS name is Lewis Milestone, and he's a cutter. Look out for him, Jim; you'll be writing about him some day. He's going quite a distance in this business."

Milestone was gone by the time the words were said. But I remembered.

Born in Odessa, Russia, in 1895, "On the Black Sea, the home of Chekhov and Kuprin," is the way he speaks of his birthplace.

Milestone's father was a manufacturer.

The future director was sent to Germany to attend a university where he remained a short time. His father sent him the money for the return fare home

Lewis Milestone Was Born in Russia and He Has Worked His Way Up from Raincoat Maker at \$4 a Week to the Forefront of Motion Picture Direction

during the summer vacation period.

With this money, he suddenly decided to come to America and landed in New York with three dollars. His father cabled him, "Now that you are in the land of Liberty and Labor, roll up your sleeves and go to work."

He went to work in a raincoat factory at four dollars a week. A strike came in the factory and Milestone was thrown in jail. Within a short time, he was out of one jail into another—a raincoat factory.

WITH the future looking about as cheerful as Hollywood on a rainy day, he tried the various jobs in America out of which so many restless and ambitious fellows have eventually arrived.

In broken English he sold chromo photographs from door to door. Unable to look longer at such monstrosities on their walls, the citizens of America decided to enter the World War.

Milestone enlisted in the Photographic Division of the Signal Corps.

He told me quite sincerely that his reason for enlisting in this division was because of his keen anxiety to go to the front, and that he had been promised a chance to stop real bullets within six months.

We were drinking lemonade in New York in Jim Moriarity's place, at the time; and I concluded it would not be wise to dispute a man who was so anxious in youth to stop bullets. So I chimed right in with him, remembering that another very good friend of mine, Rupert Hughes, enlisted for the same purpose and humorously told me later that he had had thirty swivel chairs shot from under him in the terrible battle of Washington, D. C.

EVERYBODY calls Milestone "Milly," and, as by this time NEW MOVIE readers know him as a brave soldier and an able director, they may as well be chummy with him too.

While Milly was pining in Washington to go forth and be shot for some idea but vaguely understood even by the people who started the fracas, there were in the same division three other young men who also wanted to die—Albert Kaufman, and the two future directors, Wesley Ruggles and Josef Von Sternberg. The latter, being more democratic in those days, had not yet become aware that his middle handle was Von.

Through these young fellows, Milly heard tales of daring on Hollywood lots that made his blood run so cold he decided the game was a good racket.

A keen logical mind, he had long ago realized that making raincoats and peddling chromos was a job for men with futures behind them.

That Boy from Odessa

BY JIM TULLY



When the World War ended and Milly had recovered from his grief at not being shot to make the world safe for democracy and the panic of 1930, Milly left his other fellow patriots, Kaufman, Sternberg, and Ruggles and got a job with the nice sounding title of "assistant cutter." It paid twenty dollars a week, and he did most of his work with a broom—sweeping the cutting-room floor. Every Saturday he washed the windows in order that the cutters might look down upon the lot and see the directors meditating on the Fourth Dimension and the meaning of life and art—in motion pictures.

After six months Milly went over to the Fox Studios at more money, and a better broom.

Leaving there he joined Mack Sennett, named in his Irish youth Sinot, and pronounced by the whimsical and lovely Mabel Normand, that is no more—"Sin-not."

THE sardonic Irishman sized Milly up and ordered a street sweeper for him.

He went next to another Irishman, more suave than Sennett, less sardonic, and more easily swayed by his own impulses—Thomas Ince.

With a powerful mind and as keen an apprehension as any man I have ever known, Milly learned swiftly from these two men—the fundamentals of films.

His next job as chief cutter and writer under William Seiter, the able director-husband of Laura La Plante, held him for three years.

With this rigid training as a background he began to look about for a chance to go on his own—as a director.

Here, his shrewdness was again in evidence. He refused offers to become an assistant director. A half-dozen years of observation as cutter and gag man—he waited.

If he took a job as assistant he might be a detail man for years in an already over-crowded field.

His ability and personality had impressed the Warner Brothers, then as daring as any producers in the business, but not in the strong position in which they are today.

He directed two pictures for them, "Seven Sinners" and "The Caveman," in which Matt Moore played a leading rôle.

A STRONG man, Milly had made enemies and friends in his climb upward. His most loyal friend was Matt Moore.

This actor, a shrewd judge and analyzer of men, met

Lewis Milestone was born in Odessa in 1895. His father was a manufacturer. Milestone was sent to Germany to study. The family forwarded money for him to come home for his first vacation—and he used it to buy a ticket to America. Milestone landed in New York with three dollars in his pocket.

everybody in films socially. Always at the proper time, he would put in praise for Milly.

His name at last came under the notice of the producer of "Two Arabian Knights."

Milly was chosen to direct it.

The story was barely in embryo at this time. It was utterly different from anything that had ever been done and, as in "All Quiet on the Western Front," the love interest was casual. It detailed the trials and tribulations of two vagabonds in the same gusty picturesque manner in which Cervantes handled Don Quixote and his befuddled follower.

It was the finest work of its kind ever done on the screen, far richer with the flavor of life than all the synthetic offerings of Lubitsch and his imitators.

The film made Milly and its chief actor, Louis Wolheim. It may here be said in passing that without Milly, Wolheim would not occupy the position in the film world he does today. The best work of Wolheim's career is in "Two Arabian Knights," "The Racket," and "All Quiet on the Western Front"—three Milestone pictures.

AFTER Thomas Meighan seemingly had departed from the screen, an effort was made by his friends, among whom was Milly, to bring him back to public favor.

Milly was given complete charge in selecting and directing a story in which he appeared. He chose "The Racket." It brought Meighan up again to being a highly successful box-office attraction.

It is likely that had Milly's advice been followed, Meighan would have remained in the Big League of films instead of retiring to the bushes of his Great Neck estate.

Gratified with Meighan's (Continued on page 118)



Wide World Photos

Janet Gaynor and her husband, Lydell Peck. "The first year is the hardest," says Miss Gaynor in referring to marriage. "You have to get used to it and to the other person. But now everything seems smooth sailing for us."

MARRIAGE anywhere today has assumed the nature of an experiment.

Marriage in Hollywood may be termed a noble experiment.

On every hand divorce statistics prove that the ancient institution isn't what it used to be. The majority of young folks who adventure today upon the sea of matrimony take along a life preserver in the shape of knowledge that if they don't like it they can always tell the judge about it.

Of all matrimonial seas, that of Hollywood seems to be the most dangerous. The rocks and reefs are multiplied by the peculiar circumstances of life in the cinema capital.

First, the fact that in a majority of cases both husband and wife have careers to think about. I may be going against the modern feminine standard, but I still think that is a difficulty, though I admit it can be overcome. But it's wrecked a number of marriages in the past—Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay, Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy, King and Florence Vidor, and others.

Second, you may not have thought about it, but every relation between a man and his wife is magnified in proportion to the number of people who know about it. In Hollywood, where everyone lives under the searchlight of publicity and carries on private affairs in the proverbial goldfish bowl, things which ordinarily would be quietly adjusted or passed over, assume enormous proportions.

Then, long location trips, working different hours, sudden wealth and fame which upset the best of men and women temporarily. The fact that the place is overrun with attractive, exceptionally attractive, folks of both sexes who are "on the loose," to use a slang expression.

And also—a very big also—economic independence. Most women in Hollywood can afford to get divorced if they want to. Or most men can afford to run two households if necessary, to have their freedom. Many

NOBLE

Marriage Is a Problem Anywhere, but in Hollywood where the Menaces Are Multiplied It Is a Thing to Baffle Anyone

marriages—and Judge Ben Lindsey, whose court of domestic relations in Denver became so famous, supports me in this—are held together and weather storms to come happily into port, because economic conditions do not permit divorce.

HAVING presented the difficulties, let me tell you that there are a lot of these noble experiments going on in Hollywood right now and the log of their voyages to date is mighty encouraging. These adventurers declare that their eyes, having been opened to the perils of marriage, especially in Hollywood, they are able to avoid them. Most of our newest marriages—these that have lasted a year or two—are going to celebrate their golden wedding anniversaries.

Perhaps the most famous recent marriages in Hollywood are Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford and Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon.

None of these well-known couples had ever been married before.

Janet and Lydell have reached the year and a half mark and both are doing nicely, so they tell me.

"They say," said Janet, with her irresistible smile, "that the first year is the hardest. I believe that's true. There are so many adjustments to make. If you have always lived your own life independently it is difficult to mold your comings and goings to another person's life. And you have to get used to marriage and to the other person. I know I found that true. But now everything seems smooth sailing.

"Of course, marriage in Hollywood does have its trials. I remember one night I went alone with my mother to an opening night. Lydell had a lot of work to do and he wasn't very much interested in whatever the play was. So I took mother. The next day the papers printed the rumor that we were separated. Every time Lydell goes to San Francisco to visit his people, I hear all over town that we are going to be divorced.

"But at the same time, Hollywood marriage also has its advantages. From what I can gather, one of the great menaces of modern marriage is boredom. Here we have so much to interest us, so many things to talk about, so many interesting people to meet, that it keeps you very alert. . ."

YET Janet and the young San Franciscan she married have had numerous problems to meet that wouldn't be encountered anywhere else. To begin with, there was Charlie Farrell. Both Janet and Charlie state that they never considered marrying each other. But their millions of fans would have it otherwise. They wanted Diane and Chico to team up in fact as well as fancy. They wrote thousands of letters condemning

EXPERIMENTS

BY
DICK HYLAND

Janet's marriage to anyone but the other half of her screen success.

You can imagine how Lydell Peck, a very proud and reticent young man, must have felt about all this. But it has adjusted itself now. At a dinner party the other evening I noticed how friendly Janet and Lydell, Charlie and Virginia Valli, all were. And the Pecks often chaperon Charlie and Virginia on week-end trips on Charlie's boat.

"Charlie is my best friend," said Janet, "and we are just the same friends we always were. I hope people will understand that now."

Another problem came to Mr. and Mrs. Peck when little Janet Gaynor had her recent battle with the Fox organization. You will remember that she walked off the lot and refused to make any more pictures until Winnie Sheehan returned and they could reach an understanding about Janet's stories. Lydell Peck was a lawyer, before he became a scenario writer in order to stay in Hollywood with his wife. Naturally, he wanted to advise her in this crisis. But it is a good deal like a doctor operating on his own wife. If he is wrong, it has a serious



Hollywood considers the marriage of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., to be an ideal match, if ever there was one. They are congenial. They laugh together, they play together, they are vitally interested in each other's work.

effect on domestic relations as well as professional ones.

Still, it looks right now as though Lydell and Janet would make a go of it, though I wouldn't say that they were a cinch.

HOWEVER, I'd stake the family fortune, if any, on Doug and Joan.

There is an ideal marriage, if ever there was one. We happened to spend a day with the younger Fairbanks recently and came away feeling that the world was a much brighter place than we imagined it at times.

The truth is Doug and Joan don't act married at all. It's my own idea that marriage itself is apt to be a bugaboo to everybody. It implies ball and chain, giving up freedom, being restricted in contacts. People get the habit of standing on their rights, which is always fatal. Our own recipe has always been to pretend we weren't married and that we would stay together as long as we wanted to and not a moment longer. It works like a charm, because then each tried to keep the other happy.

Joan and Doug do much the same thing. They are together because they want to be, because they love each other. Marriage is regarded only as the rite or

ceremony which legalized their union, not as a thing giving them rights over each other. They are so congenial in everything, they laugh together, play together, are vitally interested in each other's work.

Irving Thalberg, the motion picture executive, and his wife, Norma Shearer, are still wildly happy over the arrival of Irving, Junior. Irving and Norma make a congenial and delightful couple.



ALL THE HOLLYWOOD MARRIAGES ARE DOING WELL

No marriage that I have ever seen has made such improvement in two people. The slightly sullen, discontented Joan, who tried to fill up her life playing around, is radiant with happiness. Doug has become a man, instead of a restless boy.

"I don't think marriage in Hollywood is so difficult," said Joan. "In fact, I think it has decided advantages. There isn't any place where you appreciate a happy home, a haven from work and worry, as you do here. You have so much else outside, so little time for the things you want to do, that your home becomes a heaven to you. The more you see of how worthless and unsatisfactory most 'wild life' is, and the more you see how little people get out of chasing around and being 'free', as they call it, the more you cling to the beauty and safety of real love and fidelity."

"You spoke a mouthful," said her husband.

OF course, Ben and Bebe are still in the most experimental stages. They've just completed the first six months. But again I'll put the old bankroll on their continuing in status quo at least for a long, long time.

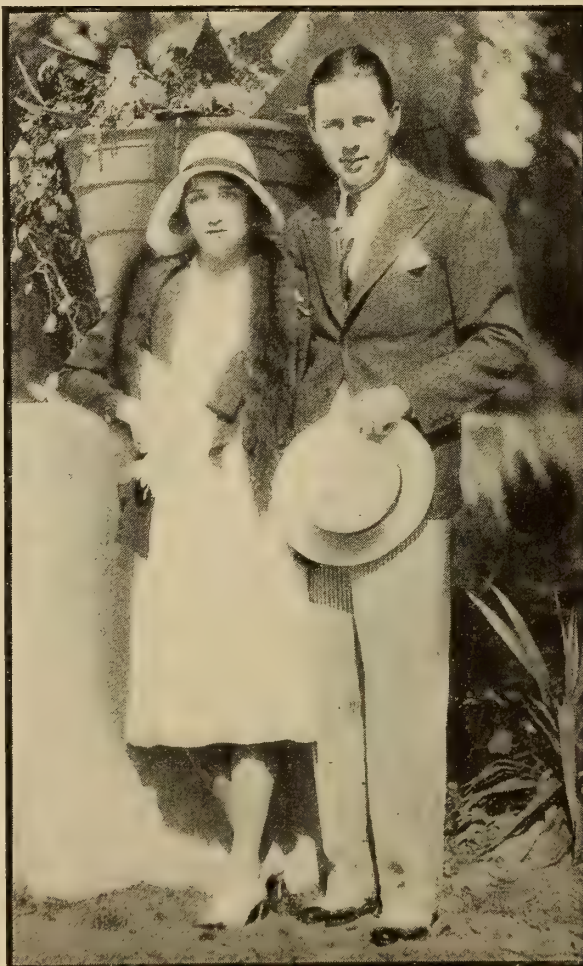
Ben and Bebe were engaged for two years. Neither of them wanted to make a mistake. So they waited until they knew each other very well. And now they seem a perfect team. Ben is steady, clear thinking, and very business-like. He offsets Bebe's emotional, too-generous, too excitable temperament. While Bebe gives him flair and a warmth that he never had before.

"I waited a long time to get married," Bebe told me. "I don't believe in divorce, if it can possibly be avoided. I mean, I could never get married and divorced in the easy way a lot of people seem to nowadays. That's why I wanted to be sure. It's my opinion that Hollywood isn't any different from any other place where marriage is concerned. The trouble is most people go into marriage without sufficient thought."

"I remember that years ago my grandmother told me, 'Bebe, when you marry, let it be for always. And let me tell you this: Every



Above, Richard Barthelmess and his wife, who was Jessica Sargent. Below, Bebe Daniels and her husband, Ben Lyon. Here are two happy Hollywood couples.



person has faults. Otherwise he would not be here but in heaven. So when you get married, see to it that you know your husband's faults and that they are the kind you can understand and tolerate."

"Both Ben and I worked it out that way. We didn't deceive each other. We learned to know each other first. So there could be no rude awakenings when it was too late. I think Ben is nearly perfect and he thinks I am. That's all that's necessary. We belong together and we have sufficient knowledge and poise to weather any storms, I'm sure."

THERE are no rifts in the lute where Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer are concerned. The arrival of young Irving Thalberg, Second, is pretty good proof of that. Both Irving and Norma wanted a baby badly and they decided that Norma's career shouldn't interfere with carrying out that dream. Neither Irving nor Norma had been married before, either. They are very happy and wrapt up in each other, their work, and now their new son and heir.

Irving is Norma's producer and they are bound together in every interest and thought. That one is sure to last. They're a delightful couple.

Another matrimonial venture that flies all the banners of complete success is that of Richard Barthelmess and Jessica Sargent. This marriage is successful because both parties used their heads before it happened. Both Dick and his wife had been married before. Both had children. Being mature people anxious for a peaceful and contented life, they thought the thing out carefully. Dick is temperamental, works very hard, needs a mothering hand and a wise, calm woman who knows the world for his wife, one capable of running his home, his social life, his everyday affairs.

Over a year ago Bessie Love married William Hawks, brother of Howard Hawks, the director, and Ken Hawks, who met such a tragic death in an airplane. Bessie is so happy she is incoherent. She hasn't any thoughts about

(Continued on page 114)

Both photographs on this page by Underwood & Underwood

Emperor JONES

Or What Will Happen
When the Great Golf Cham-
pion Comes to Hollywood

BY TED COOK

Scene—A conference room in a Hollywood studio.
Time—Any day, now.

Characters—Film magnate, production manager, supervisor, dialogue writer and BOBBY Jones.

AN IMAGINARY COMEDY IN ONE ACT

THE film magnate and the production manager are facing each other across a rococo flat-top Spanish desk, surfaced with red cordovan. There are innumerable pearl-faced push buttons and a battery of many colored fountain pens standing erect on a marble slab. A brocaded pull-cord hangs within easy reach from the ceiling. The paneled walls are cluttered with framed photographs showing various picture stars posing informally with the smiling executives—clinging to each other on the friendliest terms, arm in arm, or hand about waist or over shoulder. The executive, thickset and well fed, is one of those dynamic personalities who talk too fast and too loud. He swivels from side to side, with nervousness, as he sits in his high-backed chair. The production manager leans forward as he listens, eagerly, elbows on desk. He has not troubled to remove his cap. He wears a sweater but no coat.

Executive—Are you all set for the golf educational?

Production Manager—All set, Chief.

Executive—Give me a quick idear what you plan to do.

P. M.—Well, they're going to be educational pictures so I ain't going to permit no sex stuff except what you would naturally look for on a golf course. This Jones is a high-class mug, I understand, and don't want no love interest. Besides, girlie stuff wouldn't be educa-



Photograph by Will Connell

Ted Cook writes and illustrates a hilarious column, "Cook-Coo," which appears daily in eighty newspapers in the United States and Canada. He shuttles between New York and Beverly Hills, where he owns a Basque farm house, and raises Old English Sheep Dogs. Gilbert Seldes, the critic, recently wrote a warm appraisal of Ted Cook for "The New Republic," in which he said: "Ted Cook is a fresh and individual humorist who seems to have none of the habits, interests, and mannerisms of his contemporaries, but shares with the best of them an attractively oblique mind . . . his work shows a disabused mind, mocking at everything with extraordinary good humor and exceptional effectiveness."

tional—that is, not exactly good for the kiddies.

Executive—The idea is to have this Jones show people how to play golf. Mebbe we better make it miniature golf—there's more box-office interest in pee-wee golf. We can build a fancy course—modernistic. If Jones is a high-class fellow let's put some production in it—class. Have him play in a Tux and stiff shirt. He can do that on a miniature course—with a lot of swell broads and cuties in sports clothes. How about doing it in technicolor?

P. M.—(Enthusiastic)—That's a great idear, Chief. A GREAT idear.

(Continued on page 87)



BEAUTIFUL THINGS NEVER LAST

By LOLITA ANNA WESTMAN

Can a Lost Romance Be Recaptured? This Is the Story of Two Screen Idols Who Loved—and Lost

IT was midnight and they were broadcasting the program from the Marlborough Roof.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Stephen—the radio announcer, alias the leader of the orchestra. "Miss Winifred Conroy, the motion picture star, has just arrived in company with her former husband, Larry Conroy, the director. Just a moment and I'll see if she will say a few words to you—"

"It's a wonderful night here, ladies and gentlemen. There is a gorgeous crowd of celebrities and they are enjoying themselves hugely. The younger generation is flashily represented. Miss Conroy is wearing her hair in the newest fashion. She seems more beautiful than ever tonight. Her dress is blue—just the right shade for her eyes—. Hello there, Winnie. Will you say something to the folks on the air?"

"Surely, Steve. Glad to see you. Howdy, folks. I'm just here in New York for a little shopping between pictures. I'm having a wonderful time—tonight especially—for you see, this is my anniversary."

"Anniversary of what?" asked Steve.

"Of my divorce," was the laughing audacious answer.

"You little devil," Steve grinned in a voice that only carried to the fans in a blur. "Do you think we can get Larry over here?" He turned to the microphone again.

"IMPOSSIBLE!" said Winifred Conroy. "He couldn't make an important speech if his life depended on it. Good-bye, everybody. I'm glad to have had this opportunity to thank you all for your wonderful reception of my last picture, 'Peril.' I'll have another one for you soon—I think you'll like it even better. So long." Turning to Steve she whispered behind her hand, "Bunk! So long, old dear. Give us some hot stuff tonight, will you? Larry and I are celebrating."

"Will you give us an exhibition; one of those famous foxes?"

"Nothing doing. Larry and I haven't danced together for three years. Next time, maybe."

"Will there be a—next time?" Steve inquired curiously as, with a little farewell wave of her hand, she dodged tables and waiters and patrons to reach the chair that Larry Conroy was indicating for her.

"Well, did you do your duty for publicity?" he smiled.

"Yep. That's over. Now we can enjoy ourselves." She moved her chair closer to the table.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "I can't get over the luck that made me run into you out there—in that jam on Broadway, of all places."

"Was it luck?"

"I'll say so. You've been dodging me for three years. I concluded you didn't mean what you said about always being friends. Did you?"

"Certainly," she nodded cheerfully. "But, if I had met you before, we couldn't have been friends. You see it's taken me that long to stop being in love with you—and, of course, one can't be just a friend if one is in love. But now—well, everything's fine. I worked

awfully hard, Larry, trying not to be in love with you—but at last I've succeeded. It was foolish of me to be crazy about a married man, wasn't it?"

"How long have you been over it?" he queried.

"Oh, let's see; well, for about eight months, I guess—only I haven't run into you. We've been over in Italy, you know, for the last six months. A perfect tape that picture was. I thought we'd never get back to the good old land of bacon and eggs."

Larry Conroy made a little bow.

"I COMPLIMENT you, my dear. You've done some wonderful work in your last pictures."

"You showed me how to act, Larry dear. I've never had a director I liked as well."

"Haven't you—really?"

"Really. You've made strides too. That Monte Carlo thing is a whopper."

"You were in Monte Carlo when I was shooting that. I searched for you. . . ."

"Why?" she murmured, coquetting.

"I was terribly in need of a gab fest with someone who spoke my language—"

She pouted.

"I thought you were going to be nice and say you wanted to see me."

"Did you know I was there?"

"Uh-huh. I left the day after I knew."

"Were you sore at me?"

"I tried not to be, but I think I was—a little."

"Over that too?"

She nodded gayly.

"Oh, yes. I think one only gets really sore at someone they love."

"Well—let's order. Hungry?"

"Starved."

He laughed.

"I was wondering if you'd make that answer. You always used to. Remember?"

"Did I?"

When the ordering had been dispensed with, he moved the forks out of his way and leaned toward her.

"Fess up now," he coaxed. "Where were you going when you met me tonight?"

"Really want to know? I've ditched my estimable German director—my new one—"

"For me?"

"For you."

"Why?"

"Oh, I thought it'd be quite a novelty to pal around for the evening with a former husband. Something I'd never done, you know. Excitement."

"YOU'RE out for excitement these days, aren't you?"

"Indeed yes."

"I hope I can qualify. Let's start in with a dance, shall we? That ought to be exciting after three years."

On the dance floor she said serenely, "You are qualifying."

Larry held her close and Winifred's hair brushed his face—that tousled, copper-hued hair. He didn't speak. Couples swirled about them; beautifully gowned women, perfectly groomed men. Larry's embrace tightened. "Let's turn back the clock, sweetheart," he pleaded. "Let's pretend we've never been married. I love you. I need you."

"We always did hit it off in dancing, didn't we?" he replied.

Winifred forgot everything in the ecstasy of that dance. Not a false move. Her cheek against his. She had never danced like that with anyone else. Memories crowded back. Beautiful memories. Steve, waving his baton, grinned and dived into a nerve-thrilling encore.

Back in their places again, the next few moments were occupied in surreptitious doings under the table. They touched their glasses of ginger ale.

"Here's to the sweetest charmer of them all!" he toasted gallantly.

"And—here's to the handsomest hero the screen ever lost—in a director!"

She laughed; a dimply, infectious laugh.

"You'd think we were in love to hear us talk."

"Does it seem long ago — our wedding night?"

"It's indecent—speaking of that now," she chided.

"Perhaps, but rather exciting, isn't it?"

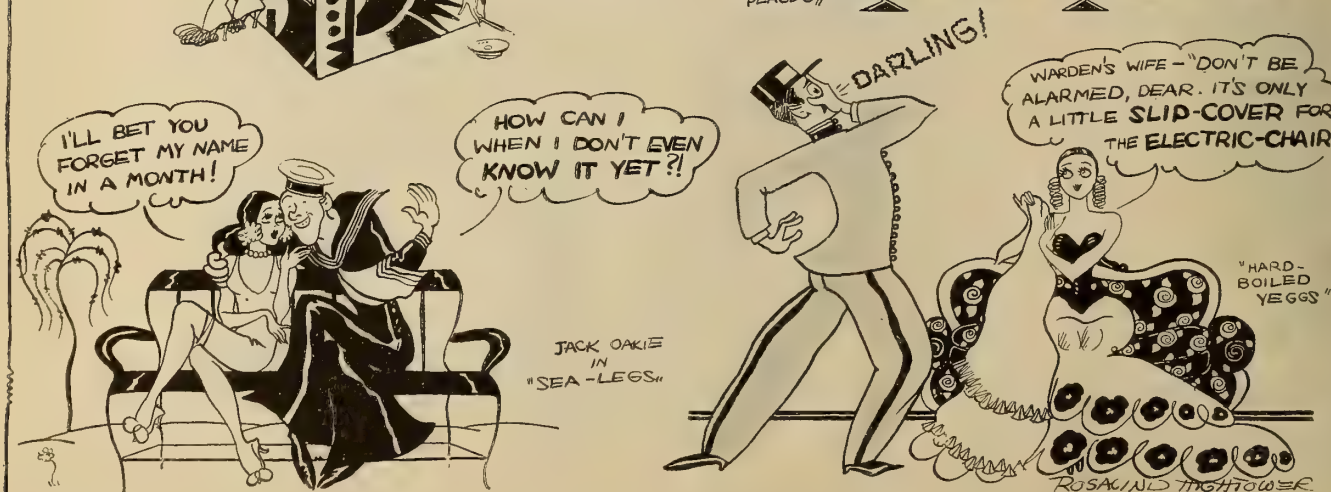
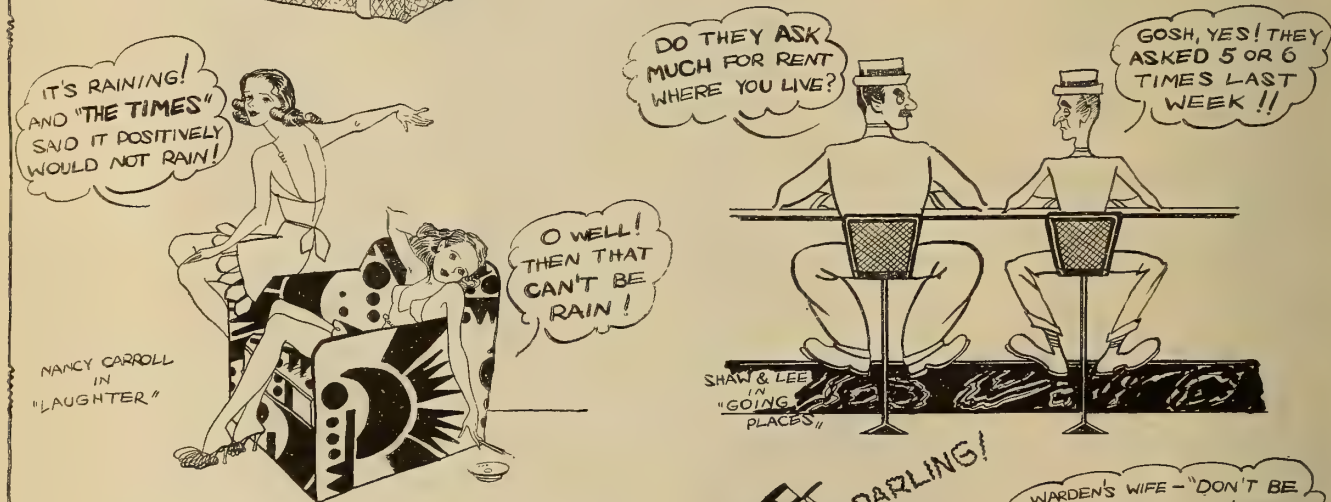
"We do love reminiscing, don't we?" she countered.

(Cont'd on page 126)



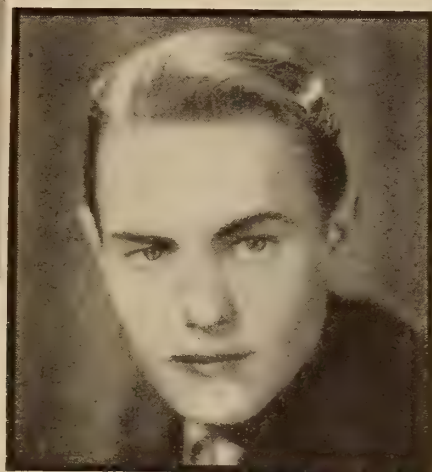
ILLUSTRATED
BY
CHARLES D.
MITCHELL

LAUGHS of the FILMS





Richard Cromwell, below: As Roy Radabaugh, he was an artist living in Los Angeles when screen opportunity knocked at his door.



Lewis Ayres, above: He quit his job as a banjo player in an orchestra to try his luck as a screen actor in Hollywood.

John Wayne, above: Formerly a star football player and for five years a Hollywood extra waiting his big chance to come along.

3 BOYS Who WON

John Wayne, Richard Cromwell and Lewis Ayres All Had a Tough Time Getting Their First Screen Opportunities

By HARRY N. BLAIR

EVERY once in a while comes a breathless announcement from Hollywood that a new discovery has been made from the studio ranks. A little extra girl is propelled from poverty and obscurity to wealth, fame and power. A property boy is noticed on the set and given the leading rôle in a big feature. With each announcement of this kind, hundreds of screen-struck boys and girls pack their best duds and set out for the Hollywood gold coast, each confident of being discovered and set-on the road to fame. That the chances are one in a million has often been publicized.

The bald truth is that most of these so-called discoveries (high-powered publicity men to the contrary), didn't just happen. The real facts, so often clouded, usually reveal careful planning, an abundance of patience and not a little of that decided asset, known so tersely as "pull."

JOHN WAYNE, picked by Raoul Walsh for the leading rôle in "The Big Trail," is by no means the callow and inexperienced youth the press stories would have you believe. He was formerly a member of the University of Southern California football team and, as such, had numerous chances to play in college pictures, at the various studios. Under the name of Duke Morrison (his real moniker) he doubled for Francis X. Bushman, Jr., in "Brown of Harvard." That was more than five years ago and since then he has taken part in practically every football picture of any consequence. In all that time he came under the direct notice of dozens of directors and yet was never given so much as an opportunity to prove his ability as an actor, despite his striking appearance!

For two of those five years Wayne did extra work only during Summer vacation, but when his father lost

a lot of money in business and he was obliged to find a job, he again turned to the studios. He first found work as an electrician's helper and later as prop boy, meanwhile taking any part that came along. While working in the property room on the Fox lot he gained the friendship of Edmund Grainger, Fox supervisor and youthful son of J. R. Grainger, sales head of the Fox organization. It was at Grainger's suggestion that Raoul Walsh gave Wayne the test which resulted in his big chance. He happened to measure up physically besides showing the necessary amount of acting ability, with the result that he was given the leading rôle in "The Big Trail." When you see him on the screen in that picture, remember that it took him five long years of plugging and the friendly interest of an important executive to get where he is.

WHEN Columbia Pictures announced that they had bought the talkie rights to "Tol'able David," half of the young actors in Hollywood immediately saw themselves in the choice title rôle. Besides being a grand acting part, it was sure to center attention upon any one who played it. Hadn't the silent version of "Tol'able David" set Dick Barthelmess on the road to fame? At any rate, hundreds of tests were made, but none seemed to be the exact type for which they were searching. Among those tried out was a young actor named Harry Ellerbe, who had appeared with the Stuart Walker Players in stock. Walker at that time being connected with Columbia, Ellerbe was given every opportunity, even to special coaching. Finally it was decided that he was a bit too mature for the part.

While the search was at its height, Ellerbe was invited by friends to visit a young artist who had turned out some interesting masks of Helen Hayes, Bee Lillie, and other stars. Ellerbe (*Continued on page 121*)

Will HOLLYWOOD Win a TITLE?

BY JACK BEVERLY

IS Hollywood keeping George Arliss from that lifelong ambition of all Englishmen—a knighthood?

Two years ago Arliss left the British shores to try the talkies. No one knew exactly what this new medium might bring forth and no one suspected that the splendid character actor would become a sensational success in the movies.

Will he pay for that success by being deprived of the right to be called Sir George Arliss?

Other English actors who haven't spread England's glory over the globe as Arliss has done, have been so honored during the past hundred years—Sir Charles Wyndham. Sir Henry Irving. Sir Herbert Beer-bohm Tree.

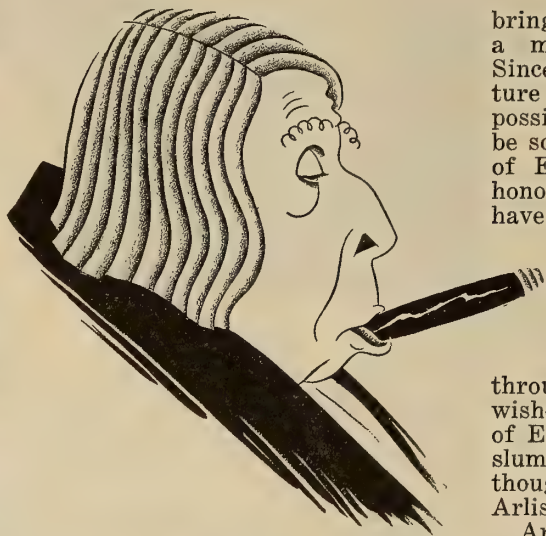
It looked for a while as though King George would summon George Arliss to his court and confer upon him a knighthood in recognition of his ability as an actor and his services to the English speaking stage.

NOW Hollywood—six thousand miles away from the Court of St. James—has claimed Arliss for its own. He's a successful movie actor now. Perhaps the finest on the talking screen. He has lifted the standard of acting, he has proved to producers and critics that the public appreciates and will pay for a higher grade of pictures, will patronize such excellent dramatic art as "Disraeli" and "Old English."

While English kings have honored their subjects for deeds of glory performed in foreign lands, none of them have been actors.

And *never* has a knighthood been conferred upon a picture star. They have acquired titles. Gloria Swanson became the Marquise. Pola Negri married a Georgian prince. Mae Murray wedded his brother. But these titles were bestowed by marriage, not in recognition of art on the screen.

There has to be a first time for everything, they say. Now Hollywood is hoping that the talkies will



Joe Grant's impression of George Arliss as Disraeli is given above, while, below, is Jenner, the Arliss valet, who sees to it that his master quits work exactly on time each day and who summons Mr. Arliss to tea at exactly 3:30 each afternoon, no matter what the studio demands.



bring to it the great honor of having a motion picture star knighted. Since sound turned the motion picture world upside down anything is possible and maybe the old order will be so far changed that this greatest of English actors will receive the honor which he would most certainly have obtained if he had remained to grace the London stage for the years he is spending in the cinema capital.

IN talking pictures Arliss is gaining friends throughout the universe. And if wishes carry weight the good King of England will fall into his nightly slumbers well burdened by the thoughts of those who have become Arliss fans.

Arliss deserves all the credit he's getting.

When he first arrived, nobody in Hollywood paid much attention. Great actor, of course. But—too old. And a character actor. Movie audiences wouldn't stand for that sort of stuff. It was over their heads. Disraeli? Picture audiences didn't know anything about the famous English prime minister, nor care.

Nope, Arliss was too high class for pictures.

Well, picture audiences, as usual, turned the tables. They did what they have always done, flocked to support real ability and fine stories. They know about Disraeli now, and they adore him. Just another step in that universal brotherhood which Will Hays claims pictures do more to promote than all the politicians in the world.

As for being too old! Better not say that when Arliss is around.

HE is, doubtless, a veteran of the stage. But he hates the term. One sure way to become unpopular with him is to label him a veteran. I'll have to risk it, though, because of a story about him which I think is priceless.

Wilton Lackaye and Otis Skinner, honored names in the American theater,

The Movie Colony Hopes That King George Will Give a Knighthood to George Arliss

walked onto the stage where Arliss was working at the Warner Brothers Studios in Hollywood. They were old friends of his; known each other for forty years. The three of them had been stage stars before a lot of us were born. An enterprising cameraman sat the three of them at a table and took a picture which was immediately used by a Los Angeles newspaper man and printed under the caption, "Three veterans of the stage."

Oh dear, oh dear!

Next day George Arliss went storming into the publicity department with fire in his eye. "Who did this?" he demanded. "I say, who did this?"

The man he addressed stammered, "W—what's the matter?"

"Look what they printed under it," roared Arliss. "Look! *Three* veterans, it says. I won't be classed with those old buzzards, Otis and Wilton. They are ten years older than I am. I am not old. I'm only sixty-two."

His ruffled feelings were finally smoothed. But from then on everybody was warned that Arliss and the word veteran do not go in the same sentence.

In a way, he's right. Even if "Who's Who" does proclaim his sixty-two years, even if he admits it, he doesn't look it nor act it, nor think it. He's a young man in ideas, plans and association.

TWENTY-TWO years ago George Arliss became a full-fledged stage star.

Long before film salaries went skyrocketing, when Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin zoomed into the hearts of the world, Arliss was getting big returns on the stage. Long before films boosted an actor's audience from thousands to millions, the name George Arliss stood for the top as far as acting is concerned.

For all that, he's a modest if slightly brusque gentleman, who detests fake, pretense and ostentation.

His movie salary is pretty good sized, believe me. He's a good business man, as I find most actors are when it comes to getting the price they think they are worth. Some of them aren't so good at keeping it.

Arliss always carries small change in a vest pocket and disclaims any idea of wealth.

He lives most unostentatiously in Hollywood or wherever he happens to be. His two homes in England are pointed out as "show places." The reason is partly that he loves quiet and peace and wants to conserve his energy for his work, which can't be done at his age—if he'll pardon me—if one is dashing about all the time and entertaining constantly. He always stops work at 3:30 every afternoon to have tea. His valet, Jenner, sees to that.

HIS clothes are always made in London, and are conservative to the point of being old-fashioned. No one ever has or ever could mistake George Arliss for



George Arliss is sixty-two but he refuses to be called a stage veteran. He became a full-fledged stage star some twenty-two years ago, before Hollywood was Hollywood. He lives unostentatiously both in England and in Hollywood and he never goes about socially.

anybody else. Once you've seen Arliss both his clothes and his face forbid you forgetting him.

I have yet to see George Arliss at any Hollywood function. They very rarely dine out, he and his sweet-faced, devoted wife. Aside from a natural reticence and a love of their own home, there is a peculiar reason for this which only a few of their intimate friends know.

Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss do not eat meat. Which in itself is nowhere near as unusual as the reason for it.

A number of years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Arliss made a trip across the continent during a period of drought. Passengers on that train were greeted for miles and miles by the sight of cattle starving and dying along the fences of the railroad company's right of way.

Before the end of that journey, Mrs. Arliss—you will remember, by the way, that she *played* his wife in *Disraeli*—had declared her intention of never eating meat again.

"If it is possible that animals must be tortured like that in the process of providing meat for our table, I'll never touch it again," she said.

And she never has.

GEORGE ARLISS didn't make any such promise. But the idea was planted in his mind and Mrs. Arliss saw to it that it (Continued on page 119)

REVIEWS

WHEN five of the outstanding films of a single month are originals, constructed especially for the screen, it becomes obvious that the Hollywood producers are trying to create their own drama and operetta. Which is a laudable intention, anyway.

The best of the pictures—because it offers Paramount's significant new personality, Marlene Dietrich—is "Morocco." An examination of the plot reveals what appears to be just another yarn of the Foreign Legion. But this story, developed from a Continental novel by the director, Josef von Sternberg, is far more. It is a story of a sort of French Sadie Thompson, a music hall entertainer who drifts to North Africa. There she catches the eye of two men. One is a Légionnaire who takes his women as he finds them. The other is a suave man of the world, weary of adventure and seeking someone upon whom he can center his battered affections. There is a long range duel between the soldier who will give nothing and the man who will give everything. In the end, the woman trudges into the Sahara after her man, to become a mere camp follower.

The newcomer, Miss Dietrich, plays with a fine slumbering fire, Adolphe Menjou is superb as the man of the world and Gary Cooper is lifted to the point of actually acting as the Légionnaire. The direction of von Sternberg is splendid. As in his other pictures, there is missing a certain human warmth, but he does catch a lot of the color of Robert Hichens' Africa. You must hear Miss Dietrich sing "Who Will Buy My Apples?"

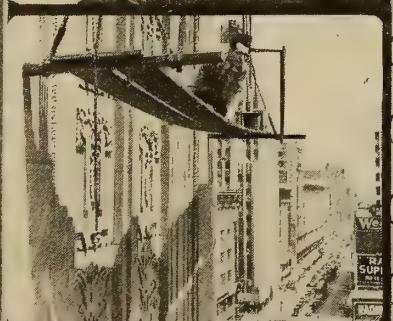
TURN to another original, "Laughter" (Paramount), starring the chubby-faced Nancy Carroll, who always surprises me when she acts. This was written by the director with the picturesque name, H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast, and by Douglas Doty, with dialogue by the whimsical wit, Donald Ogden Stewart. Here again is an old yarn enlivened by fresh treatment. A chorus girl from the Follies marries a wealthy fellow who has forgotten how to play—and she repents the young musician who dashed away to Paris. When the musician returns, she throws off the diamond handcuffs and goes off to Paris in quest of love. Old stuff, but you will be attracted by the adroit handling. This D'Arrast is an able director and the acting of Miss Carroll and Fredric March, who was never better, helps a lot.

Which brings us to a third film, "Sin Takes a Holiday" (Pathé), which also has a flippant and cynical slant upon life. Besides it has the decorative Constance Bennett, who just now comes close to being our favorite star. Miss Bennett plays an efficient secretary who marries her lawyer-boss in order to save him from a designing blonde. It is merely a matter of business, bringing with it a salary and a year in Paris. But the secretary-bride blossoms out and— You've guessed it. The lawyer discovers how lucky he is. Miss Bennett gives a gorgeous performance (her clothes will hold breathless the feminine readers of NEW MOVIE), but Basil Rathbone, who speaks such meticulous English, seems to steal the sympathy from Kenneth MacKenna, who acts the lawyer. Mr. Rathbone plays a worldly bachelor whose *savoir faire* collapses before the blossoming secretary. Paul Stein, whom I must report less civilly further on, directed "Sin Takes a Holiday" with smooth urbanity.

NOW for the three musical films built especially for the sound screen. First, because it is the best, let us take "Viennese Nights" (Warners), an operetta of old Vienna, dealing pleasantly in sentiment and lost love. It is by Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, experts in building stage shows, and follows the operetta pattern. There's a beautiful daughter of a Viennese bootmaker, a penniless musician in the Emperor's army and a dashing baron. The girl marries the aristocrat and, fifty years later, the lost romance unites the grandchildren of Elsa and the musician.

The screen seems to magnify the

The strip of sound film at the left presents scenes (top to bottom) of "Morocco," "Sin Takes a Holiday," "Laughter," "Viennese Nights," "Feet First" and "Just Imagine," all of which are reviewed here.



Comments Upon the Important New Motion Pictures and Film Personalities

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

artificiality of operetta. Behind the footlights you can somehow accept the heroine and the hero when they pause to sing loudly of their innermost feelings in the most public places. Brought up to gargantuan proportions on the screen, the thing seems at least a little unreal. Still, "Viennese Nights," despite its time lapses and loose construction, is prettily sentimental and Vivienne Segal will surprise you when she plays the toast of the Prater, white-haired and feeble, fifty years later. And there's a lovely number, "You Will Remember Vienna."

I LIKED the Fox musical film, "Just Imagine," built by those veterans of stage musical shows, De Sylva, Brown and Henderson. "Just Imagine" is an imaginative adventure. It shows life in 1980, when folks are known by number rather than name, when food and drink come in capsules, and when everyone longs for the staid, quiet, old-fashioned girls of 1930. In "Just Imagine" the hero, No. J-21, wins his sweetheart, No. LM-18, by making a plane trip to Mars and back. Mars, it develops, is inhabited by classic dancers, but No. J-21 is awarded the girl, anyway. I like El Brendel as 0 and Maureen O'Sullivan as LM-18, and I shall continue to recommend the over-long "Just Imagine" even if the fractious Marjorie White is terribly present.

The third musical effort, by Rudolph Friml, is "The Lottery Bride" (United Artists), and is far less successful. In fact, despite the presence of Jeanette MacDonald, I hand it very little. It is a singie of Norway and is the romance of a young vocalist and a student who goes on a Polar flight in a Zep. The subsequent disaster was suggested by the Nobile dirigible tragedy. Paul Stein directed.

Don't miss those picture thieves, Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery, at work in "Min and Bill," based on Lorna Moon's novel, "Dark Star" (Metro-Goldwyn). Now that these two players are co-starred, the rest of Hollywood is breathing easier.

Miss Dressler plays a tough old girl who runs a saloon on the Pacific waterfront. Beery is her side kick. Min cares for a little girl deserted by her drunken mother. Just as little Nancy is on the edge of a real happiness, the sodden mother turns up, bent upon wrecking things. So Min shoots her. "Min and Bill," you see, isn't slapstick, except in spots. It has touching moments.

Miss Dressler is excellent, shading Beery, who is good, too, with fewer opportunities. And a fine performance is turned in by Marjorie Rambeau as the drunken Ella.

"TOL'ABLE DAVID," that yarn of a dreaming mountain boy who wants to carry Uncle Sam's mail through the hills, has been refilmed as a talkie by Columbia Pictures. The job is an excellent one and the work of the new David, a discovery named Richard Cromwell, is good, particularly for a lad fresh to films. But the original "Tol'able David" was one of those rare once-in-a-lifetime events. It was the happy combination of a glorious young actor, a director with high ambitions and an author, Joseph Hergesheimer, who helped immeasurably. Barthelmess, Director Henry King and Hergesheimer all pulled together to make an unforgettable hit.

Seeing "Tol'able David" as a talkie, I am confronted with the thought that the original owed a great deal to Ernest Torrence, then a Scotch musical comedy comedian suddenly transformed into a murderous mountaineer. Remember the gusto of Torrence's bloodthirsty Luke. The present Luke, done by Noah Beery, is effective but it falls short of the original.

I am happy to report that Harold Lloyd's newest, "Feet First," is a corking comedy. Once again Lloyd gets thrown upon his own on the front of a skyscraper and has to become a human fly to save his skin. This part of the comedy is almost too breathtaking. I liked better the earlier half, depicting the troubled experiences of a young shoe clerk trying to acquire a selling personality.

(Continued on page 100)

The sound film at the right offers interesting scenes (top to bottom) selected from such important films as "Min and Bill," "The Doorway to Hell," "The Big Trail," "The Dancers," "Check and Double Check," and "War Nurse."



The HOLLYWOOD

I Seville, Spain:
WAS drawn to gay Seville not by the Call of the Flesh, as M.-G.-M. calls it, but by a postal from a bullfighting friend who said it was the place for me. He was

not facetiously inferring, as you probably suspect, that my work relates to the same animal as his.

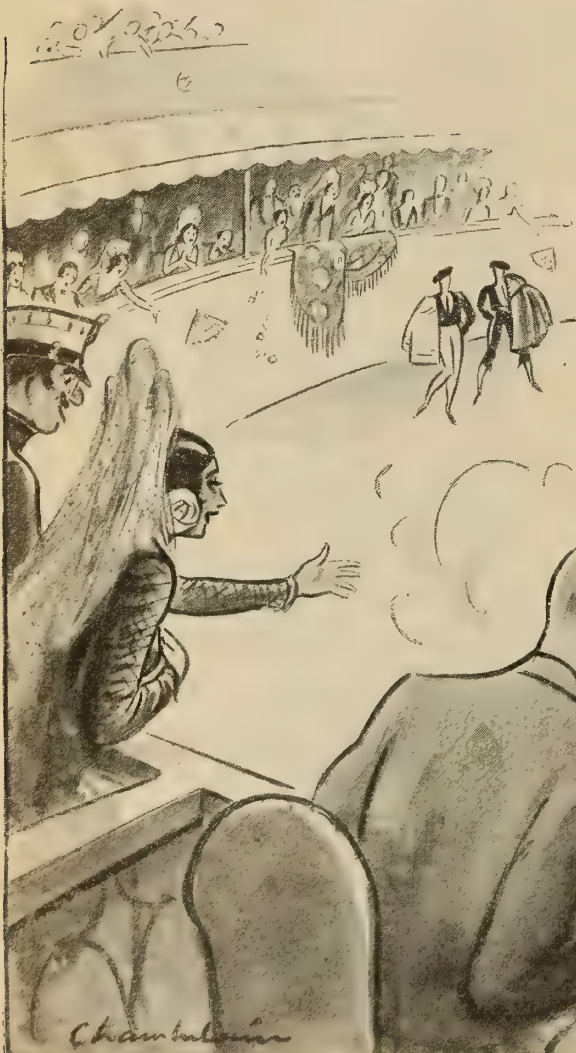
"Come to Seville where you can see two movies at the same time," wrote Luis luringly.

"What do I have to drink?" I flippanted on arriving.

Luis' reply was a wounded look. The Latins are embarrassingly temperate.

That evening Luis led me to a plaza filled with little tables where two screens were placed side by side. On one Doug Fairbanks was disporting and on the other Ronald Colman.

After the first shock it is not so amazing to find you can watch two pictures simultaneously. All movie yarns are pretty much the same and can be guessed from the outset. Indeed, I see no reason why a movie critic could not review an entire month's output at one sitting. It requires a far less athletic eye than for perusing a flock of chorus girls when, as in the Folies Bergere and Vanities, each presents an anatomical study all her own.



Mr. Howe Visits Spain and Watches a Bull Fight—One Glimpse of Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco" Makes Him Decide to Return to Dear Old Hollywood

Meet King Alfonso:
A lot of Spaniards are agitating against King Alfonso. He is personally very democratic. Too democratic for the Spaniards apparently. So they want a republic. A Wall Street, too, I

suppose. They'd better stick to their own bulls. Less dangerous.

Doug Fairbanks is a great favorite in Spain. He was decorated in Madrid. He wore the decoration when he and Mary were presented at court. Doug was terribly impressed as he bustled through long lines of courtiers toward the throne. He told me afterward that he felt as though the decoration on his bosom were sweeping the floor. His speech for the occasion had given him much thought. It had to do with two great nations clasp hands across the sea on this momentous occasion. He was hoping it would be a suitable reply to the King's and was muttering it over to himself when the King stepped forward and held out his hand.

"I am glad to know you, Doug," said the King. "Tell me, what's happened to Fatty Arbuckle?"

A Queen's Query: Doug and Mary were presented, likewise, at the Norwegian court. As informal as the King of Spain, Haakon grasped Doug's hand and led him aside. The Queen took charge of Mary. When they had seated themselves for tea, the Queen glanced about to assure herself that her ladies-in-waiting were not in hearing. Then leaning toward Mary she gasped: "Tell me, what is Dick Barthelmess like off screen?"

The Royal Racket: Hollywood has usurped the royal racket, as I've said before. A presentation at court is pretty shabby compared to a Hollywood premiere, and the marriage of Princess Giovanna to King Boris wasn't nearly as glittering as the nuptials of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, nor was the loot as great.

Mr. Howe watches his friend, Luis, the bull-fighter, outwit a bull in Seville to the acclaim of the fans—and is reminded of Rudolph Valentino in "Blood and Sand."

BOULEVARDIER

By
HERB HOWE

Drawings by Ken Chamberlain

Queen Marie of Rumania has tried to bolster the old racket with Hollywood technique. In fact, Queen Mary of England is quoted saying that Marie ought to go to Hollywood and stay there. Maybe Marie would like to! There's a lot more money, as well as glory, in being a Hollywood queen. They say Marie could have named her own price for appearing in "The Command Performance." But Marie is shrewd. She's biding her time. She has a life contract where she is and she knows all about those Hollywood options.

When a Bull Is Not a Bull: I watched my friend Luis outwit a bull to the acclaim of the fans, and it seems to me that the Spanish are a lot more human than we are. We are always for the animals, whereas they are all for the human fighters.

A bullfight should make a great sound picture. "Blood and Sand" was a favorite silent. If you saw that picture you may recall that only the front half of the bull appeared. I never could get Rudie Valentino to tell me who played the other half. He'd always laugh it off. Anyhow, whoever played it got a bad streak, and I'll bet the producers told him it would establish him on the screen forever.

The Brooklyn Bullfighter: Here's a suggestion for Messrs. Thalberg, Warners, Lasky, Sheehan and Sennett: Why not make a real bullfight picture with Sydney Franklin, the Brooklyn bullfighter? When Syd appeared in the Madrid arena wearing his skin-tight, flesh-tint pants, mantillas and combs were thrown into the ring with Spanish whoops. With Syd you could use a real bull and so save the expense of two actors.

A Sheik Looks at American Girls: From Gibraltar I crossed to Tangier in Africa where I was the guest of Sheik El Beji whom I knew in Tunis. The Sheik shows American pictures in his palace but not to his harem. (He doesn't like Gary Cooper's looks!) Being a sheik he is somewhat interested in women.

"It appears from your films," he mused, "that if a girl has not got the figure of a boy she does not feel a woman."

I quoted what La Bruyere said: "From the age of thirteen to the age of twenty-one a girl wishes she were beautiful; afterwards she wishes she were a man."

"According to La Bruyere," smiled the Sheik blandly, "your American girls are precocious."

P. S. The Sheik had not seen Loretta Young who, though she may fall short of harem weight, has that certain thing that's appreciated by sheiks of all nations.

Mare Modesty: Over in Sardinia they held a bathing beauty contest. After the little girls had squirmed around in their scanties the judges retired behind the bath house to make a decision. A few minutes later they returned leading a horse which they pronounced the winner and crowned "Queen of the Sea."

"Let this be a lesson," intoned the judges. "A girl should dress more modestly."

Like a horse?

Those Hollywood Horses: I visited my old friend Rex,



When Doug Fairbanks met Alfonso of Spain, the king inquired: "Tell me, Doug, what's happened to Fatty Arbuckle?"

King of Wild Horses, a few days before sailing for Europe. Rex and his wife are living in retirement in a suburban stable of Universal City. I don't like to add to the scandals of Hollywood but I found a curious situation. The "other" horse is living with them. Mme. Rex conceived a fancy for him when he doubled for Rex in some of the Universal pictures. That may account for Rex's ill temper. Apropos of modesty, Rex is the only star in Hollywood who uses a double for close-ups and does the stunts himself in the long shots. The reverse is the procedure with human (so-called) stars. Rex has such a detestation for cameras that he has been known to smash them. In this respect he's as modest as Tunney. Even his trainer—Rex's I mean—is afraid of him. "Most temperamental star on the lot," said my guide impressively, "excepting Mary Nolan."

Going Wong: Anna May Wong, daughter of a Chinese laundryman of Los Angeles, has been triumphing on stage and screen in Europe. You recall her in many films. She went to school with Bessie Love, Carmel Myers and Colleen Moore, and along with them entered the Fine Arts kindergarten. Recently the English film censor forbade English actors to kiss the celestial Anna. That's how dangerous Anna has become. Now she's on the New York stage playing a gangster's moll, and along Broadway the saying is, "Many a good man's gone Wong."

THE BOULEVARDIER Decides to Return to HOLLYWOOD

Seville Better in Screen Version: After seeing the screen version of gay Seville (*Call of the Flesh*) you probably would be disappointed in the original. A Hollywood picture is always flattering. At least I heard no one who could sing Spanish songs as Novarro sings them. Anyone with a voice can whoop operatic stuff, but it takes a particular gift to make a folk song glow like a classic.

French Silliness: George de la Fouchardiere, columnist of the Parisian journal, *L'Oeuvre*, seeks revenge on those Americans who affect an unseemly admiration for Maurice Chevalier, "most representative type of French silliness."

Says Monsieur: "These people pretend to humiliate us by choosing such an ambassador. So we name our choice—Mr. Jack Diamond. He is the most representative type of a truly curious race."

In reply we would say, cher Monsieur, that while your choice of "Legs" may be taken as a personal affront by Monsieur Alfredo Capone—whom we personally wouldn't affront for the world—your idea of a racketeer as a representative of our funny race is not at all bad. (And can't we take you for a ride some time?)

A friendly neighbor always has a much better perspective on one than one has on one's self. For that reason we feel in a position to say that, much as we admire M. Chevalier unseemingly, you, cher M. de la Fouchardiere, have ably demonstrated how easily he is surpassed as a representative of French silliness.

Dangerous Red: Sergei M. Eisenstein, Russian director, refused a cocktail at a Hollywood party. He said that on entering this country he had sworn to obey its laws. Mr. Eisenstein may be sent back to Russia. One of those dangerous Bolsheviks.

Russia Sees Hollywood: After Mr. Eisenstein had been brought to Hollywood under contract the studio began to wonder what for, as is so often the way with studios. Someone suggested that the Russian should do "An American Tragedy." For some season this idea was abandoned, possibly on the ground that Mr. Eisenstein hadn't an understanding of Tragedy. The next idea was that he do a Western because he had



In North Africa Herb visited Sheik El Beji. The sheik loves American films but he refuses to allow members of his harem present during the showings. He is afraid his beauties will see Gary Cooper!

photographed wheat fields rather nicely in a Russian picture. So it is not surprising to learn that Mr. Eisenstein, after listening to these conferences, wanted to do "Once in a Lifetime," a play about Hollywood—but he wanted to do it in Russia.

Hollywood Menace: Mr. Eisenstein's real menace to Hollywood lies not in his Bolshevik attitude toward cocktails, however, but in his preference for real people over professional actors in his pictures.

"Training makes actors sterile," he says. "Actors do not represent the people. You have to use the people themselves."

I confess that I, too, prefer the newsreel, "Nanook of the North," "Byrd at the South Pole" and "The Martin Johnsons in Africa" to pictures with professional performers. Which may explain why I find Europe more congenial than Hollywood.

Herb Answers Letters: My mail, forwarded to me over here, has gone shamefully unanswered. I appreciate all letters.

There's hardly a knock in a carload. The only alibi I can offer is that my large staff of secretaries has gone the way of all flesh in Europe. I herewith undertake to answer a few of the most urgent:

Here's Why: I thank Mr. Challiss Silvay of Santa Monica for suggesting I do a column headed "Here's Howe!" Adela Rogers St. Johns made the suggestion some time ago. But it happens that there already is an excellent column headed "Here's Howe," syndicated by Ed Howe. (No relation—as he would want it known.)

Love Will Find a Way: I know that Pola Negri will appreciate the letter of Marie Sweeney of 1907 S. 23rd Avenue, Maywood, Illinois, and so I'm taking the liberty of passing it on to her. Miss Sweeney says: "The screen seems so empty since Pola returned to Europe. There are other actresses who are very good, such as Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, etc. . . . but they cannot fill the place in our hearts that was left open when Pola went away. She is the greatest, and we won't (Continued on page 130)"



Anna May Wong, born in Los Angeles of Chinese parents, is playing a gangster's moll in a successful New York stage play.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

LORETTA YOUNG



Photograph by Hurrell

WALLACE BEERY



Photograph by Hurrell

JOAN CRAWFORD



Photograph by Otto Dyar

PHILLIPS HOLMES



Photograph by Otto Dyar

PAUL LUKAS



Ann Harding and her two-year-old daughter, Jane Bannister. Little Jane is being reared along decidedly modest, not to say safe and sane, lines. Whether or not she is working, Miss Harding devotes the first half hour of every day entirely to a romp with Jane.

Here You Can Learn Exactly How the Hollywood Kiddies are Raised, for the Famous Mothers and Fathers are Just as Proud and Just as Loving as Parents Anywhere

YOU are wrong if you think that the children of picture folk are being brought up in haphazard fashion. No matter how confused the life of their parents, due to changing hours, location work, etc., the children are as carefully supervised as any children in the world. Perhaps they receive more attention, as the parents themselves realize the uncertain conditions of their own lives.

For instance, take Victor McLaglen, devil-may-care roisterer on the screen, who is one of those English fathers in real life, meaning that he is devotion itself to his family, and thoughtful for every detail of their lives.

Not too indulgent, he nevertheless maintains a fine camaraderie with his two children; the boy, Andrew, nine years old, and the girl, Sheila, seven.

"I want my children," he said the other day, "to have a good, thorough American education, first of all. When my wife was at home in England last year, her greatest concern was to get the children back to Hollywood in time to continue their school. I like the American educational methods, and my children go to the public schools.

"Andrew goes to Foxe Military Academy. He inherits a taste for the army from me,

seem inclined to be an actor, but neither did I at his age. If he wishes to go into the army, it is of course all right with me. Even at home on holidays he seems to take a sort of pride in maintaining his military hours, and, indeed, makes life a bit miserable for the rest of us by getting up early in the morning and expecting us to do the same."

Andrew is the champion boxer of his school, and his dad not infrequently puts on the gloves with him. Victor takes great pride in his son's achievement.

Sheila McLaglen, daughter of Victor McLaglen, and the elaborate playhouse her dad has provided for her at their Beverly Hills home. The playhouse is electrically equipped and modern in every other feature.



How the STARS Bring Up Their CHILDREN

BY GRACE KINGSLEY

Sheila, on the other hand, is being trained in all the arts of home-making and housekeeping. Victor has had a practical playhouse built for his daughter. The playhouse is electrically equipped for doing housework of every kind, and Sheila especially delights in it, being the envy of every little girl in the neighborhood. Her mother sees to it that all her work is thoroughly and correctly done, yet does not supervise her to the extent of taking the joy out of it. Here she sews for her dolls, often in company with some little playmate, and here also she cooks for her family of dolls and for those of other children who bring their doll families to lunch or tea.

But Sheila is happiest when she gets tea in her playhouse for her dad! He has to double up pretty much to get into it, but get into it he does, as he wouldn't disappoint Sheila



Josef Erich Von Stroheim, the eight-year old son of the famous director, attends a Los Angeles military academy and can salute with all the precision of his father. Right now Josef wants to be a cowboy when he grows up.



for worlds when she has cooked something especially for him.

In this playhouse Sheila practices the cooking and sewing lessons she studies at school.

"I don't want my daughter to become an actress," said MacLaglen emphatically. "I know too well the heartbreak of it, especially for a woman."

MacLaglen owns a home at LaJolla Beach, where his family spends the summers and week-ends, and where the children can bathe and play tennis and ride horseback to their hearts' content.

Lawrence Tibbett's twins, Richard and Lawrence. The twins attend public school and are under rigid discipline. Larry inherits his father's love for singing while Richard is inclined to be bookish.

That Barrymore Baby!

A WONDERFUL baby, indeed, is Dolores May Ethel Barrymore,



Harold Lloyd and his daughter, Gloria, on Harold's own golf course, a part of his elaborate estate. Gloria, who is the image of her popular father, has been a system child since she was a tiny infant.

daughter of John and Dolores Costello Barrymore.

This young lady is the idol of her parents, naturally, but so far isn't a bit spoiled, exhibiting, indeed, the sweetest temper imaginable.

"She isn't a bit temperamental," declared Mrs. Joe Cawthorne, a lifelong friend of the Barrymores.

Little Dolores May Ethel goes to sleep on the dot, eats on the dot (she is a system baby of the very latest model) has her sun baths on the dot, and is altogether a most admirable child.

At this writing the Barrymores are out on their yacht, sailing in Mexican waters, and the baby is with them. But so careful are the parents of their child, that a

Charles Bickford's children, Doris, aged thirteen, and Rex, aged five. These children have been raised in the open. Both are expert riders and both are fine swimmers.

mere nurse is not enough. A special physician, a woman, who makes the study of children's health her life work, has accompanied the expedition. So far, according to communications received by friends and relatives here, the baby hasn't needed the doctor to any extent. She isn't even seasick.

Nothing is permitted to interfere with the system under which the baby is being raised, even on shipboard. If she requires vegetable juices, why, they have been brought along for her.

The baby has her little bed aboard ship, with her cabin made to look as much like a nursery as possible.

While there isn't much said as yet in the household concerning her future, I think it is tacitly taken for granted that she will be an actress.

And, as though in prophesy, she is the first baby to join the Domino Club, which is the little sister, you know, of the women's stage organization, the exclusive Twelfth Night Club, of New York; and which boasts the membership, in Hollywood, of all the best-known stage and talking-picture actresses in the West. The club presented the little one with a silver toilet set.

Which makes two toilet sets, inasmuch as her fond dad had already given her a solid gold one.

Dolores is a wonderful mother, and Jack is a great dad.

Lucky little Barrymore baby!

Gloria's Children

"GLORIA SWANSON is one of the most devoted mothers I have ever known," Lois Wilson once told me. "If either of the children is ill, she will sit up all night with the child, even when she is working."

So that is the record for this actress, ultra-sophisticated on the screen, heartless in her film rôles, the last word in smartness, but a most maternal lady at heart.

Little Gloria is nine years old, and the boy, Joseph, adopted, is seven. His nickname is "Brother."

The children go to public school although they have a nursery governess at home. They have a lot of school chums, and other playmates too.



"I believe in bringing up children so as to preserve their individuality," said Miss Swanson. "I try in every way possible to avoid having their lives directed for them in any certain channels connected with my own career."

Joseph seems to be mechanically minded. He likes to study mechanical toys and toy airplanes, and to take them apart and put them together again.

Both take music lessons on the piano and, in addition, Gloria is taking lessons on the harp and is showing much musical ability. The children play duets together nicely. Gloria has much more liking for music than Joseph has.

Little Gloria looks very much like her mother.

The children have a nursery, but love playing in the outdoors in their big yard. They both have bicycles, which they ride about their big Beverly Hills home. Both love to swim in the ocean.

There is no hard or fast rule about the children's up-bringing except that servants must neither over-indulge them nor on the other hand be too severe in method with them. And they must not be allowed to over-exercise, either.

They have several dogs as pets. There is a litter of chow pups at present on the premises, and there is a cute little animal story connected with these and with the children's special pet, a Scotty named Tam. While the pups were being born, Tam was just as interested as anybody. He sat about and observed proceedings, and seems to have a great interest in the brood. The children call him "Nurse," such a lively interest does he show in the young strangers. The mother resents the interest of everybody and every animal in her young, except that of Tam. And she freely permits him to play with the pups.

The children are encouraged to understand the value of money, though not to be parsimonious. Little Gloria is very sensible



Johnny Mack Brown and his wife (above) are mighty proud of their daughter, Jane Harriet, as you can see from this picture. Johnny has decided that he doesn't want his daughter to be an actress. At the left, Skeets Gallagher and his son, Skeets, Junior.



in money matters, either from training or a natural sense of thrift.

Between pictures Gloria is with the children a great deal. She rides with them and takes them to the beach or plays with them about the big grounds of the home. They dine with her and she sometimes reads to them.

When Miss Swanson has guests, even interviewers, the children are not restrained from joining their mother. There is no effort to shut them out, although she never permits them to be photographed for publicity, thinking this would make them self-conscious and perhaps influence them toward desiring a publicity unwholesome for children.

Miss Swanson dwells with her children in a large mansion in Beverly Hills. It is a big, somewhat old-fashioned house, surrounded by huge grounds, and the children are very happy there. Indeed its owner has been frequently advised to sell the place, but refuses because she feels that the



Harry Carey and his children, Adobe and Cappy, aged nine and five. Raised by Indian nurses, the children speak two or three redskin dialects and are highly proficient in Indian lore.

children come first, and that a love of a home they know and grow up in is a wholesome factor in character building.

In short, Miss Swanson wants her children to be good, wholesome, natural youngsters.

Tom Mix's Little Girl

TOM MIX'S daughter, nine years old, Thomasina, bids fair to follow in her father's footsteps when it comes to ridin' and shootin'.

Ever since she was a tiny girl, Thomasina has had her own pony, and has ridden horseback. Rules, however, were strict. She must always be accompanied, even when riding on the grounds of the big Mix estate in Beverly, by either her father or her mother, or some highly trusted servant.

Victoria Mix, Thomasina's mother, took almost entire charge of the girl's education when she was little. "I never

John Miljan is the step-father of the two boys at the right, Robert, aged eight, and Creighton, aged twelve years.

tell Thomasina 'Never mind, don't bother me,' when she asks a question," her mother said. "In fact, we have one given hour together every day when I read to her or talk with her in her little study, and she asks me any question she wishes. Am I stumped? Very often I am you may be sure."

She had a French nurse when she was small, and she stayed a long while with her mother in France, so she became a fair French scholar even while yet a tiny girl.

She is a modest, well-behaved child, given to keeping regular hours.

"And she always rises at five or six o'clock, at any hour I do," said her father proudly, "to have breakfast with me. No matter how dark the Winter morning, she never has to be called twice to get up and eat with me."

On the other hand, I have positively never known such adoring affection as Tom lavishes on his little girl. He is putty in her hands—not nearly so strict as her mother—but all the same she minds him.

Thomasina lately has been with her father in Tom's circus!

"Oh, she was great!" Tom told me, when I spoke to him recently on his return from the East.

"She did a riding act and a trapeze act!"

But now that Thomasina is at home, she turns to her books, which she loves almost as much as she does her horses.

"We've been shopping today, Thomasina and I," her father said. "She bought a whole lot of books, and I bought her a bowling-alley set, too. We like that game, Thomasina and I!"

All during her circus tour, Thomasina had her governess with her, and made rapid progress with her books.

"I want her to take up any career she likes when she grows up," said Tom, "but first of all I want her to be well, strong and happy."

Will Rogers' Children

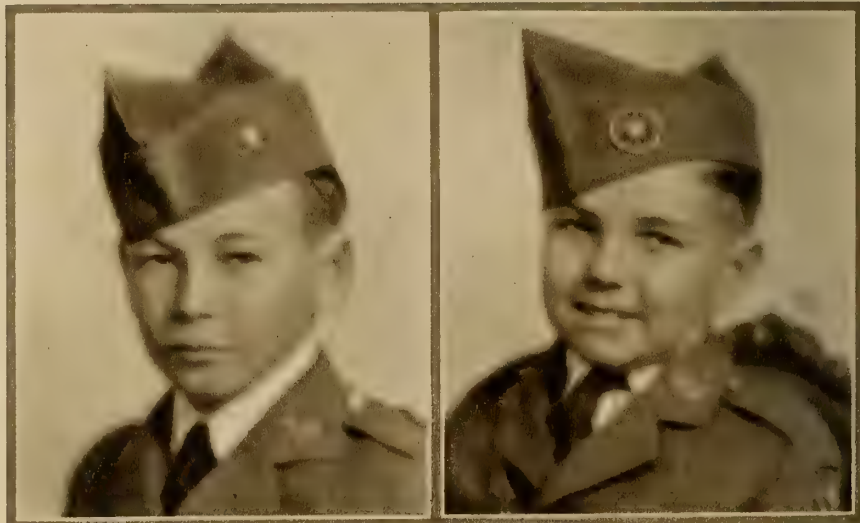
"**W**E ain't bringin' them up, they're just springin' up!" answered Will Rogers with his grin, when I asked him about his three prides and joys.

They are Mary, Jimmie and Bill, you know.

However, I happen to know all the care that is bestowed on these favored youngsters.

And sensible care, too, it is.

They obey their father implicitly, and their mother,



too, for that matter. But they stand a little in awe of their famous dad, just can't get quite used to him.

Jimmie goes to high school, but Bill and Mary attend private schools. And all are athletic, Mary being as great a rider and polo player as her brothers.

The whole house is for the children. And the grounds, too.

Out there in their Santa Monica Ranch stands an old-fashioned ranch house, which has been turned into one big room. The bedrooms and dining room are housed in plain two-story structures. And there is a gymnasium for the children.

But it was the polo field outside, a polo field covered with greensward, that caught my eye. There the children ride their ponies wildly.

The youngsters are taught thrift, and they also have their little daily tasks to perform.

They like the theater fairly well, but prefer the outdoors.

Lawrence Tibbett's Twins

IT was Mrs. Grace Tibbett, wife of the singer, who told me about their children. There are two boys, you know, twins, named Richard Mackay and Lawrence Iven Tibbett.

"I am trying to keep the children unsophisticated," said Mrs. Tibbett. "Lawrence and I both agree that is one of the main considerations. And it is difficult to do this amid all the hectic life to be found in connection with the stage and pictures.

"Not that we don't love professional life and professional people. Of course we do. But we want the children to remain just children, instead of becoming

worldly wise. That, we want to guard against."

The children are never allowed at the many big parties which the Tibbetts give.

I went to one the other night, and outside the house, wistfully watching the guests as they arrived, was one of the twins! Doubtless he had escaped parental supervision, and was taking a hungry peep at the famous guests.

The twins are not permitted to eat sweets or desserts.

The children attend public school and are excellent students. Their mother and father both help them with their home study lessons.

"Larry wants to be a conductor of a big orchestra," his mother explained. "He will take a long stick, turn on the phonograph records of 'Carmen' and Ravell's 'Bolero,' and conduct an imaginary orchestra. These compositions are his favorites.

"Oh, yes, he loves to sing and
(Continued on
page 92)



John Ford, the director, has a son and a daughter, Pat and Barbara, shown above. "They're just every-day children," says their mother, "and not hot-house plants."



Buster Keaton has raised his boys, Joseph and Bobby, to be athletes. Here they are in a corner of the Keaton estate, a corner given over to their playhouse, tracks for their electric train, etc.



JEANETTE MACDONALD

The charming heroine of those two piquant sound screen musicals, "The Love Parade" and "Monte Carlo," Miss MacDonald has moved her make-up box from the Paramount Studios to the Fox Studios—and you will next see her in a lively comedy, "Oh, For a Man." Although Miss MacDonald won first attention with her lovely voice, she will be seen in light comedy sans music. Maybe, if the public ever shows a real liking for singing pictures, you will hear her soprano once more.



Photograph by Fred R. Archer

MARIAN NIXON

Photographed for NEW MOVIE in the bathing pool of her Beverly Hills residence



Photograph by Bert Longworth

The Real and Elusive Beauty of Awakened Romance Is Expressed by Just Two Motion Picture Stars

THIS is the third of Adela Rogers St. Johns' striking articles on screen beauty, each complete in itself. Mrs. St. Johns has declared that the screen has had but two great and indisputable beauties—the late Barbara La Marr and Corinne Griffith. What do you think?

MUSIC produces reactions by its beauty.

Some songs produce romance, some produce passion, some reawaken memories, some lift the spirit to sublime visions.

Beauty in women has just as wide a series of reactions.

The beauties of the screen have to be judged also by the feelings they awaken in the beholder.

To me, Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor have the real beauty of awakening romance.

THERE are some women who suggest love affairs—maybe for a day, a week, even a year. Some that suggest intriguing friendships that would probably be fleeting.

Mary and Janet—I couple them, because I think they are exactly alike in the appeal they make to the heart—suggest the girl who really loves and wants to marry.

Why do the people love Mary? Because of a certain aspect of her face in its highest mood. Botticelli painted her portrait many centuries ago when, by some necromancy, she appeared to him in this phase of herself. The people are hungry for this fine and spiritual thing that Botticelli painted in the faces of his muses and heavenly creatures. Because the mob catch the very glimpse of it in Mary's face, they follow her night after night in the films.

Vachel Lindsay said that in his very fine book, "The Art of the Moving Picture."

Loretta Young is one of the prettiest girls on the screen today. Pretty, too, are Jean Arthur, Leila Hyams, Joan Bennett, Joan Marsh and Jeanette MacDonald. Mrs. St. Johns places Marion Davies at the forefront of the screen's division of prettiness.

And it is a very true saying. People do crave fine and spiritual things. Even today, when we make a fetish of not craving them, there is a hunger for something that makes us believe in goodness.

The Screen's SEARCH for BEAUTY

By ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS



Mary Pickford's beauty is physical and evident. Her face is camera perfect. On no matter what basis you estimated the beauties of the screen, "America's Sweetheart" would have to be included. It is her peculiar power to stir certain feelings that gives her a special kind of beauty.

MARY PICKFORD'S beauty is physical and evident. Her face is camera perfect. Out of a sitting of photographs which includes twenty or thirty negatives, Mary will have to discard only one or two—and those usually because of some fault in lighting. On no matter what basis you estimated the beauties of the screen, "America's Sweetheart" would have to be included.

But it is her peculiar power to stir certain feelings that gives her a special kind of beauty.

For some reason—perhaps it is the contour of her face—Mary is ornamented by our own sweetest memories. She touches the strings of our treasures, the treasures we don't talk about.

The first time we read the story of Lancelot and Elaine. The first time we heard some beloved song. A first kiss. A moonlight night in—Carmel, or Lake Geneva, or Central Park. The lace wedding veil hidden away in a cedar chest in the attic. A young mother bending above her first-born.

Bootleggers and prohibition, gangsters and lipsticks, haven't destroyed the yearning for romance, for sweetness, for gentle goodness, that persists century after century, and in every place.

The woman who can supply that need has beauty. Whether she is sixteen or sixty, whether her face meets all or none of the physical requirements of the immortal Helen—that woman has beauty.

I remember one time being introduced to a girl about whose beauty a mutual boy-friend had told me much. Frankly, I was staggered when I saw her. It

seemed to me that I had never encountered a plainer face. Yet I knew that the boy had been perfectly sincere.

A year or two later, I found myself telling someone else how beautiful this girl was. I meant it. You see, in the meantime I had grown to know her.

That kind of beauty lasts. Unless it is destroyed by some pretensions of youth, it is ageless.

Not long ago I was at a house party given by Marion Davies. There were a number of the most beautiful young girls in pictures at the table. My seat was next to that of a man famous on two continents as an explorer and scientist—an adventurous, daring, hard-living man of the great world. Never having met him before and not wanting to start on his trips into unknown lands, I asked him which woman there he thought the most beautiful.

"How could I tell?" he said "I don't know any of them."

"But you can see them all," I said.

He looked. "I suppose they are beautiful," he said, at last, "but will you think me ungallant if I say I do not see beauty in any face here except Miss Davies'? They are

like lamps without a light inside."

LATER, when we became better acquainted, he showed me a picture of his wife, who he said was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in all his travels. I don't think, really, he knew anything about how she looked. Even I, just looking at the picture once, could see why he thought her beautiful.

"It wasn't Mary Pickford's face alone that made her the most famous of all stars. It was a beauty that could rest, comfort, satisfy the tired longing in many tired people. You can't get that beauty in beauty parlors." — ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS.

Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor Are the Only



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

Clara Bow is a living symbol of our idols—speed and pep. She moves all the time. When, in any picture, do you ever see Clara still? Then, too, she has a thing we all prize highly, youth. Real youth. She must have been born with a fund of nervous energy that would run the dynamo of an electric plant.

She looked so good, so kind, so true, so—oh, as if she'd always understand, always be there in the pinches.

It wasn't alone Mary Pickford's pretty face, her charm of personality, that made her the most famous of all stars.

It was a beauty that could rest, comfort, satisfy the tired longing of many tired people. Probably they weren't conscious of it, probably they never analyzed it. But you can't overthrow human nature in a few short years of freedom and license. Woman has been for centuries a part of religion, a part of spirituality. Upon her breast, man has sought surcease from burdened existence.

Mary suggests that Woman. The little Mother. James Whitcomb Riley's "The Girl I Loved."

You don't get that kind of beauty in beauty parlors, Paris dress salons, gymnasiums. You get it by high thinking and clean living. You get it by unselfishness and charity. Which still pay dividends, even in the world of screen beauty.

Even when Mary is a little devil, even when she's a vixen and a termagant, she still has that face which suggests beauty of soul. You can't get away from it.

JANET GAYNOR has much the same thing, though in a little different channel. Janet is the romance of life. The girl for whom knights battled. Her physical aspect also awakens a definite and unusual emotional response. You look at her, you do not think particularly whether she is beautiful or not. But you want to rescue her, protect her.

Mary and Janet are our romantic beauties of the screen.

It isn't, you know, a bad idea. Even in fashions, we have had to come back in some respects to the romantic.

Marguerite Clark was the Janet Gaynor of her day. The doll you couldn't bear to see handled by careless hands. Mae Marsh, too, had the ability to awaken quick and loving feeling—that was her beauty, though in truth she was a plain little person. The lamp was lighted within, always. Its glow drew you, made you love her.

I wonder if, in the last analysis, anything that awakens love isn't beautiful.

THERE is another screen beauty who has a typically modern appeal. She is a beauty today, a great beauty in popular estimation, yet I doubt if she would have been called beautiful in other ages. Clara Bow.

They call her the "IT" girl.

Short, to the point, goes well in headlines and twenty-four sheets.

But I don't think Clara's beauty is merely that of sex. After all, sex is biological and, as the great and sedate Plutarch once remarked, "All women are fair when the candles are out."

This is distinctly an age of speed, of movement. We love fast motion. Our dances of the past few years—the Black Bottom, the Charleston, the Varsity Drag, the Shimmy, have all been rapid movement.

Our lives are a succession of going quickly from one place to another, one thing to another, and our great national idol of the moment is the man who went farthest fastest—Colonel Lindbergh.

Sports have speeded up terrifically. Records on

Romantic Beauties of the Motion Picture Screen

the track are seconds faster than they were a decade ago. Baseball is speedier. Football has developed speed and forward passes—faster, more open than the games of a few years past.

Trains, boats, automobiles—everything is speed and movement.

All that speed Clara Bow represents in a girl.

SHE has the national quality—pep. We adore pep. She moves all the time. When, in any picture, do you ever see Clara still? Her eyes sparkle with an inward fire, which is another outward sign of an inward pep.

It isn't just the beauty of graceful motion. That can be slow. Clara has all the beauty of a very fast thoroughbred horse. Whether she does the modern dance that we think fascinating, every movement suggests that she might start it at any moment.

A symbol is Clara Bow. A symbol of our idols, speed and pep.

Many young girls of today have that beauty. Clara does less than nothing to keep hers. She must have been born with a fund of nervous energy that would run the dynamo of an electric plant. Or perhaps it is because she doesn't exercise or bother about her looks that she manages to keep up that terrific pace of hers.

Clara takes care of her looks by fits and starts—a good deal the way most young girls do. For two or three days, she has massages, puts on her cold cream every night and rubs her face with a piece of ice every morning. Then for a week, she forgets all about it.

Again, Clara has a thing that we prize highly—youth. Real youth. It is her problem now to approach thirty as distinctively, as stunningly as Swanson or Norma Talmadge.

I sometimes wonder if men don't prefer prettiness to beauty. There is a fragile, feminine, lovable quality about prettiness that beauty doesn't have. Sometimes great beauty creates a feeling of awe. Prettiness does just the opposite.

Pretty women are pettable—if there is such a word. And they have a gayety, a lightness which I love.

"A pretty little woman" still has a good deal of an edge on most of her sex.

THE prettiest woman on the screen is Marion Davies. There were shots of her in that delightful picture "The Florodora Girl" that were prettier than anything else I have ever seen in pictures.

She has every true element of prettiness. Divine dimples. Little golden freckles on her pert, upturned nose. Curly blond hair. Wide blue eyes. Even, white teeth. Big blue eyes with black lashes that curve back and are tipped with gold.

She knows how to make the most of it, too. Probably her clothes are smart and up to the moment in fashion. But they are always pretty clothes. I have never seen her attempt the striking, the ultra, the severe. Her dinner gowns are soft blues and exquisite orchids and very pale pinks.

Her hats always have a little softly curved brim.



Photograph by Autrey

Janet Gaynor is the romance of life, says Mrs. St. Johns. Her physical aspect awakens a definite and unusual emotional response. You look at her, you do not think particularly whether she is beautiful or not. But you want to rescue her, protect her.

Her sweaters are woolly ones, of angora, with adorable woolly collars. She is essentially dainty in every little appointment.

And she has the prettiest laugh in the world.

Most pretty women are blondes, have you ever noticed that?

Mary Miles Minter was one of the prettiest girls who ever won stardom. And I wonder if you remember Wanda Hawley? There was a scene in the prologue of that great picture made by Cecil De Mille, "Old Wives for New," in which Wanda, dressed in a gingham apron, came down to a little stream. I will never forget that.

THERE are a lot of pretty girls on the screen today. Jean Arthur, Loretta Young, Leila Hyams, Joan Bennett, Laura La Plante, Joan Marsh, Jeanette MacDonald.

In fact, unless you have something to go with prettiness—such as Marion Davies' great comedy talent or Mae Murray's dancing and instinct for the picturesque—you don't get above the level of a good leading woman.

June Collyer is pretty, but she must watch herself for the affectation of a set smile that is becoming almost as objectionable as Buddy Rogers' omnipresent dental ad.

(Continued on page 125)

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
HURRELL



Kay Johnson's boudoir is a perfect example of the modernistic spirit. The walls are a silver gray, finished on heavy plaster. The wall brackets and the lamps all have shades of soft opaque silver. The oddly shaped chest of drawers, shown at the left, serves as a perfume and dressing table. Above it is an old portrait of a Chinese woman done on pale gray silk and carrying out all the colors of the room. The chaise longue, barely in view in the picture at the left, is covered with a striped glazed chintz in apple green, rose, peach and lemon yellow. The reading lamp has a twisted silver stand and a parchment shade of soft rose. The pillows are Chinese silk.

Miss Johnson and her modernistic bed, at the right. The head board carries out the severe lines. It is enameled silver gray and the coverlet is of old Chinese satin, with figures of all the pastel shades. The doll represents a Chinese lady of high degree and makes a brilliant splash of color.





Above, Miss Johnson in her modernistic boudoir. The chair is upholstered in glazed chintz, with crossing stripes of rose, apple green and yellow. The background is soft gray. Note the small collapsible table of metal enameled a delicate green. This is a most convenient article for any room. The boudoir is carpeted in gray velour.

MOVIE BOUDOIRS

KAY
JOHNSON



At the right Miss Johnson is wearing Chinese pajamas in brocaded jade green silk. The tiny dressing table is enameled a silver gray, but the border strikes the color note, painted in many pastel shades of rose, green, lemon yellow and peach.



Photograph by Hurrell

RAMON NOVARRO

As you will see him in his next Metro-Goldwyn vehicle, "The Gay Caballero."



After flying all over Europe on her first vacation in years of hard work, Dorothy Mackaill is back in Hollywood. When she went away on her trip, she said she might not come back. But Miss Mackaill got homesick for the maddest town in all the world.

A Catching Up With Dorothy

BY NORMAN KRASNA

city they would be rushed to New York on the Twentieth Century.

AT nine in the morning the Twentieth Century pulled into Grand Central Station where Car 147, called Pocohontas, Compartment Six, was met by various gentlemen purporting to be, and who

Twenty minutes after eleven o'clock on the night of May 12, Dorothy Mackaill got up from the floor and yawned. Then she sat down, yawned, and got up again. It was the last sequence taken in the filming of the highly successful "The Office Wife." Dorothy's maid got her things together from her dressing-room, they both tramped out of the studio to their waiting coffee-colored Cadillac, and away they went, Dorothy driving lickety-split, never to come back to the studio, they thought.

It was Dorothy's last picture on her old long-term contract. This had been her last day. The yawning had been her last "shot." This was very appropriate. At seven o'clock the following day Dorothy and her mother were ensconced on the Chief, eastward-bound from Los Angeles to Chicago, from which delightful

undoubtedly were, First National executives. Most of them bore papers "Sign here, Dorothy," or "Sign there, Dorothy."

For five minutes the redoubtable Miss Mackaill refused to turn the key that would open the compartment door, although the executives certainly were making themselves known. After which time, realizing that while she was able to drop out of a window her mother was not, she opened the door.

Now Dorothy isn't like other stars, in social contacts. First National (Continued on page 87)



Photograph by Preston Duncan

RAYMOND HACKETT



Mary Brian invited some of her girl friends to a "Brunch" the other day. A "Brunch" is an early luncheon designed for young women who eat no breakfast. Left to right, Frances Dee, Elva Boggs, Mary Brian, June Collyer and Rosita Moreno

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY
EVELYN GRAY
Photograph by Otto Dyar

LAST month we told you about a Hollywood luncheon. Now we are going to introduce you to a form of entertainment to which Hollywood is very partial and which is a most convenient and intimate way of getting together for a group of girls or young matrons.

They call it "Brunch."

You will probably guess at the origin of that unusual name. It's a combination of breakfast and lunch and was, as nearly as I can remember, invented by Bebe Daniels a few years ago when she used to give Sunday morning brunches before a long afternoon of horseback riding in Griffith Park.

Now it has been adopted as the proper way of feeding your guests before a matinee, a football game, or an afternoon that is to be devoted to shopping.

YOU see, now that most women don't eat any breakfast—or at most a glass of orange juice or

a cup of coffee—a combined breakfast and lunch around eleven-thirty is very tempting and fits in nicely with the prescribed schedule of two meals a day which the modern figure demands. Also, by serving a meal as early as that, one isn't rushed madly in order to get through and be at the theater or the stadium on time.

Mary Brian had a group of girl friends for brunch in her boudoir the other afternoon and then took them to a matinee. Most of them being "working girls" but happening to be between pictures, it suited them exactly, for they could sleep late and go straight to Mary's. In that case, a regular luncheon doesn't appeal much to the appetite but brunch is perfect.

Mary served a menu which gave everyone a wide choice of eating as much or as little as she wanted.

First, large glasses of chilled orange juice, with the juice of one lime and one lemon. The orange juice was served in regular full sized glasses.

(Continued on page 100)

Ever Hear of a
Hollywood Brunch?

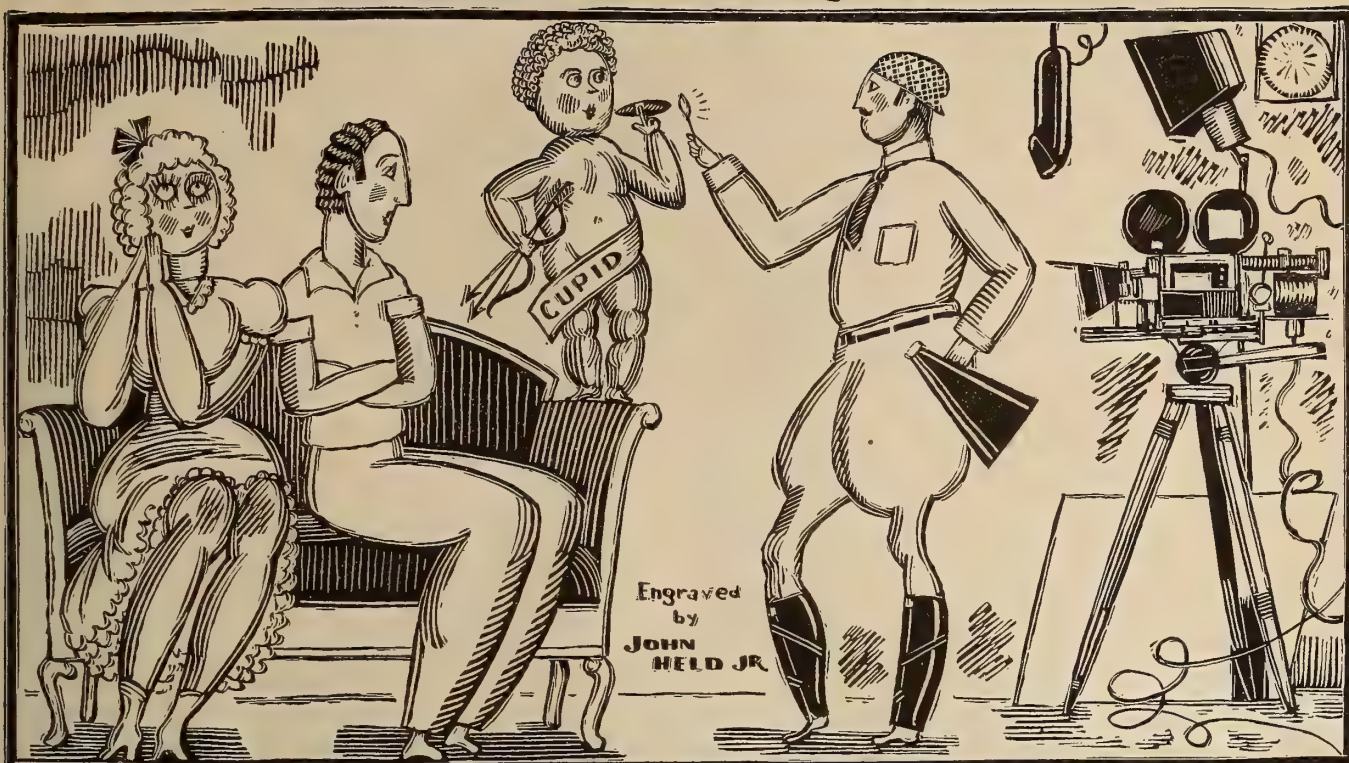


**MARLENE
DIETRICH**

The newest personality on the screen! This importation from Germany next will be seen as a piquant lady spy in "Dishonored" with Josef Von Sternberg, who directed her in "Morocco," again in charge of production. Victor McLaglen is playing opposite, instead of Gary Cooper, who could not finish work on "Fighting Caravans" in time to take the rôle.



FEBRUARY



TO MY VALENTINE



M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.	M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
1	Sun.	1922: William Taylor murdered in Hollywood, the town making the front pages for the first time.	15	Sun.	1882: John Barrymore born in Philadelphia. 1914: The unknown Charlie Chaplin arrives in Los Angeles to make comedies.
2	Mon.	1921: "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" released by Metro and Valentino rides on to glory. Full moon tonight.	16	Mon.	1902: Chester Morris born in New York City. 1880: D. W. Griffith born in La Grange, Ky., and General Jake Griffith is mighty proud.
3	Tues.	1916: The makers of motion pictures are told for first time that they have created an art. Imagine their surprise!	17	Tues.	1897: Anita Stewart born in Brooklyn. 1908: Mary Brian born in Corsicana, Texas. 1925: Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor married. New moon tonight.
4	Wed.	1911: The first film magazine runs the first interview entitled "The Real Jane Doe."	18	Wed.	1890: Adolphe Menjou born in Pittsburgh.
5	Thurs.	1903: Lindbergh born. 1917: Charlie Ray introduces the first butler to astonished Hollywood.	19	Thurs.	1910: Dorothy Janis born in Dallas, Texas. 1890: Art Acord born in Stillwater, Okla.
6	Fri.	1899: Ramon Samaniegos (now Novarro) born in Durango, Mexico. 1901: Ben Lyon born in Atlanta, Ga.	20	Fri.	1926: Joan Crawford claims the title of best Charleston dancer on the coast.
7	Sat.	1904: Eddie Nugent born in New York City.	21	Sat.	1926: Buddy Rogers was an anxious student at the Paramount School. Will he be promoted or not?
8	Sun.	1587: Mary, Queen of Scots, executed. 1915: "The Clansman" (later "The Birth of a Nation") opens at Clune's Auditorium, Los Angeles.	22	Sun.	1885: Lew Cody born. 1883: James Kirkwood born.
9	Mon.	1891: Ronald Colman born in Richmond, Surrey, England. Moon in last quarter tonight.	23	Mon.	1930: Madcap Mabel Normand dies.
10	Tues.	1926: Rudolph Valentino starts work on his last film, "The Son of the Sheik."	24	Tues.	1885: Bert Lytell born in New York City.
11	Wed.	1927: The great Garbo-Gilbert romance grows torrid.	25	Wed.	1926: Clara Bow announces her engagement to Gilbert Roland. Moon in first quarter tonight.
12	Thurs.	1912: Buster Collier born in New York City.	26	Thurs.	1981: Hollywood welcomes a foreign movie actress with open arms.
13	Fri.	1926: Paramount announces that it will film Dreiser's "American Tragedy" at once.	27	Fri.	1899: Ian Keith born in Boston. 1911: Joan Bennett born in Palisades, N. J.
14	Sat.	Valentine's Day. 1906: Stuart Erwin born in Squaw Valley, Calif. 1914: Griffith arrives in Los Angeles to make "Birth of a Nation."	28	Sat.	1815: Napoleon getting ready for return from Elba. The first comeback of history.

February birth stone: Both ancient and modern, amethyst. The amethyst betokens sincerity, according to the wise men of history.



Photograph by Hurrell

Kay Francis' mother was an actress, Katherine Clinton. Kay had no idea of adopting a stage career until her marriage crashed. She was a divorcee at twenty. Ten days after applying at the managers' offices, Miss Francis landed a job in a Broadway production. It was just luck, she explains. She had no particular ambitions at that time. Broadway knew her as something of a playgirl. Now that she has made a hit on the screen, Broadway wouldn't recognize the transformed Kay. She loves work. Indeed she says work is the most important thing in life to her right now.

Working GIRL

Broadway Knew Kay Francis as a Girl Who Lived for a Laugh but Hollywood Has Transformed Her

By
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



THERE was a terrible storm at sea. The great ocean liner fought its way through giant waves that pounded against the steel sides with a crash of cymbals. Above, the black clouds menaced with blots of lightning and mad downpours of rain. The ship seemed to struggle through chaos toward an unseen goal.

A girl wrapped in a heavy coat, a tam pulled down over her eyes, stood at the rail. No one else had ventured on deck, but the storm fitted her mood and she was recklessly careless of consequences.

For behind her lay what seemed the wreck of her life. An ex-wife at twenty. At twenty she had lived the span of a great love, a romantic sixteen-year-old marriage, two and a half years of bliss and agony combined, a Paris divorce.

No wonder her eyes were smoldering.

WHILE the storm raged, young Mrs. Francis faced the problems which have confronted thousands of ex-wives. The liner floundering up and down in the boiling waves under dark skies was very like herself. The storms of life had torn this girl from her moorings. The only life she had known since she came to adolescence lay behind her, a mere black and white record upon a French court.

A divorcee at twenty.

What should she do with the long life that stretched ahead of her? How was she to fill up that endless procession of days? Must she drift as so many ex-wives drifted, filling her days with any sort of thing called fun?

Her heart ached, not for the man she had divorced, but for the shattered dreams, the torn illusions. Such a short time before she had stood at the altar with all a very young girl's high hopes and rosy faith in love. She had seen ahead to the days of Darby and Joan, as they two grew old hand in hand.

Now that was gone and life looked very empty. She

"It's wonderful how helpful Hollywood folks are," says Kay Francis. "When I worked with Clara Bow, she was simply grand. She said to me, 'Now, Kay, I'm the star, so naturally they train the camera on me. But, if you cheat a little, you'll get in it just right, too. You've got to keep that face in the camera, you know, darling.'"

wanted no more of love that could do such brutal things to anyone.

But she was by no means an ignorant girl. Though she had been brought up in convents, she was of her generation. Facts were to be recognized, that was all. A typical post-war young woman. She knew pretty well what happened or might happen to a young divorcee with green eyes, black hair, the figure of a Parisian mannequin and nothing to do.

"EX-WIFE" hadn't been written then, but she knew. On the trackless waves she saw written the old story. The pathetic effort to fill empty hours. The fear of being alone that leads to cocktail parties and night clubs. The surface laughter which passes for happiness and for which nowadays so many ex-wives pay a high price.

Then it came to her that the ship on which she stood had work to do, a place to go, a goal to achieve. That was why it would defeat the storm and come eventually into port.

"I must do something," she said to herself aloud. "I must have work to do. I must keep busy."

She knew that she could never be happy in the aimless life of mere social drifting from one luncheon to another, one bridge party to another, one evening to another. There was too much vital energy in her.

"I will go on the stage," she said.

Her mother, Katherine Clinton, had been an actress. But Kay had never thought of the stage, because she had married as soon as she was out of the convent.

Kay Francis, Divorcee at 20, Had to Find a New Life

Now it seemed that the stage was her place. It was fascinating work that would hold her interest, occupy her time, force her to give her best to make good. Kay Francis had in her a streak that insisted upon making good at anything she tried to do.

ON the dock she told her mother and her uncle what she planned to do.

They laughed at her. Little Kay on the stage? Why, she didn't have any talent. She'd never shown the slightest interest in the theater. She had enough money. She had better come home and rest and wait—for what they didn't say, but probably for an advantageous second marriage.

Kay narrowed those amazing gray-green eyes, set in long, inky-black lashes and under severe black brows. Ten days later she was rehearsing for the rôle of the player queen in the modern version of "Hamlet."

"Luck," she says. Probably she is right. That first chance is so often luck. It's the years afterwards that count.

When they asked her her name she said simply, "Kay Francis." It was her married name, but for a long time she had regarded it as her only name and it never occurred to her to change it. She had no idea how famous it was to become.

For at first she had no great ambition. Success came without much effort. Her looks. Her alluring, low voice. Her ability to wear clothes. Automatically this combination insured her getting along.

Two things she did in those New York years, while in "Crime" and "Elmer the Great" she made fairly reputable hits. She worked and she laughed. Everyone now has something of a laugh complex. Laughter fills up almost all the blank spots.

THE people who knew Kay Francis in New York thought of her as a play-girl. Always ready for anything. "A lot of laughs" was her main object. The men she went around with were nearly always the ones who could make her laugh hearty. She was the life of



Kay Francis likes to live alone. "I have to be alone at times," she says. "I don't see how people live who are never by themselves. I couldn't do it. I make a swell bachelor girl, for I'm not domestic. I want to live simply, comfortably, with as little annoyance as possible. Eliminate. That's my philosophy."

fitted, posing for photographs, studying lines.

"Once in a while I go to a party," she said. "But usually I'm so tired at night I can just get my make-up off and flop into bed. I don't have time to read. I never get a chance to play tennis. What do I do? I work, by gosh."

SHE sank down in a big chair and dragged off her little felt hat. Her face is striking, but not beautiful. It is more interesting than most beauty. The great charm for the eye lies in the coloring. But her face has a greater charm (Continued on page 124)

the party, could always be counted on for wisecracks, quick answers, amusing ideas.

There wasn't a more popular girl on Broadway than the laughter-loving, gay, witty Kay Francis, who loved a good time and knew how to have it.

Broadway's play-girl. A straight-shooter. A grand kid. But she never took anything, neither men nor work, seriously. They didn't know that she had once taken a man much too seriously and had been badly hurt. No, Kay Francis had decided, as young folks so often do, that the way to beat life at its own game was never to take anything seriously, never to believe in anything and then you couldn't be disillusioned, never to build up any dreams and then you couldn't be rudely awakened, never to throw your whole soul into the keeping of another human being and then you couldn't be disappointed.

Be a play-girl. That was the system.

When I went to see her the other day, she came in very late whistling, "I've been working on the railroad, all the livelong day."

Seeing me, she said, "And you don't know how true that is."

Kay Francis takes her work seriously now, believe me. She works harder, longer, more intensely, than any other girl I know in Hollywood. In two years the most time she has had off is three days. When she isn't actually shooting, she's getting clothes, being

Catching Up With Dorothy

(Continued from page 79)

executives do not go down to meet trains, ever, except for Dorothy. Some way, somehow, Dorothy seems to strike off a more familiar, hail-fellow-well-met attitude that endears her to everyone she meets.

The impression seems to be that feminine appreciation is gained by being coy and winsome, but these traits cannot honestly be attributed to Dorothy Mackaill.

Should you be permitted a glimpse of Dorothy and an executive you would gain the impression that they did not get along well at all.

"Hello Dorothy."

(No answer)

"You're looking better since I saw you last."

"Which makes me worth your money!"

"Ah—er, not very much better, only a little."

"Well, what's eating you?"

"Now why did you leave Hollywood without signing your new contract? Believe me, we have more trouble keeping tabs on you than—"

"Listen, are you going to stand there and argue or are you going to help me pack this junk?"

NOW how can someone keep up an indignant and injured front when he's putting lacy doodads in a satchel? This burlesque at animosity keeps on for hours, as it did on the Twentieth Century, a whole day at the Ritz-Carlton, and right up to the gangplank of the *S. S. Paris*, on which Dorothy was booked to sail the next morning.

"No," she said, "and again, no! no! and no! I'm going on a vacation. Goodbye."

And so she didn't sign any contract. A pretty state of affairs. One of the most valuable screen properties in the world, to get sordid about it, meandering about Europe without being signed by the company that made her successful. And it wasn't as if First National had the promise of Dorothy that when she got back she would sign a contract. To the company this bond would have been as good as the contract itself.

But Dorothy had said peculiar things.

"Oh, I might come back. Oh, I might. And then again I might not. I hear Berlin is pretty nice to live in now. And the old home town of Hull wouldn't be a bad place to spend reclining years and all that. My credit's good there. I guess I don't know what to do. Maybe travel for ten years. Or live in a small English cottage. Or be a high diver. Good-bye I have to pack. Why don't some of you executives help?"

IT was a peculiar situation. Not having had a vacation for six years it was difficult for someone to say that she would postpone it again. Not having a contract with the company it was impossible to say that she should postpone it again.

And what worried the company as much as anything, a friendly sort of worry, by the way, was the undeniable fact that Dorothy had a whole lot of money. Wall Street was a place where there were no picture houses, to Dorothy. Marble mansions were places she lived in during working hours, not at home. And why a chauffeur when she liked to drive? Dorothy has a lot of money.

For four long months cables addressed to wherever the rumors had it that Dorothy was, came back.

"No person at this address. This is a full charge cable."

Sometimes a newspaper clipping offered a hint.

"Dorothy Mackaill, noted screen star, was fined ten pounds by Magistrate Farthingham, for exceeding the local speed limit. The patrolman reported that the star had gone so fast that he could not measure her speed, since his own speedometer halted at eighty miles an hour. Miss Mackaill raised a legal point that if the patrolman was unable to say exactly how fast she was traveling she should be released. Magistrate Farthingham overruled the point, but publicly accepted her invitation to tea."

One clipping, marked "Grontz, Germany," offered the not amusing note:

"In a crack-up of the Fokker sixteen passenger plane yesterday evening no fatalities occurred although two men are seriously injured. Among the passengers were—" and then a list of a dozen persons, and the name of Dorothy Mackaill.

REPORTS came in from friends, too. Yes, they had bumped into Dorothy and her mother at Cannes. Yes, they heard she flew to Paris. From Paris back to London, from London to Switzerland, Switzerland to Berlin. Poo! she was lost again! And all the time not so much as a picture postcard from the blond star, who was evidently sleeping in airplanes.

And then, just as suddenly as she disappeared, she was found. She was staying at a friend's in London. Jack Warner sent her a contract by cable, she signed by cable, and home she came.

The secret came out. She was a little homesick. Europe was nice all right, but they had no directors who hollered at her. Mmm, it was pleasant not to have to get up at eight every morning, but it got monotonous after the first week. And she knew she was getting homesick when she found herself sneaking away from her mother on an afternoon and going to see a motion picture—the busman's holiday.

So Dorothy's back now. Refreshed, still looking for trouble with speed cops, still Hollywood's own child. And don't think she's not appreciated. In a town where amusing personalities have long been the life of the entire country, and where an industry that has begun to settle has quieted down the more amusing characters, it is indeed a relief and a blessing to find one brave soul still Peter Pan at heart, someone, who can be depended upon to leave her car standing across the car tracks while she buys a hat, and who will hide a fish in Mervyn LeRoy's topcoat even though he bribe her with an expensive lunch. Perk up your ears. Dorothy Mackaill's back. You're going to see her soon in "Big Business Girl," her first picture under her fine, new contract.

Emperor Jones

(Continued from page 47)

Executive (Yanking pull strap)—I'll call in a supervisor. (Enter a tall, sad-faced fellow with a haggard, hunted look. He is obviously a little sour—and perhaps a bit mad.)

Supervisor—Did you call me, Chief?

Executive—Certainly I called you—whaddayuh think I got this thing for? (Gives pull strap a demonstrative yank) Now lissen—on these Bobby Jones pictures—I wanna make 'em more than educational. I wanna make 'em super-educational. Not just educational.

Supervisor (A glow of light in his tired eyes)—That's wot I've been saying. Make them super-supers.

Executive—And make 'em fast, too. Use slow motion but speed it up—don't

let 'em look like a news reel, see? How about music? Got any ideas about music?

Supervisor—I've been givin' that a lot of thought, Chief. A lot of thought. I figured to put a band under an awning at the various holes and let 'em play soft while Jones gets ready to hit the apple—time the swings with the music and let the drums come in when the club hits the ball, see?

Executive—We decided to make it miniature golf. But there can be a casino with a lot of hot music and a dance going on so the audience keeps hearing the music.

Supervisor—Well, Chief, you got a great idea there—make it miniature golf. The idea of making it Tom

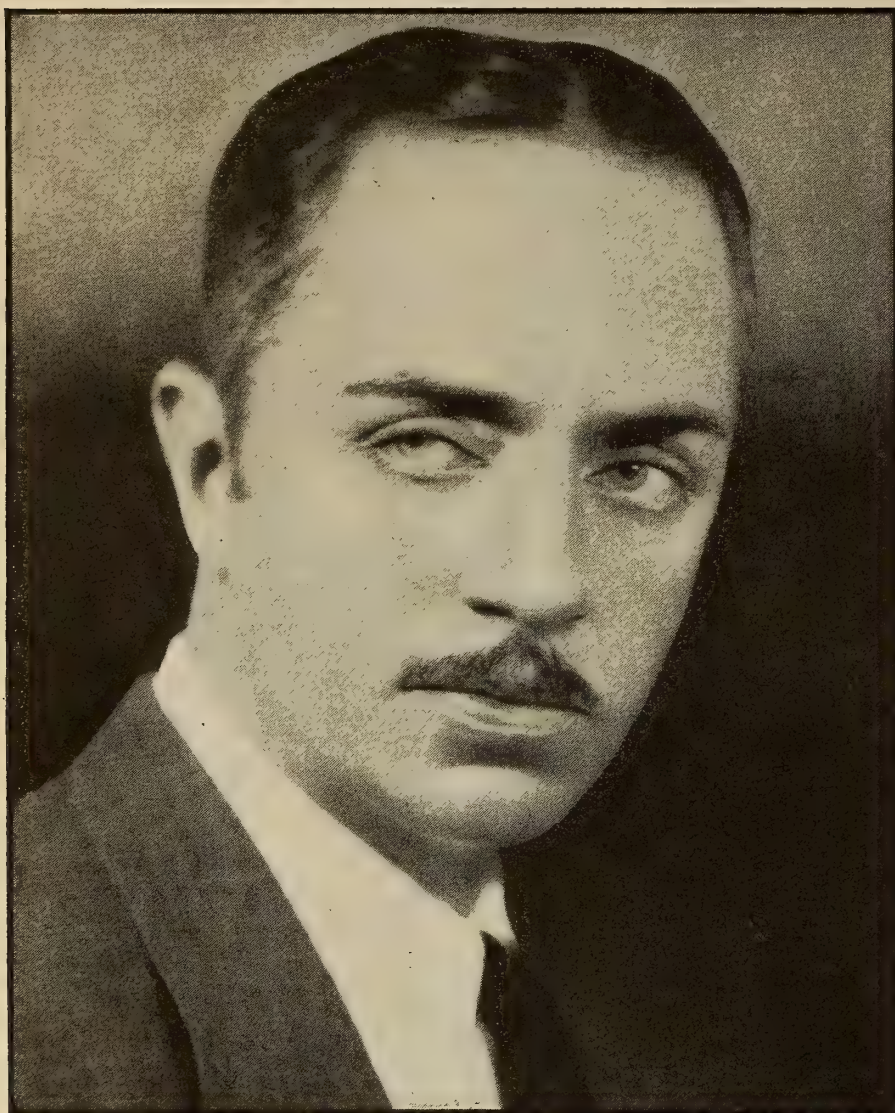
Thumb golf is a GREAT idea. More popular and up to the minute. Fast—that's the idea. Make 'em fast. I was telling the scenario department, Chief, to get up some lines—some fast lines—gags—for Jones to deliver. If his lines are Okay then it don't make much difference about the golf angle which is like you say—too slow and newsreely. I got the boys in the scenario department to go to the research library and clip a lotta golf gags. You know—nifties for Jones to pull.

Executive (pushing push button)—Okay. I'll call in a dialogue writer.

Enter dialogue writer—a futile little man with a pair of shears in his hand.

Executive—Now lissen'—and get (Continued on page 91)

Mystery of William



BY EVELYN GRAY

A WEEK passed. Young William Powell added figures, wrote statements and interviewed customers in the office of the Kansas City Telephone Company, and awaited an answer to the all-important letter he had written to his great-aunt in Sharon, Pennsylvania.

His mind wasn't on his work. He couldn't think about the prosaic and endlessly monotonous business before him. His brain hummed around a million questions.

Would the rich old matriarch of the Powell family send him the money to go to New York and study for the stage or would she not? Must he continue a galley slave to a business he loathed, or would she wave a magic wand and open the gates to a golden future where he could pursue the career of an actor now so dear to his heart? Would he have to wait years and years to marry his pretty high-school sweetheart, Edith, or would his aunt make it possible for him to go to New York and achieve fame and fortune overnight, so that he might dash back and claim his bride?

His fate trembled in the balance of the old lady's will, for he was only nineteen and he knew that without her help he dared not, his parents would never allow him to venture New York alone.

Then one afternoon the telephone rang.

"Will," said his mother's voice, "there's a letter here for you from Sharon, Pennsylvania."

"What does it say," demanded Bill.

"I don't know," said his mother, "I didn't open it."

"For the love of Pete," yelled Bill, "open it quick."

He waited, his heart doing flip-flops.

"It's signed Quincy Adams Gordon," said the voice at the other end of the wire. "He's aunt's lawyer."

Bill's heart sank. A lawyer. That meant that he was to be told in no mean fashion that aunt was through with helping aspiring members of her family who never paid her back.

"He says she will pay your tuition for a year at the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York and give you fifty dollars a month to live

William Powell says that he owes a great deal to the late Leo Dietrichstein, the distinguished stage actor in whose company he played for some seasons.

© by G. M. Kesslere

THERE is no mystery to William Powell's success. It came by hard work.

Mr. Powell was born in Pittsburgh late in July, 1892. The baby was named after his grandfather. Despite his south-of-Europe appearance, Mr. Powell's ancestry is almost entirely Irish, with a touch of Holland Dutch.

The Powells moved to Kansas City and Bill attracted attention in high school dramatics. That shaped his career. After graduation, he worked in the clerical department of the Kansas City Telephone Company. But he longed for a stage career and, hoping to get enough money for his tuition at the Sargent School of Dramatic Arts in New York City, he wrote a letter, outlining his hopes, to his wealthy great-aunt.



William Powell, at the age of fourteen, and a school pal named Fletcher Street. Bill is wearing a snappy pair of shorts, as you will note.

POWELL

How the Popular Actor Gained His Dramatic Training, How He Won the Help of Leo Dietrichstein and How He Came to Motion Pictures

on," said his mother. "William—William don't you hear me?"

THERE was no answer. William Powell was in telling his boss what he could do with his job. He didn't even wait to finish the day's work. In an hour he was home, packing.

Tearful farewells to be said. His father and mother trembled, as they saw their beloved only son venturing into a new world, a world of which they had heard so much that was evil. They saw him starting on a path which fact and fiction agreed was fraught with temptations. They had never discouraged him, but he was the first of the family anywhere to enter a theater save through the front door and they were both amazed and fearful. But they believed in him absolutely. Soon he would rival Mansfield.

He had to say good-by to Edith, too. The girl who for four years, all through high school, had been his ideal and his sweetheart. They were now definitely engaged. He was only twenty. She was still in her teens. But they were so sure that family opposition to such a young engagement was withdrawn. It wasn't puppy love. It was the real thing.

And Edith, with tears in her blue eyes, waved good-by to her man as he started out to conquer the world for her sake.

Nothing happened as they had planned it, but fortunately they didn't see into the future.

The Academy of Dramatic Arts of New York was then in Carnegie Hall. Bill got a cheap room near there, enrolled in the necessary classes and went to work.

Fifty dollars a month in those days was a lot more money than it is now. Bill didn't live in gilded luxury. He didn't cut any wide swath in the night life of New York. But he managed to do himself fairly well. He had a place to sleep, enough to wear, and at least two square meals a day. No week went by without a big box from his mother in Kansas City.

THE work at the school was just what he wanted. It was practical training, which would get him to the place where he could go into the theater.

But above all, he loved New York. New York was a big city, and it teemed with life, with drama, with color. Not one soul in the millions who filled the streets did he know. Yet he was never lonely. For he made friends with New York itself. He loved to wander on Broadway after the lights were lit. He loved to mingle with the crowd and watch their faces and try to picture to himself how they lived and where, what problems they faced of love and work and living.

He bought himself a second-hand edition of O. Henry and read avidly that great writer's tales of the Four Million. All around he searched for such adventures—and sometimes found them. Central Park was beautiful. Fifth Avenue was the finest street in the world. The Bowery, the Metropolitan Museum, the Ghetto—everything was new and wonderful.

"That was real education," Bill told me. "In some ways maybe it was better education than I could have obtained in four years at college. I came to know people, their expressions, their ways of moving and dressing, their reactions. I used to stand around staring and listening until it's a



William Powell in his first dress suit. He wore this when he took part in his first play, "An American Citizen," given by the senior class of the Central High School of Kansas City. Bill played the leading role in this play.

wonder I didn't get shot. I never thought about that. To me, it was a panorama being staged especially for my benefit."

There is still much of that observer in William Powell. There is more of the observer in his attitude toward life than anything else. He loves life, but not much of it gets very close to him. He stands back—and watches.

At the end of his first term at school, he decided he had had enough instruction and that he'd better go to work. More could be learned by actual experience. Besides, he was terribly impatient. He wanted to get about the business of becoming a great star. Fortunately, because during those waiting years he worked hard and learned important and necessary things. It never occurred to young Powell while he went through the hard grind of stock and road companies, while he fretted and raged that he didn't get his chance, that he was preparing for a day when a new art called "the talkies" should bring

him wider fame and greater returns than he had ever dreamed.

AS soon as he went to work his aunt's support was withdrawn.

But he paid her back every cent she had advanced him, with interest at six percent.

Perhaps he wasn't entirely disinterested in that. Sometimes the money came mighty hard, and after all, she had so much. Still, he had an idea in the back of his head. He was her nephew. If he proved to her how honorable and reliable and hard-working he was, he might become her favorite nephew. He had visions in his hall bedroom of the day when the dear old lady should pass to her reward and Quincy Adams Gordon would send for William Powell.

"My boy," he would say, "you didn't know your dear aunt well. But she watched your progress with great admiration. She appreciated your high standards and your honesty. She never forgot you paid her back the money she advanced you, and with interest, at that. Of all those she helped in life, you were the only one who repaid her fairly. So now, she has made you her sole heir."

Such were young Powell's dreams, as he saved his pennies and sent off money orders to Sharon, Pennsylvania.

They didn't come true. When she died, aunt left her money to found a home for aged and indigent Protestant clergymen.

His first job on the stage was in Rex Beach's "The Ne'er-Do-Well." He played four parts, most of them with beards. It was a second company, playing around New York City. Bill didn't get much of a chance to show what he could do, but he received a salary and the experience.

UNTIL 1921, William Powell worked a slow and gradual and sometimes discouraging way upward in the American Theater. He played stock in Pittsburgh, Detroit, Portland (Oregon), Boston, Buffalo and Northampton. He toured with first, second and third road companies. He played small parts and character parts in New York. He played leads, old gentlemen, heavies, juveniles, and characters. For ten years he kept at it, working steadily but seemingly getting nowhere.

Two great experiences happened during those slow, invaluable years of training.

In the road company of "Within the Law," in which he was playing English Eddie, he met a young actress named Aileen Wil-

son. She was young and talented. She was as deeply interested in the things of the theater as he was. She belonged to the new world into which he had stepped.

With her coming, he realized that he no longer loved Edith.

Little by little, Edith's image had dimmed. The engagement had dragged on, meaning less and less. He couldn't picture her in the new life he was living. He knew things were tough for an actor's wife—on the road, moving from town to town, working nights. Separation, new interests, maturity, had gradually overcome the boy-and-girl love he had felt for Edith.

So, when he was playing in a town near Kansas City, William Powell journeyed to see the girl he had left behind him. Their letters had grown fewer, shorter, less affectionate month by month. But nothing definite had been done.

On the way, Bill Powell tried to figure out what was the honorable thing to do. Surely it wasn't right to marry the girl if he no longer loved her. Surely it wasn't right to go through with the thing when it meant unhappiness for both of them. Yet how tell her all that? How could an honorable man break with a girl to whom he was bound by his word?

THEY met. They started to talk. They started to say the same things. For Edith didn't want to venture

on the hazardous career of an actor. There was a very nice young business man in Kansas City, who was doing well, and her father and mother thought—

Bill said he thought she was right—and departed. He was free to tell Aileen that he loved her.

On April 15, 1915, at Mount Vernon, New York, William Powell and Aileen Wilson were married.

The marriage was not destined to last, but it began happily enough. They were very much in love. But it was typically a theatrical marriage. Both went on with their careers. When possible, they got engagements together. When that couldn't be done, they were separated for long periods. There was very little home life possible. Still, in the beginning they were romantically thrilled with life and with each other.

The other important thing which happened before 1921—the year which fate had destined to change William Powell's fortunes—was his meeting with Leo Dietrichstein and his engagement to play in "The Great Lover" with him.

Dietrichstein was at that time one of the distinguished stars of the New York (Continued on page 116)



In the oval above, William Powell is shown at the very moment of graduation from the Central High School of Kansas City. Below, Bill Powell, when he was a member of the Northampton Players, the municipal stock company of Ex-President Calvin Coolidge's home town. Bill was 23.



Emperor Jones

(Continued from page 87)

this—I just told these fellas that I want some good golf gags—nifties—for these Jones educational special supers. Have the boys dig through some funny magazines—wot's that funny magazine? *Judge*? Anyways, get a whole pot full of golf laughs. Laughs like—what was that one Jolson used to pull in the Winter Garden shows a long time ago? Oh, yes—he makes a swing like he is swingin' a golf bat and misses the pill. Then he says—

“Trouble with my golf is that I stand too close to the ball after I hit it.”

Get the gag? Get it? Put it down.

(Production manager, supervisor and dialogue writer suddenly join in a belated and forced hearty laugh.)

Production Manager—A perfect gag, Chief! Perfect for Jones.

Supervisor—Use that one, Chief—it's a belly. A sure-fire belly.

Dialogue Writer—I'll find a spot for that line, Chief! It's a great line for Jones.

(Executive, obviously pleased with himself, suddenly awakens from self-contemplation to answer a phone buzz. He takes up the gold plated French phone and speaks.)

Executive—“Yes. Yes. Yes. No. No. No. Yes. Yes. Yes. No. No. No. No. Jones? Send him in.”

(Hangs up the phone and addresses his three confrères.)

Executive—Jones has just arrived at the studio. I figured I'd better not have anybody meet him at the station. He might get the swell head. We don't wanna let him get the swell head—he'll be trying to tell us how to make a golf picture if we ain't smart. These guys think nobody else knows anything about golf. Just treat this Jones like you would a song writer. I mean don't make no fuss over him. Keep him in his place.

(Enter BOBBY JONES, Amateur Golf Champion of America, Open Golf Champion of America, Amateur Golf Champion of Great Britain, Open Golf Champion of Great Britain, Attorney-at-Law and Gentleman, of Atlanta, Georgia.)

Jones, rather shy, stands and smiles genially as he says “How do you do”, a little confused to the assembled gelatine artists who remain seated.

Executive (who finally shakes hands from his chair but does not introduce the other specialists)—Jones—or I guess you are Bobby to your friends—well Bobby, they tell you are going to try to make some pictures.

Jones, still standing, nods his head.

Executive—Well, these boys are going to show you how to make pictures. Now listen, pal, if you just lissen' and try to learn, everything will come out Okay and we'll make a lot of money. Don't be a mug, though, and act like some of these guys who come out to

Hollywood and don't know what it's all about and try to tell us something. I gotta bellyful of listening to monkeys who wouldn't know a piece of negative when they seen it. This is a business all by itself, pal, jus' like golf or any other business. You can't pick up the picture business over night—some of us studied it for years. Naturally we become proficient in our line just like you are proficient in yours if I can believe what I see in the newspaper headlines, although these sporting writers spill a lot of tripe, if you ask me.

(There is an awkward silence. Jones is obviously embarrassed. A worried look comes into his face. He starts to speak but before he can say anything the executive cuts in.)

Executive—Now you all clear out of here. I got to make some long distance calls to New York. Business there is colossal—but I think it will pick up. I gotta fly to Agua Caliente this afternoon, Jones, by plane. I gotta fly down by airplane. If there is anything you want to know about pictures just ask these boys. They'll make a test of your voice. By the way, can you sing or play a ukulele? Well, we can double if you can't do anything good enough. Just don't worry—there's nothing for you to worry about because I'm going to direct these shorties myself. Understand? Okay, Pal, and keep your nose clean.

The Men Who Make the Movies

(Continued from page 6)

The other fellows controlled most of the larger theaters and the Warner boys were not invited to the party. Today it is different, but that is another story.

Harry was in New York reviving the bankroll. This was 1925. Sam and Jack were spending plenty in the California studio when the telephone officials submitted their first talking film to Hollywood producers. Sam, like others who heard the rasping squawks, thought they were terrible. But he didn't tell Harry that in his wire to New York. “Come right away. Important” was his urgent request and the head of the House of Warner went.

Within a week, Harry, Jack, Sam

and Albert were together in earnest conference. Harry didn't think much of the metallic sounds coming out of a corner of the screen. For a while, he favored a continuation of silence, as did the other production magnates. The chances of revolutionizing the industry appeared slight and the attempt would be expensive. Negotiations extended over several weeks during which the big companies, one by one, dropped out. Harry waited. He waited until the telephone company's representatives were ready to slash the price. He decided to give talking pictures a trial, but at his own figure and under a name of his own choosing—Vitaphone. His terms were accepted.

Grand opera, concert and musical-comedy stars introduced Vitaphone to a doubtful public. Martinelli, Zimbalist, Anna Case and a number of others gave dignity to the innovation before Harry Warner sprang a full-length talking picture, “The Lights of New York,” in the summer of 1927. It was a noisy monstrosity, but a curious crowd packed the New York Strand and other Strands to see and hear it. Then came Al Jolson in “The Jazz Singer,” a sure enough sensation. The talkies had clicked with Harry Warner leading the procession, buying in other companies, buying music publishers, buying chains of theaters—or, to state it briefly—buying everything in sight.

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 31)

BETTY COMPSON recently gave a party at the Saturday night Embassy dinner-dance, in honor of Hugh Trevor's birthday. Betty and Hugh, who is making an impression on movie audiences as a rising young juvenile at RKO, are still very much “that way” about each other. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels), Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Sherman (Helene

Costello), Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Ruben, Richard Dix and Tom Mix.

* * *

THE engagement of Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli is expected to be announced any day. Virginia went to New York with Colleen Moore and expected to stay all Winter, but she rushed back inside of a few weeks.

Charlie and Virginia have been devoted now for a couple of years and probably will be married some time next Spring.

* * *

EVELYN BRENT has closed her Beverly Hills house and moved to the Beverly Wilshire for the winter. She says she can't keep house and work in pictures at the same time.

How the Stars Bring Up Their Children

(Continued from page 69)

he often sings himself to sleep at night! Like his father, he delights in singing at night. The waitresses at the studio cafe tell me that, when Lawrence comes into the restaurant for dinner, when he is working at night down there, he always breaks into song as he enters. They say they enjoy his humanness, for he sings quite as naturally as he would speak.

"But coming back to the children, Richard is bookish. He reads four or five books a week. His favorites are history, fairy tales and adventure. He writes very good verse, and indeed has penned a book of poems which we are going to have published."

Bert Wheeler's Little Girl

"**D**OLORES PATRICIA WHEELER will be given plenty of good, wholesome food, including spinach; she will be given as much education as she will absorb; she will be allowed to play outdoors as much as possible; and, as long as we can get away with it, Mrs. Wheeler and I will see to it that she is in bed at a very early hour," said Bert Wheeler.

"We will not worry Dolores nor ourselves with what she is going to be when she grows up, for it wouldn't do any good anyway. We hope that she will develop spunk enough to know positively what she wants to do, and that she will want it badly enough to do and be whatever that is. If she wants to be a waitress, we hope she will be a good one."

Dolores, aged two, is already developing qualities that would indicate that the Wheelers have taken the wise course. She is a very determined young lady.

She is being brought up carefully.

Charles Bickford's Children

"**I** FEEL that my children's birth-right is health," said the charming

Charles Bickford. "Beyond insuring that and a good education for them, I want them to feel free to do what they want in life. I believe in letting a child's mind shape the child's ambition."

Mr. Bickford's children are a girl, Doris, thirteen, and boy, Rex, aged five.

"The children are out of doors most of the time," Bickford continued. "They are either on the beach or out in the hills riding horseback. Even Rex rides. They have their own horses—in a way. That is, they always use the same horses at the riding academy. Of course, Doris's horse is the liveliest horse in the stable! And if she ever went down to ride and found her horse gone, the riding master would have a tough time of it! The children ride all over Beverly Hills."

"As to their education, they have a tutor. Both are fond of history and geography. I hated school myself, and that's why I don't send them to school. They have regular hours of hard study and sometimes they do their lessons out-of-doors. They enjoy nature study this way. I shall send them to college later on if they want to go. That is up to them."

"We have a hard and fast rule about their going to bed early and rising early. But anyway I find that the California climate makes early risers of them. There is a vast difference between these mountains and beaches and New York City. There I had an apartment on the top floor of a hotel and by arrangement we had exclusive use of the roof. So the children had a little playground, but it was by no means like their playing on mother earth as they do now. The principal reason I am in the West is the children."

"The children swim well, especially Doris. She is a marvelous swimmer."

"Yes, the children like pictures. Doris saw me in a picture the other

night that I myself am not enthusiastic about, and she informed me frankly that if I didn't get better in my acting I should go back to New York and go on the stage before I forgot entirely how to act!

"Rex thinks that his dad makes all the movies! When we are going to see a picture, he always selects it."

"Doris wants to act. She is a born actress. She even imitates her dad! She is always organizing little plays in the neighborhood, and she is both director and star. She writes the plays herself. When she sees me in a picture, she goes home and goes right through the thing, imitating the whole cast, especially me. I have really learned a lot from her."

"The children go to Sunday school, and enjoy it. They are Christian Scientists, and go right for it themselves if they don't feel well. They never have a doctor."

Jane Harriet Brown

THE Brown household fairly revolves around little Jane Harriet. I mean Johnny Mack Brown's daughter.

Her hours of sleep and nourishment are consulted even in the matter of inviting guests to the house. If little Jane Harriet isn't feeling well, there won't be any party. Also there won't be any acceptances to other people's parties.

Naturally she is the pride and joy of her dad's heart, and he is putting in a lot of time planning for her future, just as all people do for their first-borns.

Johnny is quite firmly decided that he doesn't want his child to be an actress. All the old Alabama spirit rises up within him and declares that he wants his Jane Harriet to be a home girl, and his wife agrees. He is willing that his girl should go through college if she wants to, but he wants her to grow up in a perfectly ordinary routine of girlhood, meet some man and marry young. He wants her to go to school in Alabama because he and his wife went to school there.

He hopes with all his heart that she won't want a career.

Jane Harriet is being brought up carefully as regards food, sleep and outdoor exercise. She was a year old last July, but already is having her play supervised in order to get the most healthful exercise out of it.

Jackie Coogan's Brother

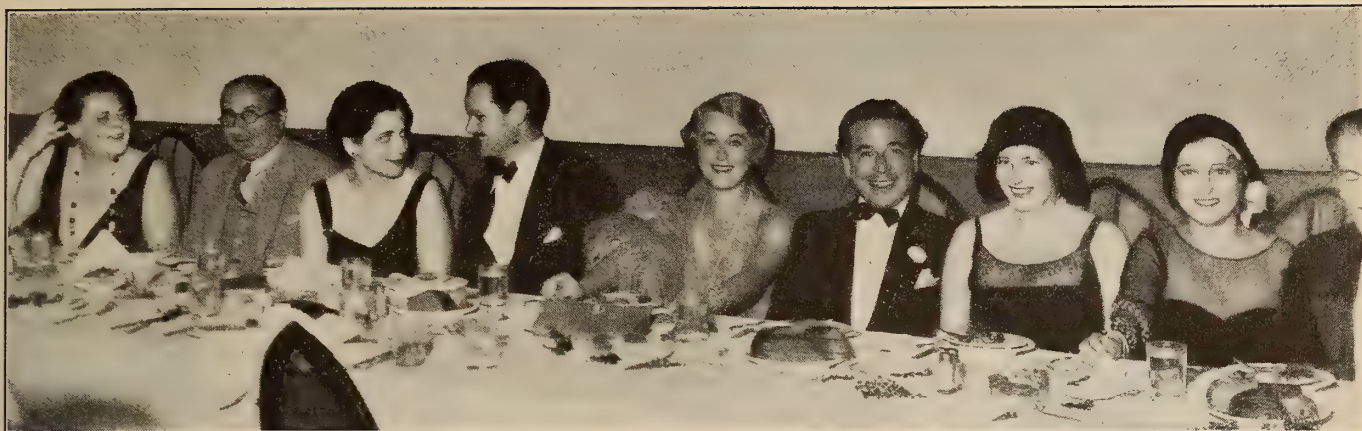
"**I** SEEM to have been fortunate in selecting my children," smiled Mrs. Coogan, Jackie's and Robert's mother.

On no child is more care and thought expended than on Jackie Coogan, the only child, who, in all the world's history, ever earned a million dollars by his own efforts before he was nine years old. His father and mother spend their lives in thought and care for him and his charming little brother.

"My children are being brought up in the old fashioned way," his mother proceeded. "I wouldn't try to plan out a career for them, for they may according to system, put to bed at a certain time, fed at a certain time, etc.,



Winfield R. Sheehan, vice president and general manager of Fox Films, visited Will Rogers on location at Lake Tahoe, Calif., while the comedian was filming "Lightnin'." Mr. Sheehan appears to be congratulating Mr. Rogers upon the merit of his wisecracks.



The Screen Women's Press Club of Hollywood gave a dinner recently at the Russian Art Club. Marie Dressler was mistress of ceremonies. The guests, left to right: Miss Dressler, Louis B. Mayer, vice president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Eleanor Packer, president of the club, Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Moore, Edgar Allen Woolf, the playwright now in Hollywood, Polly Moran and Jeanette MacDonald.

turn out to be as different from what we expect as day is from night. Just now Jackie thinks he wants to continue in his career as an actor, but he may change his mind, especially as he is now in a Catholic boarding school. I should love to have him become a doctor or a lawyer, but I shan't try to force it.

"Perhaps little Robert will embrace a profession. He is very bookish, and very thorough in what he learns and does, much more so than Jackie, who is content just to get by. Robert doesn't care a bit for pictures or acting.

"The children are very obedient, but on the other hand I never demand blind obedience. I always give them a reason for what I say.

"Jackie is beginning to grow up, he is beginning to resent a little my telling him what to do. He went away to school my little boy, but he is going to come home with his own ideas.

"I don't let my children run around without supervision. The other night at eleven o'clock two fifteen-year-old boys drove up to the house and wanted Jackie to go out with them. They had girls in the car with them. I told them, 'Jackie is in bed.' 'In bed—at this hour?' they demanded incredulously."

Robert worships Jackie, it seems, and Jackie takes a lot of care of Robert, although naturally he looks upon him with big-brother toleration.

"I never waken my children in the morning unless Jackie has to go to work. I let them sleep. I consider sleep even more important than the matter of their food," said their mother. "And yet I am always very careful about their food, too. So far as Jackie is concerned, though, I don't have to bother much. He likes plain, dry food; but Robert loves rich gravies and sweets.

"Robert was a system baby. His nurse was a wonder. She would push everybody out of the kitchen to get his food. We started at four weeks giving him vegetable broth taken from a bottle, four ounces twice a day, and from four weeks old he drank a pint of water a day.

"So far as food and drink are concerned, malted milks and hot dogs are their dissipation.

"Neither child drinks tea or coffee. The children are both athletic. Robert is a fine swimmer, but we don't

permit the children to swim in the ocean very much. We have a swimming pool at home and Jackie and Robert are always free to invite their playfellows to swim with them.

"Jackie drives a car when he is at the ranch, I mean about on the country roads where there is little travel and on the ranch, but he never drives in the city. Jackie wants a speed boat, but he cannot have it for a while. We are not close enough to the water, and I would not be satisfied to let him go alone.

"Jackie likes books, and has a tremendous library.

"Jackie goes to mass on Sundays. He is studying religious dogma at present, and it wouldn't surprise me if he took a notion, after all, to become a priest.

"First and foremost I want my children to be good, honorable men. I want them to be cultured and well educated. I want them to travel. I want them to have education by which they can earn their livings. I want them to do something constructive in the world."

The Ford Children

JACK FORD, the director, delegated to his wife the task of telling me about bringing up his children, just as, being a very busy man, he entrusts most of their care to her.

"We are bringing up Pat and Barbara like good everyday American children," said Mrs. Ford. "I don't like hot-house plants as children, and my children are being given a rugged training in athletics. Pat is nine and Barbara is eight.

"Jack and I want them to do what they want to do in life as regards careers.

"Pat goes to military school, and will go either to Annapolis or West Point when he finishes. The men in my family are all in the American army or navy, and Pat seems to take after them. One of my uncles, you know, was Admiral Victor Blue. Pat has won several honors and medals at school.

"Barbara loves dancing. She says that she means to be a professional dancer, and she already dances nicely. I am going to let her adopt that calling if she wants to. She is very athletic, plays tennis and ball games.

"She goes to public school. Being inclined to be a snob, we don't allow

her to go to private school, as we don't want any snobs in our family.

"Pat is inclined to be very religious, but he has decided that he won't take up the priesthood because he wants to get married. Both children attend Sunday School at the Catholic church, and I always go with them myself.

"The children still go to bed at half past seven.

"They never wear shoes and stockings if it is possible to avoid it. Of course I mean when they are at home and at play.

A Villain's Kiddies

JOHN MILJAN married the mother of two children, both boys, Robert and Creighton.

John Miljan is a villain on the screen, but after he has erased the lines of crime from his face, out at the studio, he goes home, and if one of the children happens to be sick, he will sit up all night with him.

The actor adores his step-children and they adore him. Nevertheless he is fairly strict with them.

"The other day," John related, "I told Robert not to do a certain thing. But he did it. I had told him that if he did that thing, I should have to whip him. So I said to him, 'Well, I promised you a whipping if you did that thing, and so I shall have to keep my word. If I promised you something nice, you'd think I ought to keep my word, wouldn't you?' The argument worked, but it proved a boomerang.

"In an unguarded moment I had promised the boys to take them up into the mountains the first time it snowed. One cold Sunday morning at five o'clock, following the whipping, when I was sleeping, oh, so cosily, after a hard week's work, I was shaken from my slumbers.

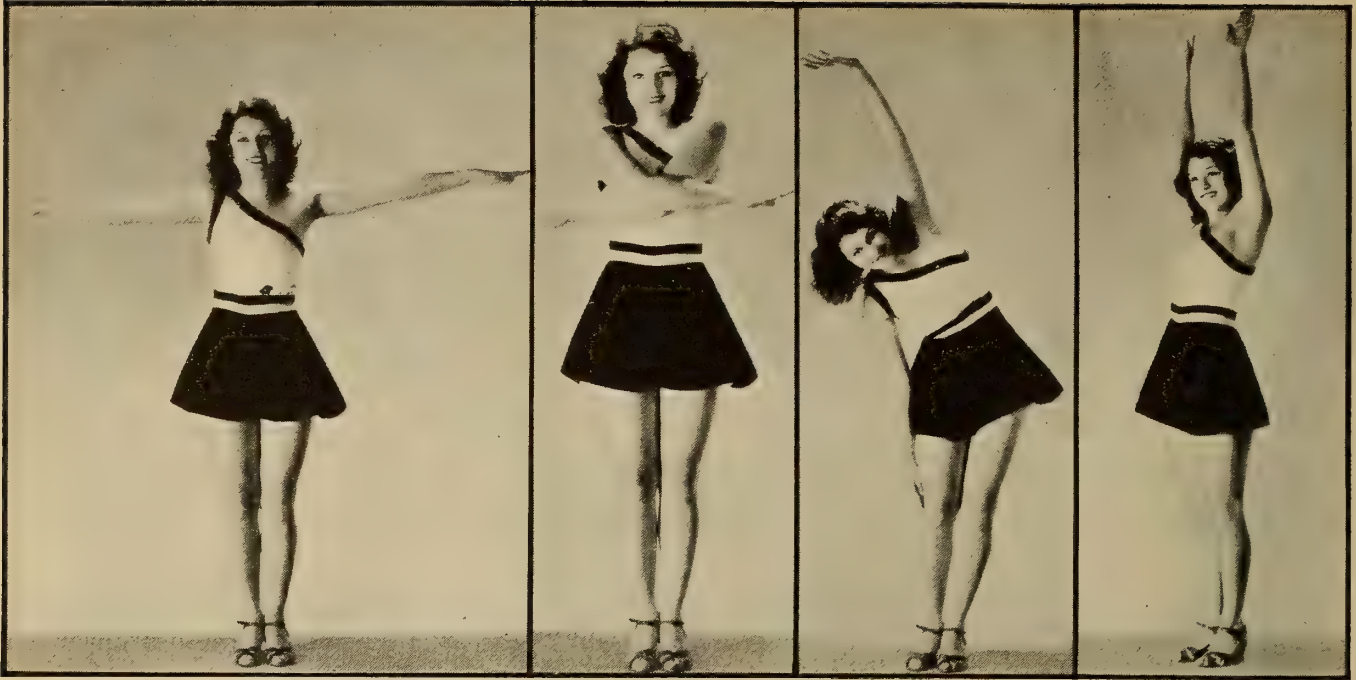
"'Wake up! You promised you'd take us to the mountains the first time it snowed!' the boys exclaimed, 'and the paper says it snowed yesterday!'

"Nothing for it but to roll out of bed and take them on the trip.

"The boys are receiving education in the public schools, and they may select whatever callings they like. I don't think they have any leanings as yet.

"They are hardy, athletic little fellows, and they eat plain food and sleep eight or nine hours."

(Continued on page 96)



Above and below Lillian Roth shows you how you can bend for beauty. First, standing with feet together, spread arms to the side vigorously, extending the fingers. Second, swing the arms to the front, crossing them at the elbows, fling out to the sides again and repeat for 25 counts. Third, bend alternately right and left at the waist, raising the opposite arm upward. Fourth, extend the arms upward, rising up on the toes. Fifth, shown at bottom of page, dropping the heels, bend forward at the waist, swinging the arms to alternate sides.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

What are "stenographer's hips" and what can you do about them?—
Advice on Your Problems of Make-Up

By ANN BOYD

NANCY of Pittsburgh comes forward this month with a beauty problem that affects nearly all business girls who must spend many hours a day at their desks. It is that very modern, very up-to-date defect known as "stenographer's hips." Now, a generation ago, the average figure was wedge shaped. Women achieved this by lacing their corsets tightly around the hips and waistline and by pushing the bust-line up high. And the favorite beauty exercise of twenty-five or thirty years ago was the very simple one of remaining standing for twenty minutes after eating. At fashionable dinner parties, the men remained at table over their coffee and cigars, and the women adjourned to the drawing-room, where the vain ones paced up and down for the conventional twenty minutes to preserve that slender line from ankle to waistline.

All this is not as silly as it sounds. If I were Nancy, or if I were any girl threatened with stenographer's hips, I would buy a good girdle, being careful to select a model that would fit snugly on the hips and keep them from spreading. Nancy writes me that she is tall and slender, so

she probably feels that she doesn't need a corset, or, if she wears one, it was very likely so selected to confine her hips.

Then I would make a point of never remaining seated at the office, when it would be possible to stand. I would walk for a few minutes after luncheon and I would walk part of the way home. Then I would go in for kicking. The simplest exercise is raising the foot to the knee, pointing the toes and giving the foot a good, vigorous kick straight ahead.



JOSEPHINE of Chicago writes a very friendly and chatty letter that fairly bristles with problems. Josephine, alas, still clings to the childish habit of biting her nails. There are hundreds of remedies for stopping this habit, but who wants to go around with alum on her finger or glove tips or any such unpleasant things? There are only two cures for nail-biting. The most important one is will-power. Simply say to yourself, Josephine, that you positively will not lapse into this disfiguring habit. The other cure (Continued on page 117)

How long have you had "pink tooth brush"?

YOU probably don't *remember* when you first began to notice "pink" on your tooth brush. Most people don't go into a panic over that first slight tinge of "pink" on the brush.

It's almost inevitable these days—"pink tooth brush." The gums need the stimulation of coarse foods—and they don't get it. Gradually they become more and more lazy—until they're so tender that they bleed on the slightest provocation.

And suppose you don't do anything about it. Just let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. What *then*?

It's time to stop "pink tooth brush"

Pale gums, unhealthy gums, bleeding gums, are an open invitation to various diseases of the gums—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, pyorrhea.

But far more serious than this—"pink tooth brush" may eventually lead to infection at the roots of some of your soundest, whitest teeth. And that often means the loss of otherwise good teeth.

Yet it's the simplest thing in the world to check and to defeat "pink tooth brush"—before it does any serious harm!

You have only to get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. Then—put some additional Ipana on your brush or finger-tip, and massage it into your gums. The ziratal in Ipana is the same ziratal used by dentists in toning and stimulating the gums back to health.

In a few days, examine your teeth. Whiter, aren't they? With some of that sparkle they used to have when you were



very, very young. They're *clean*, too. Reassuringly clean.

In a month, examine your gums. Any change? Well, *rather!* They're firmer, now—pinkier, harder, healthier. They're not bleeding—now. Keep on using Ipana and massage—and there'll never be any more "pink tooth brush" to worry about!

If you wish, send in the coupon and let us send you a trial tube of Ipana. But better still—get a full-size tube from your

druggist, *today*, and see what a full thirty days of Ipana and massage will do for your teeth and your gums.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-21
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....



IPANA Tooth Paste

How Stars Bring Up Their Children

(Continued from page 93)

Farrell Macdonald's Daughter

"I want first of all for my daughter, Lorna Edith, that she develop a beautiful, strong and healthy body, so that she will be physically fitted to accomplish anything she wants to do," declared J. Farrell Macdonald, the character actor.

"As for that career of hers, I don't mean to limit her, but shall encourage her in any calling or any line of work she may choose. When I was a boy, my father was determined that I should be a lawyer, and as a consequence I graduated in law at Yale, but did not find it to my liking, and after taking up various other callings, I finally decided that acting was my vocation. So I'm not going to have my daughter waste time, as I did, on studying something she doesn't want to do.

"Lorna attends a girls' school. She is fourteen. She has a great gift for painting, and has already distinguished herself at school in her original drawing work. She is also clever at designing clothes and at interior decorating. Since she was a tot of five, she has selected and been allowed to buy her own hats, coats and frocks, sometimes to the dismay and annoyance of saleswomen, when her taste clashed with theirs, but her mother and I believe that her taste is always good.

"Lorna also has a gift for languages.

"As to her athletics, when it comes to swimming, fencing and playing volleyball, she is a match for any girl her age at school. She learned to ride horseback when she was five, and is an accomplished horsewoman. She is also a good dancer.

"Indeed she was interested in classic dancing for a time, but of late, for some reason, has lost all interest in acting and dancing.

"Lorna now wants to go to college, and we shall let her do so."

Jack Mulhall's Boy

JACK MULHALL, Jr., fourteen years old. He is attending Junior High School in Hollywood.

Jack's hobby at present is building airplanes and gliders, which he sells. He has a chum who aids him in his work.

But although he makes the toy airplanes and sells them, his dad says that he is a terrible spendthrift and is always applying for money.

"Although he is fourteen, we want him to go to bed early, but it's out of the question to get him to do it. In other words," said his father, "he is growing up, and is beginning to want his liberty."

Young Jack is a musician, and plays the piano marvelously. He is really interested in music and may turn to it as a profession. However, being also a talented mechanic, he may turn inventor.

Josef von Stroheim

JOSEF ERICH ST. RITUS VON STROHEIM, second division Black-Foxe Military Institute of Los Angeles,

at the age of eight can click his heels, go through the manual of arms and wear his uniform like his father, but there the resemblance hesitates.

Young Erich's present ambition, after seeing a number of Tom Mix's pictures, is that he wants to be just a cowboy! Indeed his parents' plans to have him complete a military education and qualify some day for West Point have no bearing on his choice of a career in the future, except that they consider this the best kind of fundamental education.

Josef Erich has a rest period after lunch every day and goes to bed at seven o'clock, according to an old Austrian custom, but his father has to lie down beside him till sleep comes, which is more likely to be nine instead of seven o'clock. That's when Erich the big is telling Erich the little tales of his old home, instructing him in his philosophy of life, telling him stories. Or just silent in a quiet companionship until the little fellow falls asleep.

In spite of possessing a nervous stomach he eats well when relaxed by play, but prefers meat to vegetables with the exception of spinach—which he likes!

A charming, mercurial child with a vivid imagination and a prodigious sense of humor, he sees the funny side of things before anything else.

And he adores the funny papers, which are read to him every morning!

During a recent stay in Rome, Josef Erich received the Order of St. Theresa from the Holy Father, and at the end of the school year just passed he received the Headmaster's medal for best progress made.

Little Leatrice Gilbert

LITTLE LEATRICE JOY GILBERT, daughter of Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert, is a lively little girl of eight years.

She is a great out-door youngster, swims, plays tennis even now, and likes to ride horseback.

She has a lovely little nursery at Leatrice's Beverly Hills home, but as Leatrice is moving out into San Fernando Valley, she is leaving that nursery for another, a little more grown-up.

Small Leatrice was a system baby from the beginning, and is a healthy example of the wisdom of the system.

She loves to act, and is a good mimic.

Little Leatrice always has an athletic idol. When Lindbergh first flashed across fame's horizon, she had his pictures all over her nursery walls. But shortly afterward she met Jack Dempsey—and it was all off with Lindbergh.

However, she is a fickle little soul, for no sooner had she become acquainted with Tom Mix than she replaced all the pictures on the walls with Tom's.

There is a real friendship with Tom and little Leatrice and Thomasina Mix are great friends. The two children visit back and forth whenever Thomasina is in town.

Ann Harding's Daughter

DESPITE the fame of her mother and father, and the fact that the combined salaries of two stellar parents make it possible for her to have every luxury, two-year-old Jane Bannister, daughter of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, is being reared along decidedly modest, not to mention safe and sane, lines.

Not long ago over at Miss Harding's house, I asked as to whether or not she found it possible to devote sufficient time to the duties of motherhood and at the same time be loyal to her career. Ann answered by having little Jane brought into the room.

"Does she look neglected?" the blond star asked. And we were forced to admit that never had we seen a more healthy, happy roly-poly specimen of babyhood.

When Ann Harding is working she frequently does not get away from the studio until well past average dinner hour. After the day's shooting, there are rushes to be looked at. But always she hurries home in an effort to be there for her child's bedtime hour, when she likes to tell her a final good night story, tuck her under the covers and kiss her child goodnight.

No matter whether or not she is working, the first thirty minutes of Miss Harding's day are devoted to Jane. The baby is brought into her mother's room, and, with the connivance of Daddy Harry, the three enjoy a romp. When Miss Harding and Mr. Bannister do not have to be at the studio, this is usually followed by a dip in the swimming pool and a breakfast which the three enjoy together.

At slightly more than two years of age, Jane is already able to swim, having been taught by her father and mother during the past summer. She has her own shallow little pool right next to the deeper one for the adults of the household.

Jane almost lives out of doors when the weather is favorable.

There are some don'ts for her to obey, even though she has a nurse.

She isn't to put anything from the garden in her mouth. She isn't to stay in the pool more than fifteen minutes. She isn't to play with any strange children or to speak to any strange men or women.

Because of the unavoidable absence from Jane which her work entails, Miss Harding has a capable nurse who has been with her since she first signed a picture contract. But the star herself discusses all policies of diet and daily routine with the nurse, before any policy is decided upon or changed.

While Jane is young and impressionable, Miss Harding intends to take time off from her career, and, with her husband and daughter, make a world tour. She feels that with her own supervision and the assistance of a tutor, Jane's education will be broader and more memorable through travel than as a pupil of any school, no matter how excellent.

(Continued on page 102)

The Star Hollywood Authors Write About the Stars in NEW MOVIE



How a second meeting ruined their romance

'B.O.' lost her many an admirer until—
(Body Odor)

"I—I hope you'll come again," she said. *But she knew he wouldn't.* She could feel he had lost interest in her, just as other men had.

Yet last night, when they met for the first time, he had seemed instantly attracted—eager to call. Why had *this* evening been a failure? Why had he turned so cool and distant?

Now she knows the reason. Knows why she couldn't hold admirers—had no intimate girl friends. Let her tell you how she ended her fault—won popularity.

• • •

"It was a terrible shock to learn that I was guilty of 'B.O.'—body odor. But it's so easy to offend—and not know it! Pores are continually giving off odor-causing waste—

as much as a quart daily. Our senses become deadened to an ever-present odor. We don't notice 'B.O.' in *ourselves*—only in others.

"Yet no one need ever offend. Just wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. You'll feel so gloriously clean—so fresh—so *safe*. For Lifebuoy deep-cleanses pores—ends all trace of 'B.O.' "

Want a good complexion?

Regular cleansing with Lifebuoy is the best of beauty treatments. Its gentle, yet searching lather frees tiny pores of clogged impurities—brings fresh, healthy radiance to dull, sallow skins. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

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Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor—

February as It is Written in the Stars

(Continued from page 39)

hold true, I am sure, in real life. The romantic lover of the Ramon Novarro type reacts to the woman in need, especially to the woman in need of him. He gives rather than takes. The straight-from-the-shoulder, take-it-or-leave-it, flesh-and-blood lover of the Ronald Colman type is much more apt to ask the question "Does she love me?" If she doesn't, he has no use for her. And if she does—well, I leave that to your imagination!

Now, considering the horoscopes of any public characters it is important to know where the Moon was in the astrological heavens at the moment they were born. The reason for this is that the Moon rules the masses and indicates whether or not we will be successful in our relations to them. Both of these men, as you might know, have Moons that are favorable for success. The difference between the two men, however, continues to show itself. Mr. Novarro's Moon is friendly to Venus, and Mr. Colman's to Jupiter. Both planets are favorable, but Jupiter in a more robust way.

IT is especially interesting to note that the Moon in Mr. Novarro's chart is in Taurus, the planet which rules the voice. Many of our most successful singers have the Moon so placed. So it was no accident in the working out of Ramon Novarro's destiny that his greatest success on the screen—coming at a time when many thought that his vogue in the silent drama was on the wane—has been achieved through the use of his beautiful voice. There is no indication on this point one way or the other in Mr. Colman's chart, so he was evidently intended to succeed with equal facility on either the talking or the silent screen. He has Neptune in that part of the heavens which rules pleasure, so he could hardly help being successful in any medium he might have adopted for giving happiness and

enjoyment to the masses of the world.

There is one contradictory aspect in the charts of these two men. They are both ambitious, but Mr. Novarro is much more dangerously so than Mr. Colman. He always wants something just around the corner. When he gets it, he wants something else. Mr. Colman, on the other hand, is just normally ambitious to succeed. The latter trait is much more apt to bring personal happiness than the former. The trouble with Mr. Novarro's horoscope on this point is that he has Saturn overhead, in the very same position that Napoleon had it. Good company in a way, I suppose. But he should be careful that he does not let his ambition lead him to try to do too much. If he does, he, too, may have difficulty in escaping a Waterloo!

However, he hasn't much to worry about just yet. 1931 should be a banner year for him, because he is coming under some of the best aspects, particularly during the summer months, that he has had for a long time. In fact, things look better for him financially in the summer of 1931 than they have for four years' time. He is almost sure to receive large and unusual benefits. In 1933, he will have another big period; but the good things he is likely to receive at that time will be personal rather than financial. It would be a most propitious time for marriage.

MR. COLMAN'S outlook is also excellent. During 1931 and 1932 he may be more than usually serious in that Capricorn mind of his, and inclined to worry about his fortunes; but this will be due, not to any real threat to his career, but to the astrological fact that both Venus and Saturn in his horoscope will be temporarily unfriendly to the disorganizing and upsetting planet Mars. Jupiter, however, which is the planet which rules honor, glory, money and success will be in that

part of the heavens ruling partnerships. This might mean marriage-partnerships, or it might mean business. There is an indication also that he will be called upon to make some very momentous decision in 1933 and 1934. If he makes them wisely, he can have every expectation of greater success than he has ever before achieved.

I cannot leave these two very interesting men without calling attention to the fact that each has been true to his stars not only in the matters in which their horoscopes diverge but in those points where they coincide. For example, Uranus, the ruling planet of the sign Aquarius, and the dominant factor in matters relating to travel, was in that part of the heavens, when both of these young men were born, that made it inevitable that each should leave his native land and find his success in far places. I mention this detail, not because it is itself important, but because you may wish to remember it some of these days when skeptics tell you that "there's nothing in astrology." Think back to this article and recall what I have just told you. Recall, too, that Ronald Colman was born in England and Ramon Novarro in Mexico, but that each has won his greatest success in the motion picture studios of the United States. Which is only one more proof of the truth of astrology! You may get tired of hearing me say it, but I expect to go on repeating it to the day of my death, because I know it to be eternally true: *you can't get away from your stars!*

You can write direct to Evangeline Adams, in care of NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Or you can listen to Miss Adams' broadcasts over a national hook-up of radio stations on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from Station WABC in New York. Next month Miss Adams will discuss the month of March in NEW MOVIE.

ARE YOU AN AQUARIAN?

IF you were born at the same time of year as Ramon Novarro and Ronald Colman, you may be the romantic type as Mr. Novarro is, or the "he-man" type as Mr. Colman is—or you may be a girl. But one thing is sure: you will have *some* of the traits which these two men have in common, because you, too, are a native of the beneficent sign Aquarius, which rules all people born between the 21st of January and the 22nd of February.

If you are a true Aquarian, the two most outstanding traits in your nature are your humanitarian instincts and your unflinching loyalty. The great object of your life is to help others. Your great danger is too much trust in human nature. You have good powers of concentration, mental poise and endless patience. You recognize no such word as impossible. You are modest and unassuming in manner—and in your heart.

The poise which Aquarius gives you makes you more nearly the master of yourself than the native of any other sign. You also have unusual foresight and intuition. These traits in some Aquarian person amount almost to prophecy. They are often taken for prophecy.

Your tenacity of purpose is very great. Once you

have made up your mind that a plan is right, nothing can swerve you from your purpose to carry it through. This trait, combined with the mental traits already mentioned and the natural good health which is the inheritance of most Aquarius people, gives you every reasonable chance of success in anything you undertake, especially if it involves the happiness and welfare of others. Aquarians make excellent nurses, secretaries, social workers, physicians, teachers, lecturers, journalists. They are often inventors and technicians. And they invariably shine in posts connected with humanitarian enterprises or philanthropic institutions.

One thing you should be careful about. Unless you push yourself to it, you are not a good mixer. Your natural modesty holds you back. Don't let it. Put your best foot forward, and don't be afraid of putting it forward too far.

Another thing: The choice of a life work is more important to you than it is to many. You must have peace of mind; and you can get it best if you are engaged in congenial and stimulating work. Choose carefully. Apply your energies where they will do the most good—for yourself and, since you are an Aquarian, for mankind!

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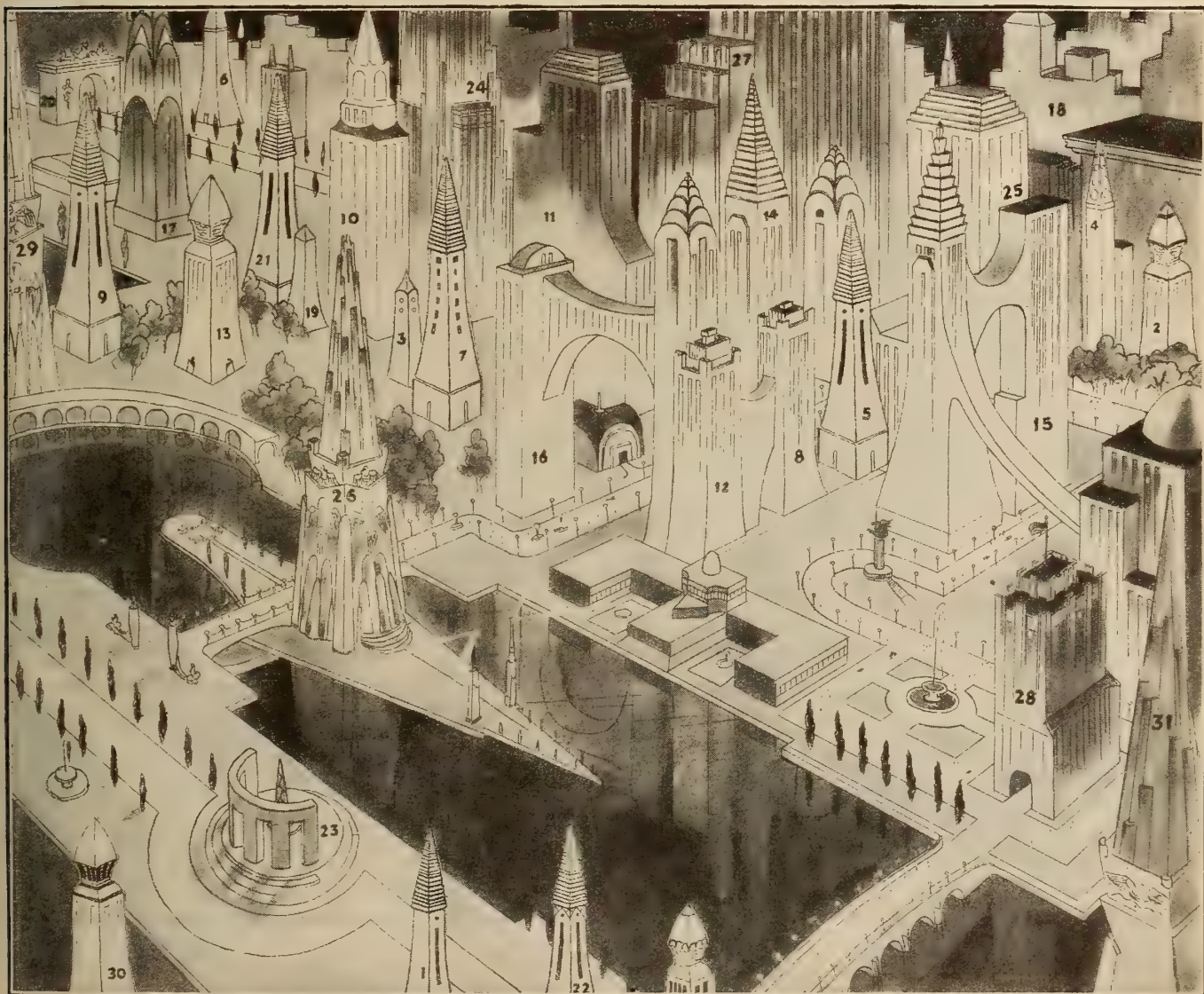
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If you can find the twin towers, send the numbers to—



gether with your name and address. This will enter you in the contest. First Prize in the **TWIN TOWERS** contest is Twenty-eight hundred, fifty dollars, or a brand new 90 h. p. airplane, and actual flying instruction to be paid by us—with the first prize there is an extra prize of \$850.00—you can win this by being prompt—making a total first prize of \$3700.00 cash if you prefer. In addition to the first prize there are dozens of other well-chosen prizes which will be given to the winners in this unique "advertising-to-the-public" program. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago, or outside of the U. S. A. Mail your answer today.

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Reviews

(Continued from page 55)

BECAUSE Otis Skinner's rascally Bagdad beggar, Hajj, was one of the picturesque performances of the last stage generation, you will want to see First National's filming of "Kismet." I can still remember the thrill of the stage production, when Hajj, holding his enemy beneath the waters of the harem pool, reported pleasantly upon the bubbles rising to the surface. Today "Kismet" seems not a little ornate and not a little tedious.

"The Big Trail," photographed in wide measure Grandeur films by Fox, is another panorama of the hardships of pioneering. Raoul Walsh directed, but the film lacks the rough and lusty gusto of his "What Price Glory" and his "Cock-Eyed World." The panorama of covered wagons and plains dwarfs the human romance. This is spectacle, rather than drama.

King Vidor filmed "Billy the Kid" for Metro-Goldwyn in Realife, another wide film effort, but the result is not much to brag about. This biography of a real Brooklyn boy who made good with his gun in the West lacks a lot. Johnny Mack Brown is pretty fair as the soft-spoken outlaw.

The Russians long have had the theory that real workers, rather than actors, should play workers in their films. I always have believed however that the most authentic looking plumbers, electricians and bricklayers can be found at the Lambs' Club. However,

Metro-Goldwyn tried the Russian idea with "A Lady's Morals." They hired a real opera singer, Grace Moore to sing and act the rôle of Jenny Lind. The result is not nearly as effective as was obtained by a non-singer, Greta Garbo, as the nightingale of "Romance." In fact, "A Lady's Morals" is pretty mild entertainment.

THE popular Lewis Ayres plays a baby-faced Chicago killer in the effectively titled "Doorway to Hell," produced by the Warners. This is a grim and exciting presentation of a boyish beer baron who gets put "on the spot" eventually. It has enough kick to hold your attention all the way.

"War Nurse," (Metro-Goldwyn), is a disappointment. There was a real story in the humanitarian work of the women behind the lines in the Great War but the theme is buried here in pettiness of sentiment and jazziness of dialogue. The epic of sacrifice turns out to be the seduction of Anita Page.

"The Dancers," (Fox), is a story of a young remittance man in the Western lumber camps. There are two girls, a dancer of the camp halls and the girl back home who falls into the whirl of after-war abandon. What is the poor lad to do, when he is called home to assume his title and his lands? Lois Moran is a bit the best of the cast, as the girl who rides her Rolls to forgetfulness.

How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 81)

Following this, a dish of fresh figs was put at each place, with powdered sugar and cream. Of course, any fruit can be substituted for this course if fresh figs are not available, or are not your choice.

THEN each guest was given her choice of the way she wanted her eggs. And the eggs were prepared while the figs were being eaten. Mary recommended especially scrambled eggs with fresh tomatoes and they proved very popular. But Frances Dee wanted hers three-minutes boiled. When the eggs were brought in, a platter of small, browned sausages was passed. And a choice of popovers, bran muffins, and melba toast was offered as an accompaniment.

On the table were marmalade, honey and strawberry jam.

Coffee and tea were also served and to add the "lunch" part, a small plate of French cakes was there for any girl who wanted a little something sweet when she had finished.

The table was set informally, with a beautiful lace and embroidered table cloth.

It took the girls about an hour to eat, then they had an hour for gossip, fixing make-ups, and relaxing before Mary's car arrived to take them to the theater.

Her guests were Elva Boggs, who is at present visiting Mary Brian, and whom Mary wanted her close friends to meet in an informal, intimate way before giving a big party in her honor.

Frances Dee, June Collyer and Rosita Moreno were present.

OF course, the girls all dressed most informally. If they had been going to stay indoors and play bridge—or hearts, which by the way, has come back into favor with the Hollywood group—most of them would have worn pajamas. The popularity of pajamas for all sorts of indoor wear grows daily.

Mary herself wore a simple frock of lip-stick crepe, its only ornaments two shiny artificial gardenias, one white, one red. Her felt hat matched the dress exactly.

June Collyer wore a suit of dark green tweed, with a collar of white Galyak fur, a white crepe blouse and a green felt hat.

Frances Dee looked stunning in a dress of dark bottle green crepe, with a small felt hat to match. In fact the party looked quite Irish, for green seems to be the favorite color in Hollywood this year. Rosita Moreno also wore a blue-green dress of very heavy silk crepe, with a coat to match, trimmed in red fox fur. Elva Boggs, Mary's house guest, had on a biege crepe dress with a long tunic blouse, edged in a heavily tucked panel, long wide sleeves trimmed in the same way, with a plaited underskirt.

Tickets for "Min and Bill," Marie Dressler's success at the Carthay Circle Theater, had been reserved and afterwards the girls all went to the Embassy for tea.

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1. Photographs or “snapshots” of your home may be either an exterior or interior view—or both.
2. You may submit as many of your favorite “snapshots”—of yourself and your home as you wish; we would suggest at

- least two different ones of your home and two or three of yourself.
3. No limitations are placed on the size of pictures to be submitted—your camera will decide this.

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1. All pictures submitted for entry in the contest must fall within the “Amateur Class”—Pictures taken by professionals are not acceptable.
2. No employees, or members of their families, of TOWER MAGAZINES, INC., are eligible to compete in the contest.
3. All pictures, prints, photographs, etc., submitted in the Amateur Photography Contest become sole property of TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.
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5. Contestants submitting pictures for entry in the contest will complete the form furnished below or a copy of it and securely attach it to their set of pictures and mail intact.
6. All pictures submitted for entry in the contest must be placed in the mails not later than midnight, February 28th, 1931.
7. Failure to observe any of the above RULES and CONDITIONS of the contest disqualifies the entrant.
8. Mailing of your set of pictures and the completed FORM will constitute your unqualified acceptance of these RULES and CONDITIONS.

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TINTS AND DYES

How the Stars Bring Up Their Children

(Continued from page 96)

A person of great energy herself, thoroughly convinced not only of the feasibility but the wisdom of a woman having a career in addition to her home and family, Miss Harding does hope that Jane will be cast in a similar mold. However, a rebel against parental theories herself, she does not intend to impose any on her child. If she wants to be an actress, that will be perfectly all right with Jane's mother.

In the meantime Ann Harding Banister is trying to create a mental, moral, physical and cultural background for her child, which will fit her to look on life's problems with clear-seeing eyes.

At the Harry Careys

AS linguists, Harry Carey's children are unique in filmdom or anywhere else, I imagine.

The two youngsters, called by their nicknames of Adobe and Cappy, nine and five years old respectively, have spoken two or three Indian dialects since they were infants in charge of Indian nurses at Harry Carey's ranch, where both were born.

The youngsters recently went to South Africa with their parents, when Carey and his wife, known professionally as Olive Golden, played parts in "Trader Horn," Harry playing the name rôle.

Down there in South Africa the children were left at Nairobi with a tutor, while their parents went into the jungle. From the little black children in Nairobi and on the way back on the boat—there being a number of Swahili natives along with the company—the youngsters picked up the Swahili language.

But the children didn't like Africa because they couldn't play out of doors, and they got jiggers under their finger nails if they played in the dirt—jiggers that would cause sores that would fester. They were used to playing out of doors and the confinement irked their young spirits. Then, too, they had to wear hats all the time, if they went out, on account of the heat.

Now that the children are back in Hollywood, 'Dobe attends the Urban Military School.

Thereby hangs a tale. On 'Dobe's birthday, his mother said to him, "We will invite some of the school children up to the house and have a party for you."

That was enough. 'Dobe took the inviting into his own hands. He stood up in assembly room that morning and invited the whole school! And when Mrs. Carey saw the horde advancing, she nearly fainted. But she is a good sport, and hastily sent out for avalanches of ice cream and mountains of cake, and 'Dobe's party was a huge success.

Cappy goes to a private school, the Brentwood Town and Country School, the same school which Ann Harding's little niece attends. But Cappy's deportment is terrible, says her mother! That is, she is used to living the wild free life of the country, and the school-room irks her and cramps her style considerably.

However, they are both good, wholesome, normal children.

There are a few "Don'ts" in their lives, but not many—only such as refer to their health and happiness. They swim as long as they like, because it doesn't hurt them, but as for sweets, they are pretty much taboo, though given sometimes as rewards of merit.

Both children ride horseback, and have since they were tiny tots, and the saddest punishment that can be given them is to be told they cannot go riding when they wish. Or 'Dobe is denied his beloved football.

They were not system babies, being administered to, as I said before, by kindly and indulgent Indian nurses, who adored them. These nurses kissed them when they bumped their heads, and crooned them to sleep. And they played with them and taught them to model in clay and to shoot with bow and arrow.

"There was no special supervision, other than common sense, about their diet and sleeping hours," said their mother. "As soon as they could sit up in a high chair to eat, they ate with their parents, and they still do, often even when there are guests.

"As to their careers, it all depends," says Mrs. Carey, "on what the children want to do. 'Dobe says one day that he will be a prizefighter and the next that he will be a musician.

"'Dobe looks like a prizefighter, but he is crazy about playing the piano," declared his mother. "He also loves football. That reminds me that I bought him a football and outfit of clothes the other day. I went over to school to visit him, and he was stripped down to his undershirt and trousers. I asked him what had become of his football togs, and he said, 'Oh, I loaned them to the other kids.'"

Cappy is taking music lessons on the piano, too, and both the children, marvel of marvels, need not be devilled to make them practice.

"I don't believe in nagging the children to practice or to study, and I guess that's why they don't mind doing either," their mother said.

Harold Lloyd's Gloria

HAROLD LLOYD'S little girl, Gloria, named for Gloria Hope Hughes, wife of Lloyd Hughes, and Mildred Lloyd's bosom friend for many years, is the image of her dad.

Here is a child who was a system baby, down to the last if, and, and but.

Yet she is a great pal of her parents, who take her everywhere with them that they possibly can, sometimes even to evening shows and parties.

She has always had a nursery governess. She learns very fast and is inclined to be a bookish little person.

A most observing little person is Gloria, and I remember once seeing her at a wedding with her dad, who was lifting her up on his shoulder that she might see everything that was going on.

"She notices more than I do," Harold told me with laughing pride. "Not a thing escapes her."

She is inclined to be an imitative

child, too, and her mother told me that after May McAvoy's wedding, which she had attended with her parents, she played bride for a week.

Harold is seeing to it that she gets a lot of outdoors, and she is a familiar little figure, with her nurse, about the great grounds of Harold's Beverly Hills home; and when Daddy Harold is at home, he delights to swim with her and take her canoeing on his estate, or to play golf on his own tiny golf course.

Her mother told me once, when she was a tiny tot, that she had never tasted candy, and I understand a strict rule prevails in the house that nobody, guest or playmate, shall give her sweets other than the natural sweets of fruit.

Always during one hour a day, just before her parents' dinner and right after her own, taken in her nursery, her parents spend their time with her. This has been so since she was a tiny infant. Harold and Mildred visit her in her nursery, play with her, tell her stories and romp with her until time for her to go to sleep.

Buster Keaton's Boys

THE Keaton estate in Beverly Hills is really planned for children, one suspects, looking it over.

There is a swimming pool where the two boys swim every day; there is a big playhouse, stored with every kind of mechanical toy; and best of all their dad joins them in their games.

Just one punishment is meted out to the children, Bob and Joe, when they disobey—their father withdraws the light of his countenance from their games. That is sufficient punishment for anything they do.

Bob and Joe attend public school, and Buster says that they are being brought up like any other normal boys, with only the hazard of a doting grandmother, Mrs. Peg Talmadge, and two indulgent aunts, Norma and Constance Talmadge.

Buster, of course, is an athlete, and his boys love to mimic his funny falls, which they do sometimes with dire results, but so far without receiving much hurt. But their father isn't taking any chances—he is teaching them how to take falls so as not to hurt themselves.

They have shown no decided tendencies as yet regarding careers, and Buster says he is going to let them choose for themselves.

The Keatons do not believe in whipping their children, but punish the boys by depriving them of things which they want or by not permitting them to do things which they want to do. And as I said before, the worst thing that can happen to them, they think, is not to have their father take part with them in their games.

And, by the way, they are very game youngsters—never cry at a little hurt. They learned this from their dad, who has told them of the terrible falls he was made to take as a youngster by way of training him for a stage athlete, and this knowledge has shamed them into taking hard knocks standing up.

Zasu Pitts' Children

"WHICH is your own child?" somebody asked Zasu Pitts the other day concerning her own child and her adopted child.

(Continued on page 104)



Are your children using the *correct* TOOTH PASTE?

Perhaps you have wondered why so many thousands of Mothers use only Listerine Tooth Paste on babies' teeth whether temporary or permanent.

The reason is that this remarkable dentifrice at 25¢ is amazingly gentle in action. Countless tests prove it safe for the most delicate teeth. Contrast its performance with ordinary dentifrices containing harsh, gritty abrasives.

The cleansing and polishing agents in Listerine Tooth Paste that give teeth such soundness and brilliant luster are *softer* than tooth enamel. Therefore they cannot harm it. But they are *harder* than tartar and consequently remove it easily.

Baby teeth and permanent teeth brush-

ed with this gentle dentifrice show none of the fissures, cracks, and scars left by ordinary tooth pastes.

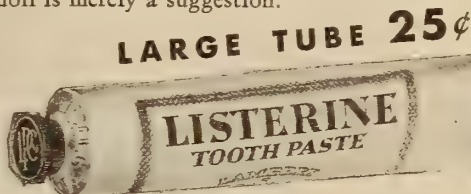
Begin using Listerine Tooth Paste on your children's teeth as well as your own. See how clean it leaves them. How brilliant. And note the wonderful feeling of freshness and invigoration it imparts to the mouth.

Incidentally, at 25 cents this paste saves about \$3 a year over dentifrices in the 50 cent class. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

10¢ size on sale at all
5¢ and 10¢ stores

Buy baby a doll with that \$3 you save

There are so many things you can buy baby with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A doll is merely a suggestion.



Listerine Tooth Paste

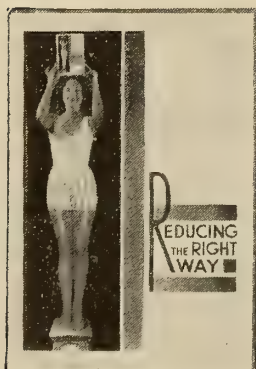
ARE YOU TRYING TO CONTROL



THE CURVES ?

Here's a new book that will help you do it—healthfully, which is most important, and agreeably, which is important to most of us, too.

"Reducing the Right Way" is an attractive little book to use as a guide to effective diet and exercise. If you do not find it in your Woolworth store, send us 10c, plus 2c postage, and we will mail it to you.



**TOWER BOOKS
INCORPORATED**

55 Fifth Avenue

New York

How the Stars Bring Up Their Children

(Continued from page 103)

"Both are my children!" Zasu responded instantly. "I don't make any difference between them."

The girl, Zasu-Ann, is her own child, born to her and her husband, Tom Gallery, then her leading man, eight years ago. The other, the boy, Don, is the little adopted son of the ill-fated Barbara LaMarr. He, too, is just eight years old. Zasu and Tom took him when Barbara died.

Zasu lives with her family, husband and children, in a beautiful old English mansion in Beverly Hills.

I dined there one evening, and the children were on hand. They had supped together in their nursery, however, but came forth to the living room to greet us, and henceforth played about with their toys and frolicked together, sometimes a bit noisily, but never really disturbing. They seemed entirely unself-conscious, with no smart-alecky, show-off tricks.

"We don't believe in separating ourselves from our children in the evenings," Zasu explained, "and often let the children stay up until nine o'clock or so."

Which reminded me of the first time I saw little Don.

It was one night at Barbara LaMarr's, when that gay, thoughtless, lovely, unfortunate actress had first adopted little Don and brought him home to Hollywood. Myself and some friends were calling on Barbara one evening, and Barbara was so proud of little Don that out she trotted him at ten o'clock at night for us to have a look at him! She adored him to distraction, but never could resist the temptation to show him off to her friends whenever the notion seized her, no matter what time of night. He wept protestingly.

Zasu was very patient and very wise, it seemed to me, to come back to my evening at her home, in dealing with her children when her little girl disobeyed her in some small thing. She didn't scold. She didn't raise her voice—but she made her daughter feel that she had made her mother unhappy and that what she had done was wrong—and the child responded nobly.

Don is being taught great gallantry toward his sister, by the way—and there have been two or three battles in the neighborhood over some trivial wrong done the little girl in some childish game or other. Don won.

I was not, by the way, to use my visit for publicity, so I must apologize to Zasu for not being able to resist putting her young family into this story.

That evening was last year. This year Zasu tells me that she and Tom decided that, as she was away all day at work, perhaps the children would be better off placed in boarding school.

"But I'm so lonely," Zasu confided to me in anguished tones the other day, "I think I'll have to go and drag them home again. Especially as they are heart-broken at the separation, too. I've about decided to send them to public schools again next year, and Tom agrees with me.

"We want the children to be real children, and we haven't seen any marked tendencies toward any calling as yet. They are studying French and music and seem clever at both.

"We haven't any hard and fast rules for bringing them up, except that we try to treat them as we wish to be treated by them, with kindness and consideration. And we mean that they shall have strong, healthy bodies. Neither was ever raised as a system baby other than that.

"We never whip the children. Yet there are certain taboos, which the children know are for their good, and do not often transgress. When they do, we try to let the punishment come naturally of itself—which it usually does."

When the children had gone to bed, that evening of our visit, we heard a mysterious rap on the wall.

"That's for good-night—they always do that," Zasu explained.

Charlie Chaplin's Children

NEITHER Charlie Chaplin nor Lita Gray Chaplin, strangely enough, wants their children to become actors! That is one thing on which these parents agree, at any rate.

However, time alone will tell.

In the meantime, the two children Charles, Jr., and Spencer, have been surrounded by the greatest care. They have a nurse and governess, and young as they are, have short daily lessons. Charlie is five and Spencer is three.

They live with their mother in her pretty Spanish home in Beverly Hills when she is in town; when she is away on tour they stay with their grandmother, Lita's mother. Just at this writing, however, they are with their mother in New York.

Charlie seems to be completely satisfied with the way the children are being reared. He adores his youngsters and they worship him. They visit him about once a fortnight, sometimes weekly, at his Beverly estate, and there is a big corner of the lawn, shut in by shrubs and trees, which is their especial playground.

I saw the boys scampering about there, one day when I was lunching with Charlie.

Charlie is always shopping for some new toy to give them, and they consider their Saturday afternoon or Sunday visits to him as red letter days.

"Oh, we have lots of fun here," he said, but there was a wistful look in his eyes, too.

His bright fancy plans games for them, one being a sort of Robin Hood game which they especially enjoy.

He takes them automobile riding, too, during which trips the dissipation of all three is ice-cream cones.

Both the boys love music, but so far they are without instruction.

Though full of pep and regular he-bobs, they will sit quiet and listen in rapt attention to Charlie when he plays his pipe-organ for them.

Charlie never lets anything interfere with his visit with his children unless it be absolutely necessary work or business. Not long ago, some

English notables were in town and it was planned for them to spend the day with the comedian, but he explained calmly, "It's my day with my children"—and the notables went their way.

Both boys have their father's big blue eyes, but they have their mother's olive Spanish skin and her robust health and figure.

When Charlie wants to punish his children—which is almost never—he merely kids them. But this method is said to have an immediate effect.

Gwen Pickford

"Gwen," said Mary, the other day as we sat chatting in her pretty studio bungalow, "really belongs to a syndicate!" And she smiled in that droll little Pickford way. "My mother was the president, Lottie is vice-president, and I guess I'm treasurer. But Gwen has her own money, you know, which my mother left her."

Gwen, Lottie's daughter, stays nearly all the time with Mary and Doug. And she is with Mary every moment she can get, since she worships her aunt. Lottie has been ill of late, and she has been with her a part of the time, and divides her allegiance between mother and aunt. She lately returned to school abroad.

"It broke me all up to send Gwen away off to Switzerland to school," Mary explained, "but I felt that it would be best for her. For one thing, she would learn self-reliance. For another, being there with girls from all nations, she would learn a broader view of life. And then, think of the cultural value to be won from speaking foreign languages abroad."

"Gwen is, oddly enough, a mechanical minded child. So I'm going to have a laboratory fitted up at home where she can try all sorts of chemical and mechanical experiments."

"She doesn't seem to care about acting; but of course if she should finally want to become an actress, it would be all right with us."

"I do not have to punish Gwen. She has a lot of sense, and will always listen to reason."

Gwen can no longer be called "little Gwen." She is five feet eight inches tall.

A quiet, observing young girl, little given to making friends quickly, she looks everybody over with her big brown eyes before deciding to take them into her confidence.

Harry Langdon's Children

"NO matter how tired Harry is when he comes home from the studio, he never is too tired to romp with the children, and they wouldn't miss that hour for anything."

Mrs. Langdon told me that a year ago when I first met her.

The children are hers. Virginia was born to her by a former marriage, and the other, Edith, is a little girl who was adopted by her several years ago; but neither seems to know any difference in the care and love bestowed.

They are hardly children either— young girls, rather, now both in their early teens, and lately placed in boarding school.

But they weren't in High School nor in boarding school when I met their mother.

Virginia looks like her mother, and Edith is an oddly fascinating, though

(Continued on page 106)

Why has SHE so many admirers?



IT'S
her dreamy
LIPS
and lovely
TEETH

Any girl can be popular who follows this girl's inexpensive Beauty Secret...which is chewing Wrigley's every day. Watch the dreamy curves play around your lips when you chew Wrigley's. See your teeth glisten. Nothing in all the world fascinates faster than a fascinating mouth.

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For a more beautiful complexion

A clear and youthful skin! Every woman knows that cleanliness is the secret. But how? Where to begin? Exactly what to do? Isn't that the big problem? Then send for our free booklet, *The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test*.



For highlights in your hair

Grime kills lustre. Keep your hair soft and smooth and beautiful. How? Frequent shampooing, done properly. Learn the fine art of shampooing by reading our booklet below.



For elbows that are dark and roughened

Just a little thing, but really quite important! Again the remedy is simple. Soap-scrub this unloveliness away. Three times a day at first and at least once daily thereafter.



For a new smart look to your clothes

Here's something that we wish you would try. Every day for a month. Put on *nothing* that isn't crisply clean. Just see the difference that it makes. (And read our booklet).



Send for FREE booklet

Here is a beauty booklet that is as simple and practical as it is helpful and inspiring. It's called *The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test*. Easy instructions . . . and a definite program to follow. Free for the asking; use coupon below.

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An interesting historical tapestry, woven especially for J. L. Warner, vice president of Warner Brothers, at Aubusson, France. It is entitled "Romance of the Southland" and shows the vast change that has taken place, within a quarter of a century, upon the land now occupied by Warner studios. It was once the old Beesemeyer Ranch. The tapestry was woven from a painting made by Paul Grim. Irene Delroy stands before the tapestry.

How the Stars Bring Up Their Children

(Continued from page 105)

quiet child, not really pretty, but piquant and chock full of personality.

The girls adore Harry and have taken his name of Langdon.

Both girls are gifted, the adopted daughter, Edith, having a glorious soprano voice, which is to be cultivated when she is old enough.

Virginia is very talented in music and drawing, and is studying painting and drawing at boarding school. She also writes stories, and looks forward to a career of writing tales and illustrating them herself.

When the girls first came to Hollywood with their mother, people urged that Mrs. Langdon put them into pictures, but Mrs. Langdon firmly refused, desiring that the girls should have a more normal, wholesome childhood than she felt could be found in the acting profession.

Both daughters are athletic and love especially swimming and riding horseback.

The girls are always allowed to join in the festivities when Harry and Mrs. Langdon give parties, and Edith nearly always helps entertain by singing.

Harry is the pal in all the girls' joys and sorrows. They call him Pop. I was at their home not long ago, and came across a photograph of Harry on which Virginia had written, "To the sweetest pop that ever was or ever will be."

"When we go away at night to spend the evening," said Mrs. Langdon, "we always find notes pinned to our pillows when we return, written by the girls. 'Dearest little mother and daddy,' they invariably begin."

Present at the Langdons the other evening, the place seemed deserted without those bright, pretty girls.

"The first week the children were in school, I could hardly bear it," said their mother. "Harry felt the same way. The house seems like a morgue without them. I thought the change in surroundings might be good for them. But I don't know. They are begging to come home, and I think I shall let them."

As to careers, Virginia and Edith wanted to go to work in pictures last vacation, but Harry Langdon set his foot down on it.

"They have always wanted to earn some money of their own," said Mrs. Langdon. "When they started in at high school, I was ill, suffering from an auto accident, and couldn't go with them to enroll. When I did visit the school, I found that the little rascals had decided they wanted to earn money and so had enrolled for the business course. But as that course doesn't provide credits for college, I had them change, as I'm sure they will want to go to college when they finish their high school courses."

Wally Reid's Children

THE late Wally Reid's children are growing up to be fine youngsters—Bill, aged thirteen now and Betty who is eleven. Betty was an adopted daughter, you know.

The children, who are being brought up with all the care in the world by their mother, Dorothy Davenport Reid, are in school. Bill goes to Junior High public school, while Betty attends the Greenwood School for Girls, a private institution.

This school, oddly enough, began its existence in the old Wally Reid residence in Hollywood, after Reid had passed away and Mrs. Reid felt the necessity for providing money for the support of herself and her children. Afterward Mr. Greenwood moved into the old Thomas H. Ince home on Franklin Avenue, taking his school with him, and said school is now housed in the home of Dorothy Farnum, the screen writer.

"The children don't care about acting at all," Mrs. Reid told me. "Bill shows a great mechanical ability and also much musical talent. Both, he inherits from his father.

"I should like very much to have Bill become an electrical or a civil engineer, but shall have to let him pick his own vocation.

"Betty has as yet shown no decided talents nor desires for a calling. She has grown beyond her years, and is a little too fat.

"Both children are athletic, Betty being an admirable swimmer as is Bill also. Bill likewise plays tennis and is a good shot.

"Bill delivers papers, and works hard at his job. He says that he is sure, though, that people sit up nights trying to figure out a way to get out of paying for their subscriptions."

The DeMille Children

CECIL B. DEMILLE has four children—two of them adopted.

Richard, aged eight, and John, seventeen, are the adopted children, Katherine, eighteen, and Cecelia, twenty-two, are his own children.

But he is chary of talking about two of his children being adopted. To him all are equally well cared for, and I am sure know no difference one from the other in the care and love bestowed by himself and Mrs. DeMille.

Little Richard attends the Carl Curtis School in Hollywood. He is much interested in music, and his dad feels that he has a real musical career ahead of him.

John, who is a brunette, is attending Black-Foxe Military Academy, and has developed a pronounced flare for mathematics and business problems. He is also a very clever mechanic, and for several years did all the mechanical work on his father's speed boats.

Katherine, a brunette, graduated last year from Santa Barbara school for girls. She is a very clever amateur sculptor, but her main interest is acting. She appeared in "Madam Satan" and on the stage in San Francisco, and is working steadily in small rôles in various studios. She is also studying painting.

Cecelia is now Mrs. Francis Edgar Calvin. She was educated at Hollywood School for Girls. Her hobby is horses. She has three blue-ribbon winners in her stable, and her best

(Continued on page 108)

"You don't know what cold weather is" says RUSSELL OWEN

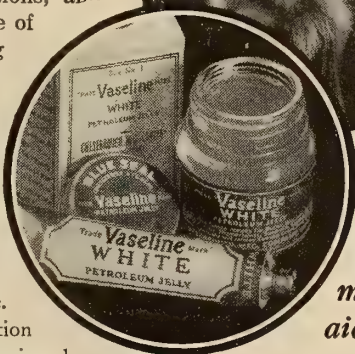
CAN you imagine travelling on foot. Cover a great snow plain, almost interminable in extent, burned by the sun and wind, frozen by chill winds, marching hour after hour, day after day, with no living thing within many miles? Then the cheeks burn and crack, and lips become blistered and swollen so that they puff out in ugly and painful scabs. They become so sore that it hurts to eat and one cannot smoke for the sting of tobacco on broken flesh.

But when the lips chap and swell under the combined influence of the sun and wind, they must be softened with some healing substance, and "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is used for this purpose by those who are weatherwise. For example, when Bernt Balchen was on the trail in the Antarctic, his lips were badly swollen from exposure and he used "Vaseline" Jelly on them to keep them soft. He believes that it should be in every trail kit and always carries some with him, whether he is exploring or flying planes into the far north mining country of Canada, transporting dynamite and tools. Balchen was born in a cold country and has spent many of his years outdoors under the most trying conditions, and with him always takes a tube of "Vaseline" Jelly for protecting his skin against exposure.

Russell Owen

RUSSELLOWEN is one of the greatest reporters of all time.

When the Byrd Antarctic Expedition was about to start, Owen was assigned by the New York Times to go with it. This isolated part of the world was described by Owen for fourteen months—the period during which he stayed there. He saw the departures of the planes on all the flights, including the South Pole flight, the returns, and during the four months that the dog teams were away on their 1500 mile trip received bulletins from them and kept the world informed of what they were doing. His work there won for him the Pulitzer Prize, awarded for the best reporting of the year. Now Mr. Owen has a new assignment. From time to time he will tell you in these pages of the interesting uses for "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly which he has seen on his wanderings from Pole to Pole. Watch for his next story!



*How millions
meet daily first
aid emergencies*

Burns and Scalds: Cover burned area with "Vaseline" Jelly, bandage with clean linen or gauze. Change dressing daily.

Cuts (minor): Wash under running water, apply "Vaseline" Jelly and bandage lightly.

More serious wounds: Sterilize with an approved antiseptic, dress with "Vaseline" Jelly and bandage lightly.

Sore and tired feet: Use "Vaseline" Jelly to massage feet after warm bath.

Head colds: Place "Vaseline" Jelly in nostrils to lubricate them and soothe inflammation.

Throat irritations: Take "Vaseline" Jelly internally, a half teaspoonful every few hours.

How the Stars Bring Up Their Children

(Continued from page 107)



GRAY HAIR?

Would you know the secret of lovely color treasured by millions of women? A simple way, entirely safe! Coupon brings you FREE OFFER.

TODAY youth calls . . . but the whole effect of an enviable complexion and ideal figure is lost if hair is dull . . . drab . . . gray. Mary T. Goldman's way to youthful color for gray hair can mean more to smart appearance than almost any other secret of modern beauty science.

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With Mary T. Goldman's you cannot fail to get successful results if simple directions are followed . . . Just combing this clear, colorless liquid through the hair imparts lovely, lustrous color.

Entirely Safe to Use

This method is SAFE, successful, time-tested and approved. Used by discriminating women for more than thirty years. A toilet requisite for society leaders, business women, and stars of stage and screen.

Nothing Artificial Looking

Any color can be successfully matched: black, brown, blonde or auburn. Results defy detection. Nothing to wash or rub off on linens or hat linings. Hair stays soft, fluffy . . . easy to curl and wave.

Test Package FREE

See for yourself what the results will be on a lock clipped from your own hair. We'll send complete Test Package FREE. Your druggist can supply a regular bottle with money-back guarantee. But if you prefer to make this test free, just use the coupon.



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▼ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ▼

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> BLACK | <input type="checkbox"/> DARK BROWN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MEDIUM BROWN | <input type="checkbox"/> LIGHT BROWN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DARK RED | <input type="checkbox"/> LIGHT RED |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> BLONDE |

horse, Love Lee Dare, could be covered up with ribbons, she has won so many. Cecelia is considered perhaps the South's finest horsewoman.

Regarding the upbringing of children, Mr. DeMille said:

"It seems to be a very common mistake for parents to forget that their children are human beings. The difference in age, too, frequently makes us forget our own earlier years. I find that parents err in two principal ways: First, by a too strict discipline which irritates children by making it seem that they are totally devoid of intelligence of their own; second, by an indifferent and lax attitude wherein youngsters stray aimlessly about, unguided in any way. The proper course, obviously, is the middle one.

"My children have been encouraged to seek their own paths in life. No undue restrictions have been placed on their ideas and thoughts and ambitions. Every effort has been made to have them develop distinct individualities, but at the same time there are certain family rules to which they must conform—especially rules which keep them from impinging on each other's rights.

"Perhaps the most important thing one must fight in children is the growth of selfishness. Thought for others is of course the main thing that should

differentiate a civilized man from an animal. The richer parents are, the more acute this problem becomes."

Young Bill Hart

LITTLE BILL HART, son of William S. Hart and Winifred Westover, spends his time with his mother, who is bringing him up.

He goes to school at Santa Monica, his mother driving him to and from school, since they live several miles away, at Malibu Beach.

Young Bill keeps close to home, though he loves his school fellows. He is a quaint, gallant, little old-fashioned boy, nine years old, who looks very much like his father, but has his mother's dimples and smile.

He says that he means to be President of the United States, and he is very much in earnest about it. He has said this ever since he could talk. He is even now planning to study law.

To the end that he may first be a foreign diplomat, he is learning Japanese, attending a Japanese school several hours a week.

"It was his own idea," his mother told me. "Little Bill thinks things out. One day he said to me, 'Mother, I think the United States is going to have very close relations with Japan some day, and I'd like to be our representative. I want to learn Japanese.'"



Gary Cooper inspected the oldest house in Los Angeles. Located at No. 14 Olvera Street, it dates back to 1818. It has been unaltered since 1847, when Commodore Stockton used it as his headquarters. It is known as La Casa de Dona Encarnacion Avila.

Janet's Dad

(Continued from page 41)

and Janet, always "Lolly" to her father, really had seen more of "Jonesy" than her real father, the former having married Janet's mother after her separation from Frank Gainer, when "Lolly" was eight.

Anyhow they had their visit. Nobody knew anything about it and Janet, after brief visits with relatives in the Germantown and Olney sections of Philadelphia, left town. Frank Gainer remained as obscure as he had been before his famous daughter's arrival, and went cheerfully back to his paste-bucket and wall brush.

THEN, just a few months ago, something happened and Philadelphia began to discover who Janet really was, and pride came into another neighborhood, not far removed from the great textile mills, a neighborhood in which most of the residents earn their living manipulating the looms which spin cloth and over the buckets which dye it. A neighborhood of real movie fans.

A police bandit chaser drew up in front of a two-story brick, porch front home at 1372 Gillingham St., in Frankford. Here, with a nephew, Ralph Gainer, lives Frank DeWitt Gainer, the paperhanger and painter.

A policeman got out, rapped at the door, said a few words to the occupants of the house, got back into the little red police roadster, and drove away. It was about 7 P. M., and dusk was settling. Some of the neighborhood's residents already were on their way to the first show at one of the moving picture houses on "the Avenue."

Within a few minutes after the policeman had departed a boy, in childish delight, rushed from the house. He had joyful news for all the youngsters on the street, and he couldn't tell it quickly enough. "Janet's coming," he cried delightfully. "She wanted to keep it a secret so she told the police to tell us."

The word spread quickly from child to child, then to the grownups, and within ten minutes it was on every tongue. In less time than it takes to read this a great crowd had gathered in front of the house at 1372 Gillingham St. Presently the police bandit chaser came back, clearing a pathway, and behind it a limousine.

TWO big men in uniform opened the door of the limousine and, with their hefty shoulders, broke a path-

(Continued on page 110)



*This is the famous
Linit Beauty Bath
test that INSTANTLY
proves you can have*

A SKIN

**SOFT AS
VELVET!**

Here is a test that is a pleasure to make and will prove to you that your skin can feel soft as a baby's. Swish a handful of Linit in a basin of warm water; then wash your hands, using a little soap. Immediately after drying, your skin feels soft and smooth as rare velvet.

This test is so convincing that you will want to use Linit in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

Linit is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results convince you.

Watch for Next Month's

**Great Love Story
of Hollywood**

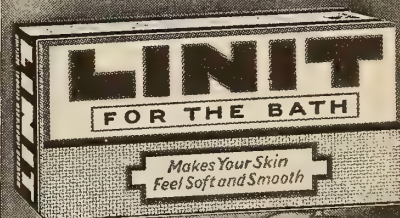
by Adela Rogers St. Johns

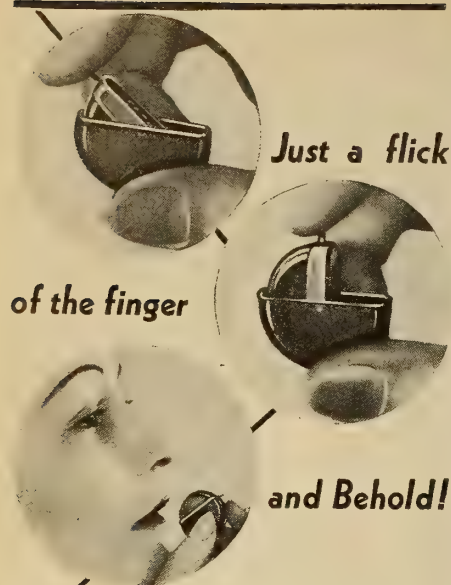
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Some Hollywood stars are very democratic. Above you see Buster, star of M.-G.-M. dog comedies, visiting Marie Dressler. Buster, by the way, is about the only star who isn't afraid that Miss Dressler will steal his picture.

Janet's Dad

(Continued from page 109)

way. From the car stepped a diminutive girl, and a tall, slightly bald, handsome young man. They went inside, as the neighborhood folk pressed closer about the little porch and milled about for a glimpse of Janet Gaynor.

With such a crowd it was impossible of course, to keep the newspapers from finding out. And it was a human interest story, a story of a Cinderella princess trying to steal a few moments in its midst, a man who could tell more about Janet Gaynor than all the biographical sketches in the world.

Ralph Gainer, a cousin, who now points to a stubble of beard, said: "Why, I haven't shaved this spot on my cheek yet, where she kissed me. I don't want to shave it off."

So, the public of Philadelphia learned of a man who had heretofore been a rather obscure figure, most of the biographies of the star having mentioned "Jonesy," the step-father, but ignoring the man who exerted the paternal influence during the most formative years of "Lolly's" tender young girlhood.

Not that Frank Gainer wished any

glory. He did not care to share his daughter's fame. He had his pride, but he kept it in his heart. He went to see her pictures, and in them, saw the winsome, brown haired little tot he taught to sing, dance and mimic when they lived on Wister and Pomona Sts. in Germantown, and when they used to spend their summers at Betterton, Md., on Chesapeake Bay.

Even a great many of Frank Gainer's acquaintances and some of his closest friends did not know that he was the father of the star. And many people in the Frankford section of Philadelphia have known the Gainers for years—Janet has several cousins in Philadelphia—without even knowing there was any relationship between the Gainers and the Gaynor of the films.

AS you study Frank Gainer you can see Janet Gaynor from the middle of the nose up. He has the same hazel eyes, and they grow large and expressive when he's saying something that interests him. And, despite his sixty-two years, they are eyes that twinkle still, even as Janet's do.

He is proud of "Lolly." Tickled pink. You can see that. And even if you couldn't he would not deny it. But he has pride of his own, too, and it is a pride governed by a rigid code. He wants to, always has, and always will, he said, stand on his own feet.

"It was funny after Lolly went away," he said, "the questions everybody asked me. Of all the things the funniest was about money. They wanted to know how much money Lolly gave me. One neighbor said, 'You'd think, with all of her money, she'd have left you at least a thousand or so. She'd never miss it.'"

Frank Gainer paused to part the air in a gesture of disgust.

"Me?" he almost shouted, as if it were I who had asked the question. "Me take money from Lolly. Not on your life. She knows how proud I am and she knows I won't take money from anybody so long as I can go out and earn \$10 a day."

Then he softened a little and said, as an after-thought: "But I know Lolly wouldn't see her poor old Dad suffer. If ever I am in need of help, I know she'll help me. She said she would. But that won't come, if it ever comes, while I'm sixty-two years young. Maybe when I get old and decrepit—but then, my wants aren't very great, anyhow. I have only myself to keep."

WITH characteristic wit, even carried to the point of mimicking Janet's grandmother, who was among those present, Frank Gainer described how Janet first saw the light of day at 3:50 A.M., October 6, 1906, on Wister Street, in Germantown. He even re-enacted how he paced the floor awaiting the joyful tidings from upstairs.

"Not long after Lolly was born," he said, "we moved to Pomona Street. Time seemed to fly, or at least it seems now it flew, because it wasn't long until 'Lolly' used to hurry home from the old Manheim Theatre in Germantown, and delight her playmates with her mimicry of Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge. I used to encourage her and have her do her little stunts over and over for me."

At this time Frank Gainer himself was dabbling in theatrical work, an ambition he did not relinquish until late in life. He sang lyric tenor in a quartet, took part in many amateur and "benefit" theatricals, and upon occasions, appeared in the old Wakefield Theatre, in Germantown.

It was only natural that the father should teach the daughter the things that were closest to his heart.

"I saw as a child she had talent," he continued. "She used to mimic me, and sometimes I'd chastise her. Even that wouldn't get the best of her. She mimicked me whipping her, then, a little later, she would jump up on my lap and tell me she was sorry."

"Many persons asked me if 'Lolly' used a double in the acrobatic parts of 'The Four Devils.' I could not say whether she did or not, but I knew she didn't have to. She knew most of those trapeze stunts before she was eight years old. I used to teach her when we were on the beach down at Betterton, Md.

"Since then she often has told me that she thinks she inherited her desire for acting from me. On her last visit here she asked me if I remembered when I used to teach her tricks on the horizontal bar, and how I used to laugh at her, or get angry at her,

(Continued on page 112)

● The new styles as worn by DOROTHY JORDAN, beautiful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player. "To be feminine in a bathing costume wear a pastel shaded suit"—advises Dorothy Jordan. For an informal "supper"-hour engagement Miss Jordan wears a modernized pattern in chocolate-brown chiffon combined with a silk Chantilly lace yoke.

Photographs by HURRELL—M. G. M.



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Janet's Dad

(Continued from page 111)



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To secure the best results *both* creams should be used. Generous "introductory tubes" of these 2 creams—also OUTDOOR GIRL Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream—are available at the 10c counters of F. W. Woolworth and other chain stores. Larger sizes—60c and \$1.00—at leading drug and department stores.

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depending upon my mood, when she mimicked me."

Lolly first began to show real talent, her father said, at the age of three. Even at that tender age, the tiny, brown-haired tot, with a ribbon tied in a bow above her left ear, could carry a tune. And get expression in it, too.

"I used to sing the songs for her that I used in the quartet, and she would sing them for me," Mr. Gainer said. "Then we would spend hours going over the songs together. Of course, I never dreamed then that she would become famous. We just did it because it was fun. She seemed to like it and so did I."

Then, as Janet was delighting the neighborhood with her mimicry, Frank Gainer and Janet's mother separated. But the father continued to see his daughter upon infrequent occasions, and never did he entirely lose track of her, visiting her several times while Janet, her mother, and "Jonesy" lived in Chicago.

LOLLY, the child mimic, became a stenographer, as everybody knows, and it wasn't until Jonesy got her the job as an extra, that the talent she says she inherited from her father, got a chance to show itself. But that she had it, even as a tot, is attested by many others who knew her as a girl.

"I can see her yet," said Margaret Tull, who used to teach the Sunday school class Janet attended at the First M. E. Church, of Germantown, and who teaches now in the Kinsey Public School in East Germantown. "She was about seven years old then and wore a little black velvet coat, lace collar and large, black beaver hat. She was very quiet and very studious and had a remarkable memory."

"Even at that age she was very particular about her diction and enunciation. She would grasp passages from Scriptures and memorize them more quickly than any girl in the class. And she was one of the hardest little workers and most unspoiled of any child in the class."

"She was always a pretty little girl," said Mrs. Hamill, "and a good dancer, singer and mimic. She used to play with my daughter, and one of her favorite pastimes was cutting silhouettes from the papers and magazines and pasting them up. Always bright, shy and of a retiring disposition, she had that same winsomeness as a child that is so evident in her acting on the screen."

And, as you talk with Frank Gainer, it comes to you that these things could be said of him also. He is certainly bright. He has a shyness that Lolly surely must have inherited. And, after talking with both Janet Gaynor and Frank Gainer, you are impressed with the idea that the thing both seem to have in common, aside from their facial characteristics, is unaffectedness.

We asked Frank Gainer if he still sang.

"If I went singing now for a mile of noodles," he replied, "I wouldn't get a shoe-string." A typical Gainer reply. And here, to give you an idea of Lolly Gainer's dad, is some typical Frank Gainer conversation:

"You know, they were kidding me

here at the house when Lolly married that lawyer fellow, Lydell Peck. They were saying that maybe I'd be a grandpop. 'Well, never you mind,' I told them. 'Maybe some day Lolly will have four children, then I'll be a granddaddy to a bushel.'

"And put this down. Lolly is as unspoiled as ever. When she was here she danced with everybody in the house. Yes, even me. I can still hop around. She never 'makes up' except for a picture, and never wears jewelry. She didn't have any rouge on when she was here, and you can say, for her dad, that her hair has turned henna since she went in the movies. It used to be brown."

At this point Frank Gainer excused himself, explaining that he had to see a prospect about papering a room.



Norma Shearer received the annual award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best performance of 1930. The award, shown in Miss Shearer's hands, was for her work in "The Divorcee"

Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 10)

Wants a Referendum

Philadelphia, Pa.

The *Literary Digest* polled a vote on the Prohibition question and the results are well known today. Why not a similar vote to determine whether the people want the silent pictures in addition to the talkies? It is wrong for producers to have settled this question themselves. I am quite sure a popular vote would be instrumental in bringing back the silent pictures and our favorites of other days. There is room for both the silent and the talkie.

Charlotte Goldburg,
5541 Broomall Avenue.

Longs for Charlie Ray

Toledo, Ohio

Speaking as "head man" of a family of five enthusiastic boosters for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, would like to see a movement started to get Charles Ray on the screen. We, as well as many of our friends, would love to see more of Mr. Ray.

Robert G. Hubbard,
4310 Willy Parkway.

About "You All"

Elliott, S. C.

I am a Southerner and, while I know we are accused of speaking more or less of a dialect, we do object to having the talkies imitate us in a ridiculous way. For instance the expression "you all" has been frequently used in talking pictures and always to denote one person. I do not deny that we use this expression but we always use it in speaking of more than one person.

Mrs. J. H. Skinner, Jr.

Wants Human Folk

San Diego, Calif.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE should drive home the fact to movie producers that we like to meet nice people, like to see characters on the screen whom we would enjoy meeting in the flesh. Characters actuated by understandable HUMAN motives rather than mere puppets displaying crude, stupid or purely animal instincts. This would mean a medal earned by NEW MOVIE. Is this asking too much?

B. Alice Burland,
4636 Mission Ave.

Against Peace Propaganda

Gastonia, N. C.

Why all the propaganda against wars by the production of such films as "All Quiet On the Western Front," and "The Dawn Patrol"? Wars are inevitable. Therefore, give us some of the glamour and romance that war pictures once contained in such films. Do not try to make cowards of us and extinguish the last spark of patriotism in us by the continuance of the production of mere propaganda, minus plots or entertainment.

Dewey J. Gilmore,
Ranlo Station.

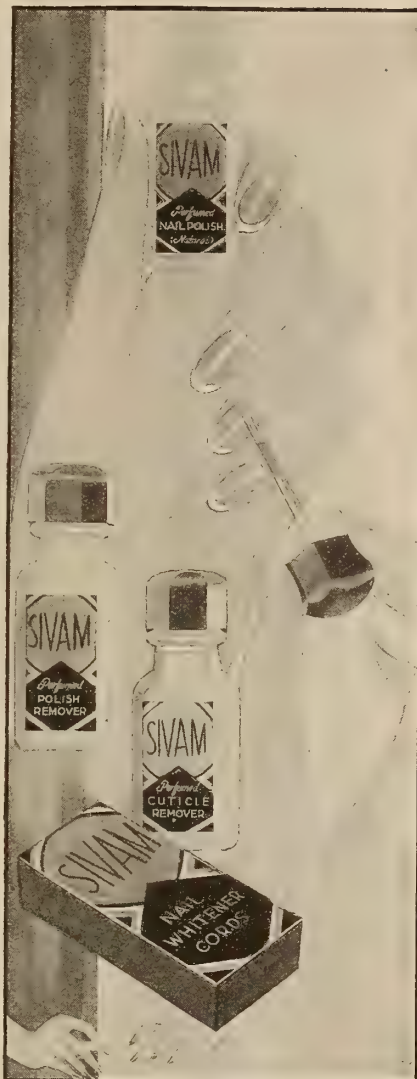
One dollar is paid for every thought published. Be sure to read the announcement on page 10 of this issue.

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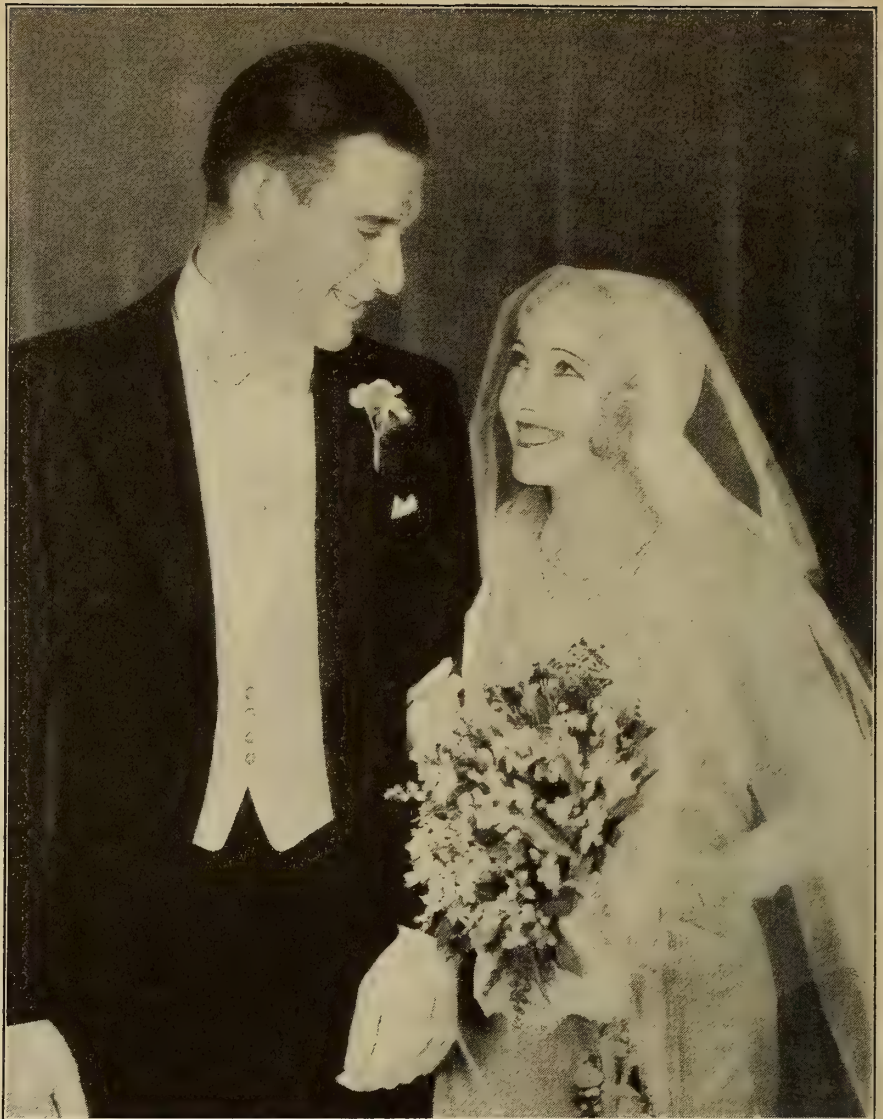
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358 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.



Bessie Love and her husband, William Hawks. This picture was made on their wedding day.

Noble Experiments

(Continued from page 46)

marriage. She just lives it, loves it, and gets all hot and bothered trying to tell you how wonderful it is. If you mention problems, she widens her eyes, grows pink and tells you what a wonderful man her husband is.

That one is also a first marriage.

SUE CAROL and Nick Stuart were married a year ago last July. They're very modern, kid each other incessantly, go in for complete economic and social freedom on both sides, and—are getting away with it.

"Just need to use your head," says Sue. "Women have to do a bit of adjusting. You can't adjust man much. He's not that kind of an animal. But if you want to make marriage work, you can. Here or anywhere. It's my idea false pride and jealousy ruin most marriages. If you know that, you don't give in to him any more than you give in to an impulse to steal or commit a murder."

Leila Hyams, the lovely M.-G.-M. blonde who is sweeping toward the top of the ladder at a great rate, is married

to Phil Berg, a young executive in pictures. It has been going on two years now and getting worse and worse. In a quiet little bridge game at Malibu, where the Bergs live, they talk like this: "Darling, did you only go down one trick? Why that's marvelous. How did you do it?" And, "Baby, you trumped my ace so that makes it your lead, doesn't it?" Any marriage that shows those signs looks pretty good.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE and T. C. Nether are as devoted as ever. They live in a big house at Santa Monica, are both burned the color of mahogany, seldom go anywhere, and seem as contented as two love birds. Connie has tried marriage several times, and the third time seems to be the charm. She looks happier than I ever saw her and doesn't want to go back on the screen.

Pretty Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders, the well-known writer, are travelling toward their third wedding anniversary, and declare they'll celebrate their fiftieth together. Theirs

was a real Hollywood romance, they met and married here. They have a lovely home, and off the screen Fay is so sweet and gentle and thoughtful that you'd be pretty sure any man would be happy with her. Saunders is better looking than most Hollywood leading men. They live very quietly and have a select circle of friends.

"One reason many marriages fail is that people never stay home," says Fay. "We like to be quiet, read, talk, by our own fireside at least half the time. And we do it, too: There is so much doing in Hollywood you're tempted not to, but it makes for happy marriages, we think."

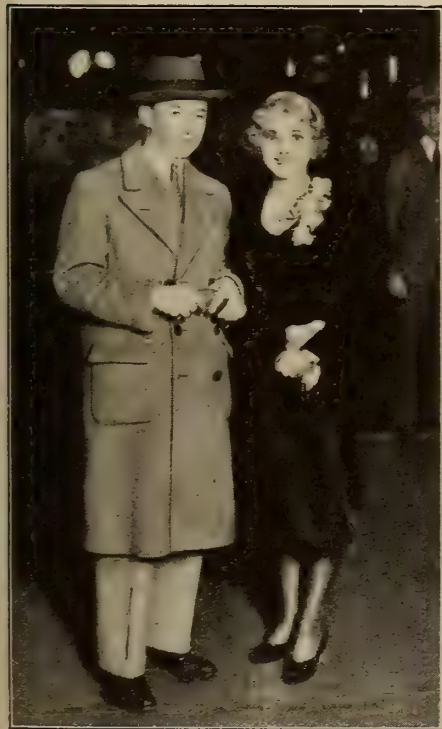
Loretta Young and Grant Withers are another couple who think about marriage. Loretta has definite ideas, and is carrying them out. She believes the modern woman is more competent to handle marriage than her mother was, if she'll just admit it needs thought and care. So far, another ideal marriage.

KAY JOHNSON is married to John Cromwell, who directed "Street of Chance." They declare they work so hard they don't know anything about Hollywood temptations and are perfectly happy.

Claudette Colbert is Mrs. Norman Foster. She recently left Hollywood, in the midst of a big triumph, to follow her husband around the world.

The only recent marriage that looks to me dubious is Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire. That one is still in the doubtful column. If it does collapse, it will be because both Jack and Ina were too set in their ways to adjust themselves. If it succeeds, it will be because they are so much in love that they both sacrificed some pet habits and characteristics.

But as far as I can see, the younger generation of marriages is doing very well indeed. Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, Dolores del Rio and Cedric Gibbons are still bride-and-grooming—so they don't count yet.



Two happy noble experimenters, Leila Hyams and her husband, Phil Berg.

Jane glimpses the sun from a skyscraper window

...yet this modern cliff-dweller has the radiant "outdoor" complexion of a gypsy queen.

NATURE is an unopened book to Jane. Oaks, pines and maples all look alike to her but she certainly knows her switchboard . . . "Number, please!—Hold the line" . . . Not much time for getting outdoors! Jane's closest approach to the sun is from her office window, yet to look at the youthful sparkle of her skin you'd imagine she lived her days in "the open."

Like thousands of alert young women whose work keeps them indoors, Jane owes her radiant complexion to a marvelously different face powder. With its unique base of pure olive oil, OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder imparts to the pale cheeks of the city dweller the fresh, natural beauty of the outdoors.

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lasting fairness, keeping it fresh and youthful even under the merciless glare of electric lights.

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Mystery of William Powell

(Continued from page 90)

stage. But he was more than popular. He was an actor who loved his work with an absorbing passion. To him, acting was a major art. He was an Austrian, temperamental, suave, worldly.

From the start, he took a great interest in William Powell.

"The interest," Bill told me, "manifested itself in bawling the dickens out of me. Never, before or since, has anyone had such beautiful, all-embracing tongue lashings as Dietrichstein gave me. He would call me into his dressing room and sit looking at me, as though I were some strange animal out of a zoo. Then he would begin, delicately, with polished sarcasm and a nice choice of invective, to tell me just how rotten I was. He would explain in the most minute detail how bad my performance was, how I missed every good point, destroyed every possibility.

"At first, I expected to get my notice daily. But soon I realized that I was the only member of the company to whom he ever paid any attention. When he had finished combing me over, he'd invite me out to supper and over our beer and boloney he'd give me inspired lectures on the art of acting.

"**A**'CTING' he would say, 'is both an interpretative and a creative art. It must have depth, sincerity and technique. A great composer may have symphonies in his head greater than those of Beethoven. But he must know how to express them before they can reach the ears of the world. So with acting. First, there is the depth, the understanding of life, people, character. Then, sincerity—to believe in your work. Next technique. The knowledge of how to convey to your audience what is in your mind and heart.'

"He taught me more about acting than I have ever learned in all the rest of my experience put together. If I've ever given a good performance, I owe more of it to Leo Dietrichstein than anything else. I know he believed I had possibilities, or he wouldn't have bothered to correct me. So I began to hope and not get discouraged, realizing all the time I was laying up capital which would some day bring me returns."

In 1921, William Powell appeared on Broadway in a play called "Spanish Love."

The play was a hit, Powell was a sensation. As the romantic bad man, who in the end sacrificed himself to the happiness of the girl he loved, Bill literally knocked New York cold.

"It was great luck for me, getting that part," said Bill.

Probably it was. But when opportunity knocked, he was ready. The critics applauded him with many adjectives. The audiences cheered him. He became a New York success—ten years after he left Kansas City with that as his goal.

His first picture was "Sherlock Holmes," for which he was selected by Albert Parker, a director who had seen him on the stage. Then, between stage engagements, he did such

productions as "When Knighthood was in Flower," "Romola," "The Bright Shawl," "Under the Red Robe" and others.

It was while he was making "Romola" in Italy with Lillian Gish, that he met Ronald Colman and formed the great friendship which has made them inseparable companions ever since. They are opposites in many ways, Ronny, the quiet, self-contained Englishman, ruled always by his head. Bill Powell, fiery, temperamental, emotional in everything he does. Yet they make a great team. They are always together. They're working out a scheme now, whereby they can work part of the year and spend the rest traveling or living for a few months in Italy or England or France, for the almost essential change from Hollywood.

At first, pictures were a secondary matter to Bill. A mere chance to add a few dollars to his income. He regarded them as an illegitimate child of the stage.

But as he began to get more and more engagements, he thought the matter over carefully and decided to go west and make the movies his main business. He knew well how uncertain the theatrical business is and how small the chance for even the most popular star to build up a solid competence. He never expected to be a picture star, but he was in great demand for heavies and characters and foreign rôles and he believed in the end it would give him a better chance. Besides, his two great friends, Ronald Colman and Dick Barthelmess, both lived in Hollywood and he'd have more fun out there.

To Hollywood he finally went, in 1925.

There was another reason for his change of base.

He and his wife had come to a final parting of the ways.

Nothing especially disastrous or dramatic had happened. Their unhappiness was more difficult because there was nothing to explain it nor to fight against. Simply, he and Aileen Wilson didn't agree about anything under the sun, moon and stars. They got on each other's nerves. They quarreled, and bitterness grew. They were separated for long periods. Then came together again, to find that they didn't belong together.

IN February, 1925, when they had been married for ten years, their first and only child was born, a second William Powell.

Oddly enough, instead of bringing them together, this event separated them for good and all. They made a thoughtful and perhaps a wise decision. In their hearts, they knew that their marriage was doomed. It seemed foolish to go on with a relationship that brought neither of them happiness. They agreed that it was better to part before the child was old enough to realize the change, or before he was old enough to sense the lack of harmony in the home.

So they parted. Mrs. Powell ob-

tained a divorce in California about a year ago. She lives quietly in Hollywood with her son, who is one of the brightest and most attractive kids you ever saw. She and her ex-husband are friendly. And big Bill is devoted heart and soul to little Bill. They spend week-ends and Sundays together. They go on trips. Little Bill comes to the big gay apartment where his daddy and his grandfather and grandmother live and passes many happy hours.

Bill isn't a recluse nor an alleged woman-hater like Ronald Colman. He adores women, loves gay companionship, likes to laugh and dance and have a grand time. But, at present at least, there isn't any serious entanglement. William Powell's name isn't connected with that of any woman.

After he came to Hollywood, Powell found himself in real demand. He scored a success with Richard Dix in "Too Many Kisses." Soon Paramount put him under contract. In "Beau Geste" he did a great piece of character work. Repeated in "Senorita" with Bebe Daniels, "Beau Sabreur" and "The Last Command."

Slowly, he built up a following and gained a reputation as one of the best actors on the screen. A good many times he stole the show from the star. But he wasn't the type of which silent day stars were made, and it looked as though he had reached his limits, and would continue as a featured member of casts, playing unusual characters.

THEN came that great era of talking pictures.

Foundations shook and the heavens of Hollywood reeled. Some went up, some went down.

William Powell, the disciple of Leo Dietrichstein, the graduate of ten years of stock, road and Broadway stage experience, shot upward in a manner unexpected to everybody. His delightful speaking voice took to the microphone as a woman takes to flattery. The new technique of the talkies approximated the stage technique which he had learned so carefully. More, with the advent of sound, the types of stories and of personalities changed.

I still think "Street of Chance," in which he played a rôle written around Rothstein, the New York gambler, ranks as one of the best talkies yet produced.

As he earned solid success on the stage, by work and ability, so William Powell has, more than any other actor perhaps, earned movie stardom by consistent build-up, and for that reason he'll probably stay a long time in his present position. At that, he would make a great director.

Meantime, he lives very quietly with his father and mother. Is a very wordly, charming, slightly cynical person, with a touch of the whimsical that is always unexpected. His love for books has grown with the years. He plays tennis, likes the ocean and loves to travel better than anything else.

Altogether, a real American in spite of his foreign appearance, a grand actor and without exception the most delightful companion I can think of.

COMING! The Fascinating Life Story of Hollywood's Most Picturesque Young Star

First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 24)

is pride—or call it vanity, if you want to. Instead of feeling ashamed of your hands, devote your time to keeping your nails and finger tips in exquisite condition. Keep the nails neatly filed; use a polish; go to the manicurist once a week. Make a point of being vain about your hands and, if you keep them in the best condition, you will be ashamed to disfigure them by biting your nails.

M. F. S., of Connecticut, is puzzled about her evening make-up. She has dark brown eyes, dark brown hair and a "sort of tan or yellow complexion." Many other girls of this warm brunette type will be interested in her question. Most dark brown hair has an underlying tinge of red-orange; it is often not apparent, but is part of the color make-up of this type of hair. This tint gives you a clue to your powder, rouge and lipstick. Go in for the warm, orange shades of make-up, especially in the evening when it is always permissible to exaggerate a bit. Extremely freakish make-up accessories are no longer fashionable—by which I mean those ultra shades of greens and oranges and lavenders.

PERSONALLY, I think that a brunette should be a real brunette and that she should not try to imitate the fragile colorings of her blond sisters. If her skin has a yellow tint, this shade should be carried out in her make-up. The brunette is favored, in that she can wear warm, magnetic, glowing colors, not only in her costume but in her make-up. A milk-white skin sounds well in poetry and songs, but it isn't always a healthy and vigorous one. The tawny skin of the brunette wears well and, if it is kept in good condition, it speaks of health and life. Such a skin doesn't need to be pampered but it thrives under a systematic soap and water treatment—provided you use a good complexion soap.

For Rhoda B. and all other girls who want to be tall. You cannot, as the Bible says, add one cubit to your stature. But you can dress to make yourself look taller by choosing clothes with long lines. Most important, you can hold your head high, walk with your chest out and imitate the poise of a stately woman. Do you know, Rhoda, that Gloria Swanson is really a tiny person? But by her clothes and her posture she appears inches taller than she actually is. And don't you know that Mary Garden is much under average height. Yet, on the opera stage, she looks positively stately and dominates every scene in which she appears. She has a gorgeous, queenly carriage and her costumes, with her long, sweeping lines, give her the appearance of height. Mary Pickford is no taller than you are, and yet—although she tries for a short, childish effect on the screen—in real life she is a commanding person. In formal evening clothes, Mary is no little girl—and not a person to be overlooked. Some small girls play up their lack of inches by being cute and vivacious; the subtler women go in for slow movement, perfect carriage and great poise.



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That Boy from Odessa

(Continued from page 43)

success, the producers forgot who was responsible for it. They bought a sloppily sentimental story for him and insisted that Milly direct it. Milly refused on the ground that it would undo all the good work he had done in Meighan's behalf by driving his public completely away.

James Cruze took up the megaphone after Milly, getting sixty thousand dollars for three weeks as the director of "The Mating Call." Cruze had, under the Paramount banner, directed Meighan in some very bad pictures, but in none more terrible than "The Mating Call."

MILLY has, if I remember correctly, directed about seven films. His third, "Two Arabian Knights," was awarded the Academy of Motion Picture Science medal as the best of the year.

His last film, "All Quiet on the Western Front," has received the same award this year.

The night before the film was shown in Hollywood, Milly left for Europe to be gone six months. Upon his return he signed with Howard Hughes to direct "The Front Page" at \$125,000 and, I surmise, a share in the profits.

It is safe to say that within a short time Milly will be a producing director. He knows his Hollywood, does the man whose life was nearly ruined because he could not lose it in the World War. He knows that under the present system directors can be easily discarded when their usefulness is past. But when one shares in the profits, nothing is sweeter—unless it be death at the front.

Milly, in his days of struggle, lived in a little red one-room cottage facing an alley. Another cutter, still his close friend, lived with him.

He often talks of the little house.

On going back to visit it, he said to the people who now live in it—his friends—"I'd be tempted to move back here again were it not that people might think I was cheap."

And of cheapness, no man can accuse Milly. He once went in debt for a telescope which cost \$1500 for his friend, Matt Moore. When Paul Kelly who recently made the sensational hit in "Bad Girl" was in a spot, he found in Milly a great friend who remained with him through a long trial and San Quentin.

At least eighty percent of the smug sinners in silence in Hollywood and many members of the Lambs Club turned their backs on a high principled man caught in a maze.

Meighan handed \$10,000 over at once. Three other men, a Russian Jew named Milestone, Matt Moore, and another Irishman raised five thousand more. Paul Kelly did his stretch and was told by his friends to hold his head high. He did—like the brave lad he was. I had seen him in the jute mill undergoing enough punishment to kill most men—and so had Milly.

IN the darkest days, Milly went to him—laid out enough money to keep him going for months. Paul went—and Milly was in his dressing room on the opening night of "Bad Girl" when Kelly received the greatest ovation

known in New York since Lionel Barrymore appeared in "The Copperhead."

Texas Guinan was also in the dressing room. Looking at Milly, she said, "We Irish must stick together."

Milly is known on many film sets as "God's gift to the extras." For if they work in a film he directs they are practically sure of being in the film and not "on the cutting room floor."

Many directors have so much "over footage" that cutters are often forced to cut out important scenes to bring the picture down to the proper length. Chaplin, for instance, wastes a fortune in film in every picture he makes.

Milly, on a large production, has been known to save two hundred thousand feet of film. In "All Quiet on the Western Front," he covered the entire book, and kept the spirit of the souls in pain which the book contained.

As a rule the man who writes a good book, the opinion of Hollywood not being considered, is infinitely superior to the hack who is given the book to direct into a film.

Erich Remarque of "All Quiet on the Western Front," or Ben Hecht of "The Front Page" can find in Milestone a man worthy of their spiritual and mental mettle.

There are those film critics, still in mental swaddling clothes, who find fault with Milestone because there is

little love interest in his films. Perhaps he has looked about at love in Hollywood.

At any rate, he has amply proven that two insipid people need not neck all through a film to bring money into the box office.

HIS "Two Arabian Knights" has been so financially successful over the world that it will be made into a talkie.

Credit must be given Carl Laemmle, Junior, for having enough confidence in Milestone and allowing him full sway in the direction of "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Milestone is superior to all the older directors, who graduated luckily from the school of ham actors that inflicted America thirty years ago when the one who could declaim loudest and cry the easiest got his name in the papers. Men like Griffith, Cruze, and other graduates of honky tonk medicine shows and one-night stands can only see life in terms of a man and woman clawing at each other. Cruze's pet saying, "You gotta have love interest" can be made the slogan for all of the breed.

Who remembers the love affair in "The Covered Wagon?" Who wants to?

One man on the film horizon can stand with Milestone—another Russian—Eisenstein.



Helen Cohan is the youngest daughter of the famous George M. Cohan, stage star, dramatist and song writer. You can see Miss Cohan in "Lightnin'" playing opposite Will Rogers.



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Will Hollywood Win a Title?

(Continued from page 53)

flourished. Whenever he ordered meat, he was reminded of that tragic trip. Eventually, she told the cook not to serve it any more. Now he doesn't eat it either.

It is indicative of the character of these two that they never mention this. But their close friends learned of it and now when the Arlisses do eat out, they get the Friday menu.

Out of this incident also grew George Arliss' great hobby—work for the humane societies. It is his most substantial charitable work and he has made contributions of money and service to organizations furthering the humane treatment of animals all over the world. He is the most active man on stage or screen in this particular work.

A stickler for detail, on and off the screen. Courteous to his director, but quite sure of his own characterization and moving through it without pause. What director would dare question George Arliss or attempt to tell him how to play a scene?

George Arliss has arrived on the American screen and we owe him much for his wonderful work. A sixty-year-old youngster who won't be called a veteran and who fitted himself into the new medium of talking pictures more quickly than most younger men.

Let's hope his success and what he has done for pictures won't deprive him of his coveted knighthood to which his many years as a great exponent of drama in English entitles him.

We'd like to see him Sir George Arliss of England—and Hollywood.



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Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 34)

she cared about an extra pair of gloves. Remember that Gloria Swanson then had the greatest title possible. She was queen of the movies. There had never been but two queens then. Mary Pickford first. Then Gloria Swanson.

Besides, Swanson has always been a perfect idiot where her own interests were concerned. It is a part of Hollywood tradition that the alluring Swanson has never been benefited by her love affairs. She never gets any particular advantage, financial or professional, from her beauty and her fascination. She'd marry a truck driver if she loved him.

As for Henri, he wasn't rich, of course. But his income was adequate in Paris. He wasn't particularly interested in money. His life in France had been happy, well ordered, he moved among his friends, in his favorite haunts, and had all that he wanted. If he had the money craze, no one who knew him then had ever discovered it.

I don't think either of them realized that their marriage would occupy more space and be considered a bigger news story than the wedding of Consuelo Vanderbilt and the Duke of Marlborough had been.

THEY sailed to America, still in a dream.

They arrived in New York to a welcome such as had been given no woman in the memory of man. Gloria was back. She had been desperately ill. She had been away a long time. She had made a marriage which satisfied and thrilled the great American public and which was pie for the great American press.

At first, Gloria was touched, infinitely touched. She bowed her head and wept, because her people loved her. And Henri was surprised, but pleased and proud.

From that day, all through his stay in America, it always seemed to be that Henri wore a surprised expression, a slightly startled expression. His eyebrows looked as though they had gone up in astonishment and never resumed their normal position afterwards.

They stayed in New York, they came to Hollywood, and the mad welcome was repeated. The greatest ovation I have seen in my fifteen years in Hollywood was given Gloria Swanson at the opening of "Madame Sans-Gene" when she walked down the aisle with her new husband.

It was all marvelous. But I hope you can feel something of the change that had swept so swiftly upon this bride and bridegroom: The Gloria who had followed her lover so gently, so willingly, in Paris, had been reclaimed by her career and her public. Once more she was a great movie star, caught in the whirlpool of Hollywood. Once more she was a woman whose

time was never her own, who had a million calls upon every minute of her days, who was besieged by producers, interviewers, directors, photographers, newspapermen, writers, costumers, business agents.

The end was written, if they could but have seen it, in the New York papers soon after they landed. "Gloria Swanson's Husband," "Gloria's Marquis." Those were the titles which appeared beneath the photographs of Henri de la Falaise.

He became conscious, too, that Gloria was earning an amazing salary, that she must live as a movie star was expected to live, and that his income, which had sufficed to carry them through their courtship in a Frenchman's Paris, wouldn't serve to do much in Hollywood.

BUSINESS troubles piled upon Gloria. She turned down the Paramount contract to make her own pictures for United Artists. Money worries, story worries, came thick and fast. She was harassed, unhappy, going through crises week after week that would have driven a Wall Street operator crazy.

And Henri?

In a strange country, with new people, new ways, he found himself lost. He wasn't a business man and didn't desire to be one. But he tried, since that seemed an "out." He was also interested, still, as he had been that day in the Ritz bar, in "la cinema." He tried that, too. But no one would take him seriously. He was, to them, just a charming playboy whom Gloria had fallen in love with and brought back to keep her company. They didn't believe he wanted to work. They wouldn't give him a chance. He was just "Gloria's husband."

I REMEMBER sitting next to him at a dinner party one night at Dick Barthelmess' and having him tell me, bitterly, how he had tried to write, had sold a short story to a well known magazine, and how it had broken his heart to find that they hadn't cared about the story but only wanted to play up the fact that it was written by "Gloria Swanson's husband."

"We were always laboring under the belief of everyone that it wouldn't last," Gloria told me. "Thoughts are powerful things. Sometimes we'd feel them like a black wave, in the minds of everyone around us. 'It won't last.' Well," her voice dropped, "it didn't."

She told me, too, how white and haggard Henri had grown as the days went by and he saw what his life was to be. How miserable he was, away from Paris and his friends and his own life.

THERE were times when she thought of throwing up her ca-

reer, and going back to France with him, to the golden Paris where they had been so happy. But she couldn't do that. She had great financial obligations, contracts to fulfill. Besides, she loves her work passionately. She has made it her life. Though I think that had she possessed the money she needed to meet her obligations and take care of her two children, she might have done it.

When he couldn't stand it any more, Henri went back to Paris, alone. Wounded, confused, terribly unhappy, he tried to find solace in his own land. And missed his wife so terribly that he came back to try it over again.

MOST of all they were separated by their misery for each other. Henri had to stand by and watch Gloria fight for her very existence, in all sorts of difficulties which beset a screen star and which the public knows nothing of. Gloria suffered because she saw how bitterly he resented the fact that he couldn't help her, didn't know enough about the politics and intrigues and strange financial quirks of the business to help her. She felt, at last, that she was taking from him more than any woman had a right to take from a man. That she was changing the gay, bright young Frenchman, who had so bravely survived the war, into a bitter, defeated man, without self-respect.

She told him to go back to France, and he went, as representative in Europe for her own company. They knew when he went that probably it was the end. Yet they wouldn't admit it. They kept hoping, believing.

NO other woman separated Gloria and Henri. Circumstances over which they had no control separated them. And it's easy for any woman to step in and console a man under those conditions. But no one could have taken Henri away from his Marquise, if they had been able to overcome the world without. No one could have taken her away from him, if she had been free of entanglements of this business which forced her hand in many directions.

They parted sadly. I know that. Their separation brought them great unhappiness, but not as much unhappiness as they endured together in latter years.

I don't know any screen star who hasn't paid high for her fame. I say that from my heart. Gloria couldn't abdicate, even if she'd wanted to. So, like many another queen of a more acknowledged realm than the movies, she parted from the man who refused to be a prince consort.

And that is the true story of Gloria Swanson and the Marquis. I wish it might have ended differently, don't you? But it's only in the stories Swanson acts that you can write a happy ending whenever you want to.

Adela Rogers St. Johns Will Tell You the True Love Story of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in NEW MOVIE Next Month

Three Boys Who Won

(Continued from page 51)

accepted and shortly found himself being introduced to a rather profound boy of twenty who was eking out an existence as a commercial artist, while working on his masks. It transpired that the boy's name was Roy Radabaugh and that he had lived in the vicinity of Los Angeles all his life. When one of the group happened to mention that Ellerbe had tried out for the rôle of "Tol'able David," the young artist appeared greatly excited. He, too, had an eye on the part but, being totally lacking in experience, didn't know how to go about it. Ellerbe, in a burst of generosity, agreed to help. Certainly young Radabaugh suggested David in both looks and manner. Perhaps, to the disappointed actor there seemed some measure of satisfaction in putting the boy over.

ELLERBE'S first step was to enlist the co-operation of Stuart Walker, so that unwitting tool of destiny was induced to visit Radabaugh's studio on the pretext of looking over the masks. During the entire visit nothing was said about the part, this being all part of the youngster's strategy. When, on the way home, Walker mentioned that the young artist was a good type and might do for one of the smaller rôles in the picture, Ellerbe knew that his "hunch" had been a good one. He thereupon insisted that Radabaugh was the one boy in the whole world to play the title rôle and finally brought Walker around to the point where he was also sold on the idea. Immediately a plan of campaign was laid out by the two conspirators.

While Ellerbe spent many hours teaching Radabaugh how to put over the part, Walker set about the task of getting Columbia to agree to a test. Knowing that "The Big House" was playing to packed houses in Los Angeles and that Chester Morris was the sensation of the day, Walker hit on a bright idea. In submitting Radabaugh's photographs to a conference of production officials he commented, with much enthusiasm, "Now this boy is a young Chester Morris. He has the same qualities that Morris exhibited when he came to me ten years ago. I was foolish enough to let him get away. Don't let's make the same mistake in this case." This argument, backed by an imaginary period in stock, won Radabaugh his coveted test. The fact that he got the part is now history but the weeks of study and strategy leading up to his big chance have never before been told. Looks and talent were not enough to win him his chance. It took a lot of luck and someone with sufficient influence, to put him over. Radabaugh's name is now Richard Cromwell.

Take the much publicized case of Lew Ayres, who jumped from obscurity to fame in one amazing bound by his performance in "All Quiet on the

Western Front." When Ayres quit his job as banjo player to become a screen actor, he started out on the hardest and most difficult year of his life. For one whole week of that time he had to exist on an exclusive diet of peanuts! In spite of the fact that one of the most influential and best-thought-of directors of Hollywood was personally interested in his career and did all he could to advance Ayres, it took constant plugging and many discouraging experiences before Lew even had a chance to show what he could do. As most everyone knows, the director is Paul Bern and, to his efforts, much of Ayres' success is due. Bern first tried to sell Lew to M.-G.-M., but they couldn't see him at all. This was partly due to the fact that Bern was then in the midst of a dispute with M.-G.-M. executives. Besides, talkies were then coming in and Lew had no stage experience, whatever.

WHEN Bern left Metro to accept a supervisory post with Pathe, one of his first acts was to secure Ayres a six months' contract. This apparent stroke of luck proved of little value as Pathe officials could see no promise in the boy. The result was that Lew was let out after playing one bit in an Eddie Quillan picture. Meanwhile, things had become adjusted between Bern and Metro and he returned to that studio. Accordingly, Ayres was given the juvenile lead opposite Greta Garbo in "The Kiss," his first big break in pictures. He did well enough but nothing startling, they thought, so he was again let out—a failure with two of the biggest companies.

Ayres would have probably given up at this time, save for the encouragement of Bern, who was persuaded that the ex-banjo player really had talent of a rare kind. Universal then being on a hunt for the boy in "All Quiet," which they were preparing to film, Bern suggested his young friend to Lewis Milestone, the director. Milestone asked to have Ayres call on him but when the boy did so, forgot all about his conversation with Bern and was so abrupt that he frightened Lew away. Still determined, Ayres somehow succeeded in getting a test. Milestone since has said the test was nothing out of the ordinary, just a medium shot, but that when he saw it flashed on the screen, he knew that the search was ended. It was one of the last tests to be unreel and Milestone was about ready to give in to Universal's choice of Johnny Harron for the rôle. Then through the dark projection room, the appeal of Lew Ayres reached out and struck the exact note of mingled courage and pathos which Milestone wanted. It wasn't until the picture was well under way that he discovered in Ayres the boy his friend, Paul Bern, had recommended to his notice a short time before.

Such knowledge is too vital to be hushed



... and this one small booklet will tell you

GRADUALLY the fact dawns upon the young wife. Her married friends are showing reluctance to discuss one particular subject frankly. Surely they are her friends. She has always counted on them. And now they seem to be failing her when she has joined their ranks and needs the help of their experience.

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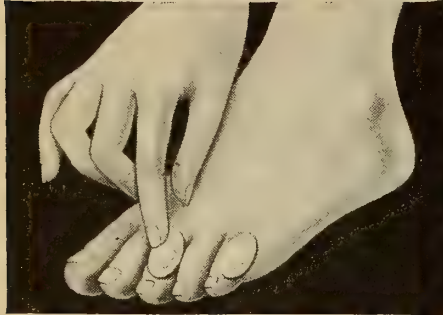


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The Strangest Story Ever Told Me

(Continued from page 37)

a party which as I recall included Marshall Nielan, Watterson Rothacker, Bryant Washburn, Townsend Netcher, Al St. John and this chronicler—watching the dancing and the notables at the various tables.

Many inconsequentials were discussed from time to time—Charlie Chaplin's flair for back-fence tittle-tattle, the intellectualism of the late Milton Sills, the sudden rise of Clara Bow, Tom Mix's inevitable white gloves and other trivia such as that.

The evening wore on and the crowd thinned out. Several corners had grown dark, tables were being piled one on another and waiters were indulging in effectual yawns while carrying on with the monotony of their waiting. While our group began to spin tales.

I RELATED my favorite story of Mabel Normand's admirable courage in affliction during her last months. Lew Cody had dropped by the Beverly Hills house where I was visiting and before leaving remarked: "Call up Mabel tomorrow and say 'Hello!'" He left her number.

The next morning I put in the call. A maid answered and I inquired for Miss Normand. She asked for my name, it was given and I was somehow conscious there was an exchange of hand-over-the-receiver whispering.

The maid finally said: "Miss Normand is taking a morning gallop but I am expecting her any time—" and then suddenly: "Here she comes up the driveway now!" I could hear the maid call out "Oh, Miss Normand, Mr. McIntyre wants to speak to you."

In a few seconds Mabel came breathlessly to the phone and with all her usual enthusiasm inquired about my wife, my dog and myself. She would have Lew phone us some night soon and have a dinner together.

I THOUGHT no more about it until several days later I mentioned to someone that Miss Normand seemed to have recovered from a recent illness and was now horseback-riding. There was an odd look and quick change of the subject. I subsequently learned that Miss Normand's phone number was a sanitarium, that she had not been out of a sick bed for many months.

All of the "business" over the telephone was "acting." Miss Normand was then slipping into the shadows of transition but she wanted everybody to remember her to the last as the joyous, light-hearted hoyden she was in the

rollicking days when she was filmdom's favorite comedienne.

While I was relating this story I was conscious of a new-comer at our table—a middle aged but snow-white haired man. If any of the others knew him they made no show of recognition. He was inoffensive and harmless enough and I classified him as one of the "assorted nuts" who are somehow attracted to Hollywood like steel to a magnet. Every street corner, every café has its quota. Many hot gospeling strange creeds, broken down seers, tank troupers filled with a new hope, touts and the like. They all drift to Hollywood and somehow in the turbulent current are snagged and remain—adding a peculiar patina that is strictly typical of the movie capital.

As a newspaperman, these peripatetic rainbow chasers have always fascinated me. They are continually aglow with some new idea, often fatuous and absurd, but almost invariably in their gropings they have evolved the most hopeful philosophy of life that I know. They are the eternally content in a troubled world.

A FEW more stories were told and the early morning California sky had chiffoned into a dull pink. We all rose suddenly to go. Only one waiter remained and cleaning women were applying their rags and mops.

At the exit door the taxicabs had departed. Several with their own cars offered to give me the needed lift to Roxbury Avenue in Beverly Hills. But as there was something delightful in the freshly cool morning after several hours in a stuffy restaurant I elected to walk a few blocks knowing that eventually I would come upon a cruising cab.

We said our farewells and I started up Hollywood Boulevard. In about a half block I was conscious of a footfall behind me that suddenly became hurried. As I instinctively turned, the snow-white haired gentleman—the stranger of the café table—was by my side. I naturally expected a touch and was vaguely wondering just how much I should give him.

Instead, he inquired in a strikingly soft and cultured voice: "Do you mind if I walk along with you?" I told him he was welcome, commented on the fact that a few stars had not yet winked out and waited for him to speak. No roving taxi had shown up and we had gone a number of blocks in silence.

The Real Story of the Czar of the Movies

Next Month in NEW MOVIE, O. O. McIntyre, the world's most famous syndicate writer, will tell you the real facts about Will Hays, the man who rules the movies.

when he suddenly remarked: "I am psychic."

There, it was out, just as I had expected—another one of the army of harmless cranks. I could think of nothing to say save an inquiring "Yes?" and again waited.

He continued: "Someone in the Montmartre told me who you were. I have read your articles on and off for a number of years. You seem to have a keen interest in unusual things."

"I decided I would like to tell you a story that you may consider foolish just now but if you remember it some day you will regard it as very unusual." I again nodded for him to continue.

"You, of course, saw the little girl they made so much fuss over tonight in Montmartre when she was introduced. Well, that was my daughter." I looked at him sharply for it was common gossip that she was the only daughter of a widowed mother.

As though sensing my doubt, he explained: "Of course, everybody thinks her father is dead. I am supposed to be. When we lived in a small Middle West town I succumbed to a wanderlust. She was only two at the time and I disappeared. Since then I have roamed the world but spent most of my time in the Far East where I absorbed much of the native mysticism. I discovered there I was psychic."

"Before my daughter ever thought of Hollywood I was, so far away, conscious that she was to be singled out for some sort of fame. Finally in an English speaking newspaper I read her name in the cast of a motion picture. After that I came to America and to Hollywood." At this point I suggested we sit on a curb-bench along Hollywood Boulevard where I could hear the rest of his story and wait for a taxi.

HE went on: "I saw her first at the exit gate of a studio. I don't deserve her love, don't expect any affection from her and consequently never expect to make myself known. I work a little while and then loaf awhile—I am that sort—but during my off days I always try to be some place where I can watch her. The other afternoon at a beach I was watching her. Suddenly there was a strange light around her head. I knew it meant danger—if not tragedy. I followed her home tonight and then came back to the café. The same light appeared about her head tonight when they dimmed the dance floor lights."

A lone taxi was coming along, I got up and signaled it to stop, shook hands with my strange companion and tried to comfort him with: "I do not believe it is given us to know what Fate holds in store for any one of us. You have allowed fear to warp clear thinking. Your daughter is young, full of health and seems to have a career before her. I wouldn't worry any more about it." He shook his head and I rode away.

EXACTLY eleven days later on an Eastbound train I asked the porter to get a daily paper during a brief stop at Emporia, Kansas. When he brought it, thick headlines fulfilled the prophecy of the white-haired stranger. His daughter was mixed up in a typical Hollywood scandal—a scandal that ended in a murder. Her career was in eclipse and as this is written she is still in total obscurity. I do not know if the stranger was her father and I firmly believe his psychic prediction a coincidence—but still I think it all a bit strange!

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"This'll be Funny" they shouted as she sat down to play — but a minute later...

"I GUESS we're stuck for the afternoon," sighed Jane, as the rain began coming down in torrents.

"I suppose this means more bridge," said John Thompson. "Can't we find something unusual to do?"

"Sure—I'll play the piano for you," said Sally Barrow.

"You play, Sally? Don't be funny!" The very idea of Sally having talent struck everybody as a joke. For, unfortunately, she was considerably overweight and for that reason usually played nothing but wallflower.

While they were all having their little laugh, Sally walked over to the piano. Carelessly she played a few chords. Then, suddenly, she broke into one of the latest Broadway hits. Her listeners couldn't believe their ears! Sally continued to play one lively tune after another.

"Where did you learn? Who was your teacher?" John asked.

"You may laugh when I tell you" Sally explained, "but I learned to play at home, without a teacher. You see, I happened to see a U. S. School of Music advertisement. It offered a Free Demonstration Lesson so I wrote for it. When I saw how easy it all was I sent for the Course. Why, I was playing simple tunes by note right from the start. It was as simple as A-B-C."

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Working Girl

(Continued from page 86)

for the mind. It is a very expressive face, a recklessly expressive face. Most beauties cannot afford too much expression. But there is never a moment when Kay's face is in repose.

When you are talking, she listens with her eyes and her mobile red mouth, and her very pretty nose, as well as with her ears. She's a swell audience, and so few women nowadays remember that charm. If you say anything, she shows you just what impression it has made. Her vivid interest stimulates you to talk and to talk better than you can.

William Powell, who has worked with her in three fine pictures, told me to watch for that.

"I hate talking to blank faces," said Bill, who is himself dynamic and dramatic and full of enthusiasms of every kind. "You say something. Nothing happens in the face opposite you. So you say it again, with more detail. Finally you find yourself running on and on and growing more and more annoyed. Kay is as responsive as a violin. I used to love to talk out scenes and business with her. She's a wonder, really."

Of course, Kay thinks Bill is a wonder, too. She says he was so kind to her, when she first began the new medium of the talkies.

"When I came out here," she said, pushing her black hair back from her forehead with a careless hand, "I was scared to death. I had heard about how mean picture people could be to people on the stage. I hadn't much self-confidence anyway. I didn't know what to do about the camera."

"Really, it's simply wonderful how helpful everyone has been. Ronny Colman and Bill and Clara Bow. When I worked with Clara she was simply too grand. She'd explain to me about camera angles, and say, 'Now look, Kay, I'm the star, so naturally they train the camera on me. But if you'll cheat over just a little you'll get in it just right, too. You've got to keep that face in the camera you know, darling.'"

KAY lit a cigarette and relaxed, her head back against the cushions.

Her house is small and very attractive. It stands in a group of trees, in one of those cunning little hillside canyons between Hollywood and Beverly Hills. A comfortable house. Kay lives there alone.

"I like living alone," she told me. "I have to be alone at times and the only chance I get is when I'm at home. I don't see how people live who are never alone. I couldn't do it. Besides, it's convenient. I like a small house. Even if I had a lot of money, I wouldn't want a big one. Why complicate existence? Aren't there enough things you have to do without taking on a lot of extraneous ones? I make a swell bachelor girl, really, I'm not domestic. I want to live simply, comfortably, with as little annoyance as possible."

"This house is okey for me, though maybe the sightseeing wagons will never stop in front of it. I can get anywhere quickly. That's another thing. I can't bear to waste half my life getting from one place to another. That's all poppycock. Eliminate. That's my philosophy. Eliminate waste of time, energy, effort. Leave yourself as free as possible."

"For what?" I said.

She stared at the ceiling. Her eyes have that clairvoyant look, as though she saw beyond the present, the surroundings. She looked terribly tired, almost exhausted. But at the same time terribly alive. The white tiredness of her face made her eyes bigger, more brilliant.

"Leave yourself as free as possible for what?" I said again.

"Work, I guess," said Kay Francis. "You think work is the important thing?" I said.

"No," she said, emphatically. "You can't generalize about that sort of thing. Work happens right now to be the important thing to me. It's filled my life. I'm mad about it. I love it. I love acting. Every thing about the studio is—is marvelously lovable to me. I'm beginning to understand what acting can be."

"I love to come home at night and work out a part, visualize it, think up business, get inside the character. I love shooting, when we work hours to get results."

"It has satisfied me completely. And it seems to me something that cannot fail me."

She sat up straight, talking with voice and face and hands.

"But that might not be true for anyone else. You may be different, or the circumstances of your life may be different. Some women may find love, children, home more important. But what I say is that we had better stop complicating existence and get simpler, so that we can be free to do whatever the important thing is."

So Hollywood has changed Broadway's play-girl into a work-woman. Work has solved those problems which beset her, has answered the need of the ex-wife for something to fill her time well.

I saw her last night at a party. Her escort, as usual, was the handsome and distinguished young Kenneth Mac Kenna. She looked stunningly well-groomed, very sophisticated, with a print frock and scarlet shoes.

"I'll tell you one thing," she said, "that most people don't know. Parties are more fun when you work hard and only go once in a while."

Kay Francis is headed for big things in pictures. She's ambitious now, not for fame nor for money, but for more and more opportunity to work. To do better work. In "For the Defense" and "Behind the Make-up" she is superb.

Ex-wife has become Kay Francis, screen star. It's a great idea.

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Looks like Jack Barrymore, doesn't he? But it is Fredric March playing the mad young stage star of "The Royal Family." This drama was suggested by the famous Barrymores, it is said. Anyway, "The Royal Family," as a stage play, was a fascinating study of theater modes and manners.

The Screen's Search for Beauty

(Continued from page 75)

Mary Brian was just a pretty girl. If she keeps on growing up, mentally and spiritually, she will be in the Mary Pickford class of romantic beauties. To which Lillian Gish belonged.

When I wrote the first article of this series I had not yet seen Marlene Dietrich, the new Paramount importation from Germany. In a year, she will be placed with Swanson and Garbo. She need bow to neither of them in the matter of allure.

There are three women on the screen I have not mentioned who belong in the list of screen beauties.

Norma Talmadge. She was just lovely and warm and sweet—born that way, remained that way without effort. She seems to me to belong in no special class.

The bizarre, blond Mae Murray. She had the most beautiful figure of any woman who ever took off her veils before the camera.

The wistful tomboy, Colleen Moore. I left Colleen out for a very personal reason, I hope you won't mind. Even a writer of beauty articles has a few personal feelings. And Colleen is one of those people I love so dearly that I haven't any idea any more how she looks. To me, she is beautiful. To me, her face mirrors all the generosity of her spirit, the colorful charm of her mind, the appeal of her simplicity.

To look upon the beauties of the screen is to realize, in a very big way, the all encompassing possibilities of beauty. Its many facets. Its widely differing phases.

It seems to me that there is no girl or woman who goes to motion pictures, and cares anything about beauty of any kind, but can find there her own type and the inspiration to develop it.

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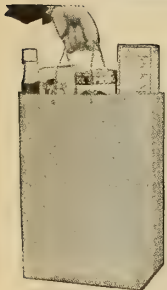
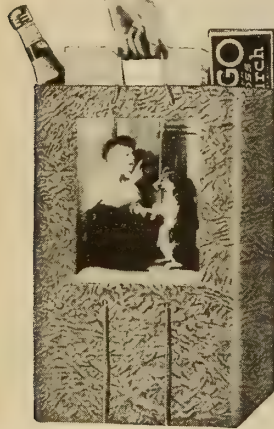
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Mary Brian demonstrates the old and the new way of dressing the hair. 1931, shown at the right, shows the feminine ear entirely exposed to view. Miss Brian, by the way, is the oldest contract player on the Paramount pay roll—and she's only twenty-two.

Beautiful Things Never Last

(Continued from page 49)

"We had the deuce of a time getting married, didn't we?"

"Surely did. It was much easier getting divorced."

"Everybody was shocked at our marriage—but they all seemed satisfied about the divorce because they expected it, they said. I wish we could have fooled them."

"IT was a beautiful wedding," she mused, her elbows on the table, her chin in her hands. "Too bad it couldn't have lasted."

"Beautiful things never last," he answered.

There was a little pause before she suddenly asked.

"How did your marriage with Irene turn out? The papers carry such conflicting reports—Or perhaps I'm being too indiscreet—"

"Not at all. What have you heard?"

"Why, some say you were seen in public with her and both looked very happy. . . . Others contend that there has been a separation. It's all on account of her being such a mediocre actress—Forgive me if I'm being crude."

"Go on."

"It's only gossip. Perhaps you are very happy. I hope so."

"I am."

"Yes?"

"We are divorced."

"Why—why, Larry, how—how on earth have you kept it from the press?"

"It'll be out in a couple of days. She's in Paris."

"Oh, Larry dear, I'm honestly sorry. You're a good sort and entitled to happiness."

"Thanks. I said I was happy now. That's hardly true. You know that a red-blooded man cannot get on for long without a woman—one particular woman—and for two months now I've been going it alone."

"Why, Larry—and you so handsome!"

"THAT'S just it. Perhaps I'm spoiled. They make idiots of themselves—not because they're crazy over me, but because they think I can advance them

in pictures. It's nauseating how many women are willing to do anything for success. But, I don't need to tell you. It's the same now as when we were married. You know what a time you had shoeing them away—"

"Concealed!"

"That's just it. I'm not. Irene cured me. I was a fool about her, wasn't I?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. You loved her."

"Rats! She vamped me good and proper. If she was as good a vamp on the screen as she is off I'd have made a fortune out of her, but—Winnie, well, she's just impossible."

"Professionally?"

"Domestically."

"Oh!"

"You don't suppose I'd let the fact that she can't act, never could and never will—stand in the way of our life-long happiness! I'd push her regardless of ability—if that's what she wanted. No. It wasn't that. After she had made her purely commercial marriage contract with me—she just couldn't stick to it, that's all. You know, Win, some women pay for marrying without love. Irene has."

"Why, Larry, it seems impossible. You were both crazy about each other—enough to brave all the scandal that went with our divorce. No girl relishes being a correspondent you know, unless the result means everything to her."

"IT meant her name in electric lights," he answered with a trace of bitterness.

Winifred smiled and sighed.

"Well, Larry dear—I don't see why she couldn't have learned to love you."

He returned her smile.

"You're being funny."

"Far from it," she discounted with a pretty gesture of her hand. "Everyone else loves you."

"You don't."

"I've had my innings."

"Yours is all dead and buried—and never can be dug up?" There was a restrained eagerness in the question.

She nodded.

"Indeed, yes! It's buried under six

feet of earth and the grass is green and there are flowers blossoming on top of it."

There was a pause. Then Larry crushed his cigarette into the tray.

"Don't think I'm whining, Winnie—but, God, I'd give a million this minute if you hadn't divorced me."

"But, Larry, you wanted me to."

He raised furious eyes.

"Why didn't you refuse to do it? You loved me then."

"You didn't love me."

"Of course I did," he contradicted irritably. "I was infatuated with Irene, that's all—and you should have seen that I was."

Winifred stared. Then she laughed, ripplingly, adorably. Her eyes sparkled with the tears of her mirth and her upper lip trembled in the way he had loved.

"Oh, Larry, forgive me, but you are still your inconsistent self."

He leaned across the table with a certain tenseness. "Is there—someone else?"

"Not yet. The flowers have bloomed. They are beautiful now and waiting for someone to pick them," she said with gay wistfulness.

"THEN these stories I've heard about you falling in love—aren't true?" he asked.

She laughed again at his boldness.

"The nerve of the creature is astounding! Of course they're true. I've been in love scores of times since I left you," she admitted flippantly.

His jaw set.

"You wouldn't have spoken like that three years ago," he accused.

"Then—I've changed?"

"A lot. The magazines have hinted that you haven't been the same since our divorce; that it was grief—"

"At first it was," she admitted frankly, attacking the chicken salad "but, after a while I grew to like the new me. I thought she was much more interesting than that demure youngster with the impossible ideals."

"That's a reproach, but I deserve it." He caught her beautiful, ringed fingers—the fingers that, on the screen, could talk. "Did I make that little youngster suffer terribly?"

"Rather terribly, Larry."

"I was a brute. You were wonderful to me, Winnie. Is—is there any chance at all for me to pick the flowers from that grave, dearest?" His voice was husky.

She regarded him steadily.

"Not the least bit of a chance, Larry," she said gently.

He released her hand and downed in one gulp his drink, then he said hoarsely, "Come on. Let's dance."

He held her close and her hair brushed his lips—that gleaming, copper-hued hair. He didn't speak. The orchestra jazzed Irving Berlin's latest with their bodies as well as their instruments. Couples swirled about them; beautifully gowned women, perfectly groomed men. They were all scrupulously proper. One would not have imagined that elemental passions were concealed behind their lovely insouciance.

Larry's embrace tightened. She felt his fingers through the georgette of her gown.

SHE lifted her eyes, so close to his. "Be careful, honey," she chucklingly warned. "Do you want to start a scandal?"

(Continued on page 128)

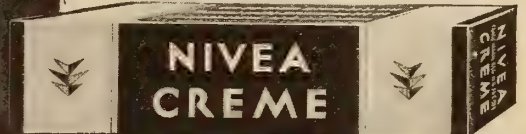


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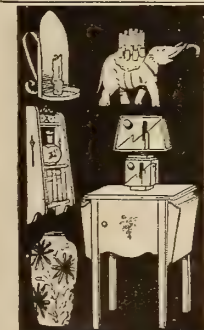
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Beautiful Things Never Last

(Continued from page 127)

"Winnie," he gritted, his eyes darkening. "We were happy once. Won't you take a chance—once more? We might make a go of it this time. I wouldn't be the one to renig."

"Don't be ridiculous, darling," she pouted. "You're lonesome and a little disappointed about Irene. Any woman would do."

He missed a step in the intricate routine.

"No! No!" he cried fiercely. "Winnie—I love you. Only you. I've never loved anyone else."

"Sounds like old times."

"Let's turn back the clock, sweetheart. Let's pretend we've never been married. I love you. I need you. If I could take back what I've done, I'd give my life—but we can only learn. Do you suppose I haven't dreamed of you since we separated? I've been to see every one of your releases—like an avid picture fan. I've longed for you—but I was ashamed to go near you. If I hadn't met you tonight by chance, I'd probably never have had the courage to make this proposal. But, seeing you again—Winnie, I don't want to live without you."

"Larry, you're hurting me!"

"Marry me again. Please, Winnie—I beg you."

SHE turned her head away.

"I can't," her voice came to him faintly above the din.

"Why? Why?"

"It's—over, Larry I don't love you."

"Let me see you often. I made you love me before. I can again."

"No."

"There's someone else then!" he accused savagely.

"No—"

"That leading man you've had in your last three pictures. A nobody that you've put on the map. I might have known."

"There's nobody, Larry. Please don't look so ferocious. There's a reporter from *The American* over there. He's been eyeing us intently for the last five minutes and tomorrow it'll be all over the country that you frowned."

"Damn the reporters! Damn the public!" said Larry darkly.

The dance ended. They separated and mechanically applauded for the encore, but when the orchestra began "Body and Soul" Winifred whispered, "I don't want to dance any more."

"Finish this out."

"Promise to stop making love to me?"

"No!"

She sighed.

"All right. I suppose I can stand it if you must."

They again began their almost stationary steps.

"IT'S heaven—having you in my arms," he said. "Oh, Winnie, I don't mind you taking such delight in punishing me. I'm willing to pay all my life—but let me pay to you."

"I'm—sorry, Larry—"

"That's—that's your final answer?"

"My final answer," she echoed.

She felt his convulsive grip on her arm; then the eyes of the crowd were upon them. Their exhibition of the terpsichorean art dwarfed even the



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roof's most noted habitués. Graceful, young, happy and breathless, they moved as one. The reporter took out his fountain pen.

Larry was smiling when they returned to their table. The muscles of his face were twitching spasmodically and there was something in his eyes that made her look away, but he poured drinks from his flask, and lifting his glass, cried:

"Let's drink to the love that has gone, sweetheart! I didn't mean to make you sad. Smile again. Come on. You know, the smile I used to love? That's it! Why, Winnie—what is it?"

For a tear had rolled unbidden down her round cheek and her lips were trembling as she set her glass down, untouched.

"I—I can't," she faltered.

"You mean—you don't want to drink?"

"I mean—it's—it's useless trying to pretend."

"What?"

"That—that I'm drinking to a love that has gone. It—it hasn't gone—"

"Winnie, you mean—you will care?"

"I'VE always cared!" she said with sudden passion. "I've played around—trying to forget. It's no use. You've made a fool of me again. I'll go with you—but you'll tire of me again."

"Winnie, look at me—"

"A pretty face—a little flattery—and you'll go away—"

He was shaking her by the hands.

"Winnie—don't!"

"I love you—but I wish to God I didn't."

"Winnie, look at me."

And in his eyes she saw something never there before—not even on the day they were married, four years ago.

She was crying now, and quivering. "Larry," she whispered. "You mean it?"

"You know I do."

"You'll never change?"

"No! No!"

"Then, Larry—I'll—I'll elope with you."

"When?" he demanded breathlessly.

"Tonight."

"You darling!"

"Come on. Let's go!" she cried, gathering her cloak about her. "Jersey—or Greenwich?"

Tenderly he helped her with her cloak and for a moment she snuggled her chin against his hand. Then she started precipitantly around the room.

"Hey there!" Steve called. "What's the verdict, Winnie? And say goodbye to your air friends too."

Winnie raised her voice, her eyes luminous.

"Hello again, ladies and gentlemen," she said. "I thought perhaps you'd be interested to know that Mr. Larry Conroy and I are announcing our engagement." She paused a moment to squeeze Larry's hand and to glory over his flushed countenance. "This date is going to be my anniversary," she continued. "The anniversary of my wedding. Good-bye."

The reporter scribbled on a piece of paper:

"Winnie Conroy radiant as she leaves Marlborough Roof on the arm of Laurence Conroy. We are glad, because we always thought theirs an ideal partnership, until Larry ran amuck. But, from the expression on Larry's face, we have a hunch that this time it is going to take. Here's to you, Conroys!"

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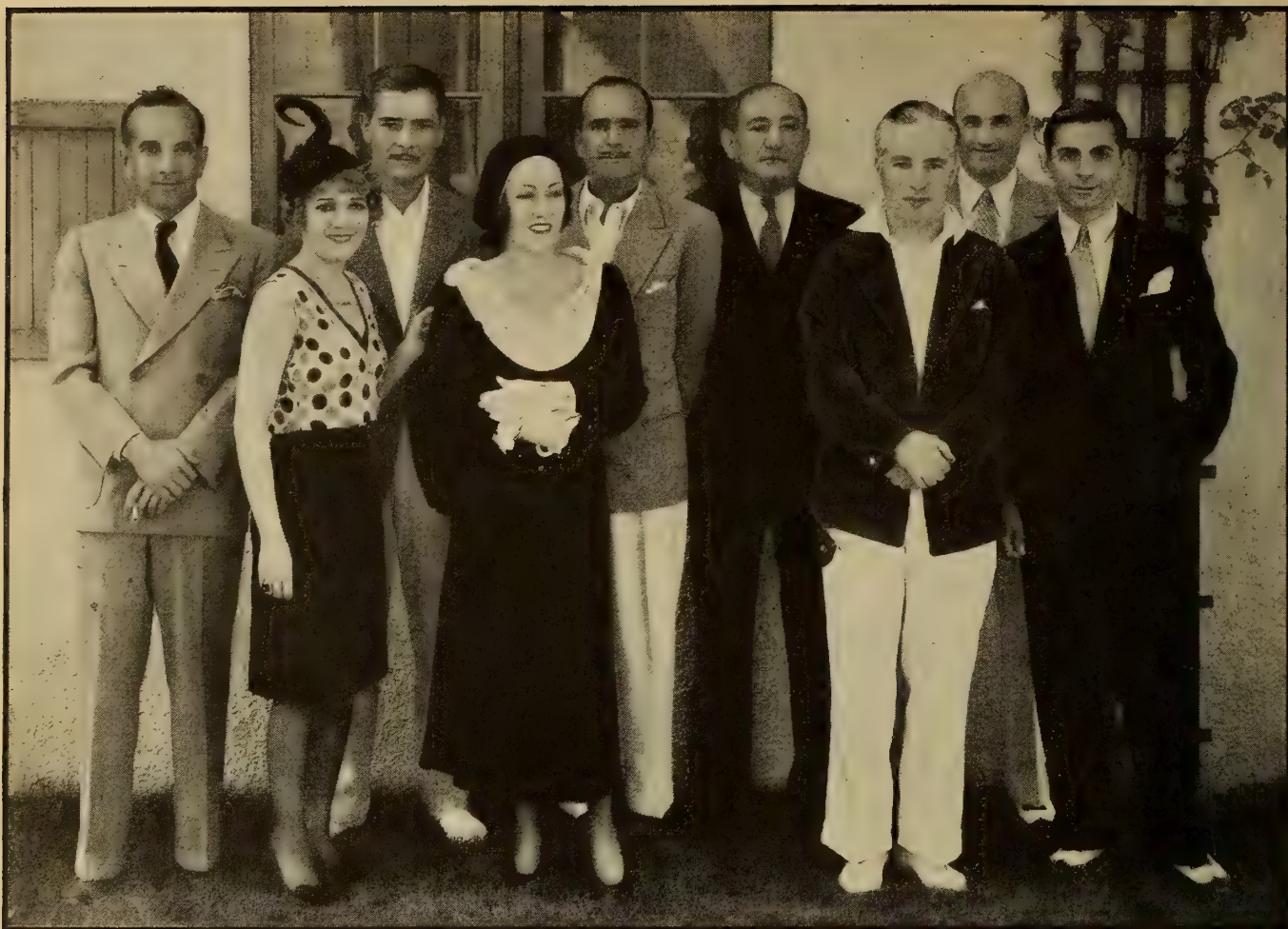
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The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 58)

be satisfied until she is with us again. Please, Mr. Howe, tell her how much we love her and that we want her to return. . . ."

I did try to tell Pola how much I, you, we love her but she said I must wait until her divorce is final as they are very strict about such things in France.

Beauty Is Beauty: Marjorie Beaver of 110 Mulberry Street, Danville, Pennsylvania, thinks the interviewers of stars are just as important or more so than the stars themselves and so is collecting the photos of her favorite writers.

I quite agree with Miss Beaver, if not more so, but I'm one of those mean horses like Rex and Gene Tunney. The only time I've been made to see the birdie since an infant was when the U. S. Government pleaded for my likeness on a passport, putting it in such a way that I couldn't very well refuse. I suggest, Miss Beaver, that you send to Buddy Rogers, for whom I've often been mistaken, or for that matter to Stu Erwin.

An Ungodly Comment: I am reprimanded by Bernela Marie Darivage of

Toledo, Ohio, for a remark about Ramon Novarro. My comment, which she encloses, is: "Ramon Novarro tells an interviewer that when he marries he wants a woman whose faith is so great that when he tells her one thing and her eyes tell her another she will still believe him. Ramon doesn't want to be a husband, he wants to be a god. Which of course is a far more commendable ambition."

You are quite right, Miss Darivage. But the blame lies not with me but with an irreligious editor or proofreader who ruined my comment by inserting an "a" in front of the "god." Please don't misunderstand.

Death, Where Is Thy Sting? "Have just been reading in another motion picture magazine what your boy friend Ramon Novarro wants for a wife," says Miss Kathleen Greene of 2660 N. 16th Street, Philadelphia. "Next time you see him tell him to go out to the cemetery and dig her up."

Oh-oh, Kathleen, you'd better not let Miss Darivage hear you say that or you are liable to be the one dug up. And what did the poet say—"Then Heaven would be earth enow . . ." Or was it vice versa?

Dangerous Intoxicants: My particular fan friend, Lillian Johnsonne, 5009 Sherbrooke Street, Vancouver, writes: "I see you have made good use of your time in Paris, calling upon princesses and the like. And I suppose you did not contemplate just how joyously your news, that there was another prince (Pola Negri's) roaming unclaimed, would be received. But what's the use? Constance Bennett will probably snap him up as soon as she hears he is in circulation. . . ."

Miss Johnsonne then declares that for her Chevalier is like a cup of good hot coffee while Novarro is a sip of wine, and while the coffee warms her the sip of wine—oh, oh! She ends with:

"In closing will ask of you one favor (no, I don't want any autographed photos, thank you, but simply this): Please don't get *too* sophisticated."

What about yourself, Lillian? . . . You and your hot coffee and sip of wine! . . . You know very well that neither is good for you. . . . And one thing leads to another, etc.

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Vol. III, No. 3

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March, 1931

Cover Painting of Marilyn Miller by Jules Erbit

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

Published Monthly by TOWER MAGAZINES, INC., Jamaica, N. Y.
Executive and Editorial Offices, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Home Office: 22 North Franklin St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

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MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

IF you think the musical picture is through, here is a packet of news from new films now in production or about to be made, that should interest you:

Five orchestras are being used by M.-G.-M. in Joan Crawford's feature, "Dance, Fool, Dance." Who said music was dead in the talkies?

Nacio Herb Brown is writing the theme song for Mary Pickford's new picture, "Kiki."

"Kiss Me Again" is the title that First National plans to use for the Victor Herbert operetta, "Mlle. Modiste."

Bernie Grossman has just completed the lyrics for the Dimitri Tiomkin score for Universal's big musical production, "Resurrection," featuring John Boles and Lupe Velez.

"The Southerner" is the title of Metro-Goldwyn's new musical talker starring Lawrence Tibbett. Esther Ralston plays opposite the operatic star. Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike), well-known phonograph recording artist, is in the production.

"Reaching for the Moon," Irving Berlin's musical movie for Douglas Fairbanks, is still a melodic story, with one song number.

"HOLLYWOOD THEME SONG,"

new Mack Sennett musical, is a take-off on theme song pictures to be shown soon. Dave Silverstein and William Dugan wrote the lyrics.

George and Ira Gershwin have been engaged by Fox to write the songs for "Sky Line." Guy Bolton, who wrote "The Love Parade," is to create the book.

Herbert Stothart wrote "What Is Your Price, Madame?" and a gypsy number for M.-G.-M.'s "The New Moon," which also retains many of the original songs.

Seymour Felix, musical comedy dance director, has joined the Fox staff to direct "Hot Numbers."

Dimitri Tiomkin, the composer, says: "Well-known producers, direc-

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"Mood Indigo," slow fox trot—played by Duke Ellington and his Cotton Club Orchestra (Victor)

"Don't Forget Me in Your Dreams," waltz—played by

Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees (Victor)

"Yours and Mine," fox trot—played by The Southerners (Victor)

tors and composers all agree music is a vital factor in motion pictures and will always remain in motion pictures."

AND there you are. Now for some of the month's new records.

Here is a number that is really unique; in fact, almost weird. "Mood Indigo" is the title, and it's

not a bit misleading, for it is about the bluest thing that has come out in many a blue moon. Composed, arranged and played by Duke Ellington, this number has the closest harmony that I have heard. From the way it sounds to me, the Duke must have left half of his band at home when he did his recording, for the ensemble seems to be made up of two trumpets, three clarinets, piano and banjo. Again I say it's weird, and if you're a lover of ultra modern hot music, you won't go wrong on this one.

The reverse of this indigo tune is the popular number, "When a Black Man's Blue," and you can rest assured that the Duke has his complete orchestra playing in this one. It is a good hot tune, not too fast, and played with plenty of variations and good old brass flares. (Victor.)

The next on the list is by Rudy Vallee, who boosted the sales on steins. This is a waltz, in my estimation, the type of song that Vallee does best. "Don't Forget Me in Your Dreams" is the title, and it's a very smooth number. Rudy seems to have augmented his orchestra to the tune of a trombone and a few trumpets for this record, and I think you'll find the results pleasing. As usual Rudy lends his voice in some very nice refrains.

The other side is also by the Yankees, and also a waltz. It is called "Tears." Although it is a pretty number, it doesn't have the stuff of the first record reviewed. (Victor)

You are soon going to hear and see Tolstoy's "Resurrection" with interpolated music. John Boles has the lead opposite Lupe Velez.



"Lock your door on Birthdays!"

SAYS

HUGH TREVOR

famous screen idol



Learn the Complexion Secret 9 out of 10 Screen Stars know

"THE WOMAN who wants to win and hold adoration should keep youth," Hugh Trevor says.

"And nowadays there doesn't seem to be any reason why she can't. Everywhere you go you meet women no longer very young in years, but radiant with that glowing *alive* sort of charm no man can resist.

"Stage and screen stars, as you know, hold the admiration they have won year after year. *Birthdays don't matter at all.* And nowadays I notice that other women are learning their complexion secret!"

What is the secret of staying young the lovely actresses know?

Guard complexion beauty the Hollywood way

Important actresses throughout the world remain young, lovely, alluring, year after year! In Hollywood ... on Broadway ... in Europe ... they guard complexion beauty—KEEP youthful allure—with Lux Toilet Soap. They have made this fragrant, very white soap official in all studios...it is found in theatres everywhere. *Your skin will love it, too!*



(Above) BETTY COMPSON, Radio Pictures' star

(Below) BEBE DANIELS, Radio Pictures' star



*The caress of dollar-a-cake
French toilet soap*

Youth LUX Toilet Soap..10¢

The Men Who Make the Movies

The Story of Adolph Zukor

BY LYNDE DENIG

ADOLPH ZUKOR started his business career sweeping out a fur shop on Fourteenth Street in New York City. How he will finish remains in the future; perhaps as the Big Boss of the entire motion-picture industry.

Right now, crossing the midstream of life, this extraordinary man is president of the Paramount Publix Corporation and is so many times a millionaire that figures do not matter. By right of precedent and consistent accomplishment, he occupies a throne of power. He says little, but when he does talk, the entire motion-picture world listens in and probably accepts his decisions.

Up-from-poverty stories have ceased to be news. The real news comes when a millionaire's son makes good. But Adolph, unfortunately, or perhaps, fortunately, was far removed from wealth. Jacob and Hannah Zukor, residents of Ricse, Hungary, were accustomed to hardships. When Adolph was born on January 7, 1873, there was not a gold spoon in the house; probably not one in the entire community in which these good people lived.

ADOLPH, grown into an observant youth, looked about him and saw only a humdrum life leading nowhere in particular. He read of the wealth in America. He met a man who had been to the United States some twenty years earlier and was still talking about it. Each year there was more gold in his stories. At the age of sixteen, Adolph could wait no longer; he wanted to see for himself if they actually did use gold bricks for cobblestones. He found the cobblestones on West Street, New York, to be much like those in his old home town, but not a trace of gold.

In those days Fourteenth Street was much what Fifty-seventh Street is today—smart shops, furs and fashions. Adolph did not know a thing about the fur business, but he could learn. He worked a twelve to fourteen-hour day in the shop, ate a twenty-five-cent dinner and retired to his room to study. One day he noticed that women trying on fur pieces had difficulty in clasping them in place. After months of tinkering and experimentation, he invented a fur clasp that really clasped and remained clasped.

A key to Mr. Zukor's success has been his ability to detect shortcomings and to provide a remedy. Years later he observed the weakness of sketchy, hastily made one and two-reel pictures and offered the so-



Back in 1873 Adolph Zukor was born in Ricse, Hungary, the son of poor parents. At sixteen he followed the fantastic stories of golden paved streets to America. In New York he got a job in a fur shop, working from 12 to 14 hours a day.

office in the Times Building, large enough for his staff, comprising a stenographer and Benjamin Schulberg, a bright young man recruited from the now defunct *Evening Mail*. That was in 1912 and today Benjamin Schulberg remains one of Mr. Zukor's first lieutenants, located at the California studios as production executive in association with Jesse L. Lasky.

At the time of this interview, Mr. Zukor was not regarded as an important personage in an industry dominated by the all-powerful Motion Picture Patents companies. Short of stature, retiring in manner and evidently aware of his linguistic shortcomings, he was unimpressive, save for a certain downright determination, suggested rather than asserted.

NEW MOVIE is presenting the life stories—briefly and concisely told—of the men who create your picture entertainment. We believe you should know them better. Next Month: Winfield Sheehan, production chief of Fox Films.

With occasional promptings from his alert advisor, Mr. Zukor sketched his plan, which had been rejected by the Motion Picture Patents group of companies. Briefly, it was to increase the dignity and artistic caliber of the screen by giving the public the best that the speaking stage afforded in the ways of plays and players; Mrs. Fiske, for example, Sarah Bernhardt in her repertoire, Elsie Ferguson, Pauline Frederick and other favorites of the day. Mr. Zukor maintained, and quite correctly as time has proven, that the screen must draw heavily upon the wealth of stage material. He appeared particularly gratified at having enlisted the active co-operation of Daniel Frohman. (Continued on page 121)

called feature picture instead. Although screen plays have undergone many changes since then, the basic idea behind Mr. Zukor's Famous Players remains unaltered.

The late Marcus Loew was instrumental in switching Mr. Zukor's attention from furs to pictures, via penny-in-the-slot machines, affording fleeting glimpses of spicy gaieties, which were popularly profitable. Messrs. Loew and Zukor realized, however, that penny arcades were destined to be supplanted by moving pictures. Building for the future, these two enterprising showmen organized the Marcus Loew Enterprises on a partnership basis. During the many years following, years rife with keen rivalries and business battles, there never was a break in the fine friendship between Adolph and Marcus.

IT happened that the writer of this sketch was the first to interview Mr. Zukor just prior to his launching of the Famous Players Film Company, fated to change the entire motion-picture industry. Mr. Zukor occupied a two-room

What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYER
COLUMBIA STUDIO				
Buck Jones	Untitled	R. W. Neil	Early California Bandit Story	Aileen Pringle
Jack Holt	The Last Parade	Erle C. Kenton	Post-war drama	{ Tom Moore Constance Cummings
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Closed over holidays.				
FOX STUDIO				
Conrad Nagel	East Lynn	Frank Lloyd	Romance	{ Ann Harding Clive Brook
Will Rogers	Connecticut Yankee	Dave Butler	Comedy	{ Maureen O'Sullivan William Farnum
John Wayne	Girls Demand Excitement	Seymour Felix	Romance	Virginia Cherrill
Victor McLaglen	Three Rough Diamonds	Benjamin Stoloff	Drama	{ Lew Cody Fay Wray
El Brendel	Mr. Lemon of Orange	John Blythstone	Comedy	Fifi Dorsay
Edmund Lowe	More Than a Kiss	William Howard	Romance	Jeanette MacDonald
Warner Baxter	Doctor's Wife	Frank Borzage	Romantic drama	Joan Bennett
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
Wallace Beery	Secret Six	George Hill	Gangster story	{ Jean Harlowe Lewis Stone
Jack Gilbert	Gentleman's Fate	Mervyn LeRoy	Gangster romance	Leila Hyams
PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO				
No production in work				
PARAMOUNT EAST COAST STUDIO				
Claudette Colbert	Sex in Business	Dorothy Arzner	Drama	{ Fredric March Charlie Ruggles
Tallulah Bankhead	New York Lady	Not chosen yet	Comedy drama	Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll	Up Pops the Devil	Edmund Goulding	Comedy drama	Fredric March
WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO				
Closed over holidays.				
R K O STUDIO				
Bert Wheeler	{ Assorted Nuts Kept Husbands Private Secretary Ladies for Hire	Ed Cline	Comedy	Dorothy Lee
Bob Woolsey		Lloyd Bacon	Drama	Joel McCrea
Dorothy Mackaill		Melvin Brown	Romance	Robert Ames
Mary Astor		George Archainbaud	Drama	John Farrow
Betty Compson				
TIFFANY STUDIO				
June Collyer	Drums of Jeopardy	George Seitz	Mystery story	{ Lloyd Hughes Warner Oland
Bert Lytell	The Single Sin	William Nigh	Problem story	{ Kay Johnson Paul Hurst
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO				
Closed over holidays.				
UNIVERSAL STUDIO				
Lew Ayres	Fires of Youth	Monta Bell	Romantic drama	Genevieve Tobin

Please Rescue Chevalier

Palmyra, Virginia.

Why doesn't some really talented writer come to the rescue of Maurice Chevalier? He has personality, voice, and the true comedy touch, but he is being simply smothered by silly songs and sillier stories. Can't somebody do something? This is breaking the fans' hearts—and sooner or later will break his career.

Ruth Percy.

Challenges the Past

Monrovia, California.

It makes me furious to read articles pertaining to the fact that there are no great stars such as there used to be. If a few of our stars were given the opportunity, they could prove that the actress of today is as great as some of the older stars. Couldn't Joan Crawford, for example, replace any of the great emotional actresses of yesterday? Or little Janet Gaynor play parts such as Mary Pickford used to play?

*Mrs. B. Applegate,
220 E. Lemon.*

Now Turn to Page 86

Regina, Sask., Canada.

I greatly admire Fredric March and his work on the screen, but so far have read very little concerning him. In trying to analyze his appeal for me I find that it is because he typifies the clever young man who is the extreme antithesis of the smart Aleck kind. Mr. March has a quiet but potent charm. In his face there is sensitiveness but also great strength of character, and I find that his personality arouses my imagination.

*Jean McK. Cameron,
2070 Robinson Street.*

Doesn't Like Connie Bennett

Boulder, Colorado.

Honestly I can't understand all the raving over Constance Bennett. I know that I am almost alone in any criticism of her in "Common Clay," but with the exception of the last few scenes, she appeared to me absolutely wooden. Perhaps her immobile, blank expression is the poise taught at fashionable training schools, I can't say as to that. Please give me the facial expressions of Ruth Chatterton or Norma Shearer.

*Geraldine Wynne,
843 17th Street.*

Revive Eagels Films

Salem, Massachusetts.

I wonder if the producers of the two talking pictures Jeanne Eagels made could not be persuaded to reshoot them as Valentino's pictures were shown after his death? I was a great admirer of the immortal Jeanne and I would dearly like to see that unforgettable face and hear that haunting voice again. I am sure there are many who would echo my wish and make such a venture profitable.

*Mary Stanton,
7 Meade Court.*

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

That Acting Ego

Phoenix, Arizona.

The article, "What Happens to the Extra Girls," in the January issue of NEW MOVIE was extremely apropos. It is to be hoped that it will be read and prove a proper deterrent to those who are in most need of such facts. Unfortunately the egoism necessary to produce a desire to become an actress will also convince almost every girl who reads the article that she is one of those very rare exceptions

who is slated for the heights of movie fame. It is sad that there isn't a simple, painless operation that could be performed to remove that characteristic.

*Dorothea Noerker,
P. O. Box 823.*

Stenogs Aren't All Vamps

Norton, Virginia.

I have seen so many movies in which a star cast as a business office secretary to some employer is always portrayed as a vamp who practices her wiles on all the male office help. Why can't we have the secretary portrayed in the right sense, as a busy, efficient office worker? This idea of picturing all our secretaries as charmers is getting as bad as the exaggerated college picture.

*Albert Manski,
Piedmont Business College.*

Against Fan Fickleness

New York, N. Y.

What annoys me to tears is the wild adulation heaped on a star one year, and the dismal panning thrown at him the next! Take the cases of Clara Bow and John Gilbert. Personally, I never cared for either of them: I don't crave hot romance or wild youth. But now that the fans have turned against these two stars, I'll defend the erstwhile favorites to the last. Clara and Jack are down now; let's help them up the ladder again. Let's make the producers give Clara and Jack the sort of stories they ought to get. Come on, you fickle fans! Show your true colors. Rise to defend the memory of "The Big Parade" and the Bow successes!

*Pearl A. Katzman,
601 West 189th Street.*

Another Protest from Dixie

New Bern, N. C.

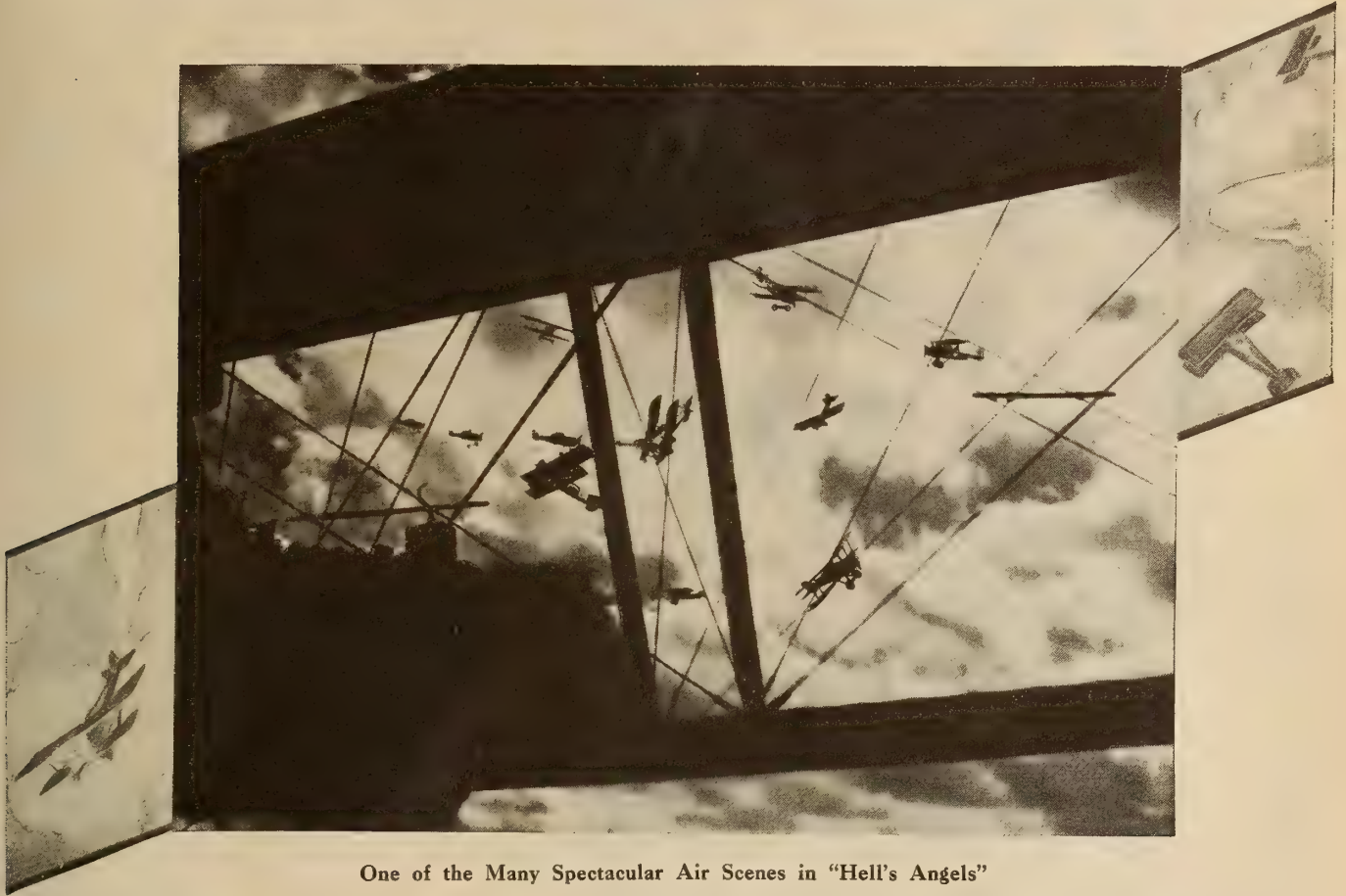
After having seen several talking pictures of supposedly Southern life, I would suggest that an interpreter be used in all show houses below the Mason-Dixon line when such films are shown. The painfully affected drawl used in the dialogue smacks strongly of the Bronx, Newark and dear old Philly, while the typically Southern expressions that are thrown in here and there are nearly all used incorrectly. Dixie audiences titter at a dialect that they have never heard before, spoken by actors portraying ridiculous rôles that just ain't.

*J. Gaskill McDaniel,
129 Pollock Street.
(Continued on page 115)*

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

HELL'S ANGELS

"GREATEST MASTERPIECE *the*
screen has ever known" says LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



One of the Many Spectacular Air Scenes in "Hell's Angels"

Universally Acclaimed!

"Most thrilling and magnificent film spectacle
of all time!"

Movie Romances

"The talking films have shown nothing com-
parable!"

Boston "Herald"

"Contains scenes that have never been ap-
proached!"

New York "Herald Tribune"

"Towers above any spectacle yet thrown on
the screen!"

Los Angeles "Daily News"

"Most stupendous air-war drama ever filmed!"

Cincinnati "Times-Star"

"A production which can never be dupli-
cated!"

Seattle "Star"

"Greatest spectacle ever produced!"

Harrison's Reports

"Out-strips anything that has come before!"

Detroit "Times"

"Tops them all!"

Motion Picture Classic

"Most amazingly vivid and spectacular picture
yet screened!"

London "Daily Mirror"

"Deserves to be witnessed and applauded in every picture-house in the world!"

Theatre Magazine

Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE



The Movie Colony's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife

Now and then Fay Wray steps into her kitchen to prepare a special dish to please her husband, John Monk Saunders, the scenarist and author. On this page, however, Miss Wray tells you how to make a tempting salad and a delectable lemon punch.

COOK the fresh asparagus until tender but not too soft, and when cool cut off the tips; or drain canned asparagus tips and arrange them lightly in a jelly mold. Put the vinegar, boiling water, onion and cloves in a small saucepan and let them boil gently five or six minutes. Strain out the onion and cloves and pour the liquid on the gelatine which has been dissolved meantime in the cold water. Mix thoroughly and when cool pour over the asparagus in the mold and let chill in the refrigerator until firm before serving. Then cut the jelly in slices about an inch wide and serve on crisp lettuce, garnished with small red radishes and mayonnaise dressing.

Lemon Punch

MISS WRAY makes an unusually refreshing lemon punch as follows: Put one quart of water and two cups of sugar in a saucepan and let boil for ten minutes. Add one cup of strained lemon juice and freeze in an ice-cream freezer. When ready to serve turn the lemon ice into a punch bowl and pour a quart of cold tea and a bottle of ginger ale over it, or use a pint of cider instead of the ginger ale. The old-fashioned way was to pour champagne over the lemon ice but the iced tea and ginger ale or cider makes a drink that is unusually refreshing. You may buy the lemon ice from an ice-cream dealer but the home-made sort is inexpensive and easy to make.

Tomato sandwiches made in this way meet with Miss Wray's approval. Cut slices of whole wheat bread in circles a little larger than a slice of tomato. Cut the tomatoes in slices one-quarter of an inch thick and use only the center slices. Let them stand for ten minutes in French dressing made from two parts olive oil to one part vinegar seasoned with salt and pepper. Place a crisp piece of lettuce on buttered rounds of bread, then a slice of tomato and sprinkle with chopped pecan meats. Then cover with another round of bread and serve at once, garnished with radishes or olives.

REAL cooking—standing over a hot stove to stir a kettle of soup or to watch cake baking in the oven—is not one of Miss Wray's favorite occupations. When she has a few leisure moments between pictures she does not put on a Hoover apron and dash impatiently to the kitchen to give the cook a practical demonstration of the right way to make Hungarian goulash or Chinese chop suey, but now and then she does like to prepare a simple salad or put together a tempting dessert or concoct a refreshing drink, providing of course that very little actual cooking is involved in the process.

These are the ingredients called for in preparing one of her favorite salads:

One large bunch of asparagus, or one good-sized tin of canned asparagus tips.

One cup cold water

One cup vinegar

One cup boiling water

One small onion, sliced

Two whole cloves

Two tablespoons of granulated gelatine



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after the cooking is done. You can make many things in Crinkle Cups . . . little cakes, muffins, desserts, meat recipes. Some you will want to serve right in their Crinkle Cups. Others you will turn out, prettily shaped and whole. Keep a good supply of Crinkle Cups on hand. You will find you can use them in many different ways.

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SPoon BREAD

(For other tested recipes, see recipe book in every package of Crinkle Cups)

1½ cups milk ½ cup cornmeal 1 teaspoon sugar (optional)
¼ teaspoon salt 2 teaspoons butter 2 eggs

Scald the milk, stir in cornmeal mixed with sugar and salt and cook until the mixture thickens, about five minutes, stirring constantly. Take from fire, stir in the butter and let cool slightly. Then stir in the beaten egg yolks and finally fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and turn into crinkle cups, filling three-quarters full. This will be enough for eight. Cook in moderate oven 30 or 35 minutes and serve at once in the cups. Delicious served on the plate with chicken or served for breakfast as a substitute for cereal or muffins. Bury a piece of butter in the center and eat with a spoon.

Crinkle Cups are now available in a new, somewhat larger size—No. 1545. If it has not arrived in your Woolworth store, send us 10¢ for package of 75 cups.



GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



One of the superb moments of Paramount's "Morocco," the striking Josef von Sternberg film which introduced the flashing Marlene Dietrich to America. The cabaret singer (Miss Dietrich) invites the soldier of the Legion (Gary Cooper) to her rooms.

Group A

Abraham Lincoln. A picture that deserves to live long after the ordinary run of films has been discarded and forgotten. All credit to D. W. Griffith, director, to Walter Huston, portrayeur of Lincoln and to Stephen Vincent Benet, author. *United Artists.*

Three Faces East. Von Stroheim as a German spy and Constance Bennett as an English spy are a splendid combination in this World War melodrama. It is exciting entertainment. *Warners.*

Monte Carlo. With Lubitsch as director and Jack Buchanan and Jeanette MacDonald as the leading performers, this picture has sophistication as well as charm without rising to any great heights. *Paramount.*

Common Clay. Once again Constance Bennett scores in a heart-interest-problem play based on a popular stage drama. Beryl Mercer helps along with a sympathetic characterization. *Fox.*

The Dawn Patrol. Aviators in the World War are the inspiration for this vivid and stirring drama in which

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

Richard Barthelmess is the most gallant flyer of them all. A worthy companion to the best of the war films. *First National.*

Romance. Another living portrait in the gallery of Greta Garbo masterpieces. A romance of some sixty years ago with New York as a setting. Garbo may have given finer performances, but she was never more beautiful, nor more distinguished. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Holiday. A mature and expertly wrought play with an excellent cast directed with discrimination. If you are not yet acquainted with Ann Harding it is time you met her. She brings a strongly individual personality to the screen. *Pathé.*

Journey's End. An altogether worthy version of the justly famous war drama showing life in the trenches as experienced by a group of English officers. It rings true. *Tiffany.*

All Quiet on the Western Front. Barred in Germany as anti-something propaganda, this superb production is going stronger than ever throughout the United States. The picture must have meaning and significance in every country that has sent its sons to die in battle. *Universal.*

Sarah and Son. An appealing and attention-holding story of mother love with Ruth Chatterton as the mother. Don't forget your handkerchief. *Paramount.*

Song O' My Heart. The appealing tones of John McCormack's lyric tenor come through in fine style on the talking screen. The story is cut to the measure of the singing star. *Fox.*

Street of Chance. William Powell and Kay Francis in a rapid-fire melodrama, tense and thrilling. *Paramount.*

The Rogue Song. An intelligent adaptation of the Lehar operetta. If the story lags, there is the magnificent voice of Lawrence Tibbett to compensate. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Devil May Care. Ramon Novarro, singer and actor, appears quite at home in this bit of Napoleonic romance. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

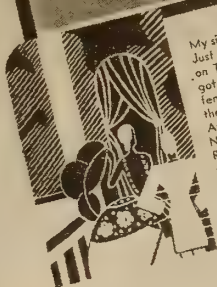
Lummox. This is what they call "a slice of life," a drab but highly effective story from the pen of Fannie Hurst. Winifred Westover scores with a sympathetic characterization. *United Artists.*

The Love Parade. The sort of picture that discriminating picture goers are looking for. Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. *Paramount.*

Group B

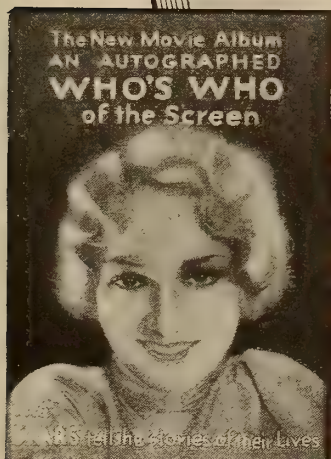
What a Widow. Gloria Swanson turns to farce and Paris in a picture that would have slight significance save for the presence (Continued on page 16)

A NEW MOVIE ALBUM



My sister and I entered a local talent contest at one of the Loew Theatres on the East Side of New York. Just before the contest we had to confess that we were not from the East Side at all but had been born on Tenth Avenue. The management let us go on with our act, and encouraged by our reception, we got jobs in the Passing Show of 1923. In the Chorus, of course. A dance specialty led me to the leading feminine rôle in the show after I had been there three weeks. My mother refused to let me go on the road so I went in the "Topics of 1923" and appeared in one of the sketches as Madame DuBarry. After a brief period in New York I had a chance to go West and appeared in California in support of Nancy Velford in "Nancy" after which I appeared with Lupino Lane and Fanny Brice in "Loose Ankles." It was in these that Louis MacLoon saw me and offered me the leading rôle in "Chicago," which toured the Pacific Coast, and at the conclusion of this tour he cast me for the lead in "Ladies Must Dress," starring Virginia Valli. Then Paramount launched a search for a girl to play Rosemary in "Abie's Irish Rose." I called at the Studio to keep a luncheon appointment with a friend. Ann Nichols who was passing through the foyer, saw me and gave me the part. My first talking picture was "Close Harmony" with Charles Rogers. I have red hair and blue eyes.

Nancy Carroll



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ON SALE IN MANY F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. STORES

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 14)



A charming romantic moment of Warners' operetta "Viennese Nights," with Alexander Gray and Vivienne Segal. This song film has many lilting moments and a large measure of gallantry and glamour.

Another stenographer blossoms into a butterfly and wins her boss: In Pathe's "Sin Takes a Holiday" Constance Bennett gives a fine performance of the secretary, while Basil Rathbone wins high honors as a friend of the boss.



of the interesting Gloria. *United Artists.*

Outward Bound. An ambitious and in the main a successful effort to transplant an imaginative stage play. The story deals with a shipload of passengers sailing from this life into the next. *Warners.*

The Office Wife. An up-to-the-minute tale of a secretary who vamps her boss while the boss's wife is amusing herself with other men. Dorothy Mackaill, as the secretary, is a first-rate temptress. *Warners.*

Old English. A sparkling performance by George Arliss in a play endowed with more atmosphere than story. *Warners.*

Hell's Angels. Spectacular flying carries this picture with a bang. If you enjoy watching aviators risk their lives, you should get a kick out of this production. *United Artists.*

Moby Dick. "The Sea Beast," in which John Barrymore appeared some years ago, has found its tongue with the same Barrymore rôle. The title has been changed, also the leading woman. Joan Bennett now plays opposite the star. *Warners.*

Raffles. Thrills, mystery and Ronald Colman making love to Kay Francis are enough entertainment for any single evening. *United Artists.*

Morocco. An important picture because it brings a new personality, Marlene Dietrich, to the screen, also because it is right smart entertainment. Adolph Menjou and Gary Cooper are among those present under the skilled direction of Josef von Sternberg. *Paramount.*

Laughter. Nancy Carroll fans (and from reports we hear they are increasing) will not want to miss this one. Nancy is a glorified chorus girl who, (Continued on page 119)

WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver.

If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Lionel Belmore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Harry Carey
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Mary Doran
Duncan Sisters
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton

Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Bessie Love
Joan Marsh
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Gilbert Roland
Norma Shearer
Lawrence Tibbett
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Roland Young

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Virginia Bruce
Jack Buchanan
Nancy Carroll
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
June Collyer
Chester Conklin
Jackie Coogan
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Stuart Erwin
Norman Foster
Kay Francis
Richard Gallagher

Harry Green
Mitzi Green
Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
Fredric March
Rosita Moreno
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
Zelma O'Neal
Eugene Pallette
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Marian Shilling
Stanley Smith
Regis Toomey
Florence Vidor
Fay Wray

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lewis Ayres
John Boles
Kathryn Crawford
Jack Dougherty
Lorayne DuVal
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent
Beth Laemmlé
Arthur Lake

Laura La Plante
George Lewis
Jeanette Loff
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Joseph Schildkraut
Glenn Tryon
Lupe Velez
Barbara Worth

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
James Gleason

Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Fred Scott
Helen Twelvetrees.

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston
Luana Alcaniz
Robert Ames
Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
Noel Francis
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor

Dixie Lee
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Claire Luce
Sharon Lynn
Jeanette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Farrell MacDonald
Mona Maris
Victor McLaglen
Charles Morton
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Paul Page
David Rollins
Nick Stuart
John Wayne
Marjorie White

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore
Noah Beery
Joe Brown
Dolores Costello
Claudia Dell
Louise Fazenda
Winnie Lightner
Lotti Loder

Ben Lyon
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Marian Nixon
Walter Pidgeon
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Lloyd Hughes

Doris Kenyon
Lila Lee
Jack Mulhall
Vivienne Segal
Loretta Young

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Joan Bennett
Charles Chaplin
Dolores del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson

Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt

Joan Peers
Dorothy Revier
Alice White

RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Mary Astor
Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorne
Betty Compson
Ricardo Cortez
Bebe Daniels
Richard Dix

Arthur Lake
Dorothy Lee
Robert McWade
Lowell Sherman
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey



TOGETHER AGAIN!

**JANET GAYNOR *and*
CHARLES FARRELL**

in **RAOUL WALSH'S**

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

Together again! Janet and Charlie, the boy and the girl the whole world loves. They're together—in a play that spans the whole octave of love—in the richest roles of romance and redemption they have ever played.

Wonderful as they were in *Seventh Heaven* and *Sunny Side Up*, they're more marvelous than ever in **THE MAN WHO CAME BACK**, from the stage success by Jules Eckert Goodman and John Fleming Wilson.

Settings by **JOSEPH URBAN**

ANOTHER GREAT

FOX

MOVIETONE



Photograph by
Gene Robert Richee

CLARA BOW

Gallery
of
Famous
Film Folk

The New Movie Magazine



Photograph by June Estey

MARLENE DIETRICH



Photograph by William E. Thomas

HELEN TWELVETREES



Photograph by Hurrell

MARIE PREVOST



Photograph by Hurrel

JOHN GILBERT



Photograph by Hurrell

ELEANOR BOARDMAN



LORETTA YOUNG

Fascinating First National Star, Says—

"Won't You Have One? There's Refreshing Enjoymint in Life-Savers"

Adv.



Photograph by Otto Dyar

WILLIAM POWELL

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. III

MARCH, 1931

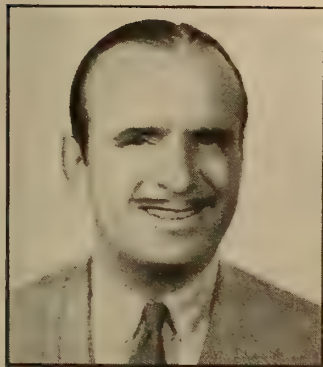
No. 3



Gossip of the Studios

SIXTEEN homes in the exclusive Malibu Beach movie colony burned to the ground in two hours, in the early morning of December 15.

Sunday, on the Malibu, is still a big day even though the chill of Winter has settled over most of the country. But the sun still shines on this beach the stars have picked as their own. Many of them spent Sunday, December 14th, at Malibu and retired early in order to rise in time to get to the various studios in Hollywood for work the next morning. And each and every one of them got up long before they had intended to.



Doug Fairbanks: Off for Cambodia and later to be entertained by King of Siam and Indian princes.

Just after one-thirty the garage behind the house next to Dave Butler's home burst into flame. Before it could be extinguished—a veritable gale of wind was blowing which hindered the fire-fighters and aided in the rapid spread of the flames—it reached a tank of rock gas which had been used for cooking purposes. The tank blew up scattering most of the flaming garage to the top of Butler's home. From there it spread next door to Buddy De Sylva's home.

It looked as though the entire colony was due to burn up and be blown out to sea in the shape of cinders. Things looked especially bad because two small inch and one-half hose were the sole equipment the Malibuites had to fight the fire, and the water pressure was nothing to brag about. Finally the Santa Monica fire department arrived with a pump machine, dipped into a pool in the rear of George O'Brien's home, and sent a four-inch stream of water onto Marie Prevost's house; this stopped the fire.

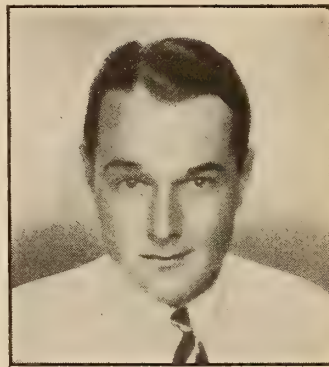
* * *

HIGH lights of the evening:

Marie Prevost could have spent her time saving some of the valuable personal articles she had

in her home. Instead she let them go and dashed from one end of the beach to the other awakening her sleeping neighbors. She made a charming Miss Paul Revere in a pair of sailor pants and an old sweater—all she saved from her very extensive wardrobe, by the way.

Buddy De Sylva suffered the greatest loss. His home was the most expensive on the beach, costing sixty thousand dollars. In it were not only all of the De Sylva, Brown and Henderson original manuscripts—which included "California, Here I Come," "Alabama Bound," "April Showers," "Black Bottom," "Birth of the Blues," "This Is My Lucky Day" and the original scripts of many musical shows, but also a library of rare and original volumes, sets and manuscripts of Ambrose Bierce, Mark Twain, Joseph Conrad, Anatole France and of dozens of other world famous writers and personages. The De Sylva home caught fire and burned so quickly, as did all of them, that Mrs. De Sylva was unable to get to \$110,000 worth of jewels she had worn the night before. However, ninety thousand dollars worth of these, including a bracelet with sixteen square cut diamonds in it and several monster diamond rings (minus the ring and the setting), were recovered early the next morning when Director Alan Dwan, Dick Hyland and Mrs. De Sylva sifted the ashes that remained after the fire.



William Haines: His Hollywood antique shop is a success, for all the stars are buying their gifts there.

Buddy watched the home he and his wife had spent so much time to make comfortable going up in flames and said, "I don't feel so badly about the house. Losing that is tough, but no worse than having Goldman-Sachs drop eighty points on me. But I'd give twenty thousand dollars right now for twenty of those books that are in there."

Dave Butler lost all his trophies, won over a long period of years in handball, squash and tennis.



All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Dorothy Sebastian: Flew away with Bill Boyd and was married in Nevada.

Jack Gilbert was in Beverly Hills at the time but came snorting beachward when he was advised by telephone that the beach was on fire. He arrived in time to hook himself onto a hose and help stop the fire at Marie Prevost's house.

Dick Hyland took one look and sent his wife, Adela Rogers St. Johns, and their two-year-old baby into Santa Monica to stay with Bebe Daniels until their house was either saved or burned.

Buster Collier dashed up and down coupling and uncoupling hose; sometimes the wrong ones.

Frank Fay, who lives in one house on the beach and owns another, watched the other house go up in the roaring flames and said, "Barbara (Stanwyck, his wife) just spent two months and eight thousand dollars furnishing and dolling that place up to rent it. Look at it now. I'm going right home and hold her head under a faucet. 'Cause I wanted to leave it unfurnished until next spring."

Wes Ruggles and Al K. Hall (one of the best cutters in Hollywood), organized themselves into a rescue brigade and rolled out automobiles from all the garages and uncoupled gas tanks which were under most of the houses for cooking gas. Just as they started under one house to get at a tank it blew up. A minute and ten seconds later it would have taken them with it.

Alan Dwan organized himself, Conrad Nagel, George O'Brien and Fred Beetsen into a fighting brigade which stopped the fire on the west end of the beach just before it got to Dwan's beautiful home.

Louise Fazenda reached the beach from Beverly just in time to see the last of her garage fall in. The house had gone out of existence a few minutes before that.

Ed Granger (Fox Films producer), was awakened by his Filipino houseman. "Get up, Mister Granger." "What time is it?" asked Eddie. "About quarter to two," said the houseman. "Get out of here," said Eddie. "I said get me up at quarter to eight, not quarter to two." "But back door is on fire, excuse me," insisted the man. Mister Granger got out in a hurry.

Some of the things grabbed first, as the Malibuites ran outside the first time on hearing the word, "Fire!"

Vivienne Segal: six pairs of white gloves and a step-in!

Mrs. Marie Dwan: an armful of Alan's clothes. "I wasn't crazy," she said. "If my clothes burned up I'd get a whole new outfit,

which would have been nice."

Adela Rogers St. Johns: Her baby and the partly finished manuscript of a novel Dick Hyland is writing.

Marie Prevost: An umbrella and an armful of books.

George O'Brien: Some pictures of his father.

Al K. Hall: Now what would you think with a name like that?

Buddy De Sylva: Some old things that belonged to his mother.

Some of the losses: Marie Prevost: \$15,000 and some invaluable miniatures.

De Sylva: Already mentioned.

Dave Butler: \$25,000 and all his trophies, clothes and "memory books" of his childhood days, which he prized highly.

Al Rocket: \$10,000.

Ben Hendricks: \$12,000, his house and everything he owned in the world. Ben lived at the beach all the time and all his possessions were in the house. He had time to save none of them.

Oliver March, cameraman: \$6,000.

Ben Toplitzky: \$25,000.

Louise Fazenda and Hal Wallis: \$15,000.

And everyone on the beach scared to death.

This is the second fire to sweep Malibu, the first of them burning eleven houses in November, 1929.

* * *

Friendships in the picture business that never falter: Bebe Daniels and Mae Sunday. Buddy De Sylva and Dave Butler. Ruth Chatterton and Lois Wilson. Marion Davies and Eileen Percy. Charlie Farrell and "Big Boy" Williams. Vivienne Segal and Pauline Mason (Mrs. Skeets Gallagher). Buster Collier and Hoot Gibson. Sally Eilers and Marion Nixon. Janet Gaynor and Irene Mayer Selznick. Corinne Griffith and Mrs. George Archambaud. Ronald Colman and William Powell. Dolores Del Rio and Mrs. Don Alvarado. Marilyn Miller and Mrs. Alan Dwan. Marie Dressler and Francis Marion. Charlie Chaplin and Charlie Furthman. Mrs. Peg Talmadge and Mrs. Phyllis Daniels. Louise Dresser and Mrs. Frank Lloyd. Joan Crawford and Hope Loring Lighton.

* * *

THE two heaviest Hollywood losers on the Notre Dame—U. S. C. game were John Gilbert, who figured U. S. C. was a cinch, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who is a staunch Trojan rooter.

* * *

MMARGARET EKDAHL, "Miss America" of 1930, visited Hollywood and no one offered her a big picture contract that would make her rich in a year. Fay Lamphier, who was perhaps the most popular and best known of all "Miss Americas," once said that that is what most girls who go in for beauty contests think is going to happen if they are fortunate enough to win. But Hollywood has



Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

found that something besides beauty is needed in front of the camera these days.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. WALTER MOROSCO (Corinne Griffith), returned to Malibu for Christmas. They were in New York for some weeks and planned to go to Europe for the holidays, but decided to wait until Summer before going abroad. Seems to be no chance that Corinne can be persuaded to return to the screen.

* * *

"LADIES MAN," Bill Powell's next picture, is the 700th—even—picture made in Hollywood by Paramount. The first one was made in 1913. Cecil B. DeMille directed "The Squaw Man," with Dustin Farnum as the star.

* * *

HOOT GIBSON is starting a new series of Westerns. Hoot and his beautiful bride, Sally Eilers, divide their time between their Saugus ranch and an apartment in Hollywood.

* * *

MRS. LOUIS B. MAYER had as luncheon guests many of the most prominent women of the California southland when she entertained for Governor Elect James B. Rolph, Jr., and Mrs. Rolph. Her daughters, Mrs. William Goetz and Mrs. David Selznick, assisted as hostesses, and Mrs. John C. Porter, wife of Los Angeles' mayor was another honored guest. Mrs. Mayer introduced the new "first lady of California," who made a brief address. Among those present were Mrs. Cecil B. De Mille, Mrs. Abram Lehr, Mrs. Sol Lesser, Mrs. Fred Niblo, Louella Parsons, Carmel Myers, Mrs. Harry Rapf, Mrs. B. P. Schulberg, Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, and Mrs. Sol Wurtzel.

* * *

Gary Cooper is driving a bright green and yellow Duesenberg. Hollywood thinks that Lupe selected the colors for that paint job.

* * *

MARY ASTOR, who has been quite ill for some months, is rapidly recovering and will be back at work shortly. Mary suffered a complete nervous breakdown some months after her husband, Kenneth Hawks, was killed in an airplane accident.

* * *

HAD the sun peeked through the clouds for three minutes one day the production cost of "Cimarron" would have been \$100,000 less than it turned out to be. Director Wes Ruggles had one of his biggest set-ups—on location at Bakersfield—all ready

for Mister Sol and he did not show up. Result: the whole works had to be done over again the next day—and that day it rained! The scene was finally taken four days later. And the cost had been run up that hundred grand.

* * *

GEORGE BANCROFT is asking \$150,000 a picture from Paramount before he signs a new contract. His last contract called for \$5,000 a week and the studio could put him in as many pictures as they cared to. Now Bancroft believes he's more popular and wants more money.

* * *

One studio has 2460 extra girls listed in their casting office. Only twenty of them are red heads. 1022 are blondes.

* * *

WALLACE BEERY lost almost ninety thousand dollars in the closing of the Bank of Hollywood. Part of which was in the Bank of Hollywood and part of which was in the Guaranty Building and Loan Association, which was affiliated with the bank.

* * *

THE Duke of Sutherland, famous English sportsman, was a guest at Pickfair for some weeks. Mary and Doug entertained for him with several small dinner parties.

* * *

SO Gary Cooper and Clara Bow are to be co-starred in a picture. It's several years ago that the red hot romance between those two ended and they haven't seen anything of each other since. Now they'll be playing love scenes together for the camera.



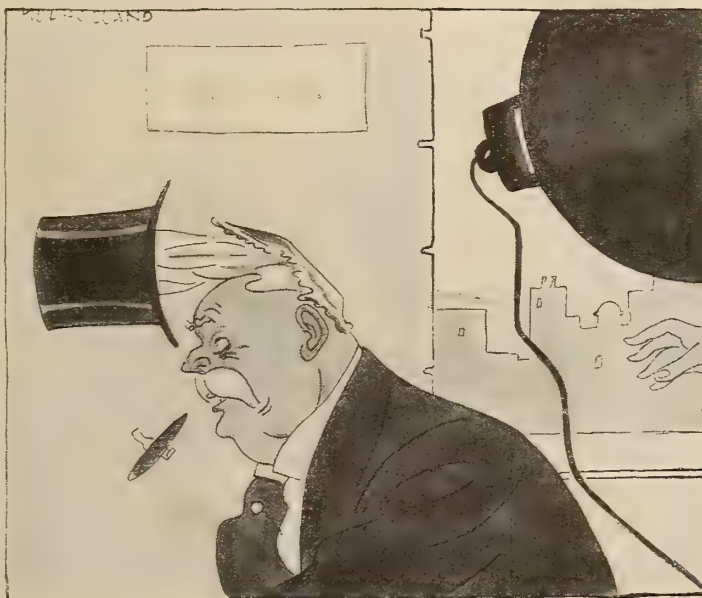
Aileen Pringle: Hollywood's sophisticate is playing opposite Buck Jones in Westerns.

* * *

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY MILLION, NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS (\$180,864,319.00 to be exact) was spent by motion picture producers to make 2543 films during 1929, according to figures just released by the United States Department of Commerce. Eighty-five million dollars of this went for salaries.

* * *

MARLENE DIETRICH, after her sensational success in "Morocco," went to Germany to visit her hus-



The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



Dolores Costello: Returns from a tropical cruise with her husband and her baby.

band and her five-year-old daughter, Maria.

* * *

RAMON NOVARRO'S small nephew, aged sixteen months, played a small part in a recent foreign version which the young Mexican star directed. Ramon is putting two younger brothers through college and takes care of a large family so nobody can kid him about putting the next generation to work early.

* * *

"Douglas Fairbanks, all around sportsman going in for practically all forms of athletics." So says the British, "Who's Who." Doug is the only American motion picture star in the book. Chaplin is included, but then he is English.

* * *

AILEEN PRINGLE, under contract to Columbia, is to play the lead opposite Buck Jones in a Western. Imagine Hollywood's wittiest and most sophisticated lady in that rôle. It seems a fearful waste, but talkies make strange screen partners these days.

* * *

THE doctor dug 100 pieces of gunpowder out of Dick Arlen's face after a revolver was discharged but six inches from Dick's nose.

* * *

JACK and Harry Warner, two of the Warner Brothers, have given complete furnishings and equipment for one of the new buildings of the Los Angeles Sanitarium, a non-sectarian tubercular institution. The building will be known as the Sam and Milton Warner Memorial Building.

* * *

Distance lends enchantment. Asked to name their choice of occupations, regardless of the salary offered, only four boys of the several hundred graduating from Hollywood high school in February chose the motion picture industry. And NONE of them wanted to be an actor.

One wanted to be a director, another a photographer, another a set designer and the fourth desired the sound and technicolor departments.

Wonder how the youth of the land would vote!

DOUG FAIRBANKS is headed for the sportman's paradise, Cambodia, where big game abounds. Leaving Hollywood January 2 for Siam, Indo-China and India, Doug, John Monk Saunders, the writer, Vic Fleming, the director, Chuck Lewis, Doug's personal secretary, and a valet, who will take care of baggage, etc., will be gone for at least four months. They will be entertained while on the trip by the King of Siam, and the Maharajahs of Rajputna and Baroda. And every man in Hollywood wished he could go with them!

* * *

IRVING THALBERG and wife, Norma Shearer, have rented Florence Vidor's pretty Beverly Hills house for the winter.

* * *

THE movies have developed another use. Slow motion pictures are taken of a skilled workman's hand and movements—in almost any mechanical trade—and then shown to other workers who catch on to tricks they could not see with the bare eye.

* * *

LILA LEE is getting along splendidly and hopes to be out of her Arizona sanitarium in February. John Farrow, her fiance, flew down to see her just before Christmas and says she looks perfectly wonderful. By the way, if you want to write to Lila, a letter will always reach her when mailed to 5165 Fountain Ave., Hollywood, in care of her secretary, Eunice Rand. When she leaves Arizona, Lila expects to take a long sea voyage of several months, and then come back to work—and marriage. She and Johnny Farrow, scenario writer and director, will be married sometime next Fall if present plans go through. The letters Lila writes are charming, full of the books she has had time to read and all sorts of witty and interesting ideas that she has thought up while resting. It will be a grand day when Lila comes back to the screen. No one can take her place.

Renee Adoree is in the same Arizona sanitarium, and reports say that she is better, although her condition is still serious. Renee refused to take her condition seriously for a long time and her recovery may be slow. Letters will reach her care of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California.



* * *

MARIE DRESSLER has been laid up at her Beverly Hills home for a few weeks. Asked the trouble, she said briefly, "Overwork. You'd think I was eighteen the way they keep me working around here." One of the most charming speeches of the year was made by the idolized Miss Dressler on the night of "Min and Bill's" opening at the Carthay Circle. "The writer comes first," said Miss Dressler "Where would we be without the writer, with-

film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

out a story? No one can do good work in a bad story. I am grateful that you liked my performance, but the real glory should go to the genius of the silversheet, Frances Marion, who wrote 'Min and Bill.' From now on all the writers on the lot will vie to turn out stories for Miss Dressler.

* * *

Charlie Chaplin plays the violin; Charlie Farrell toots a cornet.

* * *

RAMON NOVARRO, who was accused some time ago of breaking Elsie Janis' collar bone in a playful bit of wrestling, took Miss Janis to a party the other evening. Some young gentleman, upon being presented to the famous lady, held out his hand in greeting. Ramon tapped him gently on the wrist and said, "Better not! You'll be over all the front pages of the papers tomorrow."

* * *

WILLIAM POWELL has been seen at odd times lately with Carole Lombard. Nothing serious; just company. Director Lothar Mendez, who is handling the megaphone on Carole's latest picture, says that she is due for a hit "that is nobody's business." "She's pretty, can act, and read lines," says Lothar, "and there's not many of those around this neck of the woods."

* * *

Jack Gilbert traded in his two old Lincolns—that he has had for five years—and a Ford, for a new twelve-cylinder Cadillac.

* * *

MARY McCORMICK, Chicago opera star, says she is going to marry Prince Serge Mdivani. Pola Negri just got a divorce from the prince in Paris.

* * *

JACK BARRYMORE and his wife, Dolores Costello, and their infant daughter have returned to Hollywood after cruising on the Barrymore yacht for several months. Jack was forced to go ashore in Guatemala with a touch of tropical fever, but he says "that was nothing." Something important, he says, is that he caught a 560 pound striped marlin and brought him over the side of the boat after a SIX HOUR struggle.

A few days after he returned to Hollywood Jack was confined to his bed. The doctors were afraid he would develop pneumonia. The fever left him in a weakened condition.

* * *

Leila Hyams is a very good and very ardent bridge player.

PAULINE FREDERICK is minus her fourth husband. He had the marriage annulled because he alleged that Pauline wouldn't even kiss him. They were married April 20, 1930, in New York City. The latest ex-hubby, Hugh Leighton, is the multi-millionaire president of the Interstate Hotel Company, which two years ago purchased the Beverly Hills Hotel for one and one half million dollars.



Pauline Frederick: Is now minus her fourth husband, a multi-millionaire hotel promoter.

* * *

HELEN FERGUSON, giving her age as twenty-nine, filed intention to wed Richard Hargreaves, age forty-one, in Los Angeles. Miss Ferguson's husband, Bill Russell, died a few years ago.

* * *

Jack Oakie bought a nifty new Packard roadster and has been seen giving Mary Brian a ride.

* * *

MARY PICKFORD and Governor James Rolph, of California, officiated at the laying of the cornerstone of the new twelve-million-dollar Los Angeles County hospital.

* * *

BILL HAINES' antique shop, on La Brae Avenue near Sunset Boulevard, is proving a tremendous success. A lot of the stars did their Christmas shopping there. Saw Joan Crawford buying a pair of lovely old early American chairs, Bebe Daniels acquiring some Georgian silver candlesticks to give as Christmas gifts, Mae Sunday looking at chintzes for her new home in Hollywood, Joan Marsh and her mother yielding to the lure of some exquisite china, and Aileen Pringle buying hooked rugs.

* * *

Joan Crawford hasn't eaten a piece of pie, cake or candy for four years.

* * *

MRS. JESSE LASKY, wife of the Paramount vice-president, has long been recognized as an artist of unusual ability, having had her canvases hung in some of the most important art exhibitions of the day. Now she has published a book of poems, under the title, "And I Shall Make Music." Her work has been hailed by literary critics as of real merit. Few people have Mrs. Lasky's versatility.





Out of the three hundred rôles he has played in films, Wallace Beery best likes his Butch in "The Big house." His other favorite is Richard the Lion Hearted in "Robin Hood." In order to be remembered, says Beery, film characters "have got to do something that the man in the street is afraid he might do." Jim Tully says that Wallace Beery is one of the fine actors of the screen.

The Magnificent MASQUERADER

Under the Mask of a Buffoon, Wallace Beery Hides a Shrewd, Compassionate and Discerning Mind

BY JIM TULLY

HE is one of the shrewdest men in Hollywood. He hides it as carefully as any man living. He realizes that there is a vast fortune in being a buffoon. Before the camera and in real life, he plays the same part. But let no man mistake Wallace Beery. He carries plenty of hard and diversified wisdom in his head.

No human being that I have ever known is less sentimental. There is always a cruel streak in a sentimental man. Beery is kind.

His sense of humor is keen and often devastating. There are many surprising angles in his character which he does his best to conceal. There is in him a detachment toward all things which many so-called greater men might well envy.

There is something primitive and universal in the man. Something hewn out of rock and made weather-beaten with understanding by the winds and rain of life.

Falstaff and Rabelais would slap him on the back and laugh at the tales he tells, as broad as his mouth when it's open. He is a man who never wears threadbare from long contact.

He lifts individuals out of despair as easily as he cheers audiences all the wide world around.

I, for one, consider him a very great actor. I told him years ago that he was greater than Jannings. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "You just like me, Jim; we're two rascals together." Jannings over-acted, mugged the camera.

IF Wallace Beery is given the right opportunity, not even Chaplin can surpass him as a master interpreter of the inept qualities that are in us all.

Some day he will be given a film carved on lines as great as himself. Then watch what happens.

There is chaos in the man.

There is the quality of Chaplin in Beery. That is, when Chaplin is not posing. They have the same cynical outlook, the same laughter bubbling beneath the folly of life. Beery, more direct and honest, is by far the shrewder man. Only a few people are aware of his diplomacy. Unless

Wallace Beery has many sides. He is a director of banks and of an airplane factory. He is an able flier. He likes to spend many hours on lonely sky voyages. Probably no other film actor is so successful in both comedy and drama.

he knows and trusts one as a friend, he never makes a direct statement.

The buffoon in him hides the civilized man.

I knew him for years before I ever heard him mention a book.

We were seated one day on the upper deck of a greasy Mexican tramp steamer. Wally's eyes were squinted toward the far shore. There came a lull in the conversation. Then he said, "I was reading last night, Jim, in Anatole France where he said it was presumptuous in any man to get burned for an idea. A jolt to the martyr, eh?" (Continued on page 127)





The \$10,000-a-week movie star has just received his salary. Accompanied by his secretary and his valet, he starts out to his Rolls-Royce. He's happy and carefree.

Why Movie Stars Can't

The Famous Humorist Tells You How a \$10,000-a-Week Salary, Without Much Effort, Can Fade Into an Avalanche of Unpaid Bills

THOSE of us who have never worried along, living from hand to mouth on a salary of \$10,000 a week, cannot be expected to know how motion-picture stars pinch and scrape. But I assure you that some of them hardly know where their next onyx swimming pool is coming from, poor devils!

I happen to live part time on the side of a so-called mountain overlooking Beverly Hills, and I see and hear many things that do not concern me.

You may contemplate the motion-picture star's economic distress with utter unconcern or deep and sincere sympathy. I happen to look upon the spectacle with hilarity. It is amusing to me to see these gorgeous children of good fortune demonstrate the theory of conspicuous waste. Take my word for it that there is such a theory. Some very grave scholars have spun out involved volumes to explain how all of us help make a mess of civilization because of our mania to waste earnings in an uncontrollable effort to be conspicuous. And of all conspicuous humans, than motion-picture stars there are no conspicuouser! And, given an opportunity, you and I, no doubt, would be just as wasteful as they are. Yes you would.

SOME stars make more than \$10,000 a week. Some less. And the difference between most of them and you is that they owe more money than you do.

In the first place, the fact that a motion-picture star actually signs a contract for \$10,000 a week does not mean that she or he gets \$10,000 a week. She or he gets only \$9,000 a week. How is that? Well, Amos, in the first place, most contracts are negotiated by agents. Hollywood is overrun with agents—those influential puppeteers who bargain for talent. The agent negotiates the contract—and he gets ten per cent of the star's salary as his cut. He is rib poker, wire

puller, shirt-sleeve diplomat, all valuable assets.

Well, you say, nine thousand dollars a week ought to keep the wolf from pretending he is a Fuller brush man.

But your Hollywood or Beverly Hills banker could explain (but won't—until after the third drink) that the \$10,000 a week star, who gets \$9,000 a week, only receives \$8,000 a week. Motion-picture stars, until they learn better (which is too often never at all), like to spend money faster than they make it. This means they anticipate earnings. That is, they borrow on contracts. Certain icy-handed gentlemen, in the banking business, loan money on contracts. They will advance the motion-picture star his income, charging ten per cent discount.

So, you see, the star, before she or he can blink, has managed to reduce actual earnings to the not entirely insignificant equivalent of \$8,000 a week.

Of course, a person with only \$8,000 a week ought to eat quite regularly—and do not get the impression that Hollywood's darlings are under-nourished.

NOR am I contending that all picture girls and boys are bumpkins with their money—a few of them hang onto it like some of you hang onto a subway strap.

What I am trying to tell you is that a celluloid celebrity, suddenly endowed with a lot of your admission money, can, and does, have trouble making both ends meet. And you would, too.

Consider, first, the necessity for shelter.

An adequate house can be rented for some \$750 to \$2,000 a month. But it won't do for long because it probably hasn't got a pipe organ or isn't wired for sound. Or it may not have a cellar bar. Perhaps the pool is lined with polychrome that doesn't match her ladyship's favorite bathing suits.

If a rented house won't do, then they can build. It



But the screen idol finds a host of collectors in ambush. There's the banker, the personal agent, the real estate promoter, the contractor, the interior decorator and—whisper—the bootlegger.

Save Money

BY
TED COOK

will take from \$50,000 to \$200,000 to get just a simple little place of thirty rooms or so where one can curl up with one's radio. The house may be just chicken wire covered with stucco and, as Ted Healy says, "put together with spit" (an unlovely word) but it will have half a dozen bathrooms, and a Beverly bathroom is a thing of beauty and a joy as long as the plumbing works.

The fixtures will be gold or silver plated, spigots fashioned like flowers. Black and gold is a favorite weakness. The tub likely as not will be grand and gorgeous either on a dais or flush with floor. The shower, for modesty's sake, will have a thick plate glass door in a silver frame. Then there can be any number of things which weak sales resistance permits. Foot bath, running ice water, dental urn, mirrored walls and dressing table, are standard equipment in the bathrooms of every Hollywood star.

LIVING rooms are executed like cathedrals and it's a shame that some of the architects aren't executed, too.

I know one star who paid \$15,000 for living-room drapes—hand embroidered with threads of gold and silver—Someone told him they looked terrible. Without a word he yanked them down and told the butler to give them to charity.

There will likely be a game room—with trick-paneled walls that open to the touch of the button, and reveal an elaborate buffet, or traveling bar, or poker and roulette equipment.

Movie mansions have telephones hidden everywhere. I would not be surprised to find a butler with a telephone plug in his shirt front.

Let's not go into bedrooms. Take it for granted that they are unlike any bedrooms you've been in lately or will be in soon. Most of them are cluttered up with too many pillows and too many dolls.

The beds are mounted and canopied in the Bucking-

ham manner. Some stars go in for authentic beds—a bed that the dealer insisted once belonged perhaps to the King or Queen of Abyssinia, the Conquering Lion, Emperor of Emperors, Elect of Jehovah, Light of the World. The bedroom carpets are so thick that second and third-floor maids walk on stilts, and run over the carpets twice a week with a lawn-mower.

ENTERTAINMENT costs run high. Most stars have a cold storage room in the basement where every cut of meat is hung and aged. Supply agents inspect the room once a week and replace whatever cuts are missing. I do not know how much it costs to feed a movie menagerie—but I do know that servants graft and bargain with dealers. I know that one star didn't know what to say when his manager asked him why his bills showed a weekly consumption of 98 dozen

eggs. One Beverly grocer recently offered a \$1,000 reward for any proof of servant bribery—this was indirectly telling picture people that his competitors were paying commissions to servants for household orders. California has been called the land of palms—palms up.

I cannot begin to mention all the outlets for a star's earnings. A chef with the soul of an artist can command up to \$10,000 a year. Butlers get from \$200 to \$400 a month. There are housemaids for every floor and personal maids. Studio maids and valets. Makeup experts. Sometimes a secretary. Often a physical-culture impresario who calls early each morning to put the goddess through her exercises. A voice culture expert. A personal press agent. A chauffeur or two. A head gardener and his helpers. Sometimes a kennel master or riding instructor. And a lawyer who handles divorce matters as fast (and loose) as they bob up.

As to motors—you can get a gleaming Rolls with custom body for \$15,000 or \$20,000 if you shop carefully. You will have a car (Continued on page 114)



Photograph by Hurrell

At eighteen Joan Crawford had decided to be hard and worldly and clever. Slim, vivid and of startling beauty, she had no good opinion of men. Life was not as her dreams had pictured it—but she proposed to make the best of it. Young Doug Fairbanks was different. Nothing could kill his dreams. But he kept them hidden in a world of his own making. Joan and Doug met. "At first neither penetrated the mask of the other.

Great Love Stories of HOLLYWOOD

II

THE HAPPY ROMANCE OF JOAN AND DOUG

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

DOUG and Joan were eighteen when they met. Twenty-one when they married.

Many years ago a great Irish poet sang, "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

He was wrong. A sweeter thing is to make love's young dream come true.

The difference between Hollywood's favorite romance and most of those which have been celebrated in song and story, is that Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have kept the petals fresh and fair in a workaday world, have managed to survive the decried and abused institution of marriage.

In an age of divorce, infidelity, careless love, Doug and Joan have created a perfect love story. They always make me feel as I do when I see a perfectly built man or woman—that everyone should be like that. And the perfect love story has a happy ending. For the ending was not when these two young things repeated the exquisite, soul-stirring words of the marriage service.

The ending is more beautiful than that, as you will see. It is in every day, every hour, of their devotion, of their married life, which has kept its flavor of romance unsullied.

"**L**OVE," said Joan Crawford the other day, "love is something that needs looking after. Everything else is secondary. If I had to choose tomorrow between anything—fame, work, money, position—and Douglas, I wouldn't hesitate a second. My choice is already made. To love,

When Doug and Joan realized that they loved each other, they wanted to be married at once. But they encountered opposition from every hand. So they waited. Finally, it was Doug's own mother who suggested a wedding. Thus they were married at twenty-one,

belongs the best of every woman, by every right. The best of her intelligence, the best of her nature, of her soul and body. That is what makes a real romance."

But we must, to understand, begin at the beginning.

Once upon a time, there were a boy and girl who lived in the glamorous town of Hollywood.

They were, most emphatically, children of their time, children of their environment. A cynical time, a hard, disillusioning environment.

The girl was beautiful, more beautiful even than the heroines of fiction, where an author may allow himself full sway to create anything he sees fit. She was slim, vivid, startling.

And she had a Reputation. For she had fought her way up, a chorus girl on the world's most hardened artery, Broadway. And how can a beautiful girl fight her way up from the chorus and not have a Reputation? Especially a girl who naturally looks like the lady of a Michael Arlen novel.

She had, this girl, no very good opinion of men.

Joan and Doug Were Eighteen When They Met But They Knew Real Love and They Knew the Pitfalls of Hollywood





About the bright flame of her attraction they had gathered, with hard, bright eyes and clutching hands, ever since she was fifteen. So that at eighteen she was weary and talked back to her dreams. She told her dreams harshly what life was like, and life wasn't as her dreams had pictured it. Life was a game played with a marked check. The dreams a girl gathers when she puts away her dolls, dreams of a love that is pure and sweet and deathless, were silly and hopeless.

So the girl wore a mask, a hard, white, beautiful mask, through which two great blue eyes stared watchfully. For since romance was a mere fairy tale, the girl had decided to satisfy herself with fame and fortune. To get these, was a game, too, but in it the girl held a winning hand.

And at eighteen she had decided to be hard, and worldly, and clever. To amuse herself as much as might be. To succeed in her chosen field, so that she could buy things to put in the place of those dreams which had been abandoned.

You know what girls are like at eighteen.

But Joan Crawford was already a princess in her own right in the funny, foolish Graustarkian kingdom of the silversheet.

The boy was different.

For nothing could kill his dreams. He was born a dreamer and will die a dreamer, and when the world bore too hard upon him he didn't flee from his dreams—he fled into them. With poetry, with pictures, with



Joan and Doug are old fashioned in their love, their complete conviction that they were created to be wife and husband. They hold to the simple conviction that there is but one real love in each life. But they are completely modern in their intelligence about love.

books, with the beauties of nature, he made a world of his own that no one else knew anything about. When early failure almost broke his heart, when disappointments came too soon, he grinned at the world and sought his own solace.

He was shy of girls, really, though he went about with them, and laughed and kidded as boys do. Still, they all seemed colorless and futile and disappointing beside his dream girl. Some day he would find her. A strong girl, full of life, believing in things, unafraid, ready to go side by side with him no matter what happened.

YOUNG Douglas Fairbanks by right of heredity was a prince, too, in the movie kingdom, long before he was twenty. He meant to justify that position. His father had given him a fighter's heart, his mother had taught him to be a worker. He would succeed, not just as his father's son, but as a man himself.

He was, truly, an artist. Everything about him was creative. He was always striving—to write his own poetry, paint his own pictures, compose his own plays and music.

The boy and the girl met.

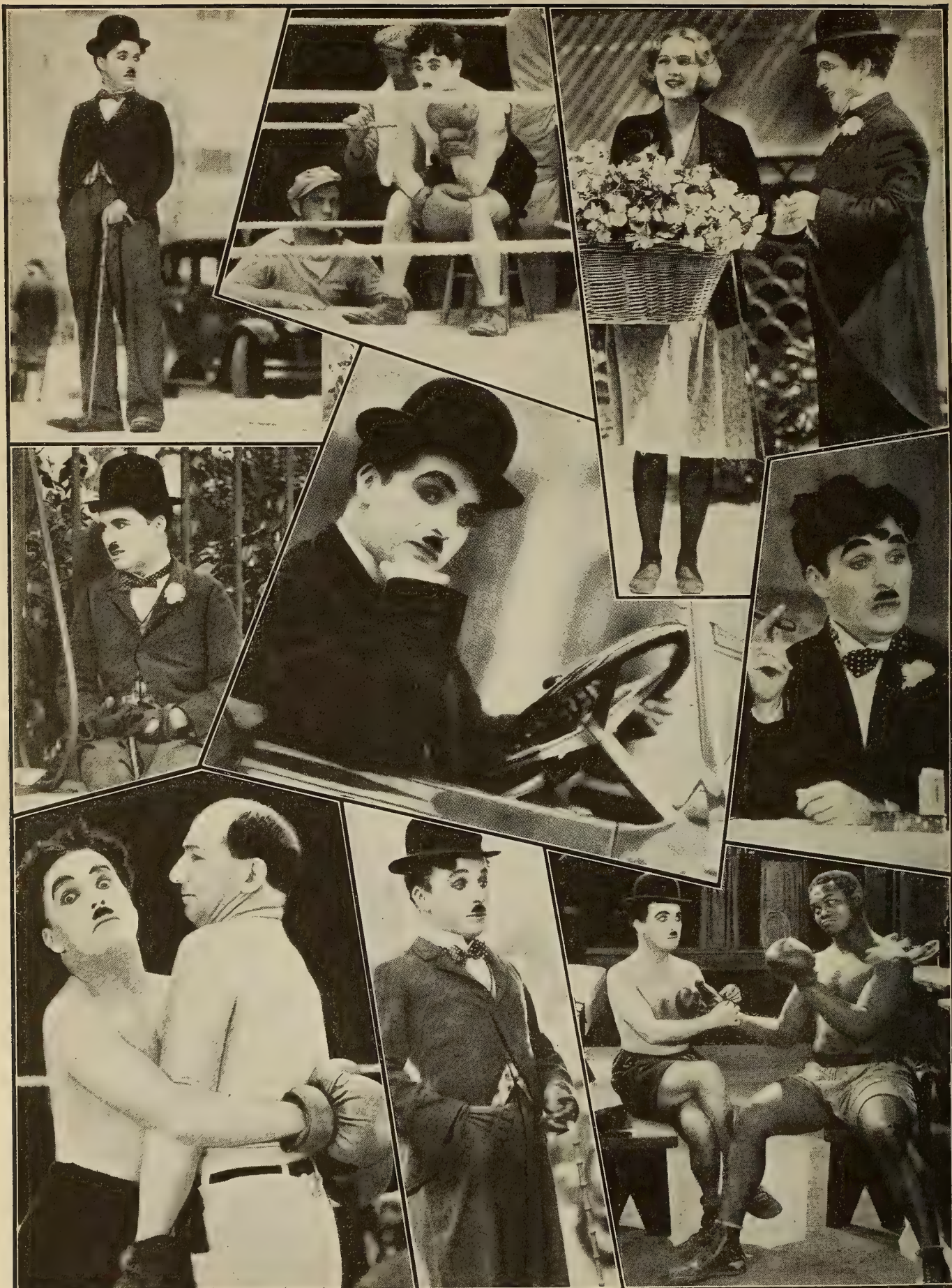
They didn't like each other. (Continued on page 118)

This Is a Hollywood Romance with a Happy Ending



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Young Douglas Fairbanks by right of heredity was a prince of the movie kingdom. He always had meant to justify that position. His father had given him a fighter's heart, his mother had taught him to be a worker. He wanted to succeed, not just as his father's son, but as a man himself. It was during his brief stage appearance on the Coast in "Young Woodley" that Joan Crawford first understood the real Doug. Their romance started then



BACK TO THE SILENCES

Charlie Chaplin does not speak in his new film, "City Lights," although the comedy has a synchronized musical score, written by the comedian himself. Above, some interesting moments from "City Lights" with Virginia Cherrill playing opposite Charlie.

He Refuses to be a STAR

Adolphe Menjou Prefers Less Honor and Fewer Worries

By JACK BEVERLY

ADOLPHE MENJOU refuses to be a motion-picture star. In four or five languages, Mr. Menjou declares that when it comes to starring, he is not having any.

Nothing like this has ever happened before in Hollywood.

If Mr. Menjou couldn't be a star, had never been a star, it might seem easy to explain. You could get down your old copy of the Fables and read the one about the fox and the sour grapes and say, "There you have it."

Far, far from such is the truth in this peculiar matter.

Mr. Menjou was a star. For four long years he was one of the great stars of the Paramount program. Then, after a jaunt to Europe, he returned to the cinema capital and was offered stardom by several different companies. In fact, for two months he didn't work because the only jobs offered him were starring jobs. I verified that by the producers themselves.

"I WILL not be a movie star," was Mr. Menjou's theme song.

"Why?" demanded a number of bewildered producers who had gone over his former box-office earnings and decided he was a great bet in

(Continued on page 104)

For four years Adolphe Menjou was a star. Then he tired of the worries and problems of a screen luminary. He has decided that he merely wants to play good roles — and he means it.



How Your FATE is



Tower Studios

The World Famous Astrologer Writes About Dorothy Mackaill and Others Born Under the Zodiac Sign of Pisces

BY
EVANGELINE
ADAMS

"Neptune's Daughter". There's no use; you can't get away from your stars!

PISCES, the sign of the zodiac which rules the period from February 20th to March 21st, is often called the birth sign of poets, of artists, of dreamers. Michelangelo was born strongly under this sign; so were Victor Hugo and Rose Coghlan and Enrico Caruso and Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar.

Pisces rules the feet. And the fact that Dorothy Mackaill started her theatrical career as a dancer, first in London and later in New York in the Follies, is just another instance of the many hundreds I have had of the inescapable relationship between this sign and a dancing career. Several years ago, I came out of a fitting room in what was then Harry Collins' dressmaking establishment on 56th Street—even astrologers must wear clothes!—and was accosted by a tall, fashionably dressed woman who was waiting her turn.

"Miss Adams," she said, "you don't remember me. I came to you nearly twenty years ago with the date of my baby girl. She was then three years old. You prophesied 'success through the feet.' We laughed a good deal over this at home, and were very skeptical. But today"—here she gave her daughter's name, which you would immediately recognize—"my little girl is one of the best known dancers in the world."

Astrology has been a dominant science since the dim days of antiquity. It has played a vital part in the world's history. Astrology never has had a more distinguished exponent than the celebrated Evangeline Adams, who writes of the planets and their influences in **NEW MOVIE** every month.

HERE'S another pretty girl to write about this month. And such a pretty one! Perhaps Venus is her star of destiny. No, Neptune. Well, I declare!

You'll get tired of my talking about Neptune all the time. But what am I going to do about it? Neptune is the planet of pretense, of camouflage, of make-believe—therefore, of acting. It is the planet of shadow rather than substance; of the screen even more than of the stage. It is the planet which rules the motion-picture business. *And almost no one has succeeded in it who has not had Neptune strongly placed in his or her astrological chart.*

That's all right. That's to be expected. But, just as you must have begun to weary of my telling you about it—I had begun to weary a bit, myself!—along comes Dorothy Mackaill, born in Neptune's own sign, a true

"SUCCESS through the feet" may seem an extraordinary thing to see in a horoscope—that is, if you don't believe in the stars. If you do, you know they govern every part of our anatomy, even the salts of the body. Anyhow, it is no more extraordinary than the now famous case of Geraldine Farrar, whose horoscope, when she was a very young girl and before she developed the voice that made her famous, indicated unmistakably "success through the throat."

So, my dear Miss Mackaill, it is no wonder that you started as a dancer, or that Mr. Ziegfeld gave you your first chance because he liked your legs!

So much for the sign in which the Sun was when you were born. Now, another word about Neptune, its ruling planet. Each sign has a planet which dominates it. Aries has Mars; Taurus has Venus; Aquarius has

Written in the STARS

Uranus. And Pisces has Neptune. We have already seen how this governing influence turned the infant Dorothy toward the stage. (I believe she became an actress at six—and I am surprised, with her Neptune, that she waited so long!) And we have seen how the influence of the inspirational planet drew her little by little into his chosen theatrical sphere, the screen. This is interesting as it applies to Miss Mackaill, but, as an astrologer, I cannot let it pass without drawing from it a conclusion as to the usefulness of my favorite science in helping all boys and girls to pick their careers.

This was brought home to me not so long ago by an extreme case, also connected with the theater. Mrs. Oliver Harriman, who has been my faithful client for many years, called me on the telephone to say she was worried to death about her son "Bordy". The boy just wouldn't fit into any of the niches which were yawning open for a scion of the house of Harriman. Instead he *would* "act." What should she do? I looked up Bordy's date, and found that he couldn't help himself. He had many of the same aspects I have called attention to in Miss Mackaill's chart. He, too, was Neptune's child. He

had to act; if not on the stage, in real life. So I advised his mother to let him go ahead.

She did. (His first part, by the way, was that of a butler!) And the next time I heard of him he was giving a very creditable performance at the Belasco Theater in New York!

SORRY, Miss Mackaill, to use you as a moral lesson. But your case is such a clear one of a person finding her right profession by following consciously or unconsciously the dictates of the stars, that I couldn't resist it. Many grown men and women come to me who have had the good fortune to be brought up in the astrological way; and they invariably tell me that they now see that their success in life, and much of their happiness, too, has been due to the fact that their parents gave them sufficient freedom of choice to fulfill their

own particular horoscopes.

And alas, I get the other kind, too! I often find in a grown-up client's horoscope signs of a talent quite foreign to the work in which he is spending his life. And when I ask about it, the answer is invariably this:

(Continued on page 102)



Evangeline Adams' horoscope for Dorothy Mackaill, who was born on March 4, 1904 in Hull, England.

IF YOU WERE BORN BETWEEN FEBRUARY 20th and MARCH 21st.

IF you were born between February 20th and March 21st, you are a Pisces child. And Pisces, as I told you in the case of Miss Mackaill, is symbolized by the two fishes, one swimming upstream and the other swimming down. In that symbol lies the beauty and the danger of your sign.

You are capable of being very spiritual or very material. You have excellent intuition, but you lack self confidence. You should have more faith in your insight into the future, which is considerable. You should convince yourself of your ability to do anything you start to do. Then, do it.

Above all, you should concentrate. Lack of concentration is one of the chief hindrances to the success of Pisces people. You have the power to overcome this obstacle if you will. Simply shut out of your mind everything but the work in hand. Think of nothing else. If your mind tries to wander, force it back. Don't try to follow both of your fishes at the same time!

I put these warnings first because they are so essential to the success of Pisces people. But I do not minimize the many fine qualities of this sign. If you are a true son or daughter of Pisces, you are unselfish and most considerate of others. You are sensitive, sympathetic, gentle—a charming companion and an agreeable house mate.

You appreciate and enjoy the fine things of life. There is nothing coarse or repellent about your nature. You are blessed, too, with naturally good health. But you

should protect yourself against colds. They might lead to trouble in the chest or abdomen. And another thing: Pisces people should keep away from alcoholic drinks, drugs, self-indulgence of any kind. Such things are quite out of harmony with the Pisces nature. So my advice to you is to stick to the water in which your fishes swim!

That's not bad advice for your business as well as your health. You should do very well in any line having to do with liquids or waterways. You also have capabilities as a secretary, teacher, nurse or social worker. You might well succeed in some religious work, but you should be careful not to let your enthusiasm run into fanaticism.

Your colors are sea-green, mauve, lavender, blue, purple, violet-red; your flowers are mignonette, jessamine and yarrow; your stones are the pearl, the chrysolite and the moon-stone.

Your most congenial mates may be found among those people born strongly under the influence of Cancer or Scorpio, although, in this matter, much depends on the position of the planets in both charts.

You are in good company if you are Pisces-born. In addition to Miss Mackaill, you find yourself in the same astrological family as George Washington, Grover Cleveland, William Jennings Bryan, Caruso, Mary Garden, Geraldine Farrar and Dr. Eliot of Harvard.

Not bad, eh? I call it good!

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CZAR of the MOVIES

Will Hays, as a Slicker Among the Worldly, has the Most
Meticulously Knotted Evening Tie on Broadway But, Out
in Sullivan, Ind., He Can Out-Whittle Anyone

BY O. O. McINTYRE

IT is difficult to associate Will H. Hays with the word Czar, even as the titular head of Movieland. He is one of the flitting bright-eyed robins of life, with the springy gait of body and mind that suggests the roulette ball.

He comes into a room like a sudden breeze and in five minutes he has sat in every chair and possibly cross-legged, tailor fashion on your most expensive divan.

His very dear friend Meredith Nicholson, Indiana novelist, once said to me: "Bill is a jolt of lightning in fragile platinum setting. He presents as many different pictures as an old-fashioned kaleidoscope. He can be an 18th century gallant, a 20th century high-pressure executive, an exuberant playboy or a bashful country bumpkin. He can impersonate the impersonal."

I have been privileged to know Hays well for many years and every time I see him he has added something new to his amazing repertoire. He is a prestidigitator with the commonplace. With an eye narrowed and a finger lifted, he can make the mediocre things of the world take on an astounding importance for his assembled listeners.

AS a slicker among the worldly his white evening tie has the most meticulously tied knot found outside of descriptions by Beunash in the theater programs. Yet he can sit out in front of the general store at the cross roads with his flop-eared and buck-toothed brothers and be the gawkiest country jake of all. It is no jest that he is an accomplished whittler.

Will Hays, indeed, is a greater dramatic genius than most of the film players whose morals and manners he guides. In New York he lives in a thirty-seventh-floor apartment of the Ritz Tower, whose graceful spire pierces the exclusive Park Avenue clouds. A faithful



Photograph by Irving Chidnoff

It is difficult to associate Will Hays with the word Czar. O. O. McIntyre describes him as "one of the flitting bright-eyed robins of life, with the springy gait of body and mind that suggests the roulette ball."

but harassed valet attends him—not knowing what minute his employer will telephone he is off to Hollywood or Europe.

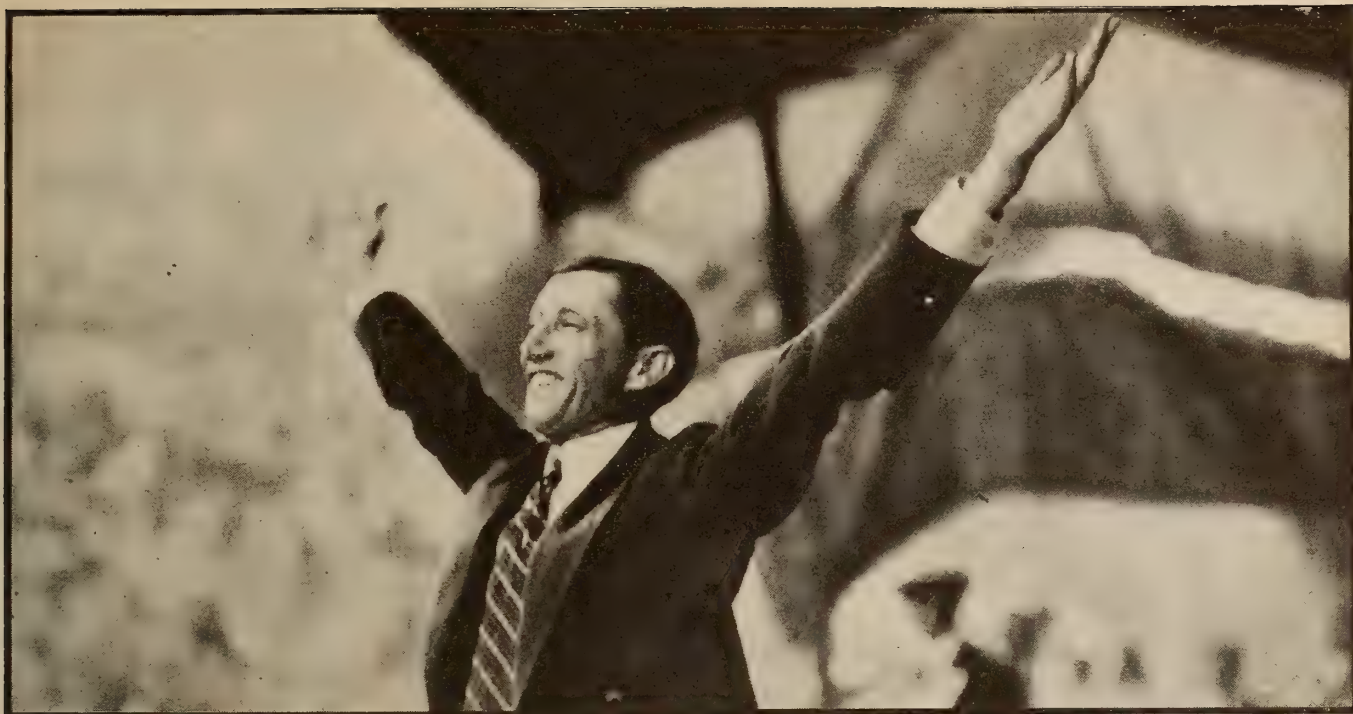
Hays was born in Sullivan, Ind., fifty-one years ago. Thin, pale, azure-eyed, his walk suggests the jack-rabbit. His original law firm of Hays and Hays is one of the biggest in Indiana. Sullivan is one of the pleasant Main Street towns of the corn belt, a Hoosier county seat where folk sit out on front porches in the cool of the evening.

At least two week-ends out of a month Hays is there with the home folks, rocking with neighbors or downtown to "talk to the boys." He is a cosmopolite by adoption but a yap by preference.

Sullivan is close to the famed Wabash—the Wabash of Paul Dresser's moonlight and candle-gleaming song imagining. As a lad Hays became an expert in hooking channel cat, a lowly species of fish often preferred to the famed pompano by exacting epicures. If he can find a fried cat-fish shack in his travels that will be one of his headquarters during his stay.

As a lad, too, he specialized in botany and small fruits at his native Wabash College, out Crawfordsville way and up Sugar Creek. There he wrote a thesis entitled: "The Pawpaw, Past, Present and Future," so well done that it was incorporated in the proceedings of the Montgomery County Agricultural Society with illustrations.

AT college he held the record for the earliest rising student the campus had ever known. He is still an early riser, often starting from the Ritz Tower to his office on Fifth Avenue when dawn is just pinking the sky. At college he never cut chapel, sassed a professor or got pinched by the local constable for lodging a cow in the belfry. But he was decorated with a pink



Will Hays addressing a gathering in Hollywood. "He is a prestidigitator with the commonplace," says O. O. McIntyre. "With an eye narrowed and a finger lifted, he can make the mediocre things of the world take on an astounding importance." Then, too, before becoming the titular head of the movies, he was a successful political leader and enthusiastic organizer.

button for being the worst waltzer that ever struck devastation among the beautiful tootsies of equally beautiful Hoosier lasses.

He first began to practise politics in his father's law office. He climbed blithely from precinct committeeman to chairman of the Republican National Committee. While conducting the Harding campaign he spent sixty-two consecutive nights in sleepers and always turned out in the morning in high spirits.

Behind the scenes for about seventeen minutes at the Chicago Convention of 1919, it looked as though Hays might be the nominee. A nod from one or two of the powers and the thing would have happened. It is worth noting that since Hays quit politics the Republican party in Indiana went to smash. Some of his successors in directing party affairs went to prison, and others escaped by artful dodging.

That he was an efficient postmaster general is a part of national history. But it is the human side of the man that appeals to those of us who know him a little more intimately. He is the greatest sod cutter that ever devastated a golf course. He has never in his life consumed a spoonful of liquor. Yet I have seen him at late parties more intoxicated than anyone there—intoxicated with the sheer joy of living. He can order a perfect meal but does not eat enough to keep the proverbial bird alive. Just a nibble here and there and he's finished.

HE has never smoked nor have I ever heard him tell an off-color yarn. He is a strict Presbyterian, yet manages to escape being a prude. Nobody stops drinking their cocktail nor do they snuff out their cigarettes

or cigars when Hays comes into a room. He will even join those sour barber-shop quartettes that usually get going about 2 A. M. Somehow gay parties like to have Hays around. They respect him and he does not preach and is withal an extraordinarily good fellow. In the early hours he most pleasantly savours life.

He does not swear, adores vanilla ice cream and his collars never fit. He can lie in a bath, shave and read a newspaper at the same time—in fact he accomplishes this feat every morning. He is always stopping to talk to crossing cops—a habit of puddle jumpers new to town.

He can start three conferences going, pass from one

to another and still find time *en passant* to discuss a law point with one of his legal staff or shake hands for a moment with old friends. He answers every letter the day it arrives and everybody who goes to his office sees him, provided they are not actuated by merely idle curiosity.

He never reaches a train until the conductor's hand is raised in the signal to start. He can dictate to four stenographers at the same time successfully. And he is the greatest patron the telephone has ever known. He talks to Hollywood on an average of a half dozen times a day and at least twice every night.

Telephoning is a passion with him. If he awakens in

the night he begins ringing people up furiously. The sight of a phone makes him nervous. He has got to be using it.

He is one of the most sociable men I have ever known and at the same time the busiest. I have no authority for this statement but I do not believe he sleeps more than five hours a (Continued on page 111)

FACTS ABOUT WILL HAYS

He lives on the 37th floor of the Ritz Tower in New York.

He spends two weeks out of every month with the home folks in Indiana.

He specialized in botany at Wabash College. Out there he was awarded first prize as the worst waltzer of his day.

He does not drink and he does not smoke. He never swears. Yet the gayest parties like to have Will Hays around.

And O. O. McIntyre says he is the most restless man he ever knew.



Lois Moran as a child, with her mother, Mrs. Gladys Evans Dowling Moran. Mrs. Moran always had an ambition to make her daughter into a dancer. With the help of a wealthy great-aunt, she was able to take little Lois to Paris, where she studied ballet dancing.

IN Pittsburgh, the folks are mighty proud of little Lois Moran, the local girl who made good in the big city. For the Smoky Town, despite its 1,000,000 or so inhabitants, is still a big, overgrown village with a natural pride in home talent, so when one of Lois' pictures comes to town, the advertisements invariably read, "Pittsburgh's Own Lois Moran" in whatever cinema she happens to be appearing at the time.

Born March 1, 1909, in Neville Street, familiarly known as the city's university district inasmuch as it divides Pittsburgh's two leading institutions of higher learning, the University of Pittsburgh and the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Lois Moran came from an illustrious line of Pittsburgh pioneers. Her grandfather, T. D. Evans, was a prominent architect who served in the cavalry during the Civil War. He built the first elevator ever installed in a Pittsburgh office building and later designed the Soldier's Memorial Hall, one of the city's show spots which still stands not so far away from the scene of Lois' birthplace.

IT now seems only natural that this little girl of Irish-German descent would eventually follow a career in one way or another associated with the arts. Her great-great-grandfather was old Baron Christoph Friedrich von Ammon, a minister who back in the middle of the eighteenth century preached each

Pittsburgh Knew Lois Moran as Billy Dowling, "a Sweet and Unassuming Child"

Sunday at the Court of Saxony. A great-great-grandmother was a first cousin of Schiller, the famous German poet. And her grandmother, Sadie Ammon Evans, was a poetess, a brilliant soprano and pianist and a prominent linguist who for several years studied at Leipzig.

Lois Moran was born Lois Dowling, the daughter of Gladys Evans and Roger Dowling, and for stage purposes, she adopted the name of her stepfather, Dr. Timothy Moran, whom her widowed mother married a few years after Roger Dowling had been killed in an automobile accident while Lois was still a baby. Dr. Moran was an oculist for the Carnegie Steel Company here and it was during the war, when he succumbed to influenza at Camp Oglethorpe and Lois was a student at Seton Hill Academy, that the turning point, as you will be told later, arrived in the future motion-picture star's life.

The childhood of little Lois Moran was an uneventful one, guided chiefly by her mother's determination to embark her daughter on a career as a danseuse. She was a weak and anemic baby and, for a time, her parents feared that she would never survive.

A great-uncle, Franklin A. Ammon, now a prominent attorney in Pittsburgh, recounts the episodes in little Lois' life that turned her from a thin wisp of a tot into a round-faced, healthy, cherubic youngster.

"THERE was an old Scotch woman named Mrs. Perry," he recalled, "who had nursed several of the Evans children, so Lois' mother called her in to see what she could do for her daughter. Well, it was mid-Winter, the temperature was about four below zero and there was snow three inches thick on the ground when Mrs. Perry arrived at the Dowling home. She took one look at Lois and another look at the thermos bottles, scales and food formulas. The latter she tossed into an ash-can, then bundled Lois into a baby carriage as her mother looked on in frightened dismay and took the infant out for a long walk in that freezing weather, permitted her to sleep on the porch and kept repeating the 'treatment' for several weeks.

"Well, at the end of the Winter, little Lois Dowling was as healthy a specimen as you would want to see and she thrived thereafter by leaps and bounds."

To her family and to the little friends with whom she used to play tag on the steps of the Carnegie Library here. Lois was never called Lois, but "Billy," a nickname by which she is still known among her old Seton Hill classmates who remember her as "a sweet and unassuming child who could dance like nobody else."

Probing for the reason or reasons which enabled little Lois so early in life to exhibit an uncanny skill in combining grace with acrobatic dancing, Mr. Ammon recalled that "her father was no mean acrobat himself."



An unpublished picture of Lois Moran, when she was studying ballet dancing in Paris. This was shortly before she made her motion picture debut with a Spanish film company, playing a Christian martyr tossed to the lions in a Roman arena.

HOME TOWN STORIES of the STARS

By HAROLD W. COHEN

Motion Picture Editor of The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

"Roger Dowling would have probably been a circus performer had he not been such a successful steel man," he observed. "He could climb up two flights of stairs on his hands without batting an eyelash and tumble over chairs and tables like a veteran vaudeville trouper. Yes, I guess Lois' artistic-acrobatic skill was a combination of her lovely grandmother and her lamented father."

WHEN Lois was old enough to go to school, her mother bundled her off to Seton Hill Academy, a school for Catholic girls at Greensburg, near here, planted among the beautiful hills and pines of the Alleghany Mountains. Here her life was a quiet one, devoted to study and an even pursuit of the career she was later to follow.

A classmate, Mary Harris, a sister of John H. Harris, the prominent Pittsburgh theater executive and the daughter of the late State Senator John P. Harris, the founder of the nickelodeon, remembers Lois, or Billy, as "a sweet girl who was very popular among her classmates."

"Billy was barely a child then," Miss Harris recalls, "but she was an excellent dancer and as graceful as a swan. All of us predicted a brilliant future for her in that field but, of course, we never suspected that she would ever achieve such fame in the movies."

"She always displayed a keen interest in the theater, however, and usually had the leading rôle in all of our class plays. She was very studious, too, and quite a scholar. The only movies we ever saw at Seton Hill were those my father or brother would send up occasionally, and in these, Billy showed only the ordinary interest that any girl—or boy—would display. And she was just as popular among the Sisters as she was among the students."

Even now, a large portrait of Lois Moran—she was just Billy Dowling then, however—hangs in one of Seton Hill's beautiful halls. That's what they think of her there.

Lois was only twelve when her stepfather died and her mother determined then and there to start her off finally on her life's work. A great-aunt of the future star, Edith Darlington Ammon, of the old and socially prominent Darlington family of Pittsburgh had taken a keen interest in the child and agreed to finance ballet lessons for her in Paris under the finest instructors. That great-aunt, since dead, later left Lois Moran a fortune which it is said will approach a quarter of a million dollars and part of which the screen star received here only last March upon reaching twenty-one.

SO little Lois was taken from Seton Hill and sailed away to Europe with her mother, a move that was to fashion her life definitely. From this point on, Lois' career was followed in Pittsburgh closely through letters to friends and relatives. Many of these letters were written in excellent French, which Lois mastered soon after her arrival in Paris and which language she now speaks and writes fluently.

It was really a Pittsburgh (Continued on page 107)



Photograph by Chidnoff

Lois Moran was born in Pittsburgh in 1909. She came from a long line of Pittsburgh pioneers and is of Irish-German ancestry. Her childhood was uneventful. She was a student at Seton Hill Academy in the Alleghanies.

COMING NEXT MONTH
THE HOME TOWN STORY OF
MARY ASTOR

She Was a Successful Movie Star Until She Became Finger Bowl Conscious and Went in for Dignity and a Polo-Playing Husband. Then Her Popularity Waned. She Had a Bad Case of Refinement

"I wanted to see her act," explained Foghorn Turbot, from the top of a pile of scenery. "I knew if I didn't hide, she'd chase me—"

"You big lummoX," flared the star. "You bet I'll chase you—run, don't walk, to the nearest exit!"

THERE are moments, according to the poets, when Life lies panting in the arms of Fate, poised, expectant, before once more rushing onward to what is waiting around the corner. The grey and coral glory of an Arizona dawn might be one of those moments, the creaming crest of a wave just before it breaks could be another, but many minds more stable than those of poets agree that the entrance of an ultra famous picture star into a crowded restaurant creates the supreme and poignant hush that is the reward of true press agency.

Such an event was taking place in the gilt and lacquer showcase of La Corona Café, that expensively exclusive seventh heaven for Hollywood payboys and girls, for no less a person than Dixie Baronne was returning, after a year's exile, with her third and handsomest husband. Straight down the center she drifted in a cloud of rosy tulle and chiffon, and all cinematic Hollywood that mattered, save two gentlemen at a rear table, twittered and postured in the hope of being recognized. One of the two gentlemen, a large and jovial specimen, went further. He climbed on his chair and offered a welcome that caused a concussion in the perfumed air.

"Hi, baby!" he shouted. "You look like a million dollars!"

SOMEBODY snickered, for that amount was supposed to represent the chief attraction of Mr. Ogilvie Oakleigh, 4th., of the Newport Oakleighs, who trailed his wife with the disdain of a world's champion polo player who finds himself in a barnyard. In the saddle Mr. Oakleigh was a sixteen-goal man and sudden death in a broken field; out of it he was merely a sunburned, slightly owlish youth, and all the interruption did was to make his childish mouth sag a little more than usual.

Not so the sleekly brunette Miss Baronne, who seemed to add a couple of inches to her five foot three as she whirled about, her opalescent eyes slanted with fury. "Once a clown, always a clown!" she seethed, and, as an afterthought, "A leopard cannot change his spots!" The large gentleman descended meekly from his perch, and Miss Baronne proceeded to her orchid-banked table, wearing an expression she hoped was dignity incarnate, but which looked more like a reformer suffering from badly digested Christianity.

"She's a great gal," said the bulky Mr. Foghorn Turbot, character man *de luxe* and chief picture purloiner of Fascination Films, reseating himself.



Mr. A. B. Sealyham, the small and dapper production chief for the same company, scowled at his companion, then tossed a kiss in the general direction of the shimmering Dixie. "What a simile," he chirped. "Great—why, she's like a tiny ivory cameo! And where do you get off to go bawling at her like a bull?"

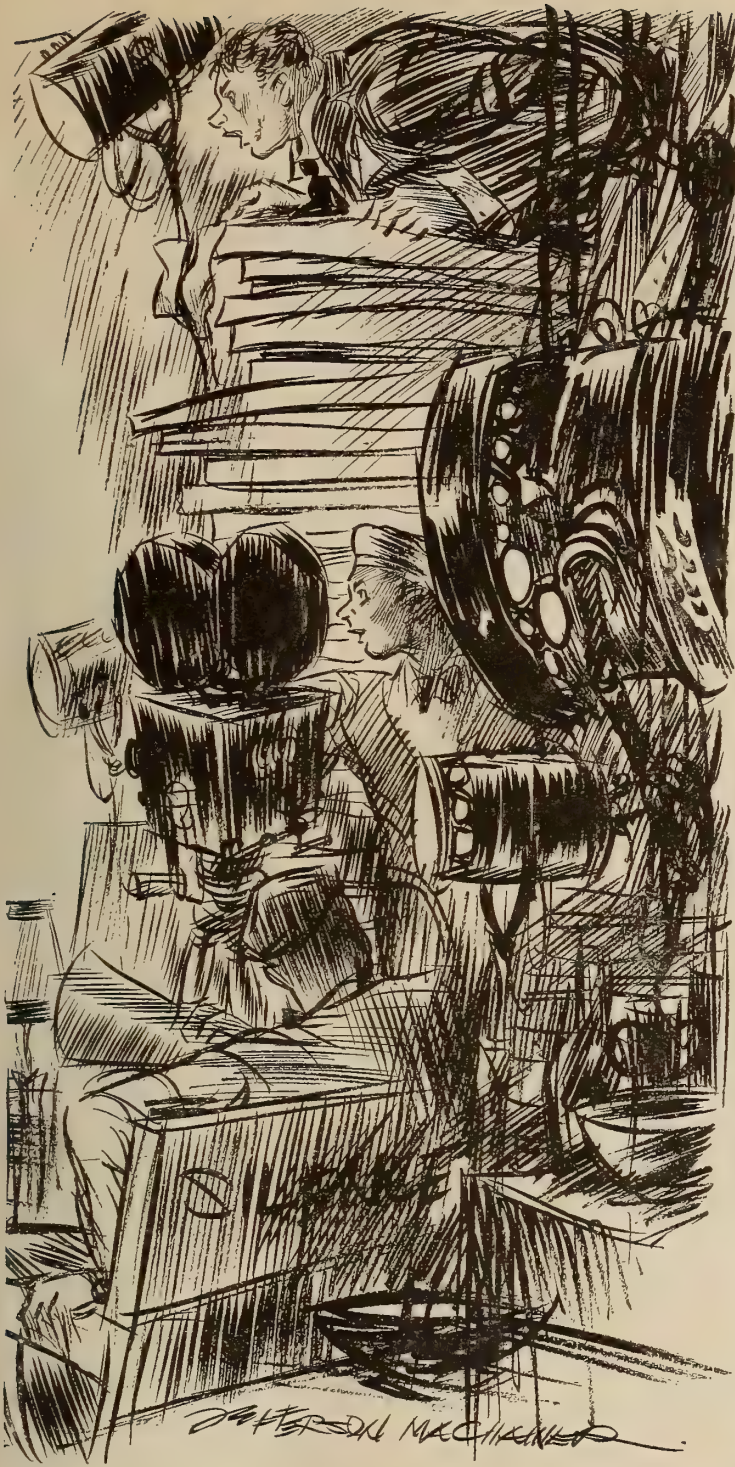
"You know me," grinned Mr. Turbot. "Anything for a laugh, and besides, I wanted to see what she'd do. I could hear her thirty-two teeth grinding even from this distance. What fire, what a little dynamo, what a gal—wow! Boy, am I glad she ain't married to me any longer."

"Don't say 'ain't,'" cautioned the other. "She wouldn't like it. Look at me—didn't she cure me of it when I was her husband? Right now I can talk pretty near as good grammar as my secretary, and I owe it all to Dixie. But I'm with you about being free from her, Foghorn. You know, she just used you and me as a couple of springboards on the edge of the pool of life. It breaks me all up to think of it."

Once in a Wifetime

BY
STEWART ROBERTSON

Illustrated by Jefferson Machamer



IT doesn't even warp me, Billy. I'd rather have been a springboard than the lowest tile in the deep end. Say, that woman's been the making of me! When we got married six years ago I was doing cheap comedy, but after she gave me the go-by, what happened? I got my teeth into my art, and now I'm there with the vicious villainy or the homespun heart bluff at three grand weekly."

"Yeah," said Mr. Sealyham darkly, "but way down under it all you know you didn't treat her right, or why should she have lassoed me?"

A look of bewilderment spread over Foghorn's scrambled features. "I never so much as pulled a chair from under her" he declared. "It was my wise-cracking that caused the bust-up and yet there was a time when she'd get hysterics over it. Lots of days when she was all in after being socked with breakaways or all pulpy from flopping in the waves at Catalina, I used to give her a laugh with my imitation of a pig thinking. Then I'd tell her the one about the new cop and the sergeant."

The cop is walking his beat, see, and what does he find on it but a stew, but not wanting to run him in if it ain't necessary, he rings up the sergeant. 'There's a stew over here on Kosciuszko Street,' he tells him. 'Should I make the pinch or leave him go?' 'Bring him in,' says the sergeant, who has to enter the case in the record book, 'but listen; drag him over to Flatbush Avenue and arrest him there—I can't spell Kosciuszko!'"

Mr. Sealyham smiled bleakly. "Now I know why she used to wake up screaming," he announced.

"Aw, that was one of her favorites. It was a year later, when she began getting finger-bowl conscious, that we had the break. I stayed out pretty late on election night, and when I got home I thought it was a blow torch, or something, that opened the door. 'You big stumblebum!' she yelled,—oh, yes, she knew all those words—'what do you mean by neglecting your wife and hanging around the polls?' 'Why not?' I snapped back. 'They're as good as any other nationality.' And with that she hauled off and socked me."

"She was always the lady with me," mumbled the production manager. "Just like I said—delicate as a skylark and——"

"So she says, 'I'm off you, you lopeared laugh-maker. I'm going to marry a man with dignity, a man of importance in the world.' 'Go to it,' I says, 'but what about when he finds out you're just another one of them Brooklyn Brannigans that thinks Sandy Hook's a Scotchman?' So we parted, but I wasn't paying her alimony for over six months before she'd captured you." Mr. Turbot's gaze rested on his erstwhile rival. "And what did your dignity get you?" he inquired. "The good old runaround, the same as me."

"WOMEN are peculiar," said Mr. Sealyham as if he had invented the phrase. "There we were, in one of those pink stucco castles laced in with enough wrought iron gates to go around a cemetery, and yet two years was her limit. I'd made a star out of her and plenty of jack for myself by that time, too. You remember how that left eyebrow pops up when she gets riled?"

"No skating today," nodded Foghorn. "Pull for the shore, etcetera."

"Well, I got home one evening, and there it was

peaked up like a lance-corporal's chevron. 'Listen, you,' she says real nasty, 'how is it that you never told me you were named after a dog?' Can you imagine the shock to a sensitive executive like me? It seemed that her favorite pet shop had imported some new kind of pups from England, and they're not only Sealyhams, but terribly fashionable. 'So if you think I'm going to stay married to you,' she screams, 'you'd better get fluoroscoped. I can just hear the wise-cracks about the dog's life I'm leading! That's mental cruelty, if I know my judges.' And after she gives me a tabloid performance of Madame Butterfly in distress I had to spend the night in what the architect laughingly refers to as a master's bedroom."

"Always the lady, huh?"

"Well, at least she didn't hit me, and the next morning I found out that she was tired of me, anyhow, and yearned for what's known as a scion of aristocracy. 'He must be athletic,' she says, 'all sprinkled with salt water or divots or something. Entirely different from you, A. B., because the only exercise you ever take is skipping the big words in *The American Mercury*. I want a rotogravure Romeo with blue blood in his veins and well-worn tweeds on the outside. A man,' she says, 'who trails blue clouds of smoke on the crisp autumn air of the Berkshire Hills when all the common people have gone back to work.'"

"There he is," chortled Mr. Turbot, jerking a thumb toward the fourth Oakleigh, "and what a kick in the teeth that is to us, Dixie preferring a dummy like that. I wonder how he likes it. They had a six months' honeymoon in Europe, and the rest of the time she's been working at the Galaxy studio on Long—, say, look at her eyebrow!"

"That's only because she's got us spotted," said husband number two uneasily, as he bowed to the suddenly twinkling Miss Baronne. "I guess it's just as well we can't hear what she's telling him."

OVER at the center table the vapid Mr. Oakleigh, after a survey of the customers, had relapsed into a fit of the sulks. "What a mob," he muttered. "Nobody here who really matters; an intriguing face or two, perhaps, but—here, what d'you mean by bowing to that person who shouted at you! For Heaven's sake, have a little dignity."

"I'm not looking at that big tramp," said Dixie, still smiling sweetly on Mr. Sealyham. "He's only my first husband; it's the second one, that neat little man, that I'm being nice to. And," continued the flamboyant brunette without losing her mask of gaiety, "take your eyes off that henna-rinsed Miraflores woman at the next table and pay a little more attention to me. Why, she hasn't worked since the talkies came in! Your cue is to be the doting husband in front of the public, Ogilvie, or I'll begin to think you look on me as just another polo pony."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Oakleigh, throwing back his head and looking very brown and virile. "You're one of my possessions, aren't you? A beautiful woman is all very well in her place, but—well, here come my mushrooms *sous cloche*, so I can't be bothered right now."

"What a swell-looking couple," said Mr. Sealyham wistfully. "Madly in love, too, I'll bet a nickel."

"Now I know why she ditched you," husked Foghorn, who had been regarding his ex-strife narrowly.

"No intuition. You can't see beyond the end of your nose, although I'll admit that's quite a distance.

You're a mere official, Silly, but I'm an actor, and if Dixie isn't playing a part, then I don't know the signs."

Mr. Sealyham paid no attention. "I only hope she won't think I'm trying to come between them," he murmured, "but when I see her tomorrow—"

"Nix on that stuff," cut in Mr. Turbot. "So the second hand castoff's turning sheik, eh? Well, not while I'm conscious!"

"Wrong again, numbskull," said his successor. "It's like this: Since Dixie's got mixing in with high society her pictures haven't been much of a wow. You know how hard it is to make good films around New York, with all of Broadway waiting to take the boob stars for a ride, the same as any other jays? Well, Galaxy is fed up with Dixie, and they've been trying to peddle her contract on the quiet. S-so, she doesn't know this yet, mind you, but I've acquired it, and from now on she's going to climb back where she belongs."

"You mean that female buzz saw's going to work on the Fascination lot?" queried Foghorn, his cheery face shadowed with panic. "Why, she'll have it blown open inside a week! You're not brainy after all; what's ailing you is sentimentality."

"It's the same with you," asserted Mr. Sealyham stoutly. "Your words may be hard-boiled, but your glances are soft, and why not—isn't she one in a million? Ahhhhhh, this guy Cupid!—it's a wonder he wouldn't wrap himself up a little more so that people couldn't recognize him so easy. We loved and lost, Foghorn, old kid, but the least we can do is to give our Dixie a break."

Mr. Turbot was silent for a moment. "All right," he mumbled at last, "but I'll exert my influence by remote control. I'm telling you, Silly, I'm afraid of her! Her and Cleopatra—just

a couple of sexhibitors not guilty of restraint of trade."

THE hour was five o'clock, the air was aromatic with China tea, cointreau and buttered crumpets, and Mr. A. B. Sealyham, suspended somewhere between Heaven and earth, was gazing into twin pools of misty bluish-grey flecked with highlights of delicate green. The pools were the property of Dixie Baronne and they held an expression that her second choice had never known, for some of the mist had crept out into her eyelashes and she was blinking them very swiftly.

"You're a prince, A. B.," she told him softly. "I know all that this means, and I'm so grateful. Do I sign here?"

Mr. Sealyham nodded, blotted the signature, and sat looking as though he had committed a crime. "Just a matter of business," he blurted. "Those Galaxy people could never get the best out of you, but I'll soon have the fans back knocking down the doors to see and hear you."

"What's this?" drawled Oakleigh, 4th., from a corner. "Do I understand, my good chap, that Dixie is slipping? Preposterous! Or—uh, isn't it?"

"I mean," said the production chief crisply, "that the two films she made in the East for Galaxy grossed the lowest receipts in her history. If that kept up indefinitely, she'd lose her public."

"She wouldn't attract so much attention? People wouldn't fight with the police to get near her? We wouldn't be stared at wherever we went?"

"You certainly catch on quickly," said Mr. Sealyham, much irritated at the inner workings of this outdoor mind. "A star's got to keep her five points

Foghorn Turbot was a mug who amused the stars with bad wheezes until he stole their pictures. He had lots of friends—but not in Hollywood. But he did save the beautiful Dixie Baronne from herself.

Dixie, star of Galaxy Pictures, knew her judges as did few film stars. But her third husband—one of the Newport Oakleighs—nearly dimmed her career.

Dixie and Foghorn are the chief characters of this hilarious Hollywood yarn by the popular Stewart Robertson.

"Darling," shrieked Dixie, dashing out from ambush. "Are you hurt? Speak to me."

"My ankle," Foghorn groaned pathetically. "It feels as big as a baby star's head."

sharpened up or she gets to be a mere blot; any crackpot knows that. And you and I are going to help her."

"Speak for yourself. I'm not engaged in this filthy business."

"You're in love with her, aren't you?" inquired Mr. Sealyham in sudden dread as he noticed the Baronne eyebrow growing tentlike. "Y—you must be."

Mr. Oakleigh stretched himself in his well-worn tweeds and exhaled blue smoke. "I've been married to her for a year," he said insolently. "Tell me, my good chap, how did you feel at that period of your sentence?"

"In love with her, of course, the same as now. Is it Dixie's fault that I was too common and dull for her? But you, you animated magazine cover, you're what she always wanted, so you'd better not walk out on her."

"Wait a second," said Miss Baronne wearily. "There's no use shouting at these Social Registerites. I've tried it, and they think you're just hailing a taxi." She turned to the stalwart Ogilvie. "You want to be proud of me, don't you, darling? Well, A. B. means that you can help by hanging around the stage when I'm working, the way I begged you to at Long Island. If you had, I'm sure those pictures would have been better."

"SHE'S right," seconded the earnest A. B. "Y'see, son, actresses live on praise. Real or phony they don't know the difference, but they've got to have it. All you do is sit in a nice comfortable chair, and when she's through a scene you chime in with a line of, 'Honey, you were wonderful,' or 'You certainly put a lump in my throat that time, baby,' and the likes of that. It'll put a sparkle in her eyes that isn't there now."

"I'll have to think this over," said Oakleigh, 4th, making for the door. "I've got to get out of here and breathe some fresh air. I'll be over by the car, snip, so don't keep me waiting too long."

"Are my eardrums busted?" gasped Mr. Sealyham when the door had closed. "You beg him to do things,



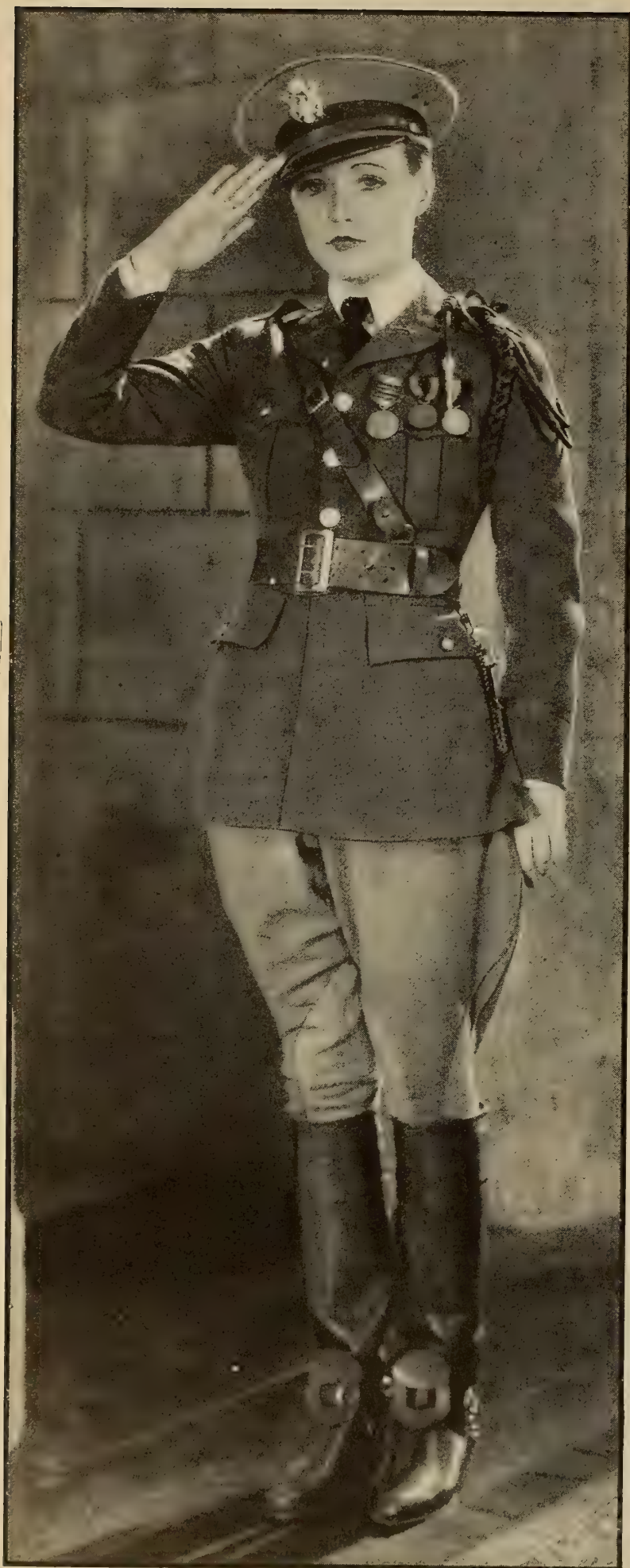
and he gets away with calling you 'snip'! The world must have gone into reverse when I wasn't looking."

"It does seem different to me," admitted Dixie. "I'm so happy to be back here, A. B., because those blue-bloods certainly know how to give a girl the chills. My husband's just as bad. Oh, I thought he was grand at the polo matches, all white pants and riding boots and his picture in the rotogravure, but now I'm not so sure. You see, I—I found out that the ponies themselves are eighty percent of any polo team."

"So Foghorn was right. You're not happy."

"Foghorn! Why, how dare he! Of course, I'm happy, most of the time, anyhow, and my husband's really quite unusual. I'm crazy about him. I saw him looking at that Miraflores wreck the other night and if I thought it would make him love me any more, why, I'd go henna myself—oooooh, A. B.!"

"Yeah, I know," said Sealyham dryly. "You're unusual, too—as an actress. But you're afraid that people will laugh at you if you lose this well-bred cluck, and there's nothing left but the Prince of Wales and he's out to lunch. Go ahead, baby, weep on my lapels, but I'll take those kinks out (Continued on page 96)



The Good News GIRL

BY

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

WHEN you are past thirty, you begin on rainy afternoons and quiet evenings, to take stock of your mental storehouse.

You begin to take down from the shelves thoughts, memories, theories and ideals, stored there unlabelled year after year, and estimate their value. You cast out useless fragments of bitterness, left-over resentments, young disappointments and vain regrets. You begin to see that since you alone must live with your mind, your happiness depends largely on the thoughts which you allow to remain within it. You learn what you think and remembrance makes your daily living bearable or unbearable.

At least it has been so with me.

And you will find that the treasured companions of your lonely hours are the thoughts of people who have shown you most those qualities which convince you that man is made in the image and likeness of a god you can worship with confidence and self-respect.

SOMETIMES you find those people within the pages of your favorite books. Sometimes you are fortunate enough to find them within the four walls of your own dwelling places. Sometimes you view them passing at a distance, in world news. Above all, you must find these things in your friends, or life is a failure.

I was going through my mental storehouse the other day. And I came upon the figure of Marion Davies.

Outside, a gale banged gusts of rain against the windows. The waves of the mighty

Marion Davies, in the uniform of honorary colonel in the Twenty-Sixth Infantry, First Division, which she wore as hostess of the big Armistice Day Veterans' Ball, held at the Hotel Biltmore in Los Angeles.

Pacific thundered against our little fence. Inside, the room glowed with that soft fire-light which inspires thoughts of gratitude.

And having

She is Marion Davies, Who Is Something More Than a Film Star. She Is Genuinely Kind Hearted

come upon Marion, in my thoughts I spent an entire hour thinking how much richer my life must always be because among the thousands of people who have passed along my path in Hollywood, one of them was Marion.

I owe her much laughter. I owe her much gaiety and many days of rest and rebuilding in beautiful surroundings. I owe her, as thousands do, pleasant and delightful evenings in the theater. But I owe her much more than that.

THERE are three things which I, in my own fashion, have admired beyond all other traits of character.

We know so little really. Yet each of us must build for ourselves a religion of some sort, that suffices to guide and console. A religion that demands no more faith than we can honestly give. If that religion happens to be an established creed, well and good. If it doesn't, well and good again.

Mine is an everyday affair that many might reject. Yet it has seen me through some tough spots in these better than thirty years.

It is built upon the best qualities which I have seen my fellow men display. For I feel in my innermost heart that if the supreme being but exhibits those same qualities we shall all be quite safe. And must he not, if we have them?

I decided upon that particular rainy afternoon upon three things which three people have proved to me to exist in a world I have sometimes had cause to doubt.

The unshakable loyalty of Colleen Moore.

The loving faith in good of Mary Pickford.

And the kindliness of Marion Davies.

This is a very modern world,
(Continued on page 123)

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Marion Davies' fame as a hostess has spread over two continents. There can be no question that she is Hollywood's social dictator. She has given parties amazing in their beauty, their guests, their entertainment. Miss Davies' great gift as a hostess is based upon her real, warm, deep Irish hospitality.





"I'd Rather Die Than LOAF"

A Millionaire Many Times Over, Howard Hughes Seeks New Fortunes in Hollywood

By DICK HYLAND

Howard Hughes is just twenty-one. He inherited an enormous fortune from his father and came to Hollywood, the only town, he says, offering the possibility of great financial returns for an investment. He put four millions into the making of "Hell's Angels."

HE has wealth running into millions of dollars. An income of over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a month and he says, "I'd rather die than be a loafer."

Dozens of fortunes have been lost in a vain endeavor to increase them by making motion pictures, yet he says, "I'm making motion pictures because there is the possibility of greater financial returns in making them than in any other business."

He is Howard Hughes.

Five years ago a lone Texan came to Hollywood.

Tall, slender, just turned twenty-one, with a serious face and a shy, awkward manner, he came to visit his uncle, Rupert Hughes, the novelist, who lives in Hollywood. He had just inherited, without strings of any kind, the Hughes Tool Company of Texas, and the enormous fortune that company had piled up for his father.

Wise ones shook their heads and said, "Ah! One of the richest young men in the world is on the loose in Hollywood, huh? He'll be out for all the wild life reported as existing in Hollywood. Probably find some of it and soon go the way of all the rest of them."

HE fooled them. He announced that he intended to produce pictures himself. Still the wise ones said, "Just a toy with him. Some pampered sons of the idle rich go in for million-dollar yachts, racing or polo stables, and such like fads. Hughes is having his little fling making pictures instead."

Now, after five years, Hollywood is beginning to believe that Howard Hughes means business. Not only beginning to believe him, but to sit up and take very

close notice of him. Because he is sticking to it and likewise kicking some of their pet ideas around.

In this interview, Howard Hughes for the first time explains exactly why he came to Hollywood, why he is producing pictures, and why he intends to keep on producing them.

He may be a playboy, this young fellow who startled the picture world by spending four million dollars on "Hell's Angels." But he hasn't had a day off in five years. He may be making pictures "just for fun," but he works so hard that he broke five dates to play golf with me in two weeks, because he was too busy to leave the studio.

What Hollywood didn't know, five years ago when that slim Texan appeared, was that he was looking for something, had been looking for it for four years.

EVEN in his teens, he and officials of the Hughes Tool Company had been looking for an article to manufacture besides the ones they already made. They wanted to use their surplus capital in some line of business different from their own manufacturing plant.

Their hope was to find some other mechanical invention, preferably not connected with oil-well drilling, which would allow them to carry on in slack seasons.

Even now, though this is not generally known, Howard Hughes employs a staff of men in Hollywood who do nothing but investigate and test inventions. For five years they have been doing

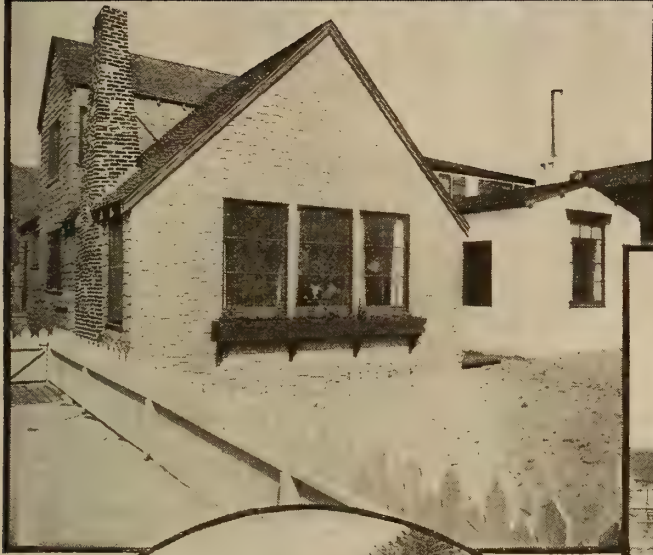
that, and have not as yet found anything worthy of being backed by the Hughes fortune, even though they have looked at as many as twenty-five a day during this time.

I'll let Howard Hughes, who came to Hollywood not on pleasure bent, but with his eyes open, tell you what he was looking for and why.

He'll have to tell it to you as he did to me, because he's a very busy young man. He will tell it between answering important telephone calls, about stories, productions, advertising. While (Continued on page 106)

"I believe I can make the most money by making the best pictures. As a manufacturer, I was trained to produce the best article possible. It was my father's code. If I manufacture pictures, I'll live up to that code."

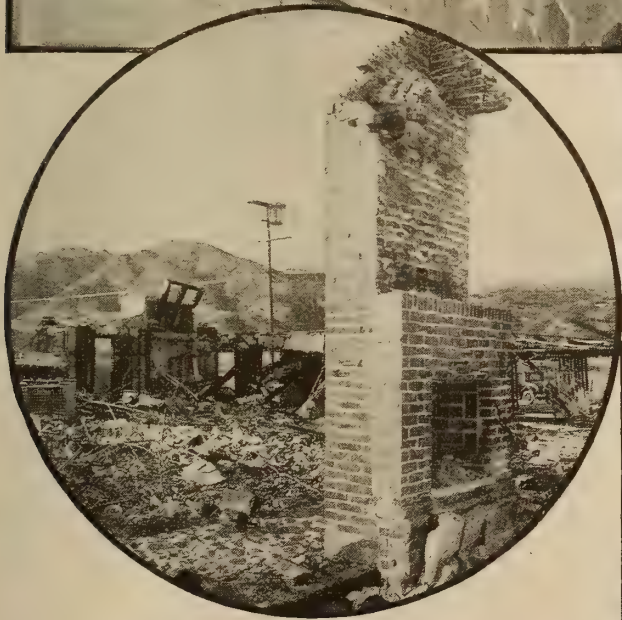
—HOWARD HUGHES



The famous beach at Malibu, where many of the celebrated movie stars live, was swept by fire recently. Above, the remains of Buddy De Sylva's home. Left, Marie Prevost's residence before the fire and, below, just after. In the circle the remains of Louise Fazenda's home and at the bottom right, the same house before the fire.



Full details on Page 27.



Fire at Malibu





Greta Garbo: Will the success of Marlene Dietrich imperil her popularity?



Marlene Dietrich: Herb Howe says she will panic the pulse of the nation.



Maurice Chevalier: He is becoming dangerously in need of good pictures.



Harold Lloyd: No trouble in 1931, says Howe, for this ingenious laugh creator.

The HOLLYWOOD

I INTENDED to utter my 1931 prophecies from this rostrum last month but my boat got in a little late and it took the custom officers a longer time than usual to check the jewels and other glassware. However, I shall not leave you reeling in darkness as to Who'll be Who the ensuing year. With this apology for tardiness I am ringing up the curtain on my exclusive 1931 Preview.

A Little Salesmanship Talk—On reading Frederick James Smith's review of the past year you must have been awed to note that nearly all my 1930 predictions were fulfilled. I was myself. Neither Mr. Smith nor I claim infallibility or wish to exalt ourselves above our fellowmen, but it does seem to me that, if we applied just a little burnt cork we would be generally recognized as the Amos 'n' Andy of critics. We check and double check!

Prophecies Fulfilled—For the newer members of the organization who may not as yet be true converts of NEW MOVIE'S Mahomet I herewith repeat some of my uncanny prophecies made for last year. (At the same time airily passing over those not so uncanny.)

I foresaw Garbo and Chevalier as leaders in interest; Harold Lloyd continuing to lead best-sellers. The best bets among talkie discoveries were listed as: Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert, Loretta Young, Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, Will Rogers. . . . The silent stars who would make the greatest advance with the microphone: Gloria Swanson, Richard Barthelmess, Ramon Novarro, Bebe Daniels, John Barrymore, Gary Cooper, Norma Shearer, John Boles, Ronald Colman. . . .

In mid-year I was inspired to proclaim, after the first shot of "All Quiet on the Western Front," that Lewis Ayres was the most promising youth recruit since Barthelmess. On my return from Europe after a lapse of only six months I find Lew's name blazing from two Broadway theaters and five enormous heads of him wagging under the canopy of Warner's Hollywood theater.

Is this or is this not picking the rabbit from the hat? . . . I pause to ask. . . .

(Three Minutes Interval for Applause to Subside)

Queen Marie of Roarmania—Having adjusted the beard of the prophet, studied the tea leaves, peered into the

Back in Hollywood, Mr. Howe Dashes Off His Famous Predictions for the Year—He Hands Screen Leadership to Queen Marie Dressler of Roarmania

crystal and hearkened to the jibberings of Mincehaba, my "control" from the Happy Hunting Ground, I wave the wand that lifts the curtain on the Boulevardier's Preview of 1931:

Enter the Queen, trippingly: Marie Dressler (for it is she who leads the New Year procession as Queen of Queens, Power of Trinity (M.-G.-M.), Conquering Lioness of the Shekels.) Charlie Chaplin is her escort and Mickey the Mouse follows as train bearer.

Harold Lloyd, Wally Beery and Will Rogers are close courtiers.

This is the administration that will bring prosperity to the 1931 box-office and, I trust, dispel the gloom induced by radio cheer-up artists, upward-trend quackers and other depressing optimists who should be at work.

The Heart Interest—Fraulein Marlene Dietrich will panic the pulse of the nation and have it running a fever by the end of the year. In her, all Graces are enshrined. (Already she's driven me lyric.) I join my shouts with Adela Rogers St. Johns—a duet that would drown even an African M. E. choir—declaring Marlene the greatest gift since Pola Negri.

It is said she resembles Greta Garbo. That certainly is not against her. Most every woman does resemble Greta in so far as the genius of the beauty doctor lies. From shoulders heavenward Miss Dietrich does suggest Miss Garbo, but I think if Greta were to don the one-piece costume Marlene wears in "Morocco" you would note certain important differences. (This is pure surmise.) It would be an interesting exhibition from an aesthetic standpoint and would draw more art lovers, I'll wager, than a joint exhibition of the Venuses de Milo and de Medici.

Marlene's Insurance—My confidence in the Dietrich future is not fevered solely by her physical and histrionic attributes. I have snooped behind scenes and learned that her contract requires Von Sternberg as director of all her pictures. This is expert insurance. Miss Garbo without Director Clarence Brown and Producer Thalberg would not be the Garbo she is.

What About Greta?—The past year the question has been What About Clara? This year it is liable to be What About Greta? You will note I have side-stepped the Garbo-Dietrich issue very neatly by proclaiming



Charles Chaplin: Time nor talkie can move this genius from his position.



Marie Dressler: She leads as Supreme Lioness of the Boxoffice Shekels.



Clara Bow: This will be a critical year for the Brooklyn IT girl, says the Boulevardier.



Richard Barthelmess: Through the years he has had the steadiest success.

BOULEVARDIER By HERB HOWE

Marie Dressler queen. No one as yet has accused Marie of looking like Greta. Anyhow, I liken myself to Mahomet in more ways than prophecy: I have a harem heart in which both Greta and Marlene can be comfortably accommodated. The notion that we must put off the old love upon kissing the new is a relic of barbarism. It is easier to be Puritan at home with a little polygamy via the screen.

Chevalier's Swan Chanson—Chevalier is becoming dangerously monotonous. He has had only one fine picture, "The Love Parade." Lacking variety in person he needs it in stories. Stu Erwin is accused of "stealing" some of the effulgence in "Playboy of Paris." If Maurice knew what was good for him he would welcome more thieves in his casts. Marie Dressler stole nothing from Garbo in making "Anna Christie" a better picture—to the aggrandizement of Garbo. M. Chevalier should not have parted so readily with Jeanette MacDonald who complemented his charm. I fear Maurice has the foreign idea of a star.

Don't Worry About Maurice—You probably have wondered how France has managed to get the world's largest gold supply. It is Maurice's bank deposits.

Stars on Upward Trend—Among the players whom I foresee making greatest gains this year: Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Constance Bennett, Stu Erwin, Lewis Ayres, Gary Cooper, Nancy Carroll, Claudette Colbert, Helen Twelvetrees, Jeanette MacDonald, Fredric March, Joe E. Brown, Robert Montgomery, Loretta Young, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Richard Cromwell—(Fill in blank yourself).

Stars Holding Stride—Norma Shearer, Richard Barthelmess, Ruth Chatterton, Ramon Novarro, William Powell, Joan Crawford, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies, Ronald Colman, Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Oakie, Lupe Velez. . . .

Slump Threatening—This will be a critical year for Clara Bow, William Haines, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, George Bancroft and Charles Rogers who-does-not-choose-to-run-as-Buddy.

Lese Majeste—Was it Patrick Henry who said of the United Artists, "United we stand, divided we fall"? Mary, Doug and Norma must be rated as producers. On their wisdom as such depends their stellar procedure.

What About Clara Bow?—Well, what about her? She's all right so far as I'm concerned. Give Clara a story as good as she is and her chances are good despite uncomplimentary headlines. I suggest a talkie version of "Sadie Thompson."

1931

Herb Howe says these players will make the greatest gains this year:

Ann Harding, Constance Bennett, Walter Huston, Lewis Ayres, Gary Cooper, Stu Erwin, Nancy Carroll, Claudette Colbert, Helen Twelvetrees, Jeanette MacDonald, Fredric March, Joe E. Brown, Robert Montgomery, Loretta Young, Maureen O'Sullivan and Richard Cromwell.

Among the stars best holding their own are: Norma Shearer, Richard Barthelmess, Ruth Chatterton, Ramon Novarro, William Powell, Joan Crawford, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies, Ronald Colman, Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Oakie.

The Tol'able Richards—Youth of refreshing charm and natural talent comes on the scene in Richard Cromwell. I viewed his performance of "Tol'able David" with a stern eye. I saw my old comrade Barthelmess come to glory in that rôle these many years ago. Young Cromwell has not had the preparatory training that Barthelmess had. They are unlike in personality and physical set-up. No Garbo - Dietrich dispute here. But they both gave to the rôle a direct honesty and clean transparency. American, that's what they are, say I, unfurling the old flag. After hospitable huzzahs for the foreigners I'm glad to don the khaki and take up the old refrain, "The Yanks Are Coming."

Champion Barthelmess—With the exception of those stars who have financed themselves—Chaplin, Fairbanks, Lloyd *et al*—Richard Barthelmess has had the steadiest success of any star. He is the finest of the younger actors and I daresay he will be the best of the old ones when his time comes. His secret is that he is not exclusively actor. He is especially endowed with the qualities necessary for the Hollywood battle. He's a composition of scholarly intelligence, business shrewdness and interpretative thought. Where other stars have had to form (Continued on page 110)

LAUGHS of the FILMS

OH!-OH!- I JUST
SAW A MAN SHOT
DOWN UNDER MY
VERY NOSE!



M-M-M-M—
THAT'S
POSSIBLE!



ED WYNN
IN
← 'FOLLOW THE LEADER'

ACCORDING TO THIS,
OUR DARLING BROTHER
SEEMS TO HAVE
KILLED
SOMEONE!



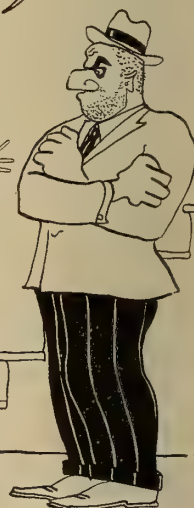
ANYONE
WE KNOW?



I'M GRANTING YA
ONE LAST FAVOR.
HOW'D'JA PREFER T'
DIE?



I-IN G-GRETA
G-GARBO'S
A-ARMS!

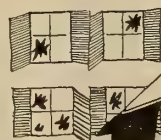


INA CLAIRE
& HENRIETTA
CROSMAN
IN
"THE
ROYAL
FAMILY"

SO YOU'VE **TWO** CARS—
A FORD AND AN
AUSTIN?



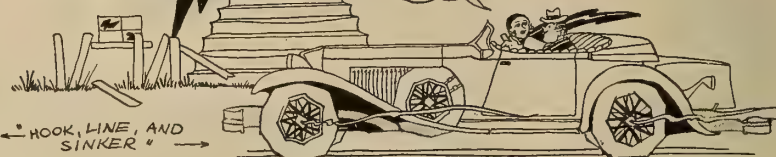
YES, BUT I'M
PUTTING THE BIG
CAR UP FOR THE
WINTER!



THIS IS THE
HOTEL MY
UNCLE GAVE
ME!

YOU'VE BEEN
ROBBED!

← "HOOK, LINE, AND
SINKER" →



ROSALIND HIGHTOWER



Photograph by John Miehle

MARY PICKFORD

As the little gamin who aspires to stage honors, "America's sweetheart" will have a new sort of role in "Kiki."



Photograph by Hurrell

CONSTANCE BENNETT



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

KAY FRANCIS



CLAIRE LUCE



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

GARY COOPER



Photograph by Hurrell

MARIE DRESSLER



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

DOROTHY PETERSON

The BANJO PLAYER Who MADE GOOD

But Lew Ayres Had to Sell His Musical Instruments Before Hollywood Gave Him a Break

BY DICK HYLAND

WITHOUT change of characters or plot, this could very well be a fiction story. We could even call it, "Darkest Before Dawn," and that title would fit as a hand fits in the usual glove. It is the story of Lew Ayres.

It tells how a big league banjo player came to Hollywood. Starved—I mean just that—trying to crash the gates of film fame, was on the very verge of giving up the ghost and admitting defeat, gained a momentary truce in the battle of Ayres vs. Hollywood, and then came through with a clean knockout which left Hollywood gasping. When it finally stopped blinking Hollywood extended a congratulatory hand to Lew Ayres and said "Welcome, Brother." It's a tough town to lick, but once having shown Hollywood you can fight and win, the town is yours.

I RATHER hedged away from doing a story on Lew Ayres. Two or three of the people I talked to—I know now they had never met him—said that he was "just an actor and a nice boy." That is about the worst thing you can call a person, both to Hollywood and to me. To say a boy is "just an actor" means that his thought process is nil, he will not shake his head for

Lew Ayres was raised in San Diego. After High School he became a banjoist in coast orchestras. Finally he landed a job in the band at Fatty Arbuckle's cafe. That gave him a remote taste for screen fame—and he decided to become a star himself.

fear of mussing the curls in his hair, he flashes a "set" and stiff smile at you—and always talks about himself. It means he acts continuously, on and off the set. And I don't like "nice" boys. I didn't want to be bored and I don't want to write ga-ga things which can be read just as easily, and more tersely, in a sixth grade copy book.

But there was something about that boy who played in "All Quiet on the Western Front" which did not jibe with "actor" and "nice" boy. So I took a chance. I'm glad I did. I've met a real person.

Lew Ayres is one of those fortunate boys who has honest-to-goodness masculine good looks. Regular features, a strong jaw, straight nose and eyes well set into his head. Those eyes are fascinating. They give you quick glances and wrinkle into little laughs even when his face is serious. It is just as if they said, "Well, I know it isn't the time to laugh but I feel good and must have a little smile all by myself, anyway."

LEW AYRES was raised in San Diego, which is right on the border line between California and Mexico. A normal kid he played sandlot baseball and football, tried to talk his parents into allowing him to stay out after eight o'clock on summer evenings so that he could play with other youngsters with a more effective line of chatter who had already gained such permission from their parents, and—oh, all the things kids do. We sat on the sands of Malibu one afternoon talking about those things until we both wished we were back in short pants.

In High School Lew Ayres started to do something



which has influenced his life ever since. He took up the banjo and began making a series of plunk-plink noises which annoyed the neighbors to distraction but which eventually landed him in Hollywood.

As is the habit of most banjo addicts, soon after he was able to pick out "Home, Sweet, Home" with but few mistakes, Lew Ayres looked around him for an orchestra. Finding none available, he gathered some kindred souls to his side—and there was an orchestra.

Lew, himself, will admit now that it wasn't so very good. But they were an orchestra, they made slightly harmonized sounds, and they were young and happy, bent on having fun. They began playing at whatever social affairs the good citizens of San Diego would allow them to attend with their instruments. Parties, Rotarian luncheons, Elks' banquets. "We didn't get paid for a long time," Lew told me, "but we had a lot of fun, ate a lot of grub which didn't cost us anything—and we were getting good practice."

ABOUT the time he received his diploma from High School Lew Ayres was a first-class banjo player. He could make that flat-faced, stringed instrument talk in four languages—some of them learned on that border between Mexico and California. And so now enter the villain, a gent named Henry Halstead. He took Lew Ayres from San Diego and brought him to Hollywood.

Hank Halstead at that time was the leader of one of the most popular dance orchestras on the Pacific Coast. A real orchestra, which played in hotels such as the Biltmore and Ambassador in Los Angeles, the St. Francis in San Francisco, and the Roosevelt in Hollywood. And he was always on the lookout for young fellows who could improve that orchestra. Halstead heard Ayres play just once—and offered him a job. Seventy-five dollars a week. It sounded like big money. It was. Lew Ayres took the job and became the banjo player in Halstead's orchestra. He was on his way to motion picture stardom but did not know it.

About that time Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle decided to become a cafe owner and that he wanted the best orchestra he could get to play for the patrons he knew would come to him. He looked around and signed Hank Halstead to bring his boys to Hollywood and strut their stuff.

With them came young Mister Ayres. He was in Hollywood. But far from pictures until the talkies came.

Warner Brothers, first into the open with talking pictures, hit upon music as a good bet. They reached into Arbuckle's Plantation Cafe and pulled out Hal-

For a long time Lew Ayres was just another banjoist to Hollywood. He was at the end of his slender resources, about to give up, when a studio gave him a six months' contract. That led to his rôle opposite Greta Garbo in "The Kiss."

stead's band of music makers. Ten dollars an hour Lew Ayres received for making some of the first Vitaphone music records. He was about the first man ever to play a banjo for talking pictures.

I WOULD like to be able to say here that some eagle-eyed director or producer saw this good-looking young fellow plunking his silver banjo, recognized his worth, and signed him to a long contract which assured Lew Ayres of fame and fortune. But I can't. If anyone saw him he took Lew to be just another banjo player. And there are a lot of banjo players. So Lew Ayres was in, and out, of his first studio.

He did not care. He was making good money, had over a thousand dollars worth of first class musical instruments—by now he tooted a bit of a saxophone, too—owned an automobile, was eating well and had a very comfortable place in which to sleep. "I thought once or twice, about that time, that I would like to go into pictures, but nothing ever came of it. I didn't know how to break into the business and, well, I was making good money with the orchestra."

But the seed was sown; when the Plantation Cafe closed and Halstead's orchestra moved to another city, Lew Ayres stayed in Hollywood and started the long climb to the gates of fame.

He did not see the difficulties ahead. Perhaps if he had he would have stayed with the orchestra. But I don't think so. Lew Ayres does not look to be the kind who would quit because the going threatened to be tough. In fact, he proved he wasn't in the months to come.

Because he could not get a job before the camera. Hollywood could see him as a banjo player, but not as an actor. So he dove down into that group which contains so many broken hearts and from which so few ever rise—the extra ranks.

LEW AYRES, the extra, moved out of the apartment which had been inhabited by Lew Ayres, the musician. He still had some money, so he went to a good hotel. But working once a week, if then, and eating regularly, as one likes to, soon forced him from that hotel to a cheaper one.

(Continued on page 116)



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

MARY BRIAN



Photograph by William E. Thomas

ANN HARDING

Photograph by Stagg



In the heart of the real Hollywood. This is Hollywood's residential district, looking southeast from Selma Avenue and Crescent Heights.

See AMERICA FIRST

BY HERB HOWE

I SHOULD say, roughly speaking, that the American female goes abroad for two reasons: to look for bargains and send post cards home.

The American male just goes along to complain that Europe isn't like home. And you can't get Amos 'n' Andy.

It seems to me both would be happier going to Hollywood. You can see all the European sights on the studio lots and get them over within a day or two, whereas in Europe you have to chase around for weeks. The European has no genius for organization, as the American male will tell you. He strings his ruins and monuments all over the place, like a kid does his toys (and ought to be spanked), when they could just as well be lined up neatly for the convenience of tourists in some such collection as Coney Island.

Taken all in all Hollywood is probably a better bargain than Europe. Certainly it is just as exciting a spot from which to send postal cards. Ask yourself the question: Will the folks back home be as thrilled by a card saying you have just scaled Mt. Vesuvius as by one declaring you have met Clara Bow. (Both difficult, but not on a post card.)

And in Hollywood the soul of the 100 per cent American man will be stirred by the genius for organization beside which the genius of Old World masters is as dead as they are.

Of course, last year a lot of people went to Europe for the Passion Play. I'm not saying that most of them would rather see a movie enacted on a studio stage. It just so happened that, as luck would have it,

I got on a boat with a Temple Group numbering among its members two colored girls—the only members it happened I was able to meet—and both confessed with bulging eyes that their secret prayer was to see Greta Garbo in person. I daresay these colored maidens' prayer was in the hearts of many who would not have the frankness to confess.

I HAVE long been a member of the sect which believes that when good Americans die they go to Paris. My faith has sustained me in tedium and despair, and it has been rewarded as you may have observed.

There is a new sect, rapidly encompassing the world, that regards Hollywood as the earthly version of heaven. The European especially thinks of it as Mahomet's paradise.

In a party with which I strayed abroad for a time there was a massive tourist lady whom no spectacle could impress. The rest of us might utter childish



The Boulevardier Balances the Joys of Hollywood with Those of Europe and Finds That the Movie Colony Has Just As Many Interesting and Historic Ruins

The city of Paris—capital of freedom and charm—as one of the gargoyles on the Cathedral of Notre Dame observes it.

cries on viewing Athens from the Acropolis or Florence from the Campanile or Paris from the steps of Sacré Coeur at twilight, but we were inevitably abashed by her grim and scornful query, "But have you seen Seattle?"

This went on for quite a time until one day I took courage (after an innocent sip of wine) and retorted, "Yes, but have you seen Hollywood?"

Her defeat was so dreadful to behold that I shall always know the hollowness of victory. Every member of the party turned toward me, and the guide babbled off into space like a forgotten phonograph.

Ever since then when I have felt the spotlight straying, I have muttered "Hollywood" and instantly presto'd myself into the center of attention. Hence I speak from experience when I advise young men to see Hollywood first if they would achieve social success. It will do for them more than Harold Lloyd's personality course did for him in "Feet First."

CURIOS about Hollywood. She's a wicked siren. You decide her sunny blandishments are deadening and you renounce her forever. You hang a For Sale sign on the Beverly *maison* and go abroad to forget.

You are abroad several months and you think all is over. Then something happens. You go to a movie and see a wanton frowzy old pepper—the Sadie Thompson of trees—and you are back in the arms of the siren once more.

I was away six months before I had any desire to see a picture. Then as my fate would have it I saw "Morocco." Instantly Hollywood seemed the Garden of Eden—with Marlene Dietrich offering apples.

Hollywood is a myth of many fancies. To the foreigner she is a Bacchus of luxury and lingering kisses. To the fan, a great Olympus where dwell the current gods and goddesses. But to those of us who have known her intimately she is a gal of sub-tropical delights.

Like an Eurasian beauty she has mixed blood, tropical and temperate, and this complexity makes for war. You want to loaf but you have to work.

I called on Somerset Maugham, who visited Hollywood some years ago to attend the production of one of his stories.

"Is it possible to work in Hollywood?" he asked. "I do not think I should get much done there."

He was on his way to the South Sea Islands, and I asked him if he could work in that tropic climate.

"In the South Seas you live a tropic life," he replied. "In Hollywood you have a sub-tropical climate with all the complex life of Northern civilization."

LOUIS BROMFIELD came to Hollywood declaring Europe gave him a stomach-ache. He has returned to Paris to write the story he came to Hollywood to



Photograph by Ewing Galloway

The photographer put up his camera under an arch of the Trocadero Fountain in Paris and obtained this striking picture of the famous 984-foot Eiffel Tower.

do. Evidently he found a malady more distracting than stomach-ache.

Jim Tully, on the other hand, declares it is the ideal place for work because the society is so awful you are never tempted out. But Jim, like all of us recluses—meaning me and Garbo—must grapple with the depressing demon of loneliness. I prefer death to parties, and so I die and go to Paris for the camaraderie of café tables.

But if you don't have to work, Hollywood is the best loafing spot in America. Perhaps I should say Southern California instead of Hollywood. The silliest phrase ever imposed by man upon himself is "earning a living." Why anyone should have to earn something that is thrust upon him is more than my reasonable mind can grasp. I agree with Wilson Mizner that any kind of work is too hard.

California was born to be the loafers' paradise but the go-getting Yanks have spoiled it as they have spoiled all lovely places they have invaded. But the tourist is not obliged to toil, and anyhow there is a near escape across the border into Mexico where people are courteous and charming without monetary intention.

GAY Paree vs. Gay Hollywood: The gayety of the two cities is as different as night and day. Paris has night life. Hollywood has none whatever aside from a couple of cabarets and the hotel dances, and all cities have these. The only nocturnal feature peculiar to Hollywood is the movie premiere. I dare say it was from this orgy of barbaric splendor that Ras Tafari got his ideas for the coronation in Abyssinia.

The gayety of Hollywood is created by nature; the gayety of Paris by man, though nature plays her part well enough with shade trees for the café tables.

In Paris you sit your life away at these tables on the sidewalk watching the crowds go by and enjoying a quiet sense of fellowship.

In Hollywood you take your fun strenuously. You "make good" at pleasure as with work. You golf and tennis and polo, you
(Continued on page 112)



Photograph by Stagg

In the midst of the business section of Hollywood. This picture was made from Hollywood Boulevard and Highland, looking eastward.



NANCY CARROLL

Miss Carroll had two distinguished screen performances to her credit in 1930—in "Laughter" and in "The Devil's Holiday." The year 1931 appears highly promising for Miss Carroll. This portrait was made at Miss Carroll's dressing table in the Paramount Long Island studios between scenes of "Stolen Heaven."

THEN



Back in 1925, when Greta Garbo first came from Sweden as the protegee of Mauritz Stiller, the press agents probably thought it was necessary for the Scandinavian actress to look coy. Nobody foresaw her great future in the films. She was just another newcomer from abroad—and Hollywood had scores of 'em. Then Miss Garbo appeared in "The Torrent" and—presto—fame!

NOW

What a change a few years make! Here is Miss Garbo as she looks in every-day attire when you see her in Hollywood today. That is, if you get the opportunity. Miss Garbo doesn't go about much. Gone are the days of coy photographs. Miss Garbo has the position of complete leadership in film popularity—and she dictates her own terms to press agents and all the rest of the studio pests.

Photograph by
Clarence Sinclair Bull





Photograph by Hurrell

EDWINA BOOTH

The MIKE Nearly Ruined His CAREER

Paul Lukas Learned to Speak English in Eight Months and Started All Over Again

By EVELYN GRAY



Paul Lukas was born on a Hungarian train. He served in the World War and was shell-shocked. Then he became an aviator and, after peace came, turned to acting. Lukas was brought to Hollywood just before the screen took on its voice—and he was almost shipped home because he knew no English.

PAUL LUKAS is one of the most popular leading men in Hollywood today. He has "clicked." His last few pictures have been tremendous personal successes and his fan mail is mounting by leaps and bounds.

This tall, quiet Hungarian is one of the few men, or women who swept into Hollywood during the "foreign invasion" who have succeeded. One of the very few who have remembered to carve names for themselves before the great twin gods, Camera and Mike.

Standing an inch over six feet, weighing one hundred and ninety pounds, with deep brown eyes that at times seem to be tinged with green, Paul Lukas has succeeded in Hollywood sans all ballyhoo. He has been here over three years; yet many think he is a recent importation.

Just thirty-six years ago a train was speeding towards the Hungarian capital of Budapest. Looking out a window of that train was a young woman with the bloom of approaching motherhood on her cheeks. Her eyes showed the happiness that was in her heart. It was going to be a boy. She just knew it. It had to be; she and her husband wanted a boy beyond all measurable want.

Suddenly a look of fear crossed her face. What was this? Someone, quick, a doctor, please! One was on the train. He hurried to her side just in time to aid her as her child was born. The train sped onward towards Budapest in that gay, pre-war Hungary. The wheels sang as they whirled over the tracks bearing their unexpected additional passenger.

Paul Lukas was having his first train ride at an age when most youngsters are safely ensconced in their quiet cribs.

He was unusual then; he is not at all usual now. Nor has his life been such that the term "normal"

could be used in describing it. In schools, fights, the war, love, flying, acting—even in the prosaic profession of tutoring—Paul Lukas seems to touch plain things with a magic wand which makes them different.

Graduating from Gymnasium—comparable to getting a diploma from our high school—Paul Lukas stepped into a rushing world which has hardly as much as slowed down since then.

His parents wanted him to enter the university. He had other ideas—and an argument with his father which cut him off from all financial aid from home.

"But I didn't care much about that—then," he told me. "I was going into the army for my compulsory military service of one year. I thought it better to get it over with then rather than waiting, although I had over three years—until I was twenty-one—to serve that year. I wanted to get it finished before I started my civilian life."

That was in October, 1913.

In August, 1914, but two months before he would have been finished with his army duty, Paul Lukas was hurled into the maelstrom of the World War.

Six months later he was back in Budapest. Still a boy, but a shrapnel torn, shell-shocked veteran. On leave for one year—almost half of which was spent in the hospital.

But the other half year saw the birth of the Paul Lukas we know. He started acting.

In Europe acting, actors and the theater are recognized by the governments in other ways than by taxing tickets at the box-office. In fact, Hungary gave money and support to a theater in (Continued on page 92)



Photograph by Hurrell

WILLIAM HAINES



Photograph by Hurrell

GRACE MOORE



Sue Carol's boudoir is done in the Louis Quatorze period. The color scheme is green in the softest shade with woodwork of ivory. The panelled walls are done in brocade satin with floral motifs in the pastel shades. For breakfast in bed Miss Carol is wearing a shell pink satin night gown with real lace trimming and a negligee of the same material, embroidered in deeper shades of pink. The bed, by the way, is a lovely example of craftsmanship. It is painted in a soft green with antique gilt trim. The headboard has panels of petit point done in soft shades of blue, green and rose. The bed tables on either side are of the same exquisite design and colors.

The mantel in Miss Carol's boudoir is of simple daintiness. An antique French clock with candlesticks in gilt relieves the severity of the top. A panel mirror over the fireplace, with floral design in gilt, adds to the charm of the whole room.



MOVIE BOUDOIRS

SUE
CAROL

Miss Carol's dressing table is a thing of rare charm. The covering is fashioned of the same green moiré used in the drapes and has a flounce of real lace, while there is a plate glass top on which rest the dainty accessories of French cloisonné. Two lamps of Dresden and shades of pleated georgette grace either side of the antique gilt mirror that hangs in the panel above the dressing table.

Miss Carol is wearing a formal negligée fashioned of chiffon designed in pastels. The design is outlined with metal threads in rose and blue. With it Miss Carol wears mules of laced satin ribbon.



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
ROBERT W.
COBURN



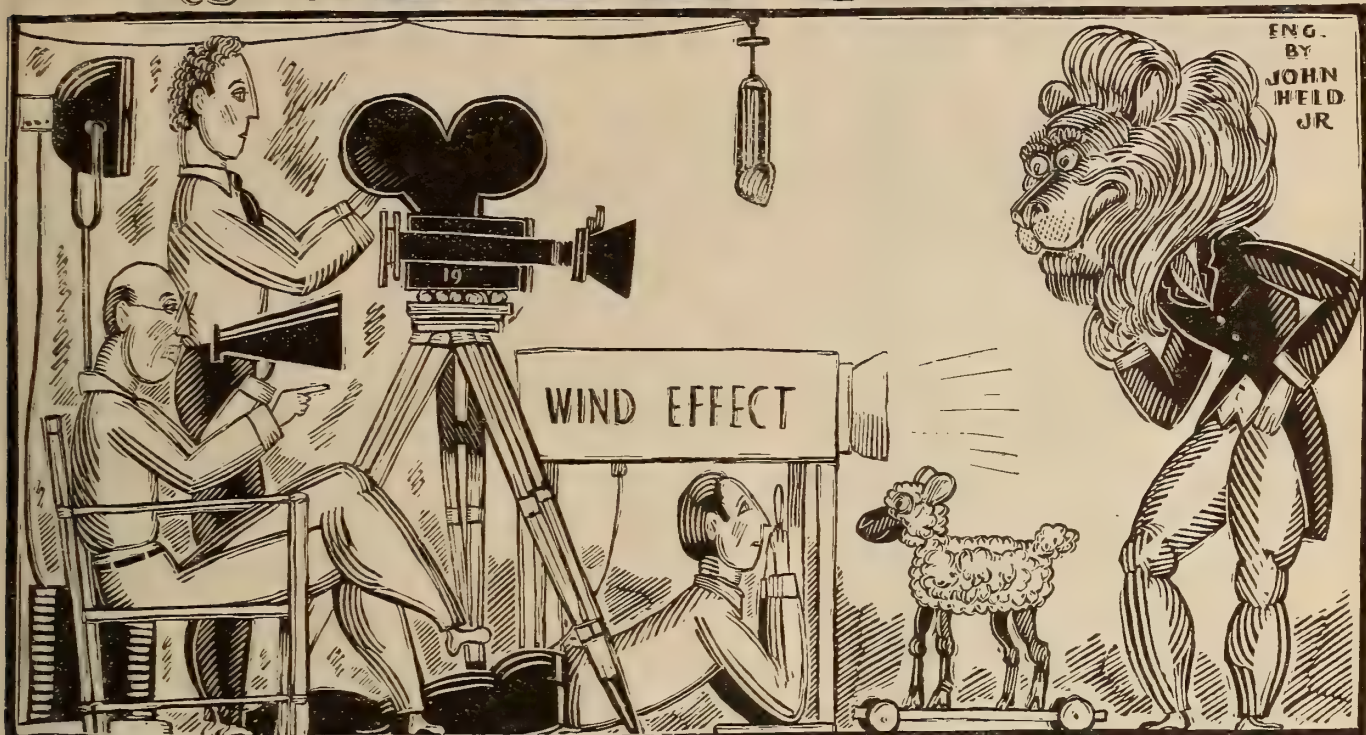
Above, Miss Carol, in a padded robe of eggshell satin embroidered in a design outlined in black, is resting on the chaise longue. The lounge is upholstered in brocaded satin, the background in deep cream with clusters of flowers in the pastel shades. The little inlaid table is quite lovely. Left, another view of the boudoir. The windows, which are the height of the ceiling, are draped in gossamer marquisette with overdrapes of green moiré.



BARBARA WEEKS



MARCH



ENG.
BY
JOHN
HEID
JR.

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY ONE

M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
1	Sun.	1898: John Loder born at London. 1909: Lois Moran born at Pittsburgh. Does the month start like a lion?
2	Mon.	1815: Napoleon returns from Elba. 1923: Wedding bells ring for John Gilbert and Leatrice Joy.
3	Tues.	1894: Edmund Lowe born at San Jose, Calif. Sez you! 1915: "Birth of a Nation," first \$2 movie, opens long run at Liberty Theater, N. Y.
4	Wed.	1889: Pearl White born in Missouri. 1904: Hull, England, excited over birth of Dorothy Mack-aill, whose dad is a dance teacher. Full moon tonight.
5	Thurs.	1935: Paramount sends another ultimatum to Clara Bow regarding front page publicity.
6	Fri.	1935: Clara Bow breaks upon the national front pages again.
7	Sat.	1927: Roxy Theater opens in New York and ultimate is revealed in usher salutes.
8	Sun.	1915: Pennsylvania censors horrified by discovery of sex.
9	Mon.	1862: Monitor defeats Merrimac and naval warfare is revolutionized.
10	Tues.	1950: Hollywood producer decides to film novel with its original title.
11	Wed.	1898: Dorothy Gish born at Massillon, Ohio. Moon in last quarter tonight.
12	Thurs.	1925: Fay Wray winning attention as a Hal Roach comedienne.
13	Fri.	1925: Lucille Rickson dies in Los Angeles.
14	Sat.	1928: Critics unanimously declare that the talkie has no chance of success.
15	Sun.	1891: Charles Ray born. 1930: Helene Costello and Lowell Sherman married.
16	Mon.	1878: Henry B. Walthall born. 1897: Conrad Nagel born at Keokuk, Iowa.

M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
17	Tues.	1927: The highly promising Charles Emmet Mack (Griffith discovery) killed in auto accident.
18	Wed.	1897: Betty Compson born at Beaver City, Utah.
19	Thurs.	1921: Pola Negri is the talk of the hour following hit in "Passion." New moon tonight.
20	Fri.	1815: Start of Napoleon's Hundred Day run in Paris.
21	Sat.	1925: Jack Gilbert is Big Boy of moviedom following hit in "The Big Parade."
22	Sun.	1909: Bernice Claire born at Oakland, Calif.
23	Mon.	1889: Robert Ames born at Hartford, Conn. 1908: Joan Crawford born at San Antonio, Texas.
24	Tues.	1892: Rex Ingram, the director, born at Dublin, Ireland.
25	Wed.	1891: El Brendel born at Philadelphia, Pa.
26	Thurs.	1885: First commercial film manufactured by George Eastman, creator of the Kodak.
27	Fri.	1899: Gloria May Swanson born at Chicago. Moon in first quarter tonight.
28	Sat.	1913: First Hollywood star in apron has publicity pictures made in her kitchen.
29	Sun.	1892: Warner Baxter born at Columbus, Ohio.
30	Mon.	1894: Ystad, Sweden, celebrates the birth of Anna Q. Nilsson.
31	Tues.	1907: Eddie Quillan born at Philadelphia, Pa.

Watch for This Feature Every Month

March birth stones: Ancient, the Jasper. Modern, the Bloodstone. The Bloodstone is said to endow its wearer with courage and truthfulness.

REVIEWS

EMIL JANNINGS went back to Berlin because he could speak little or no English and because he was unhappy over playing the same sort of role over and over again.

I am glad to report that Herr Jannings is still playing the kindly old fellow who goes mad over the loss of a blonde, a doorman's uniform or a brunette. And he still speaks little English.

Variety Goes the Way of All Flesh

ONE of Jannings' German-made films has just been imported. A little late, it is true, for "The Blue Angel" was long ago the hit of Berlin and London. In it Herr Jannings plays a kindly professor who gets entangled with a cabaret girl, sinks to the post of clown with her cheap little theatrical troupe and ends up by going mad. It is an unforgettable performance with a climax ghastly enough to haunt your very best nightmares. But Jannings' work is not the only feature of "The Blue Angel," imported by Paramount. There's Marlene Dietrich.

"The Blue Angel" was made before Fraulein Dietrich was brought to Hollywood to make "Morocco." Hence it is her first screen performance. Her playing of the heartless cabaret charmer is superb. My confrère, Adela Rogers St. Johns, reports that Fraulein Dietrich talks like every other Hollywood mother. However, I shall await with keen interest Herb Howe's report upon her legs, as disclosed in "The Blue Angel."

Josef von Sternberg went over to Berlin at Herr Jannings' invitation to make "The Blue Angel" and he certainly vindicated the German star's judgment. Both English and German is spoken but "The Blue Angel" is adroitly told in pantomime. It is, at heart, a silent picture.

Wealthy Star Makes Good

NO filming of Mark Twain's immortal "Tom Sawyer" can ever be completely satisfying. Yet Paramount's newest talkie adaptation, sympathetically directed by John Cromwell, is noteworthy in many ways. A great deal of Twain's humor and his warm, kindly understanding of boyhood have been captured.

While the incidents, such as the fence whitewashing, the moment where Tom, Huck and their pal, Joe, interrupt their own funeral services, and the way the murderer, Injin Joe, is brought to justice—are telescoped, the film as a whole has fine, alive sensitiveness and spirit. Jackie Coogan, the fifteen-year-old millionaire, is delightful as Tom, Junior Durkin has his moments as Huck, although he is subordinated and Mitzi Green is matchless as that little prig, Becky Thatcher. This picture can be heartily recommended for the children.

"The Man Who Came Back," fashioned in the Fox studios to fit the reunited team of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, doubtless will break boxoffice records everywhere. Based on a stage play of some years ago by Jules Eckert Goodman and John Fleming Wilson, it relates the story of a young waster—a rather insufferable one, at that—who is thrown upon his own by his millionaire father. He lands finally in Shanghai and there, in one of the lowest dives, finds the girl who is destined to regenerate him. He is weak and what in the dear, dead pre-prohibition days was called a drunkard. She, it is vaguely intimated, has fallen victim to dope. But before many months pass they have a lovely Hawaiian bungalow with an old fashioned garden.

The story isn't very believable and Mr. Farrell is a sort of sophomore John Barrymore. But Miss Gaynor's problems with regeneration will wring your heart. Advance reports from Hollywood intimated that this film would cause little Miss Gaynor to be hailed as a Duse. Don't worry on that score. She still has that

nice wistful immaturity that is one of the rare treasures of Hollywood.

Doug, With and Without Modern Dress

DOUG in modern dress," is the way they herald Doug Fairbanks' new nervous extravaganza, "Reaching for the Moon,"

Top to bottom, scenes from "The Blue Angel," "The Royal Family of Broadway," "The Devil to Pay," "New Moon," "Mother's Cry," and "The Truth About Youth," important films which are reviewed in NEW MOVIE this month.



Comments Upon the Important New Motion Pictures and Film Personalities

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(United Artists). This is the fable of a young millionaire stock broker who never has taken a drink and who knows nothing about women. He meets a pretty society aviatrix (Bebe Daniels), pursues her to Europe, loses his fortune when the stock market curdles during his absence, and gets the girl when she proposes to him herself. It is a crazy story with a long episode developed out of Doug's first cocktail, which causes him to leap up the steamer's walls and to play football with the crew. Unlike most of Doug's previous films, a slyly dirty note has been allowed to intrude here and there in the dialogue.

Doug is as uncertain of himself as of yore in his sentimental moments, but he is as agile as ever and his waistline (revealed freely at moments of discarding even the modern dress) will help business in all the gyms of the land. You will like svelte Miss Daniels, a blonde for the nonce and a darned attractive one. In fact, she rather edges Doug out of chief honors. There is entirely too much of Edward Everett Horton as a prissy valet and too little of a deep voiced blonde, June MacCloy. The modernistic settings of William Cameron Menzies make an admirable background and there's one catchy melody by Irving Berlin.

High-Pressure Charm

IF you like suave and smart light comedy, I recommend Ronald Colman's "The Devil to Pay," (United Artists). This is an original story by the English playwright, Frederick Lonsdale.

Samuel Goldwyn, who produced this urbane film, has come to be the symbol of Hollywood. Most of the stories you hear about the—let us say—idiosyncracies of movie producers are tacked on to Mr. Goldwyn. Yet his productions invariably are in excellent taste. I leave the explanation to someone else.

"The Devil to Pay" also has a scapegrace son as its hero. He is the incorrigible heir of a British lord who has failed in everything he has attempted. Broke, he returns to London, promptly to get involved with an actress and to win the daughter of a linoleum millionaire.

Colman has a tough role. It isn't easy to be charming and beguiling for seven reels. In fact, "The Devil to Pay" starts with Colman being debonair on all cylinders. Once you are adjusted to this high pressure charm, Colman wins you.

There is the mellow background of English drawing rooms and excellent acting by a newcomer, Florence Britton, who plays the scapegrace's loving sister, and by Myrna Loy, who acts the understanding actress.

Temperament on Parade

SEVERAL seasons ago Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman wrote a flashing study of egomania called "The Royal Family." The then annoyed Barrymores were palpably the models for this satirical farce.

Now all this has been made into "The Royal Family of Broadway" by Paramount. Here you see an acting family caught in the mesh of tradition and temperament, now and then kicking over the traces under the illusion that some other career would be pleasanter, but never forgetting to act, either in private or in public.

Ina Claire plays the chief feminine role and doubtless you will like her. To me Fredric March steals the film. He is corking as the mad younger Cavendish. Here is a gorgeous caricature of John Barrymore. You must see this performance. Then, too, you will like Mary Brian as the kid of the bickering, happy clan.

You will like "The Royal Family of Broadway" and you will find it both laughable and touching.

"SUNNY," (First National), is a pleasant enough fantasy with music and Marilyn Miller, who looks lovely whether she does tap or toe dances. "New Moon," (Metro-Goldwyn), is an over-plotty (Continued on page 88)

Reading down the page, scenes from "Tom Sawyer," "Reaching for the Moon," "The Lash," "The Passion Flower," "The Widow from Chicago," and "Only Saps Work," all commented upon in this department this month.



BRIGHT COLLEGE YEARS

Freddy Bickel, Now Known to Film Fame as Fredric March,
Distinguished Himself at the University of Wisconsin

BY J. GUNNAR BACK

Magazine Editor of The Wisconsin Daily Cardinal

IT is Friday night, April 2, 1920, in Madison, Wisconsin. The street entrance to the old Fuller Opera House, now a talkie palace in keeping with the times, is blazing with lights just as it had blazed several weeks before to announce Otis Skinner and his Madison performance of "Pietro," exactly as it had been resplendent in March of that same year for two other footlight favorites, Mitzi, "the madcap star," in "Head Over Heels," and George Arliss in "Jacques Duval," to say nothing of the year before when those same lights had heralded Madison's last opportunity to see Julian Eltinge before he embarked on a five-year world tour.

It was a common thing for the Fuller Opera House lights to glitter nightly during the opening years of the last decade. But this evening the walls of the historic show-house were to hear no Kern hits, no "Maytime" melodies, no "Chocolate Soldier" lyrics as they had during the year just passed. It was the opening night of the University of Wisconsin week-end, two-a-day Union Vodvil stand. "Ten Big Acts of Wisconsin's Best Varsity Dancing and Singing," painted across the theater lobby, screamed the news to fraternity and sorority couples as they stepped, clad in evening dress, out of the dark, almost spring-like April night into the glare of the electric lights.

The history seeking eye glances down that evening's program, past such promised extravaganzas as the Alpha Chi Omega sorority girls in a singing scenic, "Birds of Paradise," until it stops at this announcement, ninth on the bill: "The Sunshiners in Unsuppressed Desires," featuring Freddy Bickel and Charles "Chuck" Carpenter. An air of expectancy was awaiting that act, for *The Daily Cardinal*, student newspaper, a few days before had advance press agented: "There is sure to be a small riot when Fred Bickel and 'Chuck'

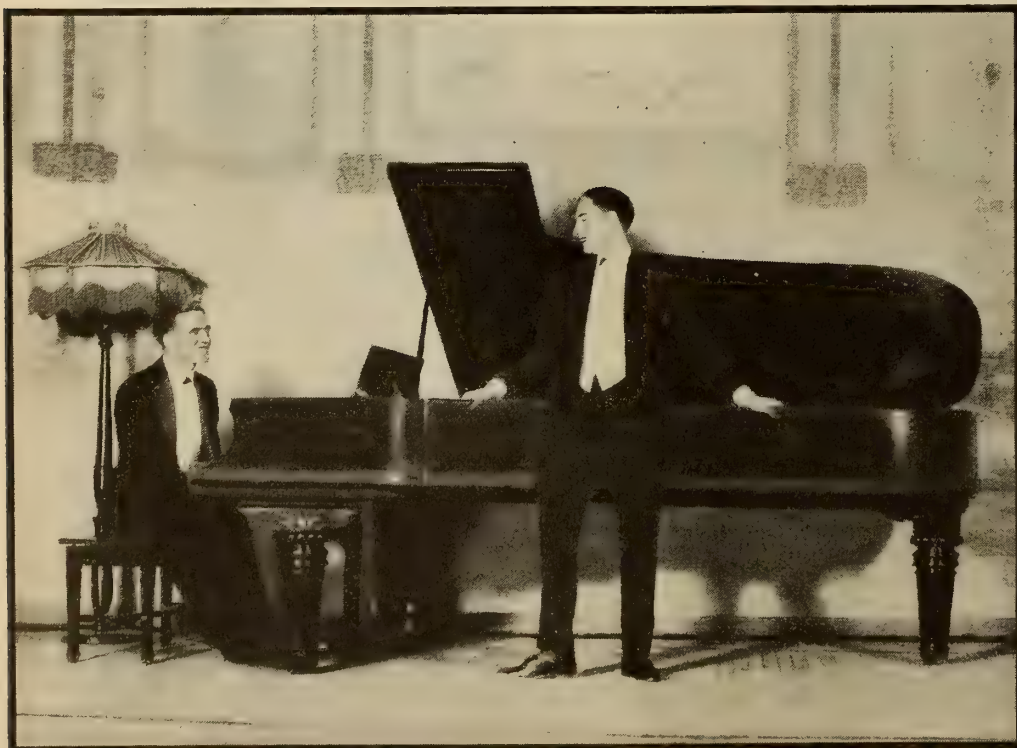
Carpenter come on with their little play. They have been headliners in three other Union Vodvils. This is the last appearance of these artists."

THE next morning the Amateur Critic (for so *The Cardinal* dramatic reviewer signed himself) had this to say of that ninth number: "The third place silver cup was awarded by the committee to Freddy Bickel and 'Chuck' Carpenter by virtue of their talents as entertainers. Their line of patter was a happy combination of wit and satire on preceding acts. Their songs were good and their stage manner more pleasing than any of the other performers. They just shoved the piano in and began their rapid chatter. Because these two young men are genuine entertainers, because they try to please, because they are both Iron Cross men by virtue of other abilities than acting, they deserve every bit of praise and they got it last night. We regret that they are closing three successful years of stellar ability on the Wisconsin stage."

Today Freddy Bickel of that college toe-and-tune team is known as Fredric March, familiar to every University of Wisconsin movie-goer as a one-time senior class president, a former Iron Cross and White Spades honor society man who made good, whose contribution to the talking screen is as meritoriously outstanding as it was to Union Vodvil during his post-war days on the Badger campus. No, when March comes to town, local theater advertising writers ply an inspired copy pencil and the show always clicks with the collegians.

With Freddy Bickel, whose life, filled with promises, stretched before him, the scene again quickly changes. Seven years later and the Fuller Opera House has turned chiefly to pictures. It is the night of December 17, 1927, and the event is a flesh-and-blood drama.

Freddy Bickel is back in Madison, sitting in a dressing-room in the old Fuller, perhaps the same room which he occupied as a collegian almost a decade before. This time, however, there is no bustling about backstage of amateur make-up artists, no non-professional flutter of sorority girls "going on" for the first time. Freddy Bickel has already become Fredric March. With a group of veteran



An unpublished picture of Freddy McIntyre Bickel and Chuck Carpenter (at the piano) in their college vaudeville turn called "The Gloom Pickers." Bickel is now known to the screen as Fredric March. Bickel and Carpenter were stars of Wisconsin's famous Union Vodvil performances.

professional players, he is preparing for the call to go on stage in support of George Gaul and Florence Eldridge in the New York Theater Guild presentation of Shaw's "Arms and the Man."

PERHAPS some of the members of that troupe are waiting listlessly for the routine orchestra cue since Madison is not Broadway. But with Fredric March it is different. He waits eagerly, pleasant undergraduate memories stirring within him. Local newspapers have announced the return of Freddy Bickel to the old Fuller stage, now even deserted by the traditional nights of Union Vodvil. Professors again drive up to the front of the theater. Not this time, because it is Union Vodvil to be accepted genially for better or worse as "Wisconsin's own," but because Shaw, small talk subjects for their intellectual literary teas, is in town. The theater entrance has none of the brilliance of its Opera House days, when students stood at the stage door waiting for show girls from "Listen, Lester," and "Oh, Boy." Fewer students pass through the theater doors that night of Bickel's first return to Madison. The gaiety of tradition is no longer there to cause them to hock watches for the price of a theater ticket.

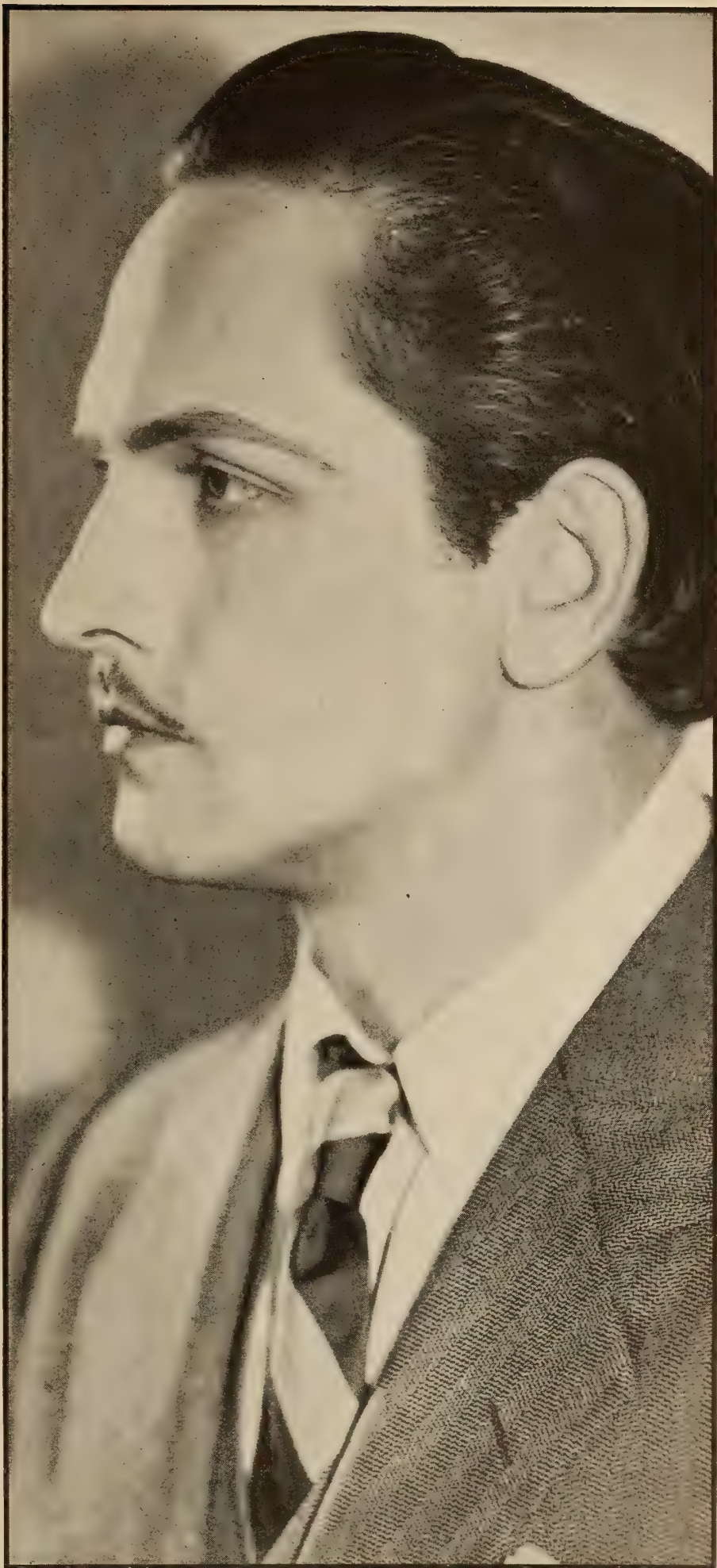
Fredric March, as he prepared to go on in "Arms and the Man," knew that he was facing a test. In that audience was the professor who had worked with him in the Edwin Booth Dramatic Club, an organization largely responsible for making the name Bickel famous in Wisconsin dramatics, the same professor who had aided in awarding the third place cup to the Bickel-Carpenter team in its farewell appearance. One or two of his classmates who had settled in Madison were there. Many more had come to the theater because they admired Shaw and were anxious to see his play well done. Others came to see an advertised Wisconsin alumnus.

The student paper the next morning was unkind. It had only this to say: "Miss Eldridge had moments in which she was splendid, engaging. Fredric March and Hortense Alden, *ESPECIALLY THE LATTER*, were good in their presentations."

But Bickel's classmates and the curiosity seekers were satisfied.

(Continued on page 89)

At Wisconsin Fredric March distinguished himself socially and histrionically. He was a member of the Edwin Booth Dramatic Club and of Alpha Delta Phi, and he managed the varsity football team. In those days he was planning to enter the banking world.



Reviews

(Continued from page 85)

musical effort, co-starring Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett. The original has been twisted about to fit Mr. Tibbett with something of the background of "The Rogue Song."

If you like musical films, better see these two. Not many more are coming this year.

By LYNDE DENIG

The Widow From Chicago—First National:—Gangster melodrama in the raw. The gangsters and gangsters' girl talk out of the corners of their mouths, say "Yeah" to practically everything and shoot their guns rapidly and accurately. Most of the action transpires between midnight and dawn, either in a night club or in an adjacent hotel. There is plenty of noise, continuous movement, some rough humor and all the excitement to be expected in a well contrived story of bootleg racketeering. Edward G. Robinson is just about what a master gangster should be, Alice White is o.k. as the tricky little heroine, while Neil Hamilton and Frank McHugh also appear to be at home in the fracas. The climax of the story, wherein Polly out-smarts the crafty gang leader, is cleverly developed to maintain suspense.

The Lash—First National:—You will see Richard Barthelmess as a dashing, colorful, high-spirited Mexican. He hates and loves with equal abandon, and, bandit or gentleman, he never forgets the honor of his illustrious forebears. This is a de luxe edition of a style of romantic melodrama known to the screen these many years. Pictorially, it is delightful: The stampede of a herd of cattle through a town of flimsy frame houses is thrilling, and throughout there is the rich beauty of flowery California. Frank Lloyd excels in directing productions such as this and the cast is exceptionally fine: James Rennie, Mary Astor, Robert Edeson, Fred Kohler, Arthur Stone, Barbara Bedford, Erville Anderson. Miss Astor presents a bewitching figure as the aristocratic Rosita. "The Lash" is entertainment for those who like their romance dolled up.

Only Saps Work—Paramount:—If you miss seeing Leon Errol in this picture, you will overlook one of the stage's most valuable contributions to the talking screen. Mr. Errol is a comedian of parts, best known for his collapsible knee, which is immensely funny, but only incidental to his comedy equipment. His technique is varied as it is original. He is free and easy and seemingly spontaneous; moreover he does not even remotely suggest any other player. Owen Davis, playwright, supplied a rambling comedy framework, leaving plenty of open spaces to be filled in by Mr. Errol, cast as a slightly demented burglar. Throughout a delightful hour of nonsense Mr. Errol runs away with the picture. Richard Arlen and Mary Brian give able assistance when necessary.

The Criminal Code—Columbia:—After seeing "The Criminal Code" one may well stop to think twice before murdering his nearest enemy. There

are no pink draperies to hide the horror of prison cells; neither is there a beam of light to relieve the terrors of the dungeon. The picture is three-quarters stark tragedy, the other quarter being the romance of the warden's daughter and a fine boy unjustly sent to prison to suffer the torments of the damned. Some of the most memorable scenes are less personal. They present the prison ensemble, if it may be called that, snarling a chorus of protest in the prison yard. Two exceedingly capable performances are given by Walter Huston, as the warden, and Phillips Holmes, as the boy.

Passion Flower—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer:—The most distinctive thing about this picture is the excellence of the acting in a story that holds few surprises. Anyone who knows the habits of rough but honest heroes must realize that, after the charms of the siren have lost their novelty, the chauffeur will toddle back to the wife and kiddies. The same story has been told many times, but seldom through the medium of such a well-balanced cast. Charles Bickford, with his bushy hair and aggressively honest face, is the run-away husband troubled by a conscience. Kay Francis is his bewitching companion on the jaunt to Paris, Kay Johnson is the wife and Zasu Pitts, the woebegone maid. When the sentiment and the heroics are becoming a bit sticky, Miss Pitts breaks through with a laugh.

The Royal Bed—Radio:—Satire done in Lowell Sherman's most courtly manner, and a very engaging manner it is for the portrayal of the whimsical king of one of the many mythical kingdoms of Europe. The king believes that the king business is on the decline; but his royal wife, a queen to the top of her satin train, is intent upon refinancing the country by an appeal to America and by marrying her daughter to a wealthy prince. While the queen is in America on her patriotic mission, a revolution disturbs the king at his checker playing and the princess runs away with the king's secretary. From the viewpoint of the queen, it is all too bad. Nance O'Neill, a renowned stage star of bygone years, makes a haughty queen; Mary Astor, a glamorous princess.

The Cohens and Kellys in Africa—Universal:—When you have seen the Cohens and Kellys once, whether they happen to be in Atlantic City, Alaska or Africa, you know pretty well what to expect and you will not be disappointed. The African expedition, in search of ivory from which to make piano keys, offers ample opportunity for fantastic regalia, frank buffoonery and odd encounters with wild animals and cannibals. George Sidney, Charlie Murray, Vera Gordon and Kate Price are funny, after a fashion, which, of course, is the fashion of burlesque, slapstick, mugging and punning. One of the best features of the picture, perhaps the best feature, is the clever camera work whereby the lives of the players appear to be genuinely endangered by crouching leopards, snarling lions and stampeding elephants.

Rough Idea of Love—Educational:—Mack Sennett never misses a point because of under-emphasis in this "Rough Idea of Love," an appropriate title. He is not content with a single knock-out punch, or even a pair of punches. One pugilistic sequence presents a series of rights to the jaw, causing the downfall of night club cuties and their boy friends with fine impartiality. Action is not sacrificed to talk in this violent slice of life as it is supposed to be lived in dressing rooms closed to the public. A handsome piano player causes the disturbance. He falls for a baby-faced blonde, thereby incurring the wrath of the prima donna who trounces her rival. When last seen the prima donna is in a kitchenette burning biscuits for her philandering lover—all very nice and domestic.

The Truth About Youth—First National:—With due appreciation of Loretta Young's beauty (there is danger of her becoming over-sweet), Myrna Loy is the more memorable figure in this free adaptation of an old stage play, "When We Were Twenty-One." The difference between Loretta and Myrna is the difference between an exceedingly good little girl and an exceedingly bad one. Conway Tearle, looking quite middle-aged, as he should in his role of guardian, is determined to save the youth whom he guards from the wiles of a night-club dancer and marry him to Phyllis. The guileless Phyllis, however, is in love with the kindly guardian, not the reckless youth, and after a struggle she gets her man. Myrna Loy is lots of fun when, in an outburst of rage, she hurls flowers and champagne around her dressing room.

Hook, Line and Sinkers—Radio:—The story does not matter. The picture is a compound of a somewhat familiar nature; farce, melodrama and puns, particularly puns. Ralph Spence, whose name appears in the credit lines, emptied a barrelful of puns into the mouths of Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey and even had a few left over for the less important characters. Everything that a fanciful playwright could visualize happens in an old country hotel where money-laden millionaires and their wives deposit jewels in the hotel safe. From midnight to dawn, the lobby and the stairways leading thereto are infested with rival robbers, waving flashlights and pistols. Probably no one is expected to keep track of, who's who. Wheeler and Woolsey are the leading performers in a comedy that is as broad as it is long.

Mothers Cry—Warner Bros:—A three handkerchief picture. If you feel like a good cry and must need find something to cry about, this screen version of a heart-touching novel by Grace Carlisle is just the thing. It presents the story of a self-sacrificing mother, left with the task of rearing four children, two boys and two girls, sharply contrasting types. Naturally, the picture is sentimental; but a realistic treatment, along with some really fine acting, brings it close to life. You will like Dorothy Peterson as the mother, Helen Chandler as the idealistic

(Continued on page 119)



Photograph by Carl Day

When D. W. Griffith reassembled the now famous cast of "The Birth of a Nation" in order to make the new synchronized version of his classic film, most of the players responded. Death had removed several but all the others reappeared. First row, left to right: Donald Crisp, who was the General Grant; Mae Marsh, the little sister; Mr. Griffith; Henry B. Walthall, the Little Colonel; Mary Alden, the mulatto; Ralph Lewis, the elder Stoneman. Back row, Joseph Henaberry, the Abraham Lincoln; Spottiswood Aiken, Colonel Cameron; Thomas Wilson, the colored servant; Walter Long, the Gus.

Bright College Years

(Continued from page 87)

They went home talking about Fredric March.

Today Florence Eldridge is Mrs. March. Perhaps only a handful of people remembered "Arms and the Man" when Madison last saw Florence Eldridge do a bit in Norma Shearer's "The Divorcee." The curiosity seekers were otherwise occupied. They had learned that Nick Grinde, who had been graduated from Wisconsin five years before March, had helped adapt the scenario for "The Divorcee." Perhaps no one remembered that Laura Hope Crews, to whom movie stars of yesterday turned when the talkie menace appeared, was with the Theater Guild Company as director that week-end when March came back for the first time to his college campus.

THE flash-back opens again on another set. This time it is only two years later. "The Jazz Singer" and "The Singing Fool" have played in Madison. The city's last stock company is fighting a losing battle for patrons. Farmers are coming to town to see for themselves this new form of entertainment which squawks and grinds its sound into the recesses of the theater.

"The Dummy," with Ruth Chatterton, is playing in a newly wired downtown theater.

It was not until the next day that local newspaper critics, already grown weary with enumerating "talkie finds," cheerfully announced that they had discovered a Wisconsin man in the cast of "The Dummy."

Fredric March, with his rich, clear voice, his quiet restrained stage man-

ner, first given roots in Union Vodvil days, had come to Madison to stay.

"The Studio Murder Mystery" and "The Wild Party," with Clara Bow, March's next pictures, added proof to the assurance that Freddy Bickel had come back to Madison to stay. College movie goers, indifferent to the histrionic tactics of La Bow, were surprised and pleased, to see the handsome, earnest actor whom Miss Bow's directors had cast opposite her. For the first time they saw a movie college professor move through the sets as if he had once endured the four-year experience of watching the classroom manner of members of the professorial ranks.

THE flash-back now turns to the early days of September, 1916, when Fredric March arrived on the war-frenzied Wisconsin campus. He was an eager, green lad of seventeen, fresh from small dramatic and forensic triumphs in the Racine, Wisconsin, High School. For two days there were long bewildering lines of students before the administrative buildings, fighting to get over the routine of registration, anxious to spend lazy afternoons in the September haze which settled early over the Wisconsin campus, situated on the lovely hill that was once the scene of the Blackhawk Indian wars. Or perhaps to ride with fraternity men in "rushing parties" around the thirty miles of wooded land that forms the circumference of Lake Mendota. At the end of those two days Freddy Bickel was enrolled in the school of commerce, ready to begin the four-year preparatory climb to banking.

Wisconsin in 1916 was not then so far removed from tradition. March wore the green "pot," rarely seen on the heads of freshmen today, fought the sophs in the annual bag rush which the freshmen won, only to be thrown into Lake Mendota at midnight for their pains. A great war of nations was gaining momentum in Europe. The more serious minded of the 7,000 students at Wisconsin were digging deeply into the sociological and economical aspects of the struggle.

Bickel, the freshman, like many others in that class of 1920, gave little heed to a conflagration which then showed few signs that it might involve the United States. He was "rushed" by the fraternity men from the Latin Quarter. There was a swirl of smokers and dinners to undergo, frantic bids to "join up with the boys" to consider. Alpha Delta Phi placed a pledge button on the Racine newcomer. In short order he was initiated into that group, taught the grip and password, and was installed, baggage and pennants, in the Alpha Delta house, a brown-stone structure which is still the home of the Wisconsin Alpha Delta brethren, snugly settled in the leafy shade of Mendota's shore, just across the court from where this is being written.

WITH the fraternity came the business of "dating," or preserving through the new brothers the cherished Alpha Delta social rating on the campus. The newcomers were brought by the older hands to the "Big Six" sorority dances to meet the hey-dey crowd

(Continued on page 90)

Bright College Years

(Continued from page 89)

of beautiful co-eds for which Wisconsin is still noted. There seems to have been no difficulty with Freddy Bickel. There were in his case no cowlicks for the brothers to tame down, no loud provincial neckties to be secretly tossed from his room into the lake. Fredric March today, if one is to judge from his portrait appearing in the Wisconsin yearbook, *The Badge*, at the close of that freshman year, has lost nothing of those handsome clear-cut features, that distinguished, quiet manner which pointed him to campus dramatics almost immediately. Or, if we are to judge from a paragraph appearing in "Skyrockets," *Daily Cardinal* humor column, written three years later on the morning after Bickel had been elected president of the senior class: "ELECTION to office has other drawbacks besides the race for nominations, etc. Freddy Bickel visited the Gamma Phi's after the election returns and was kissed by the entire chapter. Whitney, the defeated candidate, passed out when he heard this and made the announcement that if that was the reward for virtue he was glad that he knew how to roll cigarettes."

With no apology for the humor of the "Skyrockets" writer (Nick Grinde, '15, who helped direct "The Bishop Murder Case," was one of the first "Skyrockets" writers), it might be explained that Gamma Phi is one of the intriguing "Big Six" sororities. The next semester of that senior year Freddy Bickel took a Gamma Phi to the Junior Prom.

Wisconsin veterans of Junior Proms know that that's almost like announcing the engagement.

EARLY in the fall of Bickel's first year at Wisconsin the men's amateur dramatic club opened its bid for new members. The Edwin Booth Dramatic Club ranked highly as one of the most active and influential societies on the campus. To be an Edwin Booth or a member of a literary club in that day was to gain in prestige, to move with "activities" men on the campus who were carrying its heavy intellectual and cultural burdens. Ability to act, unlike today, was recognized on a par with ability to make creditable end runs. Undoubtedly to Bickel the requirements of the Edwin Booth Dramatic Club were not too difficult, not too alarming for even a freshman's naive hesitancy. As announced in *The Cardinal* for that year, these requirements were: "a three-minute reading of some play in which at least two parts were taken and of some impromptu work in characterization."

The Racine candidate passed the test and was enrolled as a member of the Edwin Booth Club.

Evidently like all other neophytes, Freddy Bickel's dramatic lights remained hidden that first year under the bushel of collecting tickets at the sixth joint-productions night of Edwin Booth and Red Domino, girls' histrionic organization, at the Fuller Opera House, or of supervising amateur makeups before his fellow Edwin Boothians went on. Grease paint was in the blood of young collegians in those

days before the talking pictures opened an easier, less creative way to indulge in the fascination of the footlights. Even Philip LaFollette, son of the late national figure, Robert M. LaFollette, who was candidate for the Presidency of the United States in 1924, left his debating and oratory interest at Wisconsin that year to take a part in the French play.

Today Philip LaFollette, March's classmate, is governor of the state of Wisconsin.

SO Freddy Bickel's gift from Edwin Booth that year was a greater urge to the footlights, his picture in the 1918 yearbook with the Booth Club, and his name, "Fred McIntyre Bickel," listed with the active thespians, all of them as obscure today as March is famous.

But he had sought other fields apart from Edwin Booth, Alpha Delta Phi, the classroom, and Gamma Phi. On the night of March 8, 1917, when the judges met in Music Hall to decide the winner of the annual gold fob medal in the freshman declamatory contest, they cast their ballots for a quiet, convincing freshman named Fred M. Bickel. He had delivered the obscure declamation: "An Invective Against Corry," in, as *The Cardinal* reported it, "a rich oratorical voice accompanied by perfect platform poise." Today Carl Sandburg and Vachel Lindsay speak in Music Hall when they come to Madison and the varsity debate teams still meet there for their annual clashes.

In the yearbook of the year 1917, above Bickel's picture as winner of the Frosh Dec, is that of Philip LaFollette as second place winner in the sophomore open oratorical contest.

Thumbing further the pages of the yearbook for 1917, the history seeker finds the name Herbert P. Stothart, another Wisconsin undergraduate, who was living with Bickel in those Badger collegiate war days. On the page devoted to the year's activities of the Haresfoot club, men's musical comedy organization which each year still travels the mid-West featuring men dressed in chorus ladies garb, is found this modest announcement: "The music for this year's hit, 'Jamaica Ginger,' was written by Herbert P. Stothart."

TODAY the whole world has seen Lawrence Tibbett's triumph, "The Rogue Song," and is humming the tunes Herbert Stothart wrote for the Metropolitan Opera star's first vehicle. As a member of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer song writing staff he has contributed to many other talkie productions.

For one who has seen the magic web of film fame spun only while seated somewhere in Aisle 3, flashing back on Fredric March is like reading "Alice in Wonderland" for the first time.

The Summer months slip by until it is another semester. Bickel, now a sophomore, hurls the freshman into the lake and helps bring new men into Alpha Delta Phi and Edwin Booth. The United States is on the verge of war. Germans on the campus try to forget that their native country should

have won long ago. The Reserve Officers' Training Corps swells its ranks with incoming students. There is daily drilling on the lower campus. Bickel, the cadet, marches in the ranks with the rest of them.

On Saturday night, December 8, '17, Haresfoot Follies are introduced to a Wisconsin crowd in Lathrop Hall. It is the night when Wisconsin men cavort across the stage dressed as women, bearing out the Haresfoot club motto: "All our men are ladies, yet everyone's a gentleman." The sixth act is billed: "Paul Rudy and Fred Bickel with girls and boys in 'Whenever I Think of You.'" Bickel at last has made the lights, for he is billed with Paul Rudy, that never-to-be-forgotten Haresfoot female impersonator and singer who for three years toured the mid-West with the Wisconsin club, grabbing the notices from provincial as well as metropolitan critics.

Once started, the way to stage fame at Wisconsin was easy for Freddy Bickel. Five months later he was back at the Fuller Opera House, scoring in Percival Wild's "The Unseen Host," in a joint dramatic night given by the Wisconsin thespian clubs for the benefit of the Red Cross.

WHEN the yearbook came out that spring, there was Freddy Bickel's picture with the hand-picked little group of sophomore Wisconsin aces. In that picture Bickel was standing before the brownstone Alpha Delta House, dressed in semi-peg top trousers, a huge starched collar and a flowing tie, knotted large enough to throw the whole figure out of balance. Three years later he was posing in New York for Howard Chandler Christy.

A half year more passes, and Freddy Bickel is wearing the uniform of a soldier in the United States artillery forces. While the literary societies on the campus were sincerely and earnestly debating conscientious objection to bearing arms, Bickel and a bunch of Alpha Deltas, members of the Wisconsin Council of Defense, had enlisted.

The stride to advancement for which Bickel had already shown such great aptitude in two years of university life, shaped a quick course for the disciple of Edwin Booth now wearing, like so many of his fellow collegians, the khaki of that first year's patriotic enthusiasm. He had doffed a cadet's insignia by enlisting in Racine on June 3rd, 1918, with the regular army forces. University drill experience gave him immediately the rank of second lieutenant, field artillery, unassigned. Army orders brought him down to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, after a few months at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, where Wisconsin's student infantrymen still train during the Summer months. Fate did not include Bickel in the ranks of those last hordes of men who were rushed to Flanders. Less than a year of sighting and directing practice cannon drill and his "bit" was over. On February 7, 1919, the war ended, he was mustered out in time for the second semester of the 1918-1919 year at Wisconsin. At least he had answered the call to the stage of great international misunder-

standing and conflict; it was not Freddy Bickel's fault that he took no shell-torn curtain calls.

The Alpha Delts were preparing to boost Freddy into the presidency of the senior class. Alpha Delta Phi already had the varsity football captain, who was none other than Bickel's stage teammate, "Chuck" Carpenter. To add a senior class president to the list would mean bigger and better newcomers into Alpha Delta Phi when the "rushing season" started again.

Bickel, late second lieutenant, U.S.A., had the year before been elected to White Spades, honorary junior activities society. He played the lead in the Junior class play. When the call for candidates for the class office was issued, Freddy Bickel was earning his "W" sweater managing the varsity football team. Iron Cross, honorary senior activities society, had just elected him a member. The name Bickel was known on the campus. Carpenter and his fraternity brothers did the rest. The football team came to the polls for Bickel; Gamma Phi Beta sorority did likewise. Freddy won the contest over his five opponents by a margin of 84 votes. *The Daily Cardinal* called it "the most spirited university election of recent years, with

more votes cast than ever before." On the night of Freddy Bickel's elevation to the senior class president's chair, Tuesday, October 28, 1920, long lines waited on the streets downtown to see "Broken Blossoms," with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess.

The year moved fast for the new president of the Wisconsin class of 1920. He was active in Beta Gamma Sigma, honorary commerce club, and the Wisconsin Commerce Club. He was a member of K. K. K. and Skull and Crescent. He announced long lists of committees, which like all senior committees, past and present, did nothing. He made his memorable last appearance in Union Vodvil. He attended the Junior Prom in a rented full-dress suit as even the wealthiest senior class presidents still do today. Near the close of the year, his future unexpectedly became settled. He was awarded the National City Bank scholarship. Members of the commerce school student body, whose scholastic standings were lower than Bickel's, envied him for that scholarship. The young graduate seemed more fortunate than many of his classmates; he was ready to enter the mythical world of post-undergraduate days with the prospects of rising in the banking world. He

had become a protégé of Frank Vanderlip, the New York National City Bank millionaire.

"CHUCK" CARPENTER and Freddy Bickel said good-bye to each other at noon one June day after they had marched greensward with the 1920 graduates across Randall Field to receive their diplomas. Carpenter, football captain and entertainer extraordinary, like so many football captains, went out into the world to become a crack salesman for a New Jersey firm. And Bickel, with a National City Bank scholarship, became an actor.

He steps off the movie sets today and talks about it: "I was graduated from the University of Wisconsin. Commerce. Won some sort of contest given by Frank Vanderlip for young men with banking ambitions. Went to New York to learn to bank, at which precise time Mr. Vanderlip resigned and Mr. Stillman took over. Mr. Stillman had other ideas about young men. And I found myself with an idle Summer on my hands and thoughts of what I then discovered to be my first love, the stage, doing odd things in my mind."

Perhaps he climbed the historic flight of stairs to the Belasco "throne room," a flight mounted so often by Jeanne Eagels, with whom he played in her last movie, "Jealousy." More likely not, for his first part in "Dubureau" was small. In 1924 March was playing the lead in Gilbert Emery's "Tarnish." In 1926 he wrote the Wisconsin Alumni Records office that after playing leads in stock in Denver he had been engaged for Charles Hopkins' new show, "The Devil and the Cheese." The Theatre Guild engagement followed. His Tony Cavendish in "The Royal Family" won the admiration of John Barrymore when he played in Los Angeles. Even more, it brought him a Paramount contract.

A year ago Fredric March sent the Wisconsin Union \$100 for a life membership. It was the sign that he had been released from the uncertainties of the decaying stage and entrenched in the pay checks of Hollywood.

THESE have been flash-backs on Fredric March, who as Fred McIntyre Bickel made history at the University of Wisconsin. For, to focus the camera on those old badger days is to see a strong, youthful personality, a quiet capacity and courage for work lodged in one person and bringing to him campus fame. And to focus the cameras for these flashbacks is to catch a newsreel panorama of the heyday of college dramatics before the war, the hectic period of student war days, and finally the first renaissance of silent pictures and the broken hearts which followed in its wake.

Fredric March's simple statement, "I was graduated from the University of Wisconsin," is too modest. In the Wisconsin year-books of late he has been listed as one of Wisconsin's distinguished alumni along with Charles A. Lindbergh, Zona Gale, Honoré Willse Morrow, James Muir, and others.

And if he ever plays a college picture, the Wisconsin varsity boys are hoping that, remembering old Main Hall and Room 165, where he practiced to win the Freshman Dec—rooms today still as ugly, barren, and business-like as they were then—he will make a few changes in the lavish, expensive college sets which his unaccustomed directors may have planned.



Photograph by Acme from Underwood & Underwood

Will Hays and his bride, the former Mrs. Jesse Stuttesman. This picture was made at Hot Springs, Va., where Mr. Hays and his bride were honeymooning recently. An interesting story of Will Hays will be found on page 44.



In this studio picture, made at the Paramount coast plant, you see beauty from all parts of the globe. At the top are June Collyer, from New York City, and Mary Brian, who hails from Texas. In the lower row (left to right) are Rosita Moreno, from old Spain, Fay Wray, from the Dominion of Canada, and Frances Dee, who was born in Chicago. The faces are oddly alike, don't you think? That's because the camera demands certain definite beauty requirements.

The Mike Nearly Ruined His Career

(Continued from page 77)

which appeared the best actors and actresses—gathered from the entire nation—in the best of the world's plays. Further, the Hungarian government supported a school in which actors and actresses were trained. Paul Lukas, for the last six months of his leave of absence from the army, enrolled in that school.

THESE days passed all too quickly. Soon he must return to his regiment. But his shell shock prevented him from again going into the front line trenches with the infantry. The continual blast of big guns was too much for shattered nerves to stand. However, service behind the lines did not appeal to young Paul Lukas. If a war was going on he wanted to be in it. He applied for and was given permission to enter the aviation corps.

Four months were spent in a ground school in a small town near Budapest—during which time he acted in the town theater at every opportunity. Then came a change to a flying field behind the lines on the Roumanian front, for further training in the air, actually flying.

"I did some foolish things while at that camp," he said. "But then I was in love. One does foolish things in love—and they seem the finest things in the world at the time."

"All men do foolish things in love," I agreed, "but could you tell me what some of them were—that you did?"

"Huh!" he grunted, and lifted an eyebrow at me. "You want to show me up, huh? Well, I don't care. I'd do them again maybe. Who knows?"

And so he told me one of those foolish things. When he was eighteen he fell in love with an actress in Budapest. How much that had to do with Paul Lukas becoming an actor I don't know and he didn't say. But when he was transferred to that Roumanian front it was like slow death to be away from the girl he loved. And he was away. Forty hours by train and motor. Too much for an army man who could wangle but one day's leave at a time from strict commanders.

But see her he must.

EUROPEAN countries, including England, gave their army fliers a

license (just as we do now with civilians) when they were fully qualified to handle a plane by themselves. Whenever an airman came down on a strange landing field the first thing he was required to do was show this license and tell his number. Paul Lukas, with less than five hours solo work to his credit, was not yet qualified for a license. Without one he could not borrow an army plane and fly to Budapest, which was but seven hours away by air.

He thought it over. Seven hours was over two more than he had spent in the air alone, altogether. It was a dangerous trip from that standpoint—but he was in love. He could not put his ship down on any landing field in Budapest even if he did reach there, not having a license—but he was in love. He'd be courtmartialed and probably shot if caught, for stealing an army plane—but he was in love.

So he did it, and got away with it. Romanticists will say—because he was in love.

"I landed on a farm outside of Budapest and bummed a ride into the city. (Continued on page 94)

Adding a Bright Touch to the March Wardrobe

At small cost you can make the smart accessories shown on this page to give a new lease of life to your late winter wardrobe. Our New Method Circulars give full directions.



M2. The ascot scarf that well-dressed women are wearing may be made from striped silk. The lined shoulder scarf is made from two half-yard pieces of plain silk. Directions for making these and two other scarfs are contained in this circular.



M1. An envelope purse of cloth or heavy silk to carry with your street costume, a pouch-shaped vanity bag made of velvet for afternoon parties and an evening bag adorned with a rose of knotted ribbon are easy to make with the help of this circular which gives diagrams for two other useful bags.



M3. To give fresh chic to a winter dress wear the youthful collar at the left, or use ruffling as shown at the right. Directions for making two other becoming collars are given in the circular.



M4. A simple evening dress gains distinction when you add this new ribbon girdle. Directions for making two other girdles appear in this circular.



M5. Floral ornaments are sponsored by well-dressed women here and abroad. This circular gives directions for making the nosegay shown in the center, the ribbon flower at the left, as well as two other sorts of artificial flowers.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles in care of this magazine enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars or twelve cents for all five circulars. Be sure to indicate which circular you want by the numbers given beside the descriptions.



Inez Courtney, of First National, demonstrates the latest in evening coiffure. The hair is brushed back off the forehead with very wide waves ending in curls at the back. The ears are uncovered. The new length earrings are worn to complete the effect.

The Mike Nearly Ruined His Career

(Continued from page 92)

Was with my sweetheart for two hours, and then came back. I told the farmer it was a forced landing, and if any of the army fields saw me they must have thought I belonged to one of the other nearby fields. They did not miss the plane at my field.

"That was just one of the foolish stunts," he continued. "I did a lot more just like them—but the most foolish was later when I married her. Actors and actresses should not marry each other. There is too much conflict. We were unhappy all the time—so finally just called it off."

"But you are married now," I said. "Sure," he said. "Why not? Did it only a month before I came to America in 1927. But this time I went far, far away from the stage for my wife. Actresses are nice, very nice—but not to marry."

WHEN the war was over Paul Lukas returned to Budapest and re-enrolled in the Royal Actors' Academy. Still carrying on the argument with his father, although they remained friends, he was flat broke.

And then followed several years of hardship. Four boys living in one room because of lack of funds. Two sleeping on beds, two on lounges. Their only income was derived from working in the government subsidized theater as extras. For one appearance as an extra they were given one crown, which was equal to twenty cents. They found coffee houses desiring actors as patrons. At five o'clock every day these places gave them coffee. "With real cream, too," says Paul Lukas—and all the rolls and butter they could eat. "But if we ate more than five rolls they looked at us with a funny look and we knew we had better not eat any more." There were two of these coffee houses, one on each side of Budapest, and often Paul and his young friends hurried clear across the city to get that second free "coffee and rolls."

"Then I got a job tutoring for my lunch. I taught two young boys algebra. So about two o'clock every day I

ate a big, fine meal. Lunch, in our country, you know, is a big meal, so that tutoring job meant something.

"But it wasn't bad. I loved it. We had fun always, even when we were hungry. And once a month I always made eighteen crowns in one night. Because that often the theater ran a play which made one something more than an extra. I love that play for the meals it gave me. It has thirteen scenes and I appeared in eight of them—eight crowns there. Also I had a part. I ran through a door and said, 'The war is on!' Having a part I got ten crowns. Eighteen crowns, eighteen meals. Because for one crown you could get the biggest dish of navy bean soup you ever saw—never have I seen so big a dish in this country—with two nice large sausages cut up in it. I could last for a whole day on that—and often did. I think of that now, sometimes, when I sit down to three good meals a day here in Hollywood."

PAUL LUKAS finally became a full-fledged actor in this theater in Budapest where only the best actors and actresses in Hungary are seen across the footlight. And, except for side excursions to play in Vienna and Berlin, he remained there until he came to America.

Those years were invaluable training. They were training such as few American actors get. The company put on a different play each night. A "hit" would be played only two or three times a week for but one short month—and then not played again until the following year. They had a vast repertoire. All the works of Shakespeare, Moliere, Shaw, Galsworthy, Oscar Wilde and every European playwright for the past two centuries. Paul Lukas would take the lead in a play; the next time it was presented he would play the butler or some small part. "I think I have played just about every character written by the great authors in those years I was on the stage in Budapest. I don't understand how American actors can play the same part night

after night for months and even years. The monotony of it would drive me mad," he said.

I remarked that I was sure that was what drove some actors I know crazy. And Jack Barrymore once told me that was what drove him off the stage. "I lost all interest after the first night," said Jack.

ONE evening in 1927, two Hollywood motion picture producers were in the audience in that theater in Budapest. One was Adolph Zukor, the other Jesse Lasky. They saw Paul Lukas act. Afterwards they went back-stage. As a result of that visit Paul Lukas signed a contract to come to America, to Hollywood, and make motion pictures.

His first picture was with Pola Negri in "Loves of an Actress." Five other pictures followed in quick order and just when Paul Lukas was beginning to get his feet under him and learn what the movies were all about—came the talkies to Hollywood. And Paul Lukas could not speak a word of English!

"Wasn't that nice?" he asked me. "For eight months I did not do one day's work. I began to wonder where I could get navy bean soup with sausage in it in Hollywood. But I studied English hard. Worked at it day and night. Pretty soon I could understand it, then I could talk it. But the accent still remained. I'm trying to get rid of that now—and you know all about me."

Lukas' last pictures have shown him to the public as one who has arrived and who is going a long way forward toward that goal of motion picture fame. In "The Right to Love," "Anybody's Women," "Grumpy" and "Devil's Holiday" he has achieved success. Unless all signs fail, he will continue achieving it in even greater portions for a long time to come.

Because he is good looking, and has color, he is interesting both on and off the screen and he can act.

You watch me, Mother, I'll never get "pink tooth brush"!



CHECK "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
WITH

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SON: Now *watch*, mother! Watch me!

MOTHER: *What are you up to, son?*

SON: I'm showing Jackie how to massage his gums—so he won't ever get "pink tooth brush"!

MOTHER: *Who on earth told you about "pink tooth brush"?*

SON: Why, the teacher! She told us all about it. The way our gums get lazy, because we won't eat food unless it just melts in our mouths. And so you got to massage your gums, to keep 'em hard and healthy. If you don't, they begin to bleed. And that's just too darn bad.

MOTHER: *Serious, you mean?*

SON: Sure it's serious! Why, mother, you ought to know that, as old as *you* are. Why, if you have "pink tooth brush" you're liable to get something—a disease that's spelled g-i-n-g-i-v-i-t-i-s. Or you might get Vincent's Disease. Or you might even get py—py-something.

MOTHER: *Pyorrhea?*

SON: That's it. And that's not all. If Jackie doesn't massage his gums, he'll probably have false teeth when he gets about 20 or 30. Because if the roots of your teeth ever get 'fected—

MOTHER: *In-fected.*

SON: Well, anyway, if they do, off to the dentist you go. And have a heck of a time getting a lot of teeth pulled. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you have "pink tooth brush" *yourself*, mother.

MOTHER: *No, as a matter of fact, I haven't. Because I use Ipana Tooth Paste just as you do. And it has ziratol in it—which is what the dentist uses to stimulate the gums and keep them firm and healthy.*

SON: Yeah. I know all about ziratol. But the best way to *really* keep your gums in great shape is to put some *more* Ipana on your brush after you've cleaned your teeth. And rub it in your gums. Like this. See? Look, mother, don't my gums look hard—and *healthy*? So will Jackie's—if he'll massage *his* gums with Ipana every single day—twice a day. Just the way my teacher said.



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H-31
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Once in a Wifetime

(Continued from page 51)

of your forehead before you know it."

HE was as good as his word. In less than a week the prodigal daughter was once more as much a part of the Hollywood tapestry as jealousy, counterfeit nobility and the bungalow court theory that six could live as cheap as one. Fascination's other stars, with bills guaranteed by Mr. Sealyham, threw welcoming luncheons and parties, limelight seeking public officials helped her to lay cornerstones and dedicate a fleet of bandit chasers, and before long Dixie was ruffling her feathers in a devastating society satire entitled "Two Lumps or Three?"

But after the third day of recording it began to be whispered around the studio that La Baronne had lost her old fire, that she was playing mechanically, that Oakleigh, 4th, had a roving eye and that for once in her life she was not being worshiped. The following morning an uneasy cast assembled for work, listening to a haggard-eyed director.

"I want every one of you to play up to Dixie with all you've got," he ordered. "We all like her, and you can see she's not her real self. It's all a matter of overcoming her inferiority complex, and I can't blame her much, after seeing that barnacle she's tied to."

"You think he's responsible?" piped up Mr. Sealyham, who was hovering near. "Speaking incognito, he rolls off my knife, too."

"Sure I do," said the director sorrowfully. "Don't you suppose I know her reactions after those eight straight knockouts she made for me when she was married to you? But now she can't concentrate. Why? Because she keeps worrying over losing this human third strike. Not that she loves him, if you're intelligent—pardon me—intuitive enough to know what I mean."

"The pardon came too late," said A. B., becoming dignified. "She'd like to sidetrack him if she could think of the next move and—psst, here she comes!"

Miss Baronne, with the horsey Ogilvie in tow, entered the sound stage to a suspiciously spontaneous greeting from the cast, and for a moment the famous opalescent eyes glistened as of old. Cameramen and juicers grinned encouragement, the monitor man presented her with some flowers from his garden, and the gown designer went into treble transports over the draping of his creation of orange sequins.

Mr. Sealyham relaxed a bit and

watched Dixie stumble through a scene that was supposed to be one of subtle comedy. Once . . . twice . . . three times, and each as leaden as a bride's biscuits, he told himself. Was Dixie really through? There she was, lovelier than ever, starting the fourth trial, and—

"Ak-ak-ak-ak," came a choking noise from a high, dim corner of the stage, cutting into the silence like a riveting machine. Ak-akachoooooooo!"

"You're canned!" yelled Mr. Sealyham, peering into space. "Sneeze in this climate, would you? Come down out of there and I'll slip you a draft for your wages!"

"It's only me," said a chastened voice. "I ain't—I haven't got a cold, Silly; it's just these dusty cobwebs that I'm tangled up in."

"Foghorn! What are you doing there?"

"I'm laying off this week," stated Mr. Turbot from the top of a pile of scenery, "and I wanted to see her act, and I knew if I didn't hide somewhere, she'd chase me and—"

"You big lummo!" flared Miss Baronne. "Haven't I enough grief without this? You bet I'll chase you—run, don't walk, to the nearest exit!"

"You win," groaned Mr. Turbot, sliding down to the floor. "I don't want to be a drawback, but listen, baby—"

"Well?" demanded Dixie, trying to tell herself that the expression on his homely face *couldn't* be one of adoration.

"YOU haven't grasped the proper mood, honey. This scene should be played with what's called airy badinage."

"And you can help me, I suppose?" said Miss Baronne a little less frigidly, but managing to wave the olive branch with a warlike gesture.

Foghorn edged a bit closer. "I've heard of the fellow who met the girl who was taking vocal lessons? 'Pardon me,' he says, 'but do you sing for money?' 'Well, hardly,' she sniffs, 'I sing, my good man, only to kill time.' 'Well, go ahead, kid,' says the fellow, 'you certainly got a fine weapon.'"

"Put it back in the mothballs, Foghorn, you'll have to do better than that."

"Then what about the new cop and the sergeant?" And Mr. Turbot enacted her favorite story complete with gestures.

"Oh, you idiot," tinkled Dixie, her mouth working strangely. "I haven't

heard that since—since, oh, you're as crazy as ever!"

"That's the stuff," beamed the director, sensing the change in her attitude. "Encore, Foghorn, old boy."

"Remember the Greasy Vest, where we used to eat in the old comedy days? Remember the time the proprietor asked me how I found the steak, and I say, 'Very easy; I lifted up a potato and it was lying right under it.'"

The Baronne cameo features were crinkled with amusement, then, turning to see how Oakleigh, 4th, was taking it, she discovered him deep in conversation with the hennaed Miss Miraflores, who had appeared from nowhere.

"Never mind him," urged Mr. Turbot, growing bold enough to seize her elbow. "We've got this picture to think of now. I've heard of the fellow who was nuts about genealogy until he looked up his family tree and found he was the sap? That's right; keep smiling."

"We'll go right into that scene again," said the excited director. "All set, Dixie?"

"Lead on," trilled the star. "I'll get the tempo this time, surely. Why, Foghorn, where are you going?"

"A good performer always leaves 'em laughing," said Mr. Turbot, drifting for the exit. "I'll be back some other time, and anyhow, I'm on my way to a wooden wedding—a couple of Poles I know are getting married. Goo'bye."

SIX months later Miss Dixie Baronne was on the crest of the wave, buttressed by an excellent performance in "Two Lumps or Three?" and a couple of other life preservers. Gone were the faint traces of crows' feet, gone was her inferiority complex, and most decidedly gone was Ogilvie Oakleigh, 4th, who had entrenched himself in a Queen Anne bungalow conveniently near the polo field at Coronado. It was at this retreat that Dixie, deceptively Quakerish in grey gull chiffon, but with a corsage of violets pinned joyously on one shoulder, alighted from her roadster one April morning.

"I hope," mumbled Ogilvie, when he had been summoned from the stables, "that you haven't come here to start a row. She—she isn't around, so there's no need to look. Why, you're smiling!"

"I've good reason to, darling. You left me six months ago today, and I've come to tell you that you will be served with divorce papers. Desertion, you know, in case you don't remember."

"Not really?" beamed Oakleigh, 4th, trotting out the grin he usually re-

(Continued on page 98)

Great Love Stories of Hollywood

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Next Month NEW MOVIE Presents the Real Life Romance of

GRETA GARBO

She thought:
 "Nice boy—but 'B. O.' makes
 you impossible."
Yet, to be polite, She said:
 "I'm terribly sorry—but I won't
 be in any night this week."



Girls liked him at first .. but couldn't forgive "B.O." (Body Odor)

SHE HATED to turn him down again. He was good-looking, agreeable, just the type she liked. But . . . "B.O."—body odor. No, she couldn't overlook *that*.

Fortunately he discovered his fault later and the simple way to correct it. Today he's well liked—welcomed everywhere—engaged to the very girl who once thought him "impossible".

. . .

"B.O."—we *all* need to guard against it! Even in cool weather, when we don't realize we're perspiring at all, pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily.

We become so used to this familiar odor that we don't notice it in ourselves—never suspect we are offending. But the least trace of "B.O." is instantly apparent to others.

Why take chances—risk unpopularity—when it's so easy to be safe? Just wash and bathe with Lifebuoy, the delightfully refreshing toilet soap millions love. Its mild, abundant, *deep-cleansing* lather purifies pores—ends all "B.O." worries. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—which you'll quickly learn to love and which vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy purifies.

Wonderful for complexions

Thousands of women depend on Lifebuoy—and Lifebuoy alone—to keep their complexions radiantly fresh and clear. Its bland, penetrating lather gently frees clogged pores of beauty-robbing impurities—tones and stimulates dull skins till they glow with fresh healthy beauty. Try it and see! Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor—

TANGEE



"VOGUE" SAYS—

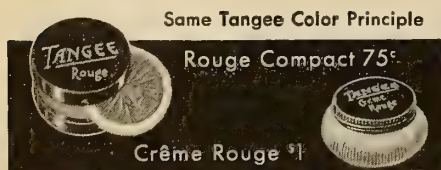
*Paris decrees
more natural
make-up < <*

"All Paris is creating more and more natural appearing make-up," says this famous fashion magazine of New York, London, Paris.

"A vivid slash of red lips has no place in today's very feminine and individual mode. All crudity and violent contrasts are out. Whatever colors bring out your own best points are right. Avoid, therefore, lipsticks that do not match your natural coloring." ©

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. Magically, it takes on color after you apply it... and blends perfectly with your own natural, individual coloring. TANGEE is non-drying, non-greasy and permanent! \$1.

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick, for professional and evening use.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. TG-3

417 Fifth Avenue

New York

Name _____

Address _____

Once in a Wifetime

(Continued from page 96)

served for the photographs after the international matches. "Well, that is sporting of you, snip, old girl! Delighted, absolutely, and I'll have my lawyer speed things up so you'll have the decree in a week. How much alimony are you praying for?"

"Not a nickel," said Miss Baronne flushing. "I couldn't. I got what I went after—a sporting aristocrat—only I didn't know they were so uninteresting. W-what were you saying about that henna rinse?"

"Oh, I tired of her, the same as I tired of you, and besides, I didn't encourage her to follow me the way she did. And why should I? Do I keep the same ponies or mallets or motors from year to year? Perish the thought! Then why, if you'll pardon me, the same wife, be she ever so charming? And that is love—heh, heh—among us millionaires, as your cinema puts it. Er—you'd better take a hundred thousand or so, don't you think?"

"No, thanks. And Ogilvie, I think I like you better now than I ever did before."

"Most remarkable woman," said her puzzled husband. "No screams, no tears, no high jinks of any description! Your arteries aren't hardening, by any chance? No? Well, there must be a number four in the offing. Who is he?"

"You'd be surprised," murmured Dixie, and blowing him a kiss, she started back to the Fascination studios, not in a vehicle of mere nickel and varnish, but in a chariot of thistledown that floated on pastel shaded clouds. And she didn't give the credit to the climate. By noon she was facing Mr. Sealyham at lunch, disturbingly starry-eyed and provocative.

"I'M telling you," shrugged the pro-duction chief, "he's on location in Nevada."

"Bring him back, then. Good heavens, he's always on location somewhere, it seems, and the few times he's popped in he's been such a help to me. Look at me, A. B. Take him out of Nevada and put him in with me in "The Viper's Hiss" that we're going to make down at Catalina."

"Listen," said Mr. Sealyham candidly. "Six months ago Foghorn comes to me and begs for plenty of outside stuff. Now, don't ask me to irritate my best star swamper just for one of your whims."

"That's all you and Ogilvie were—just whims," said Dixie shakily. "But Foghorn—well, I've decided that I can't get along without him."

Mr. Sealyham barely avoided stabbing himself with his fork, then it clattered to the floor. "The old yearning looks in your eyes," he quavered. "Just like a guy in masquerade costume looking for a bus. Why—hey, hey, dry those tears! I'll be a this-and-that if you don't really want to put the handcuffs on the original once more."

"Yes, I do. Oh, A. B., I was always pretending when I was married to you, putting on airs, I mean, and it was ten times worse being an Oakleigh. I don't have to pretend with Foghorn. He loved me before the public ever heard of me, before I had a dime or enough gall to say 'chawming weathaw' out loud. And he's good for me, A. B.; he's

so funny! Did he ever tell you about the policeman who couldn't spell Kosciuszko?"

"Sure," said A. B. loyally, "and I nearly had a hemorrhage over it. But listen, Dixie, Foghorn's scared of you. All you have to do is wiggle that left eyebrow and he'll climb a tree."

"But I'm cured of temperament now and you know I haven't pulled a single solitary rave at the studio. I'm happy, that's why. You can't refuse to bring him back."

"Don't I know it," moaned Mr. Sealyham, "and I wish my broker was right as often as you are. But it'll be against his will; he told me himself he was glad to be free."

"I'll change his mind," promised Dixie, her eyes luminous. "How? Well, when we're on location at Catalina I'll take a walk on the cliffs, and then what do you suppose happens? I sprain my ankle; not really, of course, but then, I'm a pretty good actress. Can't you imagine how pathetic I'll look. Foghorn *can't* be afraid of me then. He'll carry me down and I'll be clinging to him and—"

"It's in the bag, I can see that, baby. Well, anyhow, I'm glad I helped lure that Newport nitwit out where the traffic could hit him. Not that he needed much urging."

"Ogilvie? Why, what did you do about it?"

"Five hundred smackers a week for five weeks," said Mr. Sealyham joyfully, "for a leading lady out of work to make believe she thought he was wonderful. One henna rinse preferred. Get me?"

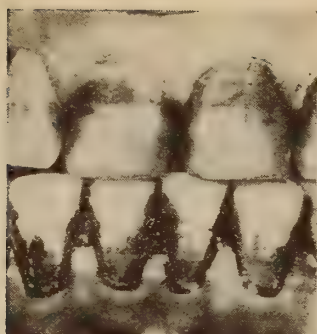
"THE VIPER'S HISS," that epic of heat, hate and love in the jungle, uncoiled itself with the slithering and fascinating efficiency of the serpent concerned. Miss Baronne, arrayed in the customary coming-out gown for screen castaways, which consisted of a remnant of sailcloth slung on the bias, emoted at high pressure with the handsome stencil of a hero, but her eyes rested on Mr. Turbot. And Foghorn, as the incredibly noble boatswain who was to save them from a gruesome fate at the teeth of some cannibals from Central Avenue, excelled himself in turn, while Mr. Sealyham remained grinning in the background like a chubby Buddha.

On the fourth afternoon the tremulous Dixie hastily finished lunch and, escorted by the production chief, wandered away on a trail leading to the top of the green and chocolate cliffs that overhung the beach. In a quarter of an hour Mr. Sealyham returned alone, and before long he was gazing anxiously at his watch.

"Almost time to start shooting again," he stated. "HMMMMM—looks like Dixie's forgotten about us. She invited me for a climb, but that A in my name stands for asthma, so I backed out. Hey, Foghorn, run along up the hill and bring her back, will you?"

Mr. Turbot lumbered off and inside five minutes was well along the path, little knowing that a pair of dancing eyes were spying on him from above. Miss Baronne, hidden behind a clump of wind-flattened cypress, watched him draw nearer, and began preparations

(Continued on page 100)



Before



After

NORMAL TEETH, CLEANED BY DR. WEST'S—pictures show same teeth stained both before and after brushing. Note how thorough the cleansing—shown in second picture.

WHAT TOOTH PASTES really DO

Revealed by UNIVERSITY LABORATORY TESTS

DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste the only one
of 10 typical brands tested that :

(a) Really cleans teeth

(b) Without scratching enamel



Before

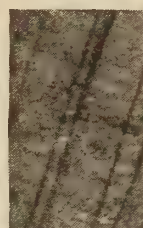


After

NO SCRATCHING BY DR. WEST'S—the microscopic lens can find no scratches after brushing with DR. WEST'S.



Before



After

THIS TOOTH PASTE LEAVES SCRATCHED ENAMEL—note scratches plainly visible in micro-photograph taken after brushing with Dentifrice "X".

It combines two gentle polishers with purest vegetable cleansers. Teeth are not only thoroughly cleaned, but doubly polished. In addition it gives every other good result any dentifrice can safely provide.

YOU may be shocked by some of the facts disclosed here. They are reported to you exactly as determined by tests in a great University laboratory.

Ten typical dentifrices were tested—DR. WEST'S and nine others:

SEVEN DO NOT CLEAN TEETH—and two of these scratch enamel

TWO OTHERS CLEAN—but both of these scratch enamel

ONLY ONE OF THE 10—DR. WEST'S—CLEANS WITHOUT SCRATCHING!

Opinions and guess-work were eliminated from these tests. Normal teeth were stained (to show both invisible and visible dirt) both before and after brushing with each dentifrice tested. The effect of each dentifrice on enamel was next determined. Powerful camera lenses and

delicate instruments recorded the results—as given here.

Our purpose in reporting these tests is simply to give you, in advance, exact demonstration of what DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste will do for your teeth.

When you can be sure, why... guess?

Uniquely gentle polishing

DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste is a modern dentifrice, product of the best modern knowledge of tooth care. Perfected by the makers of famed DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes.

You'll like this delightful modern tooth paste. It is refreshing and cooling to the whole mouth. Millions have switched to it already, making it the most sensational success in tooth paste history.

Get some today. You'll find it at all good stores. And you'll see what a tremendous difference it makes—when you know in advance that your teeth will be thoroughly cleansed and brightened, without scratching enamel.

Write for FREE test: Western Co., Dept. 123, 307 N. Mich. Ave., Chicago.

BIG 10c TUBE ON SALE AT MANY F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. 5-10c STORES



This, and Dr. West's Toothbrush, mean white, clean teeth!



Quick-



*about 5 minutes
and it's ready to
serve*

THAT'S Kre-Mel—America's NEW DESSERT!
Smooth, rich and delicious. Kre-Mel comes
in four different flavors—Chocolate, Vanillin,
Caramel, Coffee.

And Kre-Mel is all FOOD VALUE as well
—providing an abundance of Dextrose—the
vital food element. Milk is used to prepare
Kre-Mel—which means that it's a splendid
dessert for children.

Your grocer sells Kre-Mel.

4 flavors

CHOCOLATE—VANILLIN
CARAMEL—COFFEE



Kre-Mel is made by the makers of Mazola Salad Oil and Karo Syrup

Once in a Wifetime

(Continued from page 98)

for the accident. She would fall just so, one shapely leg stretched out thusly and her mouth awry with agony—ah, he was almost there! . . . he would find her crumpled up and moaning piteously and—

Through the scented air came a frenzied scratching of pebbles, a salty cuss word, and a heavy thud as the careless Foghorn, stepping upon a rock that shifted beneath his weight, spun wildly around and crashed ungracefully into some bushes.

"DARLING!" shrieked Dixie, dashing out from ambush. "Are you hurt? Speak to me!"

Mr. Turbot was on the point of speaking to the world in general, but at sight of her he altered his diction. "Not a bit," he said cheerily, and then, as he tried to rise, his ruddy face grew white. "My ankle!" he groaned, staring at that joint which already was puffed to twice its natural size. "It feels as big as a baby star's head."

"I'll make you more comfortable," fluttered the remorseful Dixie, drawing his head onto her lap. "Just for a minute, before I run down to get help. Oh, Foghorn, darling, this is all my fault! And of all places! D-do you remember in the old days how we used to save up and come to Catalina on Sundays, and eat hot dogs and peanuts and look at the view, and then you'd make me laugh? Oh, Foghorn, weren't we happy?"

"Gosh," said Mr. Turbot in wonder, "if an ankle rates me a rave like this I'm sorry it ain't—isn't a couple of kneecaps. You bet we were happy, and—say, perhaps you'd better go get that help."

"I don't need any for what I'm going to say. Let's be happy again, Foghorn, will you?"

"Listen," said the quarry, struggling to sit up, "you've got me at a disadvantage. Don't look at me like that or I'll weaken. Do you really mean that you want me to—uh—to—"

"Propose? Yes! But you're so slow that I see I'll have to do it myself. Will you take me back—for keeps?"

"Will I?" said Foghorn, suddenly serious. "After missing you every day for five years? After haunting all the places we used to go together, just so it would bring you a little nearer? That hurts a fellow, but the hurt's better than just numbness. Will I? There's only one answer."

"Oh, Foghorn," faltered Dixie, "you make me all choky when you talk like that. There's the dearest little white church away out South on Figueroa Street where it's home and quiet and—oh, I mustn't cry, darling, when I want to smile. Make me smile."

"Okay, honey," said Mr. Turbot, kissing her six or seven times to refresh his memory. "Then why not let's look for another little church somewhere on Hill Street—I can't spell Figueroa!"

The End

In NEW MOVIE Next Month
O. O. McIntyre
Will Present His Vividest
Recollections of Hollywood

• • HERE IS THE BIGGEST SHADE VALUE IN YEARS!

• • CLOPAY Window Shades

only **10¢**
EACH

Made of CLOPAY, a Marvelous New Material
SUN-PROOF ... FRAY-PROOF ... CRACK-PROOF

Every Shade Perfect. Full Size ... 36 Inches Wide, 6 Feet Long

NOW you can have fresh shades for less than the cost of cleaning your old shades. Only 10c for an attractive, durable shade, made of a remarkable new fibre material—CLOPAY. They attach to your old rollers in a jiffy, without tacks or tools.

Test the quality of CLOPAY Shades at your favorite department or 5 and 10c store. See how strong they are, how tough, how light-proof, how flexible, how resistant to damage of any kind. They have no filling to crack or fall out. This amazing CLOPAY material is made by a newly invented process from wood fibre, the same basic material used in many of the smartest modern dress and drapery fabrics.

Above all, notice the beauty of CLOPAY Shades, their thick creped texture, their mat finish, their smart colors. A soft standard green, an ivory tan, and also in new and charming combinations—tan faced with decorative chintz designs in color.

At your windows, no one would suspect that CLOPAY Shades cost only 10c. Your pocketbook will relish this secret.

SUPER-CLOPAY Shades in heavier weights, mounted on rollers and complete with brackets ready to hang, 25 to 50c at Department Stores.

Look for the words

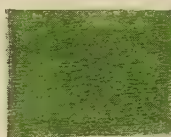
“GENUINE CLOPAY”

If you have trouble finding genuine CLOPAY Shades write us for the name of your nearest dealer. Clopay Corporation, Division of The Seinsheimer Paper Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

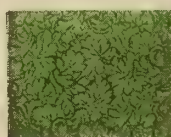
CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

(Manufactured under Patent No. 1,508,759. Other Patents Pending.)

At Most Department Stores and 5c and 10c Stores.



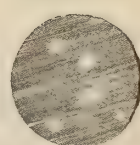
Plain color CLOPAY Shades come in smart tones of green and tan.



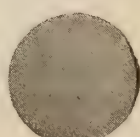
One of the lovely chintz patterns in which CLOPAY shades are also made.



Ordinary filled cloth shade showing pin holes and light cracks which developed after three months wear.

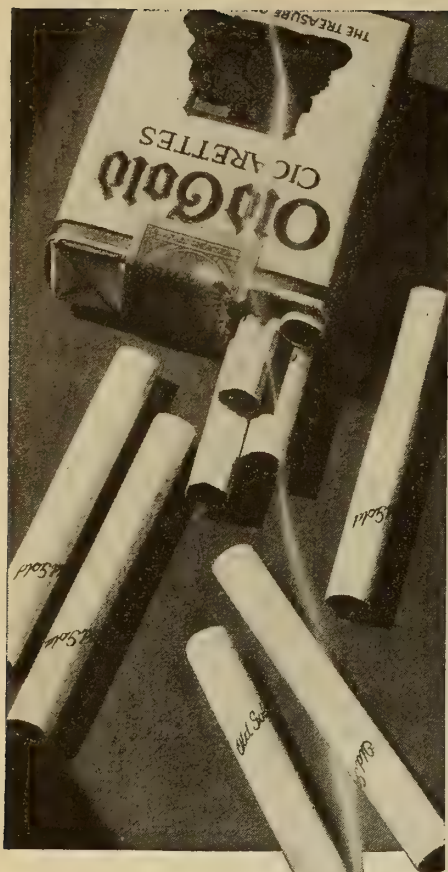


CLOPAY Shade after three months wear. No pin holes, cracks or frayed edges. As perfect as the day it was hung.



How Your Fate Is Written in the Stars

(Continued from page 43)



A SMALL AD ... BUT OH MY!

We might take full pages to tell you that OLD GOLD is the finest, throat-easiest cigarette.

But why waste space when all we want to say is:—"TRY THEM!" One pack is worth a thousand words!

O. G. has defeated every other leading cigarette in public *taste-tests*. Your throat... your taste will tell you why. And no double page ad could tell you more.

OLD GOLD
CIGARETTES
NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

"Yes, that's what I wanted to be, but my family wouldn't allow me to carry out my ambitions."

Every child's stars are fixed. The only responsibility parents have, so far as their children's mental gifts are concerned, is to encourage them to develop whatever the horoscope indicates, and not to try to change their children's destinies to fit their own parental whims and ambitions. That Dorothy Mackaill's parents didn't interfere in this important matter, not only she, but her thousands of admirers, should be profoundly glad.

That's enough for Neptune. Miss Mackaill has other things in her chart. And they don't have anything to do with her feet, either. The intellectual sign Gemini was rising when she was born. And the sign which is rising, as any scientific astrologer will tell you, may have more to do with your character and destiny than the sign in which the Sun happened to be at the time of your birth.

IN Miss Mackaill's case, the first and obvious result of being born so strongly under these particular signs is her versatility. Pisces is symbolized in the astrological books by the Two Fishes, one swimming upstream and one down. Gemini is symbolized by the Twins. Both signs indicate a volatile nature, a double equipment of tendencies and aims, a twisting first this way and then that to attain one's true sphere.

That isn't all. Pisces, as we have seen, is ruled by the revolutionary, mystical, romantic, irresponsible planet Neptune, which is sometimes inspiring and sometimes disorganizing and invariably causes nervousness and restlessness. And Gemini is ruled by the equally active, changeable, stimulating and exciting planet Mercury. You know what we mean when we say "mercurial." Well, that's what people are when they are born strongly under this powerful but often upsetting planet.

Fishes swimming in opposite directions!

Twins, each with a different temperament!

Nervous Neptune!
Mercurial Mercury!
And what have you?

Well, in this instance, you have the delightful, many-sided, stimulating, exciting personality which is Dorothy Mackaill.

As to the reasons for her success, both past and present, they are so many and so obvious in her horoscope that all I need to do is to point them out to have you recognize their inevitableness.

IN the first place, Miss Mackaill's Sun was in that portion of the heavens when she was born which always indicates that men will be a fortunate influence in the person's life. Not necessarily by marriage. In fact, Miss Mackaill's horoscope indicates that she is more likely to profit through men who come into her professional life than through those who attach themselves to her personally. Marriage is

likely to hold heavy responsibilities for anyone with Dorothy Mackaill's stars. But so far as business goes, she will benefit—and undoubtedly *has* benefited—in unexpected ways through people of influence and wealth. (I don't happen to know whether Miss Mackaill is married, so I don't know whom I am hitting, if any one. But I will say this: if she ever does marry, and has a child, she will be very fond of it and will be an excellent mother. That, too, is clearly written in her chart.)

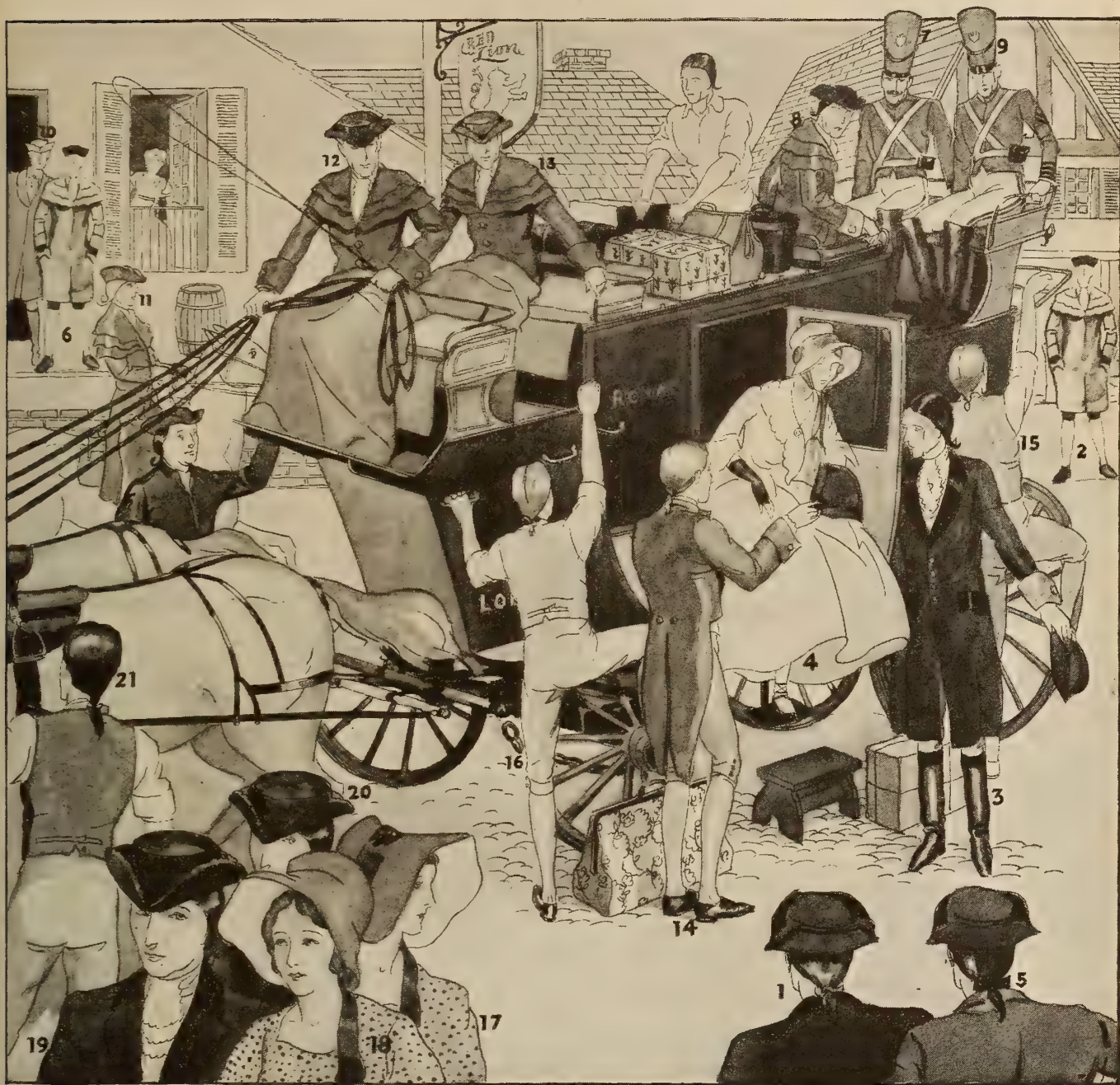
But to get back to her career, the Moon, which rules the public and also relations with women, is especially well placed in Miss Mackaill's horoscope. In spite of her obvious attractiveness to men, she is likely to achieve her greatest success because of her popularity with women. And I am wondering if that hasn't already been the case. I haven't seen as many of Miss Mackaill's picture plays as I could wish, but it has always seemed to me that her "pull" was quite as strong with women as with men—and, of course, there are more of them in the average movie audience.

As for her relation with the general public, her Moon is friendly to Saturn, the god of hard work, and to Venus, the goddess of pleasure, so it is hard to see how she can fail to maintain or improve her present box-office popularity if she will work hard enough and use to good advantage her abundant charm. I believe that she *will* do these things, because her Jupiter (ruling success, wealth, honor and glory) is in the ambitious sign Aries. Aries gives strength, initiative, boundless energy. Its symbol is the Ram. And like the Ram, those born strongly under its influence—Dorothy Mackaill, for instance—are just *bound* to get ahead!



Why Malay girls never walk home! Frances Dee is displaying the parang, a small but deadly weapon brought back from Sumatra by Ernest Schoedsack, who spent a year filming "Jungle War" in the Malay jungles for Paramount.

QUALIFY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN \$3700.00



"STAGE Coach Days" were great old days. The stop at Ye Old Inn was a great event. Here gathered the rich, the poor, society's belles, government leaders and the town crier. Gossip, song, the minuet and politics prevailed.

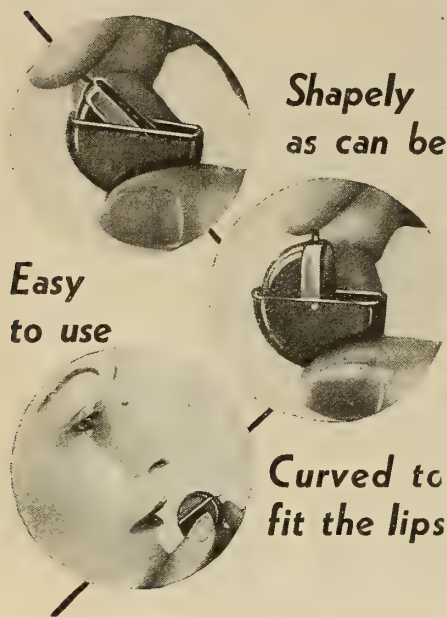
Our artist has pictured here an interesting high spot in the lives of our forefathers as a test of your powers of observation. He has purposely drawn two people exactly alike in size, height, pose, costume or dress. Test your skill. If you can find the TWINS, you will be qualified for a chance to win the FIRST PRIZE in the big contest, details of which will be sent you at once. It will cost you nothing to try for the Grand Prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made in this *unusual* new

advertising plan. There is no obligation whatever.

If you can find the "twins," send their numbers, together with your name and address. This will enter you in the contest. Two thousand eight hundred fifty dollars, or a brand new 90 h. p. airplane and actual flying instruction to be awarded as FIRST PRIZE, with an extra promptness prize of \$850.00—making a total FIRST PRIZE of \$3700.00 cash, if you prefer. In addition to the first prize there are dozens of other well chosen prizes and duplicate prizes to be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago or outside of the U. S. A. Mail your answer today.

M. J. MATHER, *Advertising Manager*
Room 108, 54 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois

You'll Adore this chic new LIPSTICK



NEW!

It's a thrilling lipstick
*vanity! Chic as the

Ritz, modern as tomorrow and ingenious. You'll enjoy this latest creation of Heather as much as you'll delight in the beauty it lavishes on lips.

This vanity is a red half-moon crowned with the tint of gold. Petite and shapely as can be. And far more extravagant in appearance than the mere ten cents it costs you.

There's no cap to lose, no slide to bother with, no precious minutes wasted. Just a flick of the finger and the lipstick is ready to use. It is a lipstick of unquestionable purity and of surprising durability. Its narrow edge outlines a cupid's bow and the flat side covers the lips perfectly. In a twinkling it adorns the lips with seductive loveliness.

Treat yourself to this new Heather Lipstick Vanity. Sold in all 5 and 10-cent stores with other famous Heather cosmetics.

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE

HEATHER VANITY LIPSTICK

10c IN U. S. A. • 15c IN CANADA

He Refuses to be a Star

(Continued from page 41)

the new medium of the talkies. "Because I've been one," said the suave Mr. Menjou.

Which only led to deeper bewilderment on the part of said producers.

It was not that Mr. Menjou wanted to retire. He had gone abroad with some idea that he might like to live on the Continent, dallying about the Riviera and wintering in Cairo and doing some traveling. But it had palled. He liked to work.

So when two months had gone by and he'd been selected only for star rôles, Mr. Menjou took matters into his own hands. He promoted himself a lot of non-starring jobs.

He went and asked Irving Thalberg and Mr. Schulberg and several producers for a chance to play just parts. And he got them only by agreeing to do some foreign versions in which he would be starred. He speaks French, German and Spanish as well as English.

So now Adolphe Menjou, one time star, one time a general in the Hollywood army, is demoted to the rank of about a top-sergeant, and is he happy!

HEARING much discussion about all this, with some folks saying, "Poor Adolphe, imagine how he feels," and others saying, "He's an idiot," I went to inquire for an expansion of his statements. Having found out on good authority that he actually had refused to be a star, I felt I had to know why.

Here is his explanation, brief, to the point, given to me in rapid-fire conversation.

"I don't want to be a star. I won't be a star. I never did want to be one in the first place. I was right then, but I lost my nerve. Now that I have been one, I'm more convinced than ever.

"I am more or less a type actor. I am to play the parts that are right for me. I want the very best parts I can play. I'd rather play a real good part than a star part. Often those aren't good parts. Often they aren't in good stories.

"I want to work. I like to work—if it's fun, if I enjoy it. I don't need a lot of money. I'm not rich, but I don't need to worry any more. I was up there in that big money for quite a few years and I've managed things so that I can always be comfortable. Still, I like to work and it's always a good thing to have the bread-and-butter money coming in on top of your income.

"But I don't want to do unpleasant work, I don't want to be worried and harassed and nervous and on edge. I don't want to play in rotten stories. And, by golly, I don't have to.

"When Mr. Lasky came to me years ago and said he wanted to star me, I said I didn't want to be starred. They thought I ought to be. So I said I would, but they'd have to pay high. Not, you understand that I thought was so great. But that I intended to collect for the worry of being a star, and for the harm it would probably do me in the end.

"I FIGURED out that a man like myself—not an all-round actor, who can go on playing thousands of kinds of stories, but one who is necessarily bound by physical qualifications to certain rôles—would do better over a long period of years not to be starred. I am unquestionably a character actor. It's difficult to get a long succession of good stories in which to star a character actor.

"It proved so in my case. In the four, almost five years, I starred for Paramount, we exhausted every good story for me not only of the present and in English but for fifteen years back and in every language. We combed the literature of all nations. In the end, we found our stock exhausted. There would, of course, be an occasional new story written in which I could star. But to make four good pictures a year with me was an impossibility. There simply were not the stories.

"So if I went on starring it meant continuing to do pictures I didn't like, didn't approve of, didn't enjoy.

"Besides, for four years I had had the worries and responsibilities of a star. No matter whose fault a mistake might be, it was my name that appeared on the picture. It was an Adolphe Menjou picture. There were literally a thousand and one things to be considered. I never had a day's peace. I was always searching for stories, reading stories, discussing them, fighting for or against them with producers.

"Then there were casts. Who should play this part, who should play that? What leading lady was best? What director? Sometimes I felt they were mistaken in forcing certain actors or actresses upon me. Sometimes they felt I was wrong in refusing their selections. Maybe I was. Maybe they were.

"But it was all a trial, believe me. I don't believe there's any other life in the world that has as many trials as a movie star's. If it isn't one thing, it's another.

"DO you know something? Since I stopped being a star, I feel ten years younger."

I studied him a moment. I remem-

New Movie Next Month Presents an Authoritative Article on
THE NEW SPRING FASHIONS

Hollywood sets the modes for the world. What is the movie colony going to wear? This makes the first definite statement on the new fashions and what they will mean to women throughout the land.

ber a day a couple of years ago when I talked with him for an hour or so in his office at the Paramount studio, when he was still a star.

"You look ten years younger than you did then," I said, and meant it. He actually did. The worried look was gone from his eyes, the lines from his mouth. He looked happy and carefree. What change had come about in less than a year!

"Why shouldn't I? I'm better off in every way, except financially, and I daresay in the end I'll be better off that way, too. I have nothing to do now but say yes or no, and then work. I read the story. If it's no good, I say, 'No, I don't want to play in that' and then I forget it. I don't have to explain why I don't like it. I don't have to worry and fret while nine scenario writers make treatments of it trying to make me like it. I don't have to begin sweating wondering where we are going to get a story that I do like.

"When I say yes, all I have to do is arrive when I'm called and do my work, which is acting. I have no responsibility.

"It's a great life. I never was so happy. I have some time to myself. I live normally. I love to come to the studio, because I like to act, and now I don't have to be bothered with anything else. I sleep at night.

"As for the glory—I wonder, after all, how much there is in that? The fact that I'm not starring doesn't make any difference to the people who liked me. I hope they'll enjoy the rôles I play now. I don't see why they shouldn't. I have an infinite variety to select from. I can do a little part if I want to, if it's a fine bit and can be made something of I can play a supporting rôle, if it gives me good dramatic opportunities. Moreover, I can play opposite or with great women stars, and we can build up much better scenes than I could when I had to take some leading woman who wasn't as experienced. If I'd been a star would I ever have gotten to play in a picture with Marlene Dietrich? Would I have had a story like 'Morocco' and a director like Von Sternberg.

"Not much! Under the star system, as a rule, the star's salary is such that money has to be saved other places. If they get a great story and pay a lot of money for it, they give it to actors who aren't so expensive. A star who earns big money is apt to be given inexpensive casts and directors, to even up the cost of production.

"THAT'S the reason, perhaps, that a lot of stars are killed. That some studios are graveyards of promising stars. When you're a star, you can't have the people you want, that you know would be the best for the rôle. They're tied up, they're too expensive.

"Well, anybody can have me now for any part they think Adolphe Menjou is the one to play. If it's a good story and a good part, I'll play it, and so I'll be in better pictures. I shall be able to work as long as I want to. And when I want to quit and travel, I can. I've nothing to worry about.

"So I think I've been very wise. I'm very happy, anyway. And that's the main thing eh?"

I agreed it was, and he dashed off, shouting in various languages at his friends and looking like a boy again.

Hollywood can think he's crazy.

I think he's the smartest man I've met around here in a long time.



GARGLE LISTERINE

every 2 hours when you have a
COLD or SORE THROAT

In your mouth, a fierce and continuous battle is being waged. The forces of Health against those of Sickness. Nature against Germs—dangerous bacteria that lodge and multiply in the mouth by millions, striving to cause illness.

Surely you can appreciate the necessity of using, every day, a mouth wash fatal to germs, yet harmless to tissue!

Physicians have long urged a night and morning gargle with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste. For Listerine kills germs of all types in 15 seconds. No faster killing time has ever been accurately recorded by science.

Gargle every 2 hours

The morning and night gargle is deemed sufficient, in time of normal health, to keep germs under control and maintain a cleanly condition of the mouth.

But when infection is actually under way, which is the case when you have a cold, sore throat, or inflamed condition of the oral tract, authorities urge that the gargle be repeated every two hours.

By so doing you give the body, now at lower resistance, the extra attacking force it needs to combat the ever-multiplying germs in the mouth.

Mouth germs reduced 98%

If you could look into your mouth with a microscope before and after gargling with Listerine, you would behold a remarkable transformation.

Before the gargle you would see millions and millions of germs, alive, wriggling, darting to and fro. After, you would see the same germs dead and powerless to cause harm.

Repeated tests, following the technique employed at great universities, show that full strength Listerine actually reduces bacteria on the surfaces of the mucous membrane 98%.

Take this precaution

At the first symptom of trouble in the oral cavity, begin gargling with Listerine and consult your physician.

Do not be afraid to use Listerine undiluted. Only in this way can you get the full benefit of its germicidal action. Remember that Listerine is non-poisonous, absolutely safe to use, and actually healing to tissue. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

SAFE • NON-POISONOUS • PLEASANT TO USE

10¢ size on sale at all 5¢ and 10¢ stores

I Confess!



Captured
On The
High Seas!

"It all happened in a flash! I had boarded the liner 'Amour' to see Frances off for Europe. Whistles blew, bells rang—but I didn't hear them and before I knew it we were at sea and I was an unwilling stowaway!

"The First Officer found me. He was young, tall and handsome. What a man! But, naturally, he was angry to learn that I was on board without a ticket. Then, suddenly, his attitude changed. He bowed, kissed my hand, and instead of putting me in irons, he found me a cabin!

"I met him on an upper deck that night. 'You know,' he said, 'there's something mysteriously exquisite about you.' He bent down, rested his cheek against my hair, and folded me in the most romantically thrilling embrace imaginable!

"Now I confess that I owe it all to BLUE WALTZ—not alone the Perfume with its strange, mysterious, compelling delicacy, but also the Brilliantine, which touched my hair with a magic, fragrant sheen. ALL men are the same. They don't understand it, but they can't resist it!"

—The Blue Waltz Girl



"They don't understand it, but they can't resist it."

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The precious, bewitching BLUE WALTZ PERFUME is worth many times its modest price. Smartly boxed—\$1 size and 50c size at drug and department stores.



Purse size at
better 5-and-10c
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BLUE WALTZ

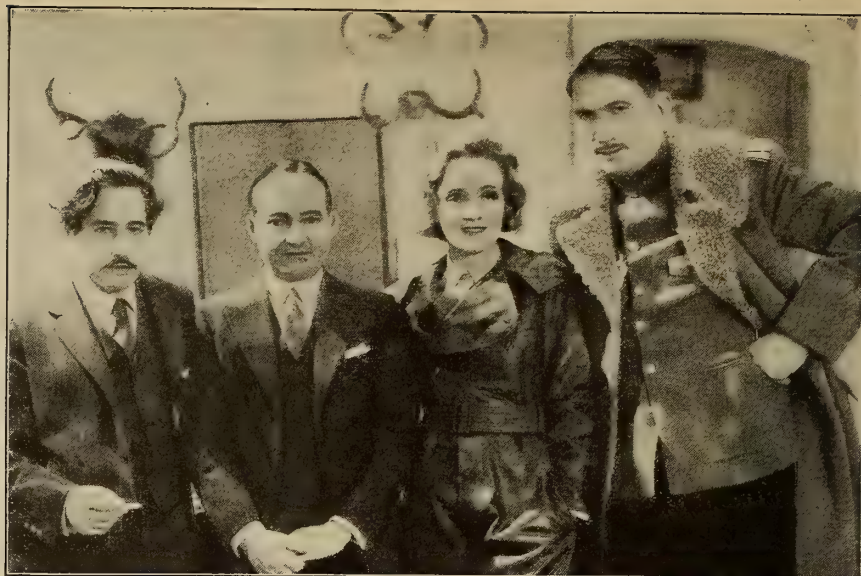
BRILLIANTINE

For fetching make-up, touch the hair, eyebrows and lashes with a Brilliantine that is in perfect harmony with your perfume. Blue Waltz Brilliantine has captured the fascinating odour of Blue Waltz Perfume. It imparts an exquisite lustre. Non-greasy. Trial size 10 cents at leading 5-and-10 cent stores. Why not start now to win great attractiveness?

JOUBERT, CIE., INC.

Creators of the Blue Waltz alluring odour

71 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK



Here you see Marlene Dietrich with two of her discoverers. At the left is Director Josef von Sternberg, who discovered Miss Dietrich on the stage in Berlin and gave her a chance to play opposite Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel." Second from the left is Sandor Incze, the Hungarian publicist and theatrical producer, who gave Miss Dietrich a prominent role in the Berlin footlight production of "Broadway." At the right is Victor McLaglen, who plays with Miss Dietrich in her second Hollywood film.

"I'd Rather Die Than Loaf"

(Continued from page 54)

he is eating his lunch off a tray. While directors and secretaries are interrupting.

Across the enormous desk where piles of papers lie in order, you will see a deeply tanned serious face, with quick, kindly eyes. You will hear a voice still marked by the famous Texas drawl. You will listen to a vocabulary occasionally interspersed with the "cuss words" of a Texas cowboy, for emphasis. And you'll be as astonished as I was to realize that this youngster came alone and single-handed to break into the closed corporation of producing pictures, and to defy many of the sacred traditions and pet commandments of Hollywood.

"I CAME to Hollywood looking for something which would give me more than the normal return for money invested," he said, slowly. He thinks before he speaks, as a rule. "Or at least the possibility for a greater return. In the manufacturing business—and that is where most of the money in this country is made—competition limits you to about fifteen percent at the most. The average is much closer to ten percent on the money you have put into the business.

"You can make more than this on a monopoly, some patented article you sell to other manufacturers or to the public. But if you sell anything, say a bearing, to other manufacturers they get mad and you lose their good will if you hold them up for much more than the normal return. They make every effort, then, to find some way to get along without your article, or to get some other patent taken out and then—you are sunk for good. You can get more when selling to the public direct. They don't grumble unless you charge them more than they think the article is worth. Wooden golf tees are a good example of them. They cost but a

fraction of what they are sold for—but the public wants them and thinks the price charged not exorbitant."

He stopped to answer a telephone and drink half a glass of milk. While he did that I adjusted my ideas to this sort of conversation from the "millionaire playboy of Hollywood." I began to see that here was one of those truly American young men who see romance and adventure in business.

"After looking over all the different fields, I am convinced that in most of them your profit is limited. That is not so in motion pictures.

"YOU can spend two hundred thousand dollars making a picture and net a half million dollars on it. And no one is going to get peeved at you for making that much. The theaters will not, because they got theirs, too; the public will not, because they think the price you charged at the box-office is fair.

"That's why I'm making motion pictures."

Thinking of the size of the check he could write if he wanted to, I said, "But why do you want so much to make big returns? You've got all the money you need."

He waited a moment, as though arranging his thoughts. "To me," he said, "making money is the badge of success. For a business man, the gauge of his success is the amount he makes out of his business, isn't it? I'm a business man. I want to be successful. That's our national creed. Most of the money I have was made by my father. To prove myself as good a man as he was, I must make more than average returns. Do you see?"

I said I did.

Howard Hughes went on to explain, signing letters meanwhile, that he didn't want me to get the idea that

(Continued on page 108)

Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 47)

connection which swerved Lois Moran from operatic dancing to motion pictures. Her rise was rapid and after two years abroad, she was dancing in the Paris National Opera Company. The mother, now Mrs. Gladys Moran, had attended school in Pittsburgh with a Mary Martin, who was a niece of Alexander Moore, the Pittsburgh newspaper publisher, ambassador to Spain and later husband of Lillian Russell and she renewed her friendship with Miss Martin in Paris. The latter at the time was hostess at the Embassy in Madrid for her uncle, and invited Mrs. Moran and Lois to spend some time there with her.

The invitation was readily accepted and at a big social gathering in her honor, Lois danced. Among the guests was a prominent Spanish motion picture director, who at that time was about to make a film depicting the martyrdom of the early Christian maidens. He took one look at Lois, and is said to have exclaimed:

"The face of a vestal virgin. The girl for my picture."

There was a hasty consultation with Mrs. Moran. She consented to the arrangement and Lois made the picture. She made still another in Spain and then went to Rome for three pictures. It was in the Italian capital that Samuel Goldwyn, who was even then preparing to film "Stella Dallas," glimpsed the little Pittsburgh girl and then and there her fate was sealed. She was brought to America, or, rather, back to America. You know or should know the rest.

LOIS MORAN never encountered the privations and hardships that so many motion picture stars of today faced in their childhood. Her early days were spent among moderate though well-to-do surroundings and her schooling was obtained in the quiet sanctity of a seminary nestled among the Alleghany hills. And had she not followed the career which she did follow, today would probably find Lois Moran, with her social forebears and aristocratic ancestry, following the life here of a young debutante.

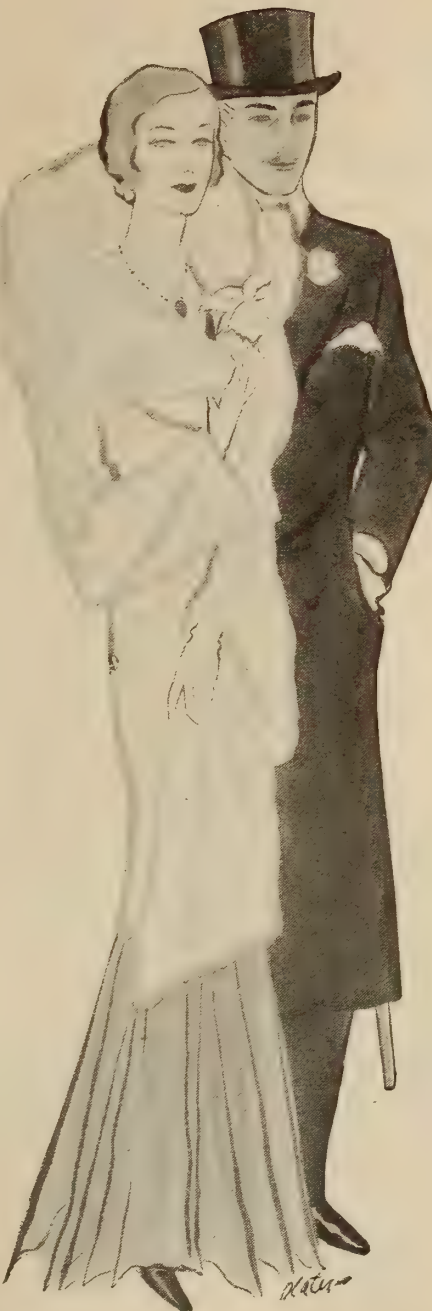
Three years ago, already established in the upper strata of Hollywood's aristocracy, Lois Moran returned to Pittsburgh with Thomas Meighan, another local boy who made good in the big city, to lead the grand march at a ball given in the William Penn Hotel, by the Seton Hill Alumnae Association. Fame had not turned her head. Her success, she confessed, was luck.

And her classmates, the girls with whom she shared those quiet, pleasant days among the hills, found her the same "sweet, unassuming child" she had been but seven years before.

NEW MOVIE pays one dollar for every letter it publishes! Turn to DOLLAR THOUGHTS, page 10, and send in your own ideas.

Double the enjoyment
of the evening

try this marvelous
Beauty Bath

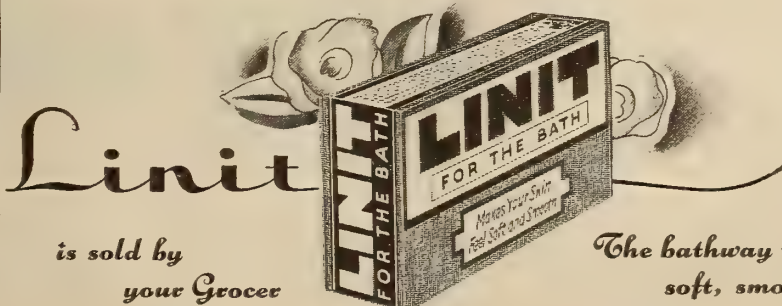


If you're compelled to come dashing home from the office or a shopping tour, and the event of the evening requires a quick "tub"—swish half a package or more of Linit in your bath, bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and when dry, feel the exquisite smoothness of your skin.

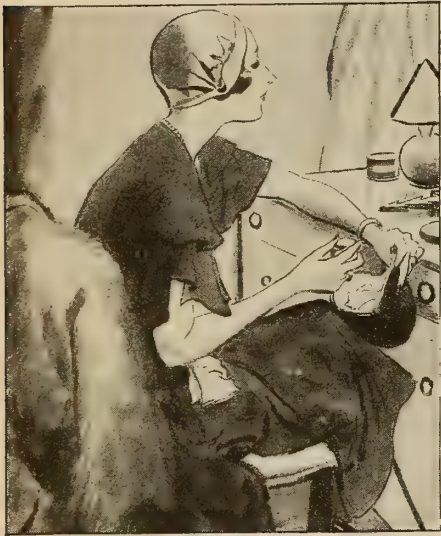
One outstanding feature of the Linit Beauty Bath is that the results are immediate—no waiting.

Nor will you waste precious minutes "dusting" with powder, because after the Linit Beauty Bath there is a light, exceedingly fine "coating" of Linit left on the skin which eliminates "shine" from arms and neck and which harmlessly absorbs perspiration.

Pure starch from corn is the basic ingredient of Linit and being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact, doctors who specialize in the treatment of the skin, regard the purity of starch from corn so highly that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.



A minute alone



... and MUM!
that's all you need
for complete protectio.

THE old days when women thought that frequent bathing and a dash of perfume or talcum was protection against underarm perspiration odor, are gone forever. And how glad women are! What a comfort it is to know that you can carry real insurance against this meanest of Nature's tricks.

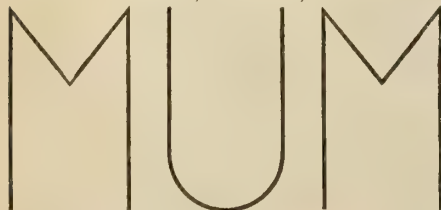
Mum! A minute alone, any time, anywhere, and you're safe from that odor which always marks one as—well, at least insensitive to the nicer refinements.

That's why Mum is such a joy! You can use it while you're dressing. No fussing, no waiting for it to dry.

There's nothing in Mum that can possibly injure fabrics. And there's nothing in it that irritates the skin—even a sensitive skin. You can shave, put on Mum at once—and never a smart or burn!

Another thing—you know how odors cling to your hands when you prepare onions or fish for dinner, or when you have to sponge a spot with gasoline. Mum rubbed on the hands kills every lingering trace of odor instantly!

Carry Mum in your purse with your compact. Have underarm niceness always at hand. You can get Mum at all toilet goods counters, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y. Canadian address, Windsor, Ont.



SANITARY NAPKIN USE. You will be grateful to know that Mum on the sanitary napkin gives complete protection.

"I'd Rather Die Than Loaf"

(Continued from page 106)

every picture turned out made that much. In fact we both agreed that the average picture income was not far above that fifteen percent manufacturers and economists have set as a fair and good return.

"But the possibility is here, as it is in no other business" said Hughes. "The low return is only because so many bad pictures are made and so much inefficiency exhibited in the making of them. The thing that appeals to me is that your money can make those enormous returns. Turn out good stuff and you'll make plenty. That's my objective."

I was thinking, while he talked on efficiency, of "Hell's Angels." That picture took three years to make and cost Howard Hughes four million dollars. Neither that cost nor time seemed very efficient to me. I said so. He smiled.

"Good point," he said. "But I'd do it over again. I think it was a cheap picture. I spent money, yes. But in spending it I learned enough so that I'm sure now of what I only hoped before—that I can make big money in this business. I came here a greenhorn on making pictures. Looking at it in that light you can say that it was tuition in the College of Experience. It will come back, thanks to that experience."

"But don't think it won't come back the other way, too. That picture is making money. Before it's finished, I will have back all it cost and more besides. That's why I say it was a cheap picture."

I MUST put in here that in all fairness to Howard Hughes, it must be said that the cost of "Hell's Angels" was run up through no fault of his own. Talkies came in when he was right in the middle of it and he was forced to scrap three-quarters of a million dollars worth of film. Also he built, for the sake of that realism which is his fetish, what no producer has ever built, a replica in half size of

those Zeppelins used to bomb London during the war. The cost of that ran up into hundreds of thousands of dollars—but it was real, and he felt the public rated a real Zeppelin. He held forty planes and seventy-five pilots for five weeks at an airport in Oakland until what he thought was the proper cloud setting came along. But when it came it was beautiful—and real—and, to him, worth the money.

I said realism was his fetish. It is. He has one question, one yardstick, by which he judges stories, situations, characters. "Is it natural?" is the question. By it he produces, by it he directs.

He has great daring. He isn't bound by tradition. The wealth back of him enables him to experiment and it may, in the end, enable him to do a great deal for the art of the motion picture. That is his intention.

Producers for years have said that an unhappy ending on a picture was synonymous with box-office failure. That the fans didn't want to see anything but happy endings.

"BUNK!" said Howard Hughes, kicking another Hollywood tradition in the face. "People want entertainment. If a picture is entertaining, it's a good picture. It is a good picture if it depicts natural and possible happenings. They include unhappy endings, as you know if you look around you any day. That doesn't mean I'm going out looking for sad finales. But I'm not going to shy away from them if the rest of the story is good and the ending logical."

"Same way about sex. If the action is natural and normal I'm going to put it in my pictures and keep on putting it there. I'm not going to throw in some hot scene just to appeal to what someone has called 'the depraved instincts that are in all of us.' But I'm not going to hold back if the situation is natural and normal."

"The censor boards can fight and cut—and I'll fight back. I think the



This picture reveals why Hollywood is an ideal place for making movies. No, we are not referring to Frances Dee and Rosita Moreno, who appear in natty Winter garb. It's because Hollywood is ideally located to get any sort of background, from the sands of the Sahara to the tropics of the South Seas. This was made on location up near Lake Tahoe.

public wants honest realism in its pictures, as it does in its books and in the theater. I'll give it to them."

He looked out the window into the studio lot for a moment. Then said, "And I'll spend every cent I have, go to the wall completely, proving that the public wants and appreciates realistic pictures as well as fairy tales. I'm in this business to make money. I believe I can make the most money by making the best pictures. As a manufacturer, I was trained to produce the best article possible. It was my father's code. If I manufacture pictures, I'll live up to that code."

HIS first picture venture was when he financed Marshall Neilan in making, "Everybody's Acting." It was not an expensive picture; by no means an "epic." But it brought Howard Hughes back a little over fifty percent return on his investment after all expenses were paid.

He next crashed into the eyes of Hollywood with "Two Arabian Knights." With Louis Wolheim, Bill Boyd and Mary Astor, this picture was a knockout. It was one of the best pictures of the year and made "the playboy of Hollywood" over twice as much as it cost to produce. But still, Hollywood regarded Howard as a playboy and refused to take him seriously.

So he came right back at them by buying an exciting stage play "The Racket" and making an excellent motion picture with it. It starred Tommy Meighan and again Hughes made a lot of money.

A hundred thousand dollars with which he had started making motion pictures had grown into well over a million. That's a rather satisfactory way to "play."

Incidentally Hughes was investing his own money, made in the tool company, in pictures, while a lot of picture producers were investing their surplus in Wall Street. He did pretty well, it seems to me. Especially by comparison.

When he had finished another telephone conversation, I said, "Does that go on all day?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you get it taken out of here?"

"Never can tell when one of those birds might really have something I want," he said.

"With all your money," I said, "you work harder than most men."

"I want to work," he said. "I must work. I'd rather die than be a loafer. But it's gotten so now I'm looking forward to a day off. This game was fun in the beginning. It still is, in a way. But it sure has developed into plenty of work, too. Your nose has to be to the grindstone all the time. But there are two great things about it: It can never get monotonous because different things come up every day, and you can make a bigger percentage of profit here than in any other business I know if you make good pictures."

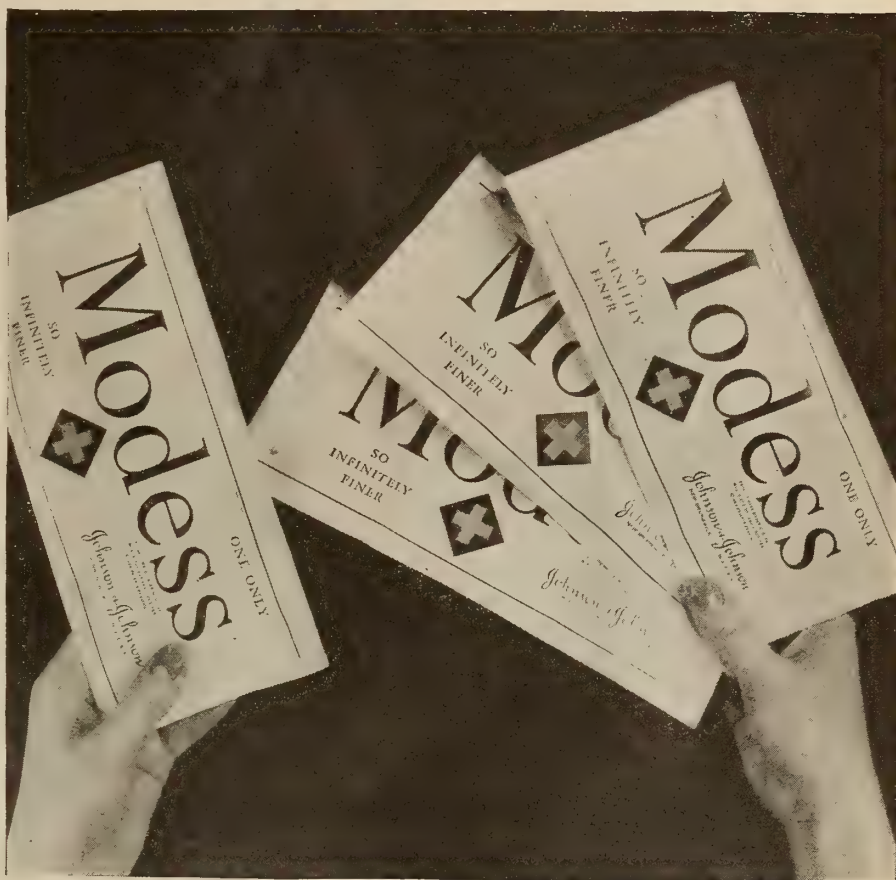
Howard Hughes is doing that. He landed in Hollywood with nothing but money, so it was said. But he stuck his chin out, dared Hollywood to try to take his money away from him, defied Hollywood with his radical notions about making pictures—and is making Hollywood give him more millions.

This kid nephew of Rupert Hughes' has turned out to be quite a lad. In a year or two, he'll be one of the great factors of the picture industry.

Special

[at 5 and 10¢ stores only]

One Modess **FREE** with 3 for 10¢



BECAUSE we know that women who use Modess once keep right on using it—we want to make it easy for you to try it. Hence this offer of one individual Modess FREE with the purchase of three at the regular price of ten cents.

One of the things women like about Modess is that it is so carefully cut and so gently pliant that it is inconspicuous under any gown. It is perfectly protective, softly comfort-

able, reassuringly deodorant and easily disposable.

These individual packages of Modess are very useful things to have around. There are often times when you will like to carry a few in your handbag for emergency use. They make a splendid guest accommodation. Or they pack very neatly in a week-end bag.

This Special offer operates for a limited time only. Modess individuals are on sale exclusively at 5 and 10¢ stores

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World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.



The new way to a lovely complexion ...a "skin health" cream

"SAFEGUARD the health of your skin and you safeguard its beauty." Realizing this, millions of women are adopting a new, medicated cream that promotes skin health—Noxzema Cream.

Noxzema is entirely different from ordinary cosmetics. It actually helps the skin function—stimulates circulation—keeps pores active, free from clogging wastes. No wonder rough, blemished skin quickly grows satin-smooth, clear—radiant with healthy beauty!

Use Noxzema both as a night cream and as a powder base. It's greaseless and non-drying! At all drug, department and most Woolworth stores. Or mail coupon below with 10c for generous trial jar.

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Please send me a 10c trial jar of Noxzema Cream.

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The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 57)

their own companies in order to insure themselves good pictures, Dick has stubbornly got what he wanted without the trouble or the investment of a ruble. Anyone who has watched the steady quality of his pictures must suspect he is pretty much the producer of them. Sensations come and go, but Barthelmess we shall always have with us. Incidentally, I am not worrying about Chevalier getting all the gold from France... not with Dickie on our side.

P. S. I cannot resist the vanity of spooning in the admission that I predicted top spot for Dick when he was getting a hundred a week and I was making twenty-five. (Both now billionaires.)

Director Ramon Novarro—This is my boasting month and Evangeline Adams says there is no use me resisting. Those of you who have been able to read me and live during the past eight years must recall enthusiastic prophecies for Ramon Novarro. I declared that he, too, was something more than an actor. With the Spanish version of "The Call of the Flesh" he becomes star-director. Ingram discovered Novarro. Now Novarro discovers himself. The Columbus award will have to be split fifty-fifty.

Stu Erwin Turns Victim—Stu Erwin stole so many pictures that no star would have him except as a friend. The only recourse for Producer Ben Schulberg was to star Stu.

"And here's where I take the toboggan," moans Stu. "From now on they'll steal them from me."

I do not know who had the occult gift to suggest co-starring him with Skeets Gallagher in "The Letters of a Japanese School boy." Why not a Chinese Laundry Bill? But perhaps that will follow.

Stu's drollery suggests Will Rogers'—dumb but wise. My suggestion is that Will Rogers be given the job of picking Stu's stories. It would help tide Will through hard times on his little more than a million income.

Stu Champions Buddy—The smart alec critics who have been calling Buddy Rogers names have Stu Erwin to fight. Says Stu: "Why, Buddy has got all kinds of nerve. He doesn't use any double on horseback. He rides like a Cossack. On location he plays football like a Trojan with props and technicians. He's temperate but he enjoys the girls and parties now and then. There's nothing wrong about Buddy except some of the advice handed him."

Buddy (to the devil with Charles), has been over-refined in pictures. Just because he made good in "Wings" there's no reason to hang them on him. Let him see bubbles again as in that champagne scene. Of course if he himself has gone Charles, there's no hope but vaudeville.

Gary Cooper Arrives—Around Hollywood they are sobbing that Gary Cooper was cheated of star footage in "Morocco" by wicked Von Sternberg, who gave it to Dietrich. Actually, Gary came into his own. The trouble with most stars—particularly the young ones—is too much footage. You will not soon forget those scenes between

Cooper and Dietrich in the girl's apartment and in the cafe. Gary made a sad error if he refused to play again with Marlene, as I am told he did. By the way, Mr. Von Sternberg, is the part still open? Jim Tully is not the only great actor with NEW MOVIE.

Starring Authors—With Jim Tully and George Bernard Shaw taking the screen it looks like a big year for authors. I'm not the jealous type but when Jim talks about the fifteen grand he got for stealing that picture from John Gilbert, I feel like stealing something too. A lot of others must feel the same way, for there has been a great outburst of banditry in Los Angeles since Jim looted that fifteen grand.

Hollywood Jealousy—Many a Hollywood actor is wondering why the other fellows get breaks when he should be wondering about the break he's getting.

Hollywood Culture—Variety calls attention to the Hollywood gas station that advertises "Petrol" and the vegetable stand with a "Green Grocer" sign. And then there is Stepin Fetchit's colored friend, a garbage man, to whom Step always refers aristocratically as "mah friend with the combination salad wagon."

Even Trees Have Doubles—Hollywood even fakes its Christmas trees now. Instead of firs along the boulevards, as formerly, there were cardboard affairs strung with lights. I'll bet even Santa Claus was doubled. There ain't no Hollywood—it's all a double.

Farmers Get Break—In Russia vegetables are accepted as tickets at the movie theaters. We can learn much from Russia, as Mr. Brisbane says. With the spread of the vegetable policy I'm looking forward to my six avocado trees keeping me in loge seats during the sunset of my life.

Robots for Actors—Electrical science has produced a robot that moves, speaks, obeys commands, bows and scrapes and rolls his eyes, and does everything but think. In a word, he's the ideal actor. This should prove a boon to star-troubled producers. For that matter, I cannot understand, in view of the success of Mickey the Mouse, why Walt Disney is not engaged to draw all the actors.

Divine Right Idea—Hollywood is becoming more and more like the old royal courts. Producers have the divine right idea that you must be born to greatness. Only a relative can get a job.

Hollywood Spies—M.-G.-M. bought the story of a spy for Greta Garbo and Paramount is producing it with Marlene Dietrich. Such is the Hollywood spy system, and so stories go.

Opportunity for Real Actors—There is a great demand in Hollywood for actors with cultivated voices who can speak lines intelligently. They are needed to double vocally for dogs and apes in comedies.

Truth About the Czar of the Movies

(Continued from page 45)

night. He likes all sorts of people and meets them graciously. He makes them talk and soaks up information like a sponge. He never forgets a face or where he first saw it.

When in Hollywood he does not mingle much with cinema players. The reason, of course, is obvious. Good friendship and discipline do not mix. Yet he does like them and he knows all about each and every one—more than they ever dream he knows. The malicious gossip of Hollywood does not interest him. I have heard it started in his presence at dinner parties out there. He immediately becomes deaf, changes the subject or suddenly remembers he has to telephone New York. His is a legal mind and demands indisputable facts.

On the other hand when he hears news of some individual who is working hard and proving a credit to the industry he becomes attentive. He interrogates. What he hears is immediately classified in his very capable head between his two very remarkable and outstanding ears.

OF all the restless people I know, Hays likes motion best. He is like a blob of mercury on smooth glass. He thinks in terms of miles. It pleases him to bring people together who ought to be acquainted. If he does not know a person he asks to meet them.

I recall at a dinner party one night he had not met Heywood Broun and asked me to present him. I did. Before I could walk away, the usually shy Broun—this was before his advent into politics—was talking his head off. Hays has a gift for making people talk from the first crack of the pistol.

When he goes to Hollywood or to Sullivan or abroad he carries two and sometimes three stenographers and he will often hop off the train to shoot a jolly to some author whose magazine story or book he has just read. I suppose Will Hays in many ways is a Babbitt. Yet in many other ways he is the greatest sophisticate I know. People may often think they are kidding him about this and that. But they never do. He can size up the four-flusher at a mere glance but he will never expose his hand. He would make a marvelous poker player.

His friendship is as staunch as I have ever known. I have personal knowledge of this for in a dark hour in my life, when my dizzy world suddenly stood still, turned over slowly and crumbled, he was a Gibraltar-like rock.

He had heard that I was the victim of a bit of shameless injustice. He spent the most of three busy days and nights in my behalf. Nor did I know of his activity until many weeks afterward—and then from others.

Once when I tackled him about it, he evaded with: "Shut up. I didn't do anything. It's all a big lie"—and changed the subject. But I know he did.

Multiply this incident by thousands and you will understand why those of us who know Bill Hays love him with such enthusiastic ardor.

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See America First

(Continued from page 72)



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swim and fly and motor, you party in packs from house to house.

The American thinks of Paris as a place to drink and flirt excessively. Actually he is converted to coffee and Vichy within two months. Intemperance is a disgrace among Latins. They live more by the honor system over there. When they can't they come to America. In Sicily when I asked about the old black-hand mafia—those bandits who terrorized the island for so long—I was told with happy smiles that they had all gone to New York and Chicago.

Hollywood is not confined to the suburb that bears the name. Its spirit animates the entire coast and even creeps into Mexico. There is all the scenic variety of its movie "locations."

No one ever stays indoors unless he has to work. He leaps into a car and drives off in all directions. Among the holiday branches of the movie colony, I recommend Palm Springs in the desert, Lake Arrowhead, five thousand feet up in the mountains, Del Monte, Santa Barbara and San Diego along the seashore, and Agua Caliente and Ensenada in Baja California of old Mexico.

IN respect to scenery, California is a closely packed bargain. You will find here all the scenic specialties of Europe plus samples of Asia and Africa.

Along the foothill boulevards you drive through Italian scenes of orange and olive. Arriving at Banning you will find the Japanese celebrating the blossoming of the cherry trees in springtime. On beyond you enter the desert that doubles for Sahara on the screen. Here, in an oasis of date palms, you may cool yourself by looking up at San Jacinto with its Alpine snows. Or you may drive the other way past Bill Hart's ranch in the Ventura hills and cross the Mojave desert to Bishop, thence into the high Sierras, dwarfed only by the spectacle of Wally Beery fishing from his cabin porch.

In balancing the joys of a Hollywood trip against those of a European you must ask yourself whether you are movie-minded or history-minded. If you are interested in historic monuments you may prefer Europe. And yet—

The cathedral of Notre Dame was always a favorite landmark of mine. I never failed to lift reverent eyes to the hill where it was enthroned in changing vestments of light. So I suffered a shock of personal loss on looking up one day to find it had disappeared. Carl Laemmle had torn it down.

Phantoms of old-world monuments flit through the lots of Hollywood, serving their day in pictures before returning into their original selves. Notre Dame having done her service for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" had returned to the Ile de la Cite.

ON my second night in Paris I visited the isle where Paris was born. Notre Dame was being illuminated for the occasion, someone having tipped them off I was coming. No picture ever entranced me as did her sculptured face like chaste silver on the velvet of night sky. Now and then a fragment would detach itself and wing off into the blackness, a pigeon whose slumber had been disturbed by the bright light in its eyes. As I stood revering the work of god-inspired man, a plaintive voice at my elbow murmured, "But where's the hunchback?"

I suddenly realized that the screen had become the travel guide. In the palace of Versailles the same little screen-read friend called my attention to the secret door into the bed-chamber of King Louis. "Remember it? That's the door Pola Negri used when she visited the king at night."

"Yes, and now Norma Talmadge is using it," I sighed, recalling Du Barry. "Such is the fickleness of kings. . . ."

Later our guide pointed to the window from which Marie Antoinette viewed the rabble shouting for bread and uttered her classic wise-crack, "Let them eat cake."

"A woman who would make a crack like that ought to have her head cut off," observed my friend. "It was doing her no good anyhow. Who did she think she was, Greta Garbo or Gloria Swanson?"

It seems the tables have turned: the movie reproduced historic scenes and now those scenes are movie history.

WANDERING through a movie lot you pass through all ages and nations. You can't find better ruins anywhere in the world. They make the originals look like imitations.

Even the realtors erect them on their subdivisions to attract the history-minded. Along the coast near Malibu you can buy a lot with an old Spanish well, a crumbling gate or a bit of the Alhambra. And as the advertisements say of imitation pearls: Only an oyster knows the difference and it won't tell.

There are, of course, the genuine old Missions all along the coast. Dreaming, fragrant spots of redolent romance. I shall never forget the rapture I felt as a child on viewing San Gabriel Mission or the pleasure of drinking the wine under an ancient wide-flung vine (Poor little children of these gin days).

In view of the economic times it might be well to balance the cost of a Hollywood trip against a European.

With the exception of Italy, Europe is no cheaper than Hollywood. Most of it is more expensive.

If you want the same comforts you have at home—room with bath and meals at all hours—you will find Hollywood more congenial perhaps.

HERB HOWE WRITES ONLY FOR NEW MOVIE

His "Great Personalities of the Screen" Starts in

NEW MOVIE Next Month

I KNOW a hotel in Hollywood where you may have room, bath and unexcelled service for two dollars and a half a day or fifteen dollars a week. The same accommodation would cost more in Paris.

Food is cheap in Paris if you know your restaurants. The same is true in Hollywood. I always look forward to the unsurpassed restaurants of Foyot, L'Escargot and Larue whose food and wine cannot be matched at any price in this country. But when I am hungry in an American way I think of the sixty cent lunch and dollar dinner at the Come-On-Inn in Hollywood. In this Japanese bungalow under the trees you will find more genuine atmosphere than in Nini's Vieux Chalet of Montmartre. I cherish the privilege of dining in Hattie's immaculate kitchen above membership in any club. It is a great deal more exclusive (only Malcolm McGregor has similar entrance.) Nini herself is not as amusing as Betty, the waitress. Recently I enjoyed a long chatty evening in the skylight dining-room with Anita Stewart and her husband, George Converse, with whom I compared travel notes. When Betty dashed in wearing a purple skirt to her knees and a sweater that looked like a reptile's Sunday clothes we agreed that no peasant in Europe was half as picturesque.

In Hollywood and its environs you may dine on all the foods of the world. There are restaurants Russian, Japanese, Italian, Spanish, French, Armenian, Greek and Swedish. Call up Louise Fazenda and she'll direct you to all of them.

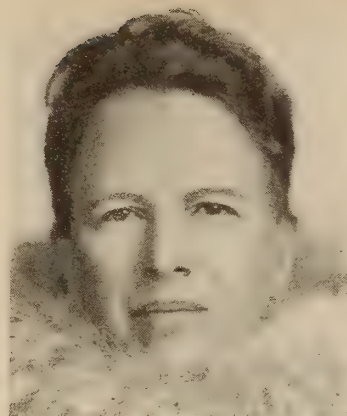
There are also such exotic dishes peculiar to California as whale steak, sharks' fins, beer steak and barbecued meats.

THE drink for which I thirsted in Paris was orange juice. You become addicted to it in Hollywood. And I missed the incomparable vegetables of California that ornament the roadside markets.

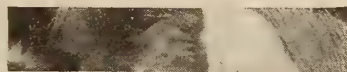
I need not reiterate the variety of people in Hollywood. It is as cosmopolitan as Paris. With Doug Fairbanks I have seen the dragons dance in the streets of Chinatown. I have enjoyed Japanese food in a rickety upstairs with Alice Joyce, Corinne Griffith, Malcolm McGregor. At Palm Springs in the desert Rudie Valentino and I watched the Indians in their tribal dances. With Novarro I had dined in obscure Mexican places in Sonora town. Stepin Fetchit and Nina Mae introduced me to the delights of the negro section along Central Avenue. My good Italian friend, Bull Montana, has taken me to the Guasti ranch where I found the hospitality of Italy along with the food and drink. In Santa Barbara each year I enjoy the Spanish fiesta. At San Gabriel the Mission Play. In the Spring my Japanese friends escort me to Banning for the festival of the cherry blossoms. In midwinter I am entertained by Jack Dempsey and my Mexican friend, Manuel Reach, at Ensenada, which with a hotel, casino and the finest beach in the world is more attractive than the French Riviera.

In fact I don't see how I've found the time to write this article, or you to read it if you happen to be in Hollywood.

P. S.—Ramon Novarro has just called to invite me to the International Theater for "Sevilla de Mis Amores," the Spanish version of "The Call of the Flesh," which he directed.



"Men must work" says Russell Owen



and here's how some of them make it easier.

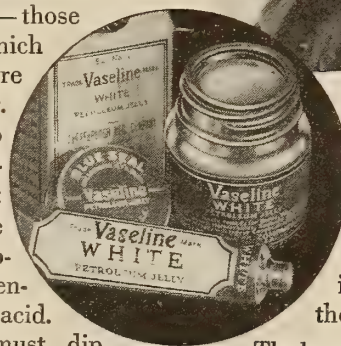
A MAN was working on metal with bare hands when the temperature was more than forty below zero. He grinned as he looked around, and though he was a tough person, I wondered how he stood it. How did he prevent his skin from being burned by the frosty metal? How protect it against frost-bite? I soon found out how the workers in many lines have solved such problems for themselves. They use a protective substance. Its name is "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly.

For example, there was the sailor who used it for "sea cuts"—those cracks in the skin which come from cold and are inflamed by salt water.

There were the men who work on electric batteries all day, who find that "Vaseline" Jelly is the only thing that will protect them from the hardening effect of sulphuric acid.

Photographers, who must dip their hands in chemicals, used it to prevent skin troubles. "Just rub a little 'Vaseline' Jelly on the hands before putting hands in chemicals and you'll never have any trouble with poisons affecting them," said one of them.

There was the glass engraver who covered his face and hands with it before etching, to prevent the fumes from burning his skin. The head of a firm of painters and decorators, who advises his painters to use it on their faces in the morning before beginning work, as the paint then comes



off easily without rubbing or hurting the skin. The printer who used it to take ink stains from his hands. One man—he was a painter—was using it to wash with because there was no water handy.

The head of a firm of plasterers said: "‘Vaseline’ Jelly to a plasterer is as essential as any of his tools. Nine out of ten plasterers have a bottle of ‘Vaseline’ Jelly in their tool kits, keeps the hands soft and cleans the lime out of the pores."

The cold facts from these men is the best advertisement in the world for "Vaseline" Jelly as a healing and protective measure. Try it some time.

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Russell Owen

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Why Movie Stars Can't Save Money

(Continued from page 35)

for the servants to get in and out of them thar Beverly Hills. And a roadster and perhaps a five-car garage full of assorted sizes and colors (we will omit discussion of yachts).

SOME stars and some directors have airplanes and air chauffeurs. I was recently snatching breakfast at dawn in a Harvey House at Kingman, Arizona, where I had stopped over night on a motor trip. I looked up and there was Douglas Fairbanks, gutting his coffee. He had dropped down for breakfast. He was piloting his own plane, he said "into Colorado"—out turkey shooting for the moment.

Entertainment can cost little or much. There is a trip to Europe every so often. Some male stars run to London for clothes. Most of them hopscotch down to Beverly, and I have seen a hurried film-flammer order twenty-one suits from Arthur Pesterre in half an hour. Arthur Pesterre has taken the trouble to bring over a lot of tailors from his beloved London in a noble experiment to make riding breeches look better in pictures.

I will leave the bootlegger's bills to your imagination.

NEARLY all picture people now have beach homes up the coast.

Most of these places are small. One cosy little cot has an elevator—and, I have been told, twenty guest rooms.

Just how much picture income is lost gambling I would not venture to guess. Week-end losses of \$60,000 or more are quite commonplace at Agua Caliente, that delightful spot across the Mexican border which is well outside the zone of perfect behavior. There are, I understand, ample opportunities for being taken care of by gentle-mannered gamblers in Hollywood, Pasadena, and Del Monte.

Many film stars are generous and do kingly things which never reach the ears of press or public. I know that one picture star recently bemoaned the fact that Beverly firemen were not having such a hot time. So he equipped all the fire stations with fancy concrete hand-ball courts and quietly paid the bill. Another movie gal used to save up \$200,000 in her penny bank and then get rid of it in a hurry, sending broke and down-hearted actresses on trips to Paris, all expenses paid. Actors often see each other through misfortune—and many a star pays hospital bills for some poor kid who never knew who sent out a lot of clothes, or who fixed things up, transforming a ghastly hospital room into a paradise.

Actors blessed with children go to fantastic lengths to give their pampered thinglings a grotesque good time. These big-eyed children are smothered with unnecessary luxuries and elaborate nonsense. Miniature houses, baby golf courses, tiny automobiles, pee-wee stables and so on. Chauffeurs cart these children around in a dizzy routine of unnecessary swank.

QUACKS, of course, try every kind of scheme on movie people and get

away with weird hocus-pocus. It is no uncommon thing for swamis and ex-barbers, turned chiropractor, to be in full charge of the health of the very nervous system of your favorite screen lollypop. Fees charged are as astounding as the faith of the subject.

It is unfair to charge bad taste as a universal Hollywood characteristic.

Some picture people live quiet lives, think quiet thoughts, and proceed with dignity and reserve.

I have been in homes of picture people where I did not detect a false note.

But it is natural, I believe, that most actors suddenly receiving fabulous emolument should let loose in a gorgeous spending spree. Actors, for centuries, have been wanderers, living for the most part like nomads, flush one day, broke the next—and never in one place long enough to have homes. Pictures have made it possible for actors to take root in one spot. Actors are vain or they would not be actors. It is logical that they should build themselves grand settings. And I believe it affords them a lot of fun—and if they are having fun they can well afford to think little and care less what we prosaic people have to say about it.



Leila Hyams is one of the prettiest of the Malibu beach belles. Miss Hyams, by the way, is being seen now in "Part Time Wife," a successful Fox Production starring Edmund Lowe.

Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 10)

Plea for Gilbert

Baltimore, Maryland.

I recently saw John Gilbert in "Way for a Sailor." Why they put a good star in such pictures is beyond me! They are just taking one of the biggest box office attractions and ruining his fame by casting him in stories entirely unsuited to his type. Why don't they give him more pictures like "The Big Parade," or "Flesh and the Devil"? They could also cast better actresses opposite him. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, John Gilbert is one of your best bets. See that he remains that way.

S. Stadd,
1664 W. North Avenue.

Bill's Influence on the Kiddies

Chattanooga, Tennessee.

All the bedroom farces, drinking scenes, risque parlor dramas, gangsters and hold-ups piled together are mild in their influence when compared to one William Haines picture. Our own youngster is impossible for days after seeing him. And I have heard scores of other people say the same thing.

Sarah Emerson,
Box 1681, Sta. A.

How to Frame NEW MOVIE Pictures

Trinidad, British West Indies.

Having noticed the full-page pictures in your magazine are all of the same size, and thinking that there may be readers who would like to frame theirs, I take pleasure in suggesting it being done this way. Take two panes of glass, put the picture between them, bind the edges with passe partout, putting rings at the sides, supported by short pieces of string. In that way you can hang the glass to show one set of pictures one day and a different set the next day, for both pictures can be seen in one frame.

Jack R. Fortune,
Care Miller's Stores, Ltd.,
Frederick Street,
Port of Spain.

Helpful Article

Lima, Ohio.

"How to Have Your Photograph Made," by Russell Ball, was splendid. That man knows his business and so does NEW MOVIE for printing such an excellent article. I had my photograph taken about a week after I read it, keeping in mind all of Mr. Ball's advice. I have only to add—it is the best picture and the most natural one ever taken of me.

R. M. H.,
953 Rice Avenue.

From the Azores

Ilha Terceira-Azores.

Living as I do in this Island of Terceira (Azores), almost ignored in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, it is always a great pleasure for me to receive some new magazines. However, that pleasure has increased with the first copy of THE NEW MOVIE that I received and read. Among the special features that I have appreciated in that magazine I may mention the number of portraits of the stars, published in each

(Continued on page 117)



Start a new day, at 6 P.M.



Would you make every evening a more pleasant one . . . or more profitable? Would you make them all happy, lively, enjoyable . . . and resultful? Then wash away fatigue and the cares of the day . . . with this invigorating bath. Moderately hot at first, ending with a cold splash and brisk toweling. Read *The Book About Baths* for more details.

No more dull sleepy mornings



Fully as helpful as the "After-work Bath" is the "Morning Wake-up Bath." It is an eye-opener, an energizer, a self-starter. There are a few little tricks that make it more effective. Like starting with warm water and suds and making the final splash cold enough to be tonic.

Here's a bath for sore muscles

Did you know that the right bath can do much to prevent sore, stiff muscles after hard work or exercise? If not you should read page 13 of *The Book About Baths*. It explains, among other things, that this bath should be a long, hot, soapy one.

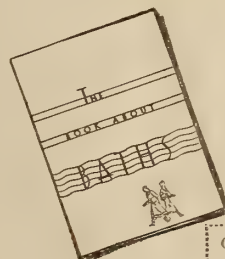


Learn to make baths help you

There is really more to this matter of baths than you might imagine. Baths to end sleeplessness, to ward off colds . . . for mental alertness, for comfort, for cleanliness. But it's really quite simple. And very important in this busy, busy age. In fact, so important that we have written a book about it!

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The Book About Baths is a valuable, helpful booklet. Decidedly interesting! And simple, practical, understandable. Would you like a copy? Free, without obligation of any kind.



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358 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

The Banjo Player Who Made Good

(Continued from page 67)

Still he kept going. This game was far tougher than he had imagined, but by now he wanted it badly and refused to allow it to lick him. He sat hour after hour in casting offices, stood in line with hundreds of others who were after the same job he was. Sometimes he got it; more often they did.

He talked to Hollywood people he had met while playing in the orchestra. In this way he got test after test for small—and sometimes large—parts. But none of them ever clicked, none of them ever brought him the glad news that the test was good and that he was to get the part.

He moved out of the cheap hotel to a cheaper room with a family who sought to add to their income by renting their "spare" room. For a while they did get those extra dollars once a week. Lew Ayres pawned his musical instruments in order to pay them, and get gasoline for his car. Lest that latter be thought an extravagance, allow me to say that in Hollywood it is just about a necessity. The distance between studios is so great—it takes almost an hour to drive from the Universal to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio and far, far longer than that on the buses and street cars—and those seeking jobs must cover so many studios daily that extras have found it more profitable to go without eating and buy gasoline rather than give up their cars.

Lew Ayres finally came to this point. For six weeks he did not pay his room rent. For six weeks he ate where and when he could. For days of those weeks his only food was two apples and a loaf of bread—costing fifteen cents. And there were days when he did not eat that much.

"BOY, but I was surely tempted to quit then," he told me. "Looking back on it I don't know why I didn't. I could have gotten a job in an orchestra any time. But that would have meant I would not have had time for pictures. And they came first."

His landlady, sorry for him, allowed him to stay on those six weeks without paying his rent. But she, too, had to eat. She finally stopped him as he went to his room one night.

"Lew," she said, "I'm sorry. I'd like to have you stay with us. But we need the money we could get for your room."

"I know it," he answered. "I'd have gotten out before now if I hadn't thought every day I'd get work and be able to pay you. I'll leave tomorrow."

The next morning he packed his suitcases and threw them into the back of his car. He had eleven gallons of gasoline and twenty cents. Where he was to go or what he was to do he did not know. He had a half-formed idea he could sleep in his automobile but it was not definite.

He sat behind that steering wheel for five, ten, fifteen minutes. He could not make up his mind which studio to hit first in his daily search for work. He heard the telephone ring inside the

house. It stopped. There was a pause. And then his landlady pulled back the curtain of her front room, looked to see if he was still there, and raised the window.

"Telephone," she called. "It's for you, Lew." He walked back up the stairs he had climbed, hungry, so many hopeless nights. He picked up the receiver.

"Hello, Ayres? Pathé Studio talking. Can you come out this morning? We want to make a test of you?"

"I'll be there." But his voice wasn't jubilant. He'd been tested before. Dozens of times. Tests were just something, well, hell, something you took. Like castor oil.

HE went through the test as directed. They asked him where they could call him during the late afternoon and he countered by saying that he would call them. He didn't know where he would be. He drove out to Santa Monica that afternoon and sat looking at the sand and rolling waves. "I didn't have a rational thought for hours. Just sat and looked at the breakers. I don't know what was in my mind. Guess I was about ready to throw up the sponge and go back to the banjo and sax."

Just before dark he called Pathé and was told to come over and see



Lew Ayres in the patio of his Spanish bungalow in Hollywood.

Paul Bern, then a producer at Pathé, now one at M.-G.-M. Bern gave Lew Ayres a contract for six months, and smiled when Lew asked him how soon he'd get paid.

It was the beginning of the up grade for the kid from Halstead's orchestra. The salary wasn't much, but it was eating money.

Lew Ayres did little while at Pathé. They were making few pictures and could not see Ayres fitting in any of the parts in them. But Bern, who left Pathé, did not forget the young fellow who asked him, "When's pay day?" He sent for Ayres when a leading man was needed for Greta Garbo in "The Kiss."

Then Universal started casting for the great part of the boy in "All Quiet On the Western Front." They took tests of every available man in Hollywood and sent to New York for others. Finally Paul Bern again suggested Lew Ayres. He took the test, the job, the picture—and was made. Lew Ayres has eventually arrived in Hollywood, landed on both feet after his long climb up the hazardous ladder, and is headed for big things if the present plans of Hollywood producers do not go astray.

"I once tried to thank Paul Bern for what he has done for me," Lew said. "It was during the shooting of 'The Kiss.' But he just grumbled, 'Haven't done a thing. Just helped get you a job. Don't flop after I recommended you and I'll be repaid.' You know, I had to work like the devil after that remark."

Lew Ayres did. He's working now. And he's going to work himself to a much higher level in this Hollywood of ours.

Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 115)

issue; the gossip from the studios; the visits to the various studios of the motion picture world and, especially, the reviews of the new films. I have greatly appreciated this department as from it I can obtain the right information regarding the current movies.

Jacinto Dos Reis Moniz Silva,
Rua do Conde No. 14,
Santa Luzia Angra Do Heroismo.

Inside Impressions

Hollywood, California.

Having worked in movie studios for five years, perhaps my impressions of stars whom I have seen in person may be of interest to the fans:

1. *Laura La Plante*—Democratic, friendly, sincere and unaffected.
2. *Mary Philbin*—Shy, sweet, restrained, but capable of deep emotion.
3. *Alice Joyce*—A perfect lady.
4. *Louise Fazenda*—Always considerate and amiable; greatly beloved by all who know her.
5. *Norma Shearer*—Gorgeous; as elegant and beautiful in real life as on the screen.
6. *Betty Compson*—Can change her entire appearance with every gown. A highly gifted star, with something wistful about her.
7. *Joan Crawford*—A sensible dresser, and vivid, magnetic type of woman.

Evelyn Bowen,
1208 N. Fairfax Avenue.

From Classroom to Study... from Study to Bed...



YET TO LOOK AT THE GLORY OF ELAINE'S SKIN YOU'D THINK SHE ATTENDED COLLEGE JUST FOR THE SPORTS

HER classmates call Elaine a "study hound" and a "grind" . . . To her, sunshine is just a good reading light and sports are a pastime for children. She goes in for learning, with a capital "L." . . . But every member of the girls' hockey team would trade her shin-guards for a skin as fresh and glowing as Elaine's.

Thousands of girls and women who must remain indoors in pursuit of learning or livelihood have found a new way to enliven their skins with the ruddy richness of "outdoor" beauty! OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder imparts to even drab skins the sparkle of fresh, natural loveliness. The unique olive oil base of this exquisite powder warms the skin with the glow of

health . . . and guards it against the ravages of sun, wind and whirling dust.

Even if indoor activities consume your days, your face can reflect the lively radiance of open-air life! Ask your dealer for OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder today. Its seven enchanting tones include *Everglades*, a glorious "duo-tone" for all types of complexions, and *Lido*, a radiant "gypsy" tint.

Regular size packages of this unusual powder at 35c and \$1.00 are available at the better drug and department stores. For trial purposes, generous introductory packages also may be had at the toilet goods counters of leading 10c stores. Crystal Laboratories, 138 Willis Avenue, New York City.

To complete your make-up, try these other OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products . . .

now in 10c trial packages:

For the Eyes: *Eye Shadow, Cosmetique and Eyebrow Pencil.*
For Lips and Cheeks: *Cream Rouge, Dry Rouge, Lipstick.*
For the Hair: *Shampoos and Wave Lotion.*
Facial Creams; Nail Beautifiers



LIGHTEX for Oily Skins in the Red Box . . . With OLIVE OIL for Normal Skins in the Purple Box

New Beauty for Oily Skins!

OUTDOOR GIRL
LIGHTEX
FACE POWDER

A delicate new blend which imparts to the "shiniest" complexion the exquisite softness and petal-smoothness of youth. Look for this airy-light, fluffy-dry powder in the bright red box.

OUTDOOR GIRL

OLIVE OIL *Face Powder*

BY THE MAKERS OF Z. E. T. BABY TALCUM. *Fine for Baby's Body—Fine for Everybody!*



THERE ARE REAL REASONS WHY millions prefer GENUINE Maybelline

Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier darkens lashes instantly—makes them look longer and more beautiful—yet preserves the all-important appearance of naturalness. It is the easiest lash beautifier to apply—goes on evenly and quickly without effort—keeps the lashes soft, pliable and in a healthy condition, and is perfectly harmless in every way. These are the reasons why Maybelline is the largest selling eyelash beautifier throughout the world, and why millions of women have preferred genuine Maybelline for over fifteen years! Insist upon the genuine and your satisfaction is assured.



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YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet. The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited 955 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

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The new easy way! A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

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Absorb all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin flake off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At drug stores,

Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 38)

Why should they? How could they? For they saw each other masked and armored against the world that hadn't lived up to their dreams. He thought she was beautiful, but cold, haughty, hard. She thought he was handsome—in a way; he looked as she thought a Prince Charming would look if there happened to be such a thing . . . but he was snooty, high hat, and very young.

A MASK—and a suit of armor, a meeting. And hiding behind them, a boy and a girl, terribly young, shy, sweet, confused. Ashamed, really, of how young and expectant they were. Ashamed to admit that deep down they both hoped still for the miracles of which all young things dream. Oh, no, they were a couple of worldly old folks, they knew life, they weren't to be fooled any more.

Then, unexpectedly, they met in a world of make-believe, and lost for a moment, their pretenses.

Joan Crawford went to see Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a play called "Young Woodley."

Sitting in the darkened theater, seeing the boy play this sensitive part with real artistry and finesse, the girl forgot that he was snooty and annoyingly casual. She forgot how she had always been haughty with him. They met on a common ground—their real, intense love of the art of acting.

Going out into the bright lights of Hollywood Boulevard, Joan was still held by the spell. There burned in her a desire to pay tribute where tribute was due. Absently, she went into the telegraph office and wired compliments and congratulations.

THE next day Douglas called her up. That night he took her to dinner. He took her to dinner several times. They danced, chatted, were very gay. Two charming people having a bit of flirtation. Doug said bright things about pictures. Joan said wise things about life and people. Their interests were all the same, they knew the same people, did the same work, lived in the same atmosphere. Their positions were equal.

And slowly that magic which no poet has been able to explain, revealed them to each other. The mask dropped from Joan's face. And he knew that it had concealed his dream girl, who stood before him, tender, strong, eager for love, ready to believe again in those things which life had forced her to lay aside.

Doug laid aside the armor of his gaiety. He was a poet in love.

This had been destined from the beginning of the world.

At nineteen they had discovered the most priceless of all gifts. They had no doubts, no questions. Cynicism fell from them like some soiled garment. Modernism forsook them. The miracle had befallen and miracles always belong to the ages.

They didn't want to waste a day, an hour. Since fate had intended them to make a perfect whole, why delay matters? They belonged together for always. In the most old-fashioned way in the world, they wanted to Get Married.

TO their utter amazement, they encountered opposition on every hand.

This thing that was so clear to them, wasn't clear to anybody else. To their chagrin they discovered that their immortal love was regarded by their elders with incredulity. Nobody would believe them. At best, it was a "first love," a boy and girl romance which was bound to die. At worst, it was an affair—a Hollywood affair.

"You're too young," was the general verdict. "You're just kids. You'll get over this. Nineteen! Ridiculous!"

In a way it is not difficult to understand their opposition.

Doug's mother had devoted her whole life, her every thought, to her son. He had been the center of her universe since he was a child. To her, at nineteen, he was still a child. How could he be ready to marry, to leave her for a life of his own? Of course she wanted him to marry—some day. Of course she hoped he'd find the right girl—when he was older. But not so soon—so unbelievably soon.

Besides, what could a boy of nineteen know about real love?

His father, the Senior Douglas Fairbanks, said much the same thing.

A young marriage would handicap Doug, Jr., terribly. He could understand the hot blood of youth, the belief youth has in itself. But why take a rash step, just when he was beginning to get on? Surely, it was wiser to wait.

Even Joan's mother objected vigorously. Joan was too young to marry. And if she did, it should be some older man, who could guide, protect and advise her.

Neither of the kids had any money. They were earning fair sums, but both had obligations. Nothing was sure. Being under age, they couldn't be married without the consent of their parents.

(Continued on page 120)

Great Personalities of the Screen

Herb Howe Starts a New and Sensational Series in NEW MOVIE Next Month, Presenting the Great Folk of the Films as He Really Knew Them. The First Story Presents Mabel Normand.

Guide to the Best Films

(Continued from page 16)

after an unfortunate experience with an aged millionaire, learns that youth is preferable to money, or something like that. *Paramount.*

Sin Takes a Holiday. Designed for the more sophisticated picture-goer, this hits the target, if not quite the bull's-eye. It is pleasing to watch Constance Bennett emerge from the somewhat drab personality of an efficient secretary into a radiant butterfly. Before she is through, she has her boss turning hand springs. *Pathé.*

Viennese Nights. For those who prefer romance and the moonlight of glamorous Vienna, to realism, First National has turned out a pleasing operetta, produced on a generous scale. If you are not in the mood for singing there always is another night and another picture.

Just Imagine. A musical picture displaying no little imagination, in addition to girls and song. *Fox.*

Reviews

(Continued from page 88)

daughter and the other members of the household. If you prefer to avoid the long-drawn agony of a death-house, prior to the execution of wayward son, it may be well to leave before the conclusion of the film.

Free Love—Universal:—Conrad Nagel, as a husband who has passed through six years of an irritating marriage, wallops his wife on the jaw, whereupon Genevieve Tobin, in the role of the wife, passes out on the drawing-room floor. When she comes to, she concludes that marriage is just a rough-and-tumble fight after all, that true love must be expressed through an occasional punch, as well as a feverish kiss. It takes a long time for Conrad to forget that he is a gentleman, but for the most part, the domestic bickerings are authentic enough to hold the attention. For comedy relief, there is the ever reliable Zasu Pitts with Slim Summerville as her running mate. The big moment of the picture, however, comes when Conrad says it with flats.

See America Thirst—Universal:—Those made dizzy by high places and by hazardous approaches to being hurled through space, may well avoid seeing this comedy too soon after eating. The cautious groundling will get a good scare in following the antics of Harry Langdon and Slim Summerville in this hodge-podge of adventure. It is a gangster picture gone comic with occasional suggestions of satire, usually running into burlesque. The appealing, befuddled Harry and the tall, gawky Slim make a good comedy pair in a picture that does not aim to arrive anywhere except at an amusing finish. Gang warfare at its worst and at its merriest provides a background for an entertaining hour. Bessie Love is almost overlooked in a regrettably small part.



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This season six new Paris-approved colors have been added to the popular Tintex shades—be sure to see them on the Tintex Color Card which you will find on display wherever Tintex is sold!

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Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

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TINTS AND DYES



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DARK COLORS?

CHANGE THEM TO NEW

LIGHT SHADES WITH

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That black satin evening gown—how much more modern it would look in shimmering Turquoise! Those drab brown drapes—how rich they would be in Royal Blue!

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TINTS AND DYES

Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 118)



PHOTO BY GRANCEL FITZ

with this new cosmetique
**LASHES
STAY
SOFT**

HAVE YOU TRIED IT? The new Liquid Winx—so different from any cosmetique you may have used before. Different—because it gives lashes a *Double Treatment*. First it darkens—then it softens. Lashes are accentuated—always with a smart, natural good taste effect. Eyes take on new sparkle. And—no matter how often you use Winx, lashes stay soft and silky. You don't ever have to be afraid of "brittle" lashes. Would you like to try this new Liquid Winx? Just send 10c for the new Vanity Size.

For Lovely Lashes **winx**

ROSS COMPANY, Dept. B-2
243 West 17th Street, New York
I enclose 10c for the new Vanity Size Liquid Winx . . . Black . . . Brown.

Name _____
Address _____

Let **Color Shine** POLISHES
SHOE Make Your
Shoes Look New



Using Color Shine is real economy. It keeps shoes looking fresh and smart at small cost. And special ingredients soften, protect and preserve the leather. There are Color Shine Polishes for all smooth leathers; Black Creme, White Kid, Neutral Creme (for brown, tan and colored shoes) and Black Dye.

Sold in 10c. stores every-
where; 15c. in the Far
West and Canada.

10c

Chieftain Manufacturing Co., Baltimore, Md.

So they waited. And the waiting did them no harm. It convinced them, and it convinced everybody else, that they meant what they said. It gave them time to get acquainted, to plan their future, to learn many things about each other while there was still time.

In the end it was Doug's mother who said, while they were visiting her in New York, "Why don't you children get married?"

They stared at her, stared at each other—and then young Doug was gone, with a leap and a shout worthy of his father. He actually came back with a bewildered minister, and it took some time to convince him that in the Twentieth Century licenses and such like had to be obtained, and that Joan desired to wash her face and brush her hair and put on a new frock.

BUT the very next day, in June of 1929, they were married. Both of them just twenty-one. Doug's mother watching with happy eyes.

That, of course, is where old-fashioned novels end and modern ones begin.

But Joan and Doug, being a little of both, say it's neither a beginning nor an ending.

They are old-fashioned in their love, their complete conviction that they were created to be husband and wife, that nothing in the universe could have kept them from belonging to each other. They hold to the simple creed that there is but one love in each life, one real love, and that it is necessarily eternal. When you talk to them, you begin to believe that, too, even if you didn't already (which I fortunately did). (Continued on page 122)



Photograph by Raymond McIlvaine

Marlene Dietrich spent the holidays with her husband and little daughter in Berlin. This picture was made on the S.S. Bremen just before she sailed for the Fatherland. Don't worry. Miss Dietrich is hastening back to make more films for her many admirers.

The Men Who Make the Movies

(Continued from page 8)

Following Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth," made in France, came James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda," the first multiple-reel photoplay produced in America. It was presented at the Lyceum Theatre on Forty-fifth Street by the highly esteemed Daniel Frohman, thus associating one of the most illustrious names of the American stage with screen entertainment. Then, as now, Mr. Zukor was concerned with the success of his projects, not with personal credit.

Inevitable disappointments were faced in the early, experimental days of Famous Players. Some of the stars of whom much was expected were ineffectual on the screen; renowned plays faded away when robbed of speech; but there was no questioning the soundness of the idea. Jesse L. Lasky was one of the first to sense the arrival of a new epoch. He abandoned the production of miniature musical comedies for the vaudeville stage, and, following the lead of Famous Players, made feature pictures. In 1916, the Lasky company merged with Famous Players and together they prepared to fight their way into theaters still under the control of the old-line producers, threatened with dissolution for violation of the anti-trust laws.

From that day to this there has been practically no cessation in the struggle over theater control. In a sense it has been and continues to be a world war involving companies large and small. A picture costing, perhaps, \$200,000 to make, must be shown in a large number of theaters before the initial expenditure has been covered, let alone interest on the investment. Just as Mr. Zukor organized his own company when no one was ready to risk the expensive innovation of multiple-reel photoplays, so he bought or built theaters in the face of a threatened boycott of Famous Players productions.

MILLIONS of dollars were involved in the construction of Publix theaters, scattered all over the United States. More millions paid for advertising to establish the names of Paramount, Publix and Famous Players. Yet more millions went into the making of ambitious photoplays. And all the time, a small man with a broad vision has been the architect behind the blueprint. Like the late Charles Frohman, whom he resembles, Mr. Zukor has retained both the respect and friendship of the many players he has led to the fountain of fame. By reason of his sagacity and honesty, he won the confidence of bankers when motion pictures were regarded as a poor gamble. His was the first company to be listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

Mr. Zukor shuns the glitter of adulation. He accepts place and power, but not the pomp of place and power. Surrounded by luxuries, in the winter at the Savoy-Plaza, New York; in the summer on his glorious country estate, he remains a simple and direct man. Probably the thought of being anything else never occurred to him.

How to Have Lovely Lips for 8 Hours



You apply when you go out



Eight hours later—lovely lips!

New 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new color principle. Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Waterproof. Wear-proof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried . . . *Kissproof or any other kind.*

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick.

It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quicken loveliness—trust the French for that!

What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the New Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). And—remember it is *Nor* the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid \$2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

The NEW Kissproof Indelible LIPSTICK

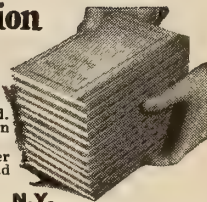
Lipsticks—Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c. Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c. Newest Parisian Shades: Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.

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Here in 15 wonderful texts is your complete High School Education. Every subject taught by fascinating "Question and Answer" method. Now used in 12,000 high schools. Certificate awarded. It's fun to learn this easy inexpensive spare-time way. Greatest bargain in brain power.

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THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

RECOGNIZE THESE EYES?



Their owner is a First National Pictures star whose father and wife are both film favorites. Born in 1907, he's 6 feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, and has blue eyes and light hair. Name below*.

clear eyes are a social asset!

Yes, and a business one, too! There's no denying the fact that clear, bright eyes make a far better impression than do those which are dull and bloodshot. Start now to have more attractive eyes by using *Murine* each night and morning. It harmlessly clears up any bloodshot condition and imparts new lustre to the dulllest eyes. 60c at drug and department stores. Try it!

*Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES



The
New Way to
SKIN BEAUTY

GIVE your skin its natural right to loveliness by the daily use of the two new *OUTDOOR GIRL* Facial Creams. You need only your two hands and these perfect creams to secure practically all the benefits of an expensive "salon treatment."

OUTDOOR GIRL Cleansing Cream liquefies immediately at skin temperature. It removes every particle of dirt from clogged pores and leaves your face fragrantly clean.

OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Cream feeds and nourishes the skin tissues—smooths away premature marks of age—and brings back youthful suppleness.

Generous "introductory tubes" of these 2 creams—also *OUTDOOR GIRL* Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream—are available at the 10c counters of some F. W. Woolworth and other chain stores. Larger sizes—60c and \$1.00—at leading drug and department stores.

CRYSTAL LABORATORIES, BRONX, N. Y.

OUTDOOR GIRL

FACIAL CREAMS

Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 120)

But they are completely modern in their intelligence about love.

THEY faced quite naturally the thoroughly established fact that marriage has its problems, that it is today a difficult relationship. They talk, those two. They talk everything out together. There are between them none of the misunderstandings and prides and antagonisms that cause so much difficulty between men and women.

To keep love fresh and beautiful over a long period of possession was something that their keen young modern eyes saw to be a thing that must be accomplished with care and wisdom. It didn't just happen. You couldn't, said Joan carefully, allow marriage to just go along without care and attention, any more than you could allow a garden to go without water and pruning and planting.

They regard love as a natural state, a contentment and happiness which belongs by right to every boy and girl in the world. But they do not regard it as a completed miracle.

To begin with, they had none of the difficulties which beset Gloria and her Marquis.

Joan and Doug belonged to Hollywood. They understood it, and then held equal place in the public regard. Also, their experience with Hollywood marriages about them had been wide and was not disregarded. Each had work to do, but fortunately each understood the other's work completely.

Perhaps no one could have so completely understood Joan's upward climb, her long hours at the studio, her continual problems there, as Doug, and Joan knew, too, just what Doug's work meant to him, just how to advise and encourage him.

THEY have one great rule. Never to be tired, or angry, or upset, at the same time.

"How can you keep such a rule?" I asked.

"You can do anything," said Joan, quietly. "You'd do anything, no matter how big or difficult or agonizing, for your husband, wouldn't you?"

I said I would.

"Well, then wouldn't you do little things for him, too? It's easy, if you think. We have a rule—whichever one is tireddest gets the petting. Whichever one has the most to be upset about at the moment gets the floor. It works.

"We try to think about our love as a garden, a beautiful garden. It isn't impossible to take care of a garden, is it? You have to know about seasons. You have to exercise great care. But it can be done. We try to make marriage

like that. When we see little bare places—of interest, maybe—we plant something new. When we see a season changing—and all life obeys the seasons, you know, the changes of season—we treat it with respect. For instance, a man can't be a lover twenty-four hours a day, any more than a garden can be in Summer bloom all the time. But in Winter, a garden is still there—still lovely. The times when Doug wants to go and play golf on Sunday—those are little moments of Winter in the garden, and I love them. I don't resent them. That is what makes him a man, the man I love.

"Oh, a garden is a lot of care, but it's worth it.

"OUR love for each other is just as beautiful and great and sacred as that of—Romeo and Juliet. But we're living for each other—not dying for each other. It's more wonderful. Sometimes in stories people make it look as though we did nothing but make love all the time. That's silly and it annoys Douglas very much. We play together—we work together—we endure together—we lose and win together. We read, think, study, go to football games, take sun baths—we are separated at times. But we're one—so nothing else matters. And we keep love alive because we care for it and feed it and think of each other. I come first with Doug, he comes first with me. That's love."

They aren't hermits. You see young Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, at the Embassy, at the Mayfair, at parties. But they do spend more evenings alone together than any other Hollywood couple I know.

The other night, when we were driving home from a dance at the Mayfair about four o'clock, we passed a big, dark open car. At the wheel was a blond young man, in a very elegant silk hat. He was driving expertly with one hand. His other arm was around a white ermine coat, that encircled a slim white figure. Against his dark coat was a mass of dark red hair that blazed in the light from the street lamps. Both were smiling contentedly at the world.

They gave you a sense of being one—of being together no matter what happened. It was very nice.

It made you realize that the greatest happiness in the world—greater by far than any freedom, any racing around, any excitement of love affairs—is to love and be loved by the one person who was meant for you.

I daresay in time the world will remember that.

In the meantime, Doug and Joan are proving it every day.

Adela Rogers St. Johns Will Relate Another True Life
LOVE STORY OF HOLLYWOOD

Glamorous fact romances of the most romantic town in the world.

The Good News Girl

(Continued from page 53)

though probably all worlds have been modern to those who happened to be living in them at the time. We express ourselves in a new and hard-boiled fashion. We have cast aside many traditional and unimportant virtues, many time-honored customs of goodness. We no longer tolerate shams. Far from being in a worse state spiritually than we have ever been before, I think we are far in advance, since we seek truth and will be satisfied with nothing less. We see through humbug, but we are more than ever conscious of and devoted to the realities that prove themselves decent and worth while.

To me, kindness to our fellow men, helpfulness by word and deed to our struggling brothers, is a lot better expression of a beautiful soul than ritual or creed.

To use love all the time is better than to ask of love all the time.

To do good is better than the passive state of just being good.

A great religious leader has said somewhere that to express affection for mankind is true prayer.

I don't suppose for a moment that Marion has ever thought of or been conscious of any of those things. To know her is to know a merry madcap, who loves laughter and appreciates fun as no one else does. I don't believe Marion has two serious thoughts a year about herself.

But this I know, we all know, who know Marion at all:

She is the kindest person we have ever met.

Her charities are too well known to need much mention. As you ride through Santa Monica you will see an Automobile Club of Los Angeles sign pointing down a side street which says, "To the Marion Davies Clinic." Her benefits are too numerous even to remember—for hospitals, veterans, children. I myself once glimpsed the five fresh one thousand dollar bills she left in the hand of a weeping mother, whose daughter, a former screen star, was in desperate straits.

WHEN she goes to Europe she takes a dozen young people who couldn't afford to make the trip themselves. She is, in herself, a sort of free employment bureau for down-and-out folks around Hollywood. It was her idea to hire a theater in Hollywood and produce all the favorite films of the past, "The Four Horsemen", "The Birth of a Nation" and many others, and give the proceeds to the disabled

(Continued on page 124)

In NEW MOVIE
NEXT MONTH
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with
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"They're off!" Have you ever leaped to your feet at a race, cheering for your favorite—heard the crowd shouting "Come On! Come On!" as down the stretch—hoofs thundering—gay colors streaming—nerves a-tingle—the horses come with a rush—each rider and horse straining every muscle to flash across the finish line FIRST? Have you? If you have, then you've known the "Sport of Kings"—a thrill you'll never forget.

Do you think you can PICK THE WINNER in the great race pictured above? If you can, you will then have a chance to win \$700.00 cash. The total "purse" is \$7940.00. Think of it! And a share of this purse can be yours—\$700.00. What an opportunity for you if you can Pick the Winner! Read the instructions below now—then see how your luck is.

Here are a few pointers to follow. All but one stable has entered two horses in this great racing classic. As you know, the color and design of the "silks" which a jockey wears identify him as a jockey from a certain race horse owner's stable. Each owner has his own colors and designs which only jockeys from his own stable may wear. Thus, it is evident, that for every jockey pictured, with one exception, there will be another jockey wearing identically the same cap, blouse, sash and trousers. For example, two and nine are twins. But, there is one jockey—AND ONLY ONE—who is dressed differently from all the others. He rides for the owner who has but one horse entered.

This picture was sketched shortly after the race started. When the jockeys had "brought their horses home" the lone entry was THE WINNER—FIRST to cross the finish line! Can you find this lone entry—the jockey who is different from all the rest? If you can Pick the Winner, by all means send him number on a postal card or by letter—Today! There are ten First Prizes to be awarded in this new publicity prize offer—ten new 1931 Chevrolet Sedans or ten prizes of \$600.00 each. There are many other extra prizes of \$100.00 each, too, for being prompt, making the ten first prizes a total of \$700.00 each. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. Send no money. There is no obligation. Just—PICK THE WINNER AND RUSH HIS NUMBER TO

W. C. DILBERG, Room 191, 502 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois

The Good News Girl

(Continued from page 123)

heroes of the World War.

But all those things are fairly simple to a woman with great wealth. I don't mean that all women with money use it as constantly and as thoughtfully to help others as Marion does. For it takes time and strength day in and day out to engineer and plan such things as the ball for 3500 ex-service men which Marion gave at the Biltmore in Los Angeles on Armistice Night.

Still, as I say, it is sometimes easy to be generous with money.

It is the other things she gives that are rare—and important.

She's always thinking about other people. Are they happy? Can she make them more comfortable? Do they need a little boost, a little pat on the back to restore morale? Do they require to be cheered after sorrow? Do they need somebody to stand firmly back of them, lending them prestige and position after some failure?

If they do, there's Marion Davies.

There are many, many of us who have enough money, at least to eat, and sleep and clothe our nakedness. But we need—kindness, encouragement, good news. We need it like the very dickens.

WE'RE weighed down so often by self-doubt. We begin to see life as a long round of discouragement, of envy, of people who see and speak nothing but pessimism. We wonder sometimes if anybody notices what we've done and more than that, what we've tried to do. Our courage falters in a morass of criticism, ignorance, cheerlessness, unkindness, spoken to our face and behind our back.

Sometimes I watch the cars going home out Wilshire Boulevard as dusk settles over the world, and I wonder what the men and women with tired faces are going home to. I wonder if they're going home to tiresome fault-finding, to depression, to placid acceptance even. Or, if they're lucky enough to be going home to somebody that cheers them and cheers for them.

As my own favorite philosopher, Wilson Mizner says, "I want somebody to cheer for me, whether I'm right or wrong. I want them to tell me I can do anything. I want to be told I'm a great guy—and then maybe I will be."

That's why everyone who knows her loves Marion Davies.

I have never heard her say an unkind thing to or about anybody, in the ten years I've known her. I have never known her to do an unkind thing to anybody, in those years. I have never seen her at any time nor in any way display those vices which are so often condoned by the so-called virtuous, and which can make life so hideous a thing to endure—jealousy, intolerance, ill-temper, criticism, back-biting, self-righteousness, touchiness.

It is easy to be kind in great moments. It is the kindness that pervades every hour of every day for everybody that is without price and that convinces us of how beautiful a thing life might be, if we were all just kind, one to another. Just kind in word alone.

I have never known any human

being (and I've had the rather wide and catholic acquaintance of my profession), to do as many kind little things for everybody as Marion Davies. I've never known anybody who could say the little words of cheer and encouragement and inspiration that are beyond all price as sweetly and naturally as she does.

It doesn't make any difference who you are or what you do. She'll manage to make you feel better, happier, surer of yourself, if you talk with her for five minutes. She may stutter a little while she does it, because she is very shy and very modest about herself, but she'll do it. She'll remind you of the best thing you ever did in the past and of how much better you're sure to do in the future.

IF you are the guest, she will make you happy by small acts of thoughtful courtesy that go far beyond the lavish hospitality which has been so much talked about.

Her fame as a hostess has spread over two continents. There can be no question that she is Hollywood's social dictator. She has given parties amaz-

ing in their beauty, their guests, their entertainment. So, however, have many other people. Marion's great gift as a hostess is based not upon the magnificence of her entertainment nor the fame of her guests. It's based on the simplest, homeliest thing in the world—her real, warm, deep Irish hospitality. She makes you feel that she wanted you to be there, that she's happier because you are there, that she sincerely welcomes you to all that is hers and desires to share it with you. I am fool enough to believe—I still believe in such a lot of things, thank goodness—that if Marion tomorrow lost all her money and all her fame and lived in a shack on the shore, the same people would beat a path to her doorway.

MARION DAVIES has wealth, prestige, power. I have never known her to use one of them for anything but good. That is something to say of any man or woman. Nor am I alone in saying it. There is no one in Hollywood who wouldn't agree with me, testify with me.

There is joyousness in knowing
(Continued on page 126)

She **WANTS** to
know **BUT** she
"HATES to ask"



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NOW and again a young wife enters her married life with knowledge of the necessary facts clear and true in her mind. But she is the exception—not the rule. Most women are faced with a problem. Naturally they hate to ask others. And when they do, they are more than likely to be disappointed by the information they receive. It is all so confusing, so conflicting.



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John Barrymore has just received the oldest egg in the world! Still, there is nothing ominous about that item, despite the way it sounds. The egg was sent to Mr. Barrymore with some ceremony and many wrappings by Roy Chapman Andrews, the explorer who found it in the Gobi Desert. It is—or was—the egg of a dinosaur. The age is something like 90,000,000 years.

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Photograph by Stagg

Los Angeles had the largest wreath in the world at Christmas time. It hung on the front of the Fox Criterion Theater and was presented to the theater by Miss Crawford, one of whose pictures was appearing in the house at the time. It took four men an entire day to build the wreath, which was 75 feet in length and 48 feet in width.

The Good News Girl

(Continued from page 125)

Marion. Being with her. She has everything in the world, yet she is grateful for the simplest gift of affection, the simplest testimony of the love of those about her.

When she was going to Europe a few years ago, several of us decided that since Marion was always giving parties for everybody, showers for everybody, it might be nice to give her one. So Gloria Swanson and Constance Talmadge and Louella Parson and I arranged a going-away shower for her at the Ambassador—a surprise party. If she'd been an extra girl, she couldn't have been more touched, more thrilled, more grateful. I remember how her hands trembled as she opened the little packages, and how tears ran down her cheeks as about seventy or eighty of her friends cried "Bon Voyage" from full hearts. She made us glow with the knowledge that we had done something wonderful, something happy, something she appreciated deeply.

The night that "The Floradora Girl" opened in Hollywood, Lloyd and Carmen Pantages gave a party afterwards at the George Olsen Club, for Marion. Some of the stars of the musical comedy stage had arranged a number, the famous sextette of "Oh, Tell Me Pretty Maiden" to do a special treat for her.

When she got up to thank them, she was simply overcome. She grew pinker and pinker, and stammered adorably, and finally hid her face in her hands. And everyone there laughed and cheered and felt that they'd had a hand in something that gave joy, felt that they were pretty fine folks to have thought of it.

IT is a rare quality to have kept that enthusiasm, that ability to be happily grateful, when you have had as much as the world has given Marion.

But what she has had, she has shared. If the world was so arranged that some must have much and some little, Marion is one of those who are fitted to have much, because she dispenses it to bring gladness everywhere.

You see, I'm like Bill Mizner. I love to be around people who regard the world and everybody in it as pretty first-class. I love to be around people who convince me that they think I'm a very remarkable female. I like people who make me feel good, who fill me with the assurance that a lot of good things are due me and that I'm sure to get my due.

Marion makes everybody feel like that and that's why she's the most popular person, man or woman, in Hollywood.

In a current magazine, Angelo Patri, in a delightful essay, says "Every good deed, every worthy action, every pleasant thought that has graced and blessed the world has been born of the good news that some shining soul has padded along the line. Have you such a word for us? Perhaps you are by every virtue of your being Good News to all men? Then surely shall your name be remembered and even the stones on the streets of your city shall shout your praise."

I expect if the stones on Hollywood Boulevard ever take it into their heads to do any shouting on the score of Good News, they'll begin with Marion Davies. She's good news to everybody most all the time.

The Magnificent Masquerader

(Continued from page 33)

There is in him all the vast irony that was Anatole France's. He appreciates such men as Baudelaire. It is not good business to allow people to know that a buffoon reads or thinks. That would destroy the illusion.

He is an attentive listener. The great mouth opens wide, the eyes twinkle in wonderment at bad or good news. Then his strong face becomes expressionless.

He has pity and compassion for people. As if ashamed, he brushes them away with a laugh.

As clean as a lion physically, he has no pride in his personal appearance. His wardrobe is expensive and extensive. He may leave the house wearing a high-priced scarf. Before he has driven a mile the scarf goes in a coat pocket and is forgotten.

He has a sixteen-cylinder Cadillac. He knows automobiles and airplanes. He will talk of them with the pleasure of a child. He drives a Ford coupé.

He weighs about two hundred and forty pounds. His appetite is enormous. He gets out of kelter every week and his doctor puts him on a diet. He stays on it till he sees a restaurant. Then he pounds the table and opens his gargantuan mouth and smiles at the waitress. "It's food I want—food I want—and lots of it—let other people diet—it's food I want."

Beery has a habit of murdering the King's English. It helps him in his rôle.

He has the strength of many men. Once in "Way for a Sailor" it was necessary for him to carry a man weighing one hundred and ninety pounds a distance of two hundred feet, forty of which was up the side of a ship.

Petulant as a school girl before a hard scene, Wally said to Sam Wood, the director, "Listen, Sam, I'll do it this time and if you don't get it you can have Will Hays carry him up next time. Once is enough."

THE cameras began to click. The great buffoon spread his legs apart and held his body taut like a man will who is about to catch a heavy weight swung through the air. The man was laid limp across his shoulder. Beery's wide mouth went tight and Wood yelled "Ready—Camera—Quiet." The magnificent masquerader of comedy began his walk. He moved forward under the weight with such rhythm, one would have thought he was a machine. His heavy hobnailed shoes dug into the ground. As he reached the water, he grabbed the rope. The man slid partly downward toward the ocean. There were gasps from hundreds of spectators. Beery grabbed the body tighter and made the upward climb and laid his burden carefully down.

"You son of a gun, you let me slip from your shoulder on purpose."

"Well," replied Wally, "we gotta have a little fun."

Beery was born in Kansas City between forty and fifty years ago. His father, an immense man, was a policeman in that town for many years.


(Continued on page 128)

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Magnificent Masquerader

(Continued from page 127)

When sixteen years old, the future comedian ran away with a circus and remained with it two years, having complete charge of a herd of elephants when he left.

BEFORE he was twenty, he played in the Henry W. Savage musical-comedy organization. He still has a good voice, though few people know it. For a buffoon is not supposed to sing.

In 1913 he became a comedian with the Essanay Film Company. Few film lovers are now aware that the name Essanay is the first two letters—S and A—of the names Spoor and Anderson.

Spoor, the son of a railroad engineer who for years worked for the Chicago and Northwestern, is still one of the wealthiest men in films. Broncho Billy Anderson faded from films and is heard of no more.

Beery's training in Essanay comedies was very rigid.

He joined Mack Sennett in 1918 and remained a year. It was during this period that he met and married Gloria Swanson who was, at the time, an obscure bathing beauty.

They were divorced later and Gloria married a stolid gentleman by the name of Somborn who has since found his level as the proprietor of a Hollywood restaurant.

Gloria later married a member of a defunct titled family in France and divorced him.

Beery, with a smile, once said of her, "She used to carry my shoes; she wasn't so high-hat then."

WORTH close to a million dollars, Beery lives in a Beverly Hills mansion—when he is at home. He is the only one of the famous film players whose name is listed in the Los Angeles and Beverly Hills telephone directories.

He has a cabin at the edge of Convict Lake in the high Sierras. A landing field is a few miles from the lake. He spends many week-ends there, going back and forth in his airplane. He spends many hours on lonely sky voyages.

In the living-room of his mansion is a grand piano. He plays with skill, mostly when he is alone.

His chief resting place at home is in a room twenty-four feet by thirty, over the garage. On the walls are mounted many of the trophies of the hunter. Fishing tackle, several hundred books, magazines of the films and aeronautics, and a small astronomical instrument are in the room.

Over the desk in his study hangs his framed air transport license. His certificate of membership in the Order of the Mystic Shrine is also framed. On the desk are periodic compasses, charts, paralleled rule, and protractor, all the apparatus for aerial navigation. A special compass which he has invented is also in the room.

In a closet are his motion-picture cameras and lenses. He hunts game with camera as well as gun.

His home is one of the finest in Beverly Hills. It is designed by himself and furnished in a manner which reveals the artist in him. Especially interesting are the great tap-

estries which are moulded and painted into the plaster on the wall.

They resemble cloth. He had an English artist come to California to do them.

Perhaps no other film actor has been so successful in both comedy and drama. From playing the rôle of villain in a Kansas City stock company he became a slap-stick comedian in the films. In 1920, following a journey to Japan, where he directed a series of pictures, he again took up "heavy" rôles—two of the most outstanding at the time—that of the U-Boat commander in "Behind the Door," a badly concocted bit of propaganda which made the producers money, and that of the German general in the "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

After appearing with Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood," he switched again to comedy. He remained in lighter rôles for two years and upon the sale of "Beggars of Life" to Paramount, he requested that he be allowed to play the rôle of my own Oklahoma Red, the boisterous, steel-jawed, and mind-twisted yegg who still remains a favorite creation.

WE were located in the desert for some weeks during the making of "Beggars of Life." Each morning we would hear the drone of an airplane. Beery could be seen high in the air, circling about. Soon he would come to earth, approach a table in the restaurant and exclaim, "I want food—I want food—they hain't none up there."

Beery does not boast. He has no personal vanity. No make-up is too unlovely for him. He hates to rehearse a scene. He refuses to work on Sunday. Sam Wood cajoled him into doing most anything if at first he considered it fair.

A temperate man, it is safe to say that he has not touched intoxicating liquor five times in his life. He does not smoke.

He is fond of children. He has none. He is never without a double. The double is his brother-in-law. They are together constantly. He is firm in not doing dangerous scenes before the camera. "A farmer wouldn't get his prize ox in danger would he?"

He feels that "doubling" is a job also and that even if he were willing to do a double's work, it would keep him from earning a living.

When the question came up of having him throw me twenty feet into the water he asked me, "Can you swim?"

I said, "No."

"You'd be a sap to try it." His voice could be heard all over the sea, "Where's Jim's double?"

HE is not without courage.

Once, at a rodeo, his job was to "bulldog" a steer. He took his stand in the arena. A wild steer came charging at him.

He grabbed the animal's horns and dragged it to the earth.

With the strength of Dempsey, he abhors personal combat.

He dreads to fight before the camera. "I ain't no fighter, I'm a peaceful man."



JOINTS STIFF?

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GIRL: "Here, Grandpa, pat Sloan's Liniment on that sore place."

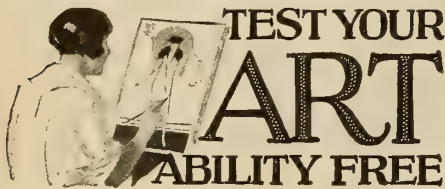
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He is never so happy as when talking about elephants. He likes to tell a tale in which one saved his life. A lion got loose and chased him. He ran under his pet elephant's trunk for protection. The elephant swung his trunk and knocked the lion forty feet. This was fine—except—Wally went with the lion.

"What did you do?" someone asked.

"I shoed that lion away and ran back and got under the elephant's trunk again. They ain't no lion gonna get me if I can help it."

Beery would much rather be a featured player than a star.

"Too much grief, being a star," is his comment.

One of the oldest players in the films, having been in them nearly twenty years, he is not of the old school mentally.

A natural actor, he FEELS the scene and needs but little direction. In fact it might be good advice to most directors to let him entirely alone. His greatest moments on the screen do not come through direction. They come out of himself.

NEITHER does he take his position seriously.

On the M-G-M lot was a recently acquired player with a New York reputation who made life miserable for producer and director. As irritating as a pawnbroker who has bought an Ingersoll watch by mistake, he would march into the restaurant each day as though emperors followed him.

One day I was seated at a table with Beery. The great buffoon glanced at the puffed actor and shook his head, "When will birds like that learn that we're all stealing the money? A fellow would think he was God out walkin' on a rainy day. Some day he'll wake up with a pick and shovel in his hand and wonder where he's been so long."

The actor's contract was not renewed.

That morning he had done a lot of things in the film in which we were playing. I admired his fine technique and got him to talk. After he had eaten a steak as a starter, he said: "Characters have got to do something that the man in the street is afraid he might do. Then you're sure of getting a laugh. The old stunt of having a fellow walk into the street without his trousers is always good for a scream.

"I'VE worked in lots of pictures that I were considered good entertainment, and they were funny. People came to see them and spent the evening laughing. Then they walked out of the theater and didn't remember a thing that they had seen. Such pictures are good from the entertainment standpoint and are successful. They are seldom if ever great, just because they do not create any lasting impression.

"We averaged a picture a week for the first two years I worked before the camera. I used to play women's parts. My feet, like the rest of me, aren't so dainty and these big feet sticking out from under my skirts got many a big laugh.

"Motion pictures in those days were a novelty. Crude productions made good on the strength of newness. Slapstick comedies of the 'knock-'em-down and drag-'em-out' type enjoyed a tremendous vogue.

"They gave me my start, and many

(Continued on page 130)

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Those lucky movie folk! Gamboling on the golden sands of Palm Beach while wintry gales sweep the land. Sez you! Guess again. This Palm Beach is synthetic, for it was built right in the Astoria, Long Island, studios of Paramount. The cameras are being set to catch Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes in a sentimental moment.

The Magnificent Masquerader

(Continued from page 129)

another fellow got his the same way."

One of Beery's best rôles was that of Butch in "The Big House." The film in itself was false in spots and left much to be desired. It was Beery who made the picture.

Old convicts who had served years behind bars have often asked me if Beery had not been "in stir," so vivid was his characterization to them.

During the making of this film he composed a song, the chorus of which had to do with himself as Butch, Chester Morris as Morgan, and Robert Montgomery as Kent.

"We're three little boys in the hoose-gow,

I'm Morgan, I'm Kent, I'm Butch,
We ain't got no money but ain't we got fun,

We cut directors' throats just to see the blood run

And if they don't suffer our job's badly done,

I'm Morgan, I'm Kent, I'm Butch."

Along with his rôle of Richard the Lion-Hearted in "Robin Hood," he likes the part of Butch better than anything he has played in the three hundred films in which he has appeared.

He recently returned from a deer

hunt and learned that a law had been passed forbidding cold storage houses to keep wild game for patrons. He built a storage house at his Beverly Hills home. The swimming pool at his home, which cost a small fortune, is used by Beery to train his bird dogs.

"I've got to train 'em some place, so they'll be in good form for duck hunting."

AN active Free Mason, a member of the Order of the Mystic Shrine, it is the one thing about which he is reverent.

Unmindful of the fact that if a player is allowed to make up his own dialogue as he goes that the film footage might run out of all proportion, Wally has a complex against learning lines. He wants to FEEL his words. In view of most of the dialogue now written, he is correct.

As a rule he can take an entire sequence and handle it with precision. His personality and gusto dominate every scene. He stoops to none of the ancient tricks of attracting attention to himself before the camera. He does not need to.

He was ill during several scenes

in "Way for a Sailor." A man as large as himself played his rôle. His back was to the camera. The lines were spoken "off scene." The player merely went through the motions that Beery was supposed to go through. The scenes fell flat. The company waited until Wally was well enough to play the rôle himself. For even with his back to the camera, he added a gusto which no other man could duplicate.

He is a director of banks and an airplane factory. But few know this phase of his life.

To all who meet him, he is simple, kindly; the right foot forward, the right hand extended.

He makes no enemies. He is always on guard against friends. He knows many things without knowing how or why he knows. Now, after twenty years, he is one of the most successful players in the films. He lives his rôle consciously, shrewdly. It pays him close to a quarter of a million a year.

Only once in a while does he let the bars down. Then suddenly his great mouth opens in a smile and he is back in character again—the wise buffoon.

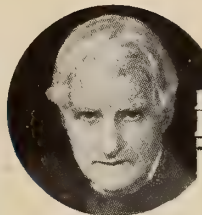
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Directed by
ROBERT Z. LEONARD

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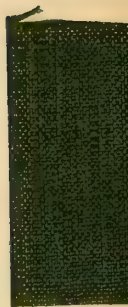
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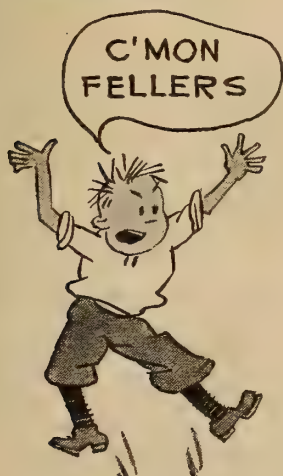


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"Hey, get a move on, Fatty!"

"Where you all a-goin' so fast?"

"We're all gonna see *Father's Son!*"

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Vol. III, No. 4

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April, 1931

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

Published Monthly by TOWER MAGAZINES, INC., Jamaica, N. Y.
Executive and Editorial Offices, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Home Office: 22 North Franklin St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

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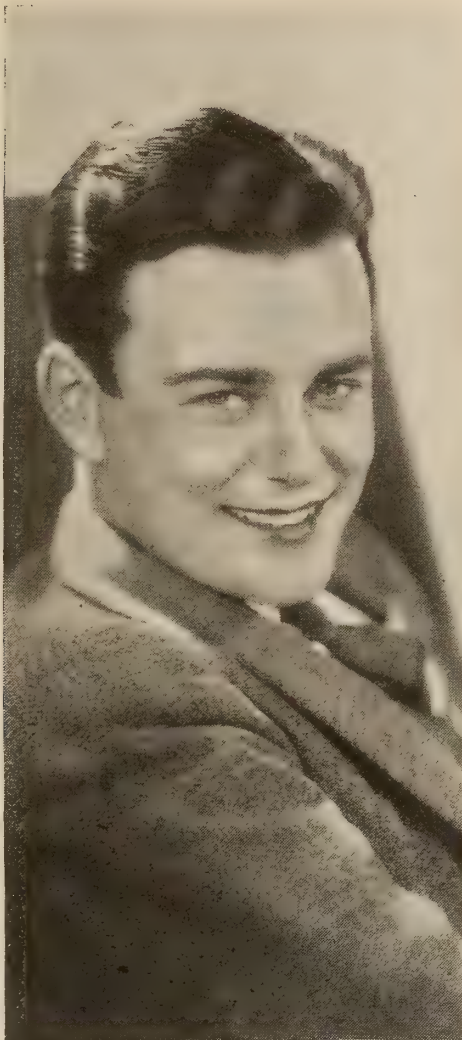
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MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

E. B. DERR, president of Pathe, rises to tell us, "Motion picture audiences still want music with their film fare." And to back up what he says, Mr. Derr points to his new production, "Sin Takes a Holiday." "Constancia" is the title of a new tango in this production written especially for Constance Bennett, the star, by Dr. Francis Groman, musical director of Pathe. It is interesting to note that Miss Bennett also plays the piano accompaniment to an Italian love melody sung by Herbert Bragiotto in the same picture. Some musical stars are really musical, after all!

Of course, you remember Victor Schertzinger as the composer of "Marcheta," "The Love Parade," and a score of other haunting popular melodies! Having finished a long-term contract with Paramount he has just been signed by Bill Le Baron, the wizard of RKO, as a director. But he will still continue to write music. He can't get away from it.

Another new M.-G.-M. musical is Ramon Novarro's "Sevilla de Mis Amores," produced in his own language for foreign distribution. Novarro sings some of the historic songs from "Pagliacci," "Rigoletto," and other operas as well as original melodies written especially for the production.

There has been much argument about De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson's new talkie for Gloria Swanson. Now it develops that it may not be done on the United Artists lot at all. You never can tell!

THE Rhythm Boys of Paul Whiteman fame, Bing Crosby and Harry Barnes, returned to the Universal stage for a sequence in "Many a Slip." They worked with Max Fisher's orchestra, and produced "There Must Be Somebody for Me," and "To-day There's No Tomorrow." All of which would indicate that Hollywood is still musically minded.

Here's something that will interest you, a bit of sentimental gossip which has come to me lately from Tin Pan Alley, and which should be worth a

THE HITS OF THE MONTH:

"Reaching for the Moon," waltz—played by Ted Wallace and his Campus Boys (Victor)

"Some of These Days," fox trot—played by Cab Calloway and his Orchestra (Brunswick)

"It's a Lonesome Old Town," fox trot—played by Ben Bernie and his Orchestra (Brunswick)

"Somebody Stole My Gal," fox trot—played by Ted Lewis and his Band (Columbia)

special story of its own. Do you know how the popular hit, "When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver, I Will Love You Just the Same," came to be written? It was designed as a tribute of honor to May Singhi Breen. In private life, she is Mrs. Peter De Rose. And Peter De Rose wrote the song! "Reaching for the Moon" seems to me to be about the best piece of work that Irving Berlin has turned out in quite a while. Although very new, this waltz has a big bid for fame already, and is being plugged steadily over the air and elsewhere. Ted Wallace and his boys certainly do the number justice, and Columbia is fortunate in getting the services of such an orchestra, for this type of recording. The vocal chorus is very smooth and goes a long way toward putting the record over. You'll like this one. Incidentally, it's from the talkie, "Reaching for the Moon."

The other side is also by Ted Wallace and his Campus Boys and is the popular tune, "Lonesome Lover." This is the first time that I have ever heard this song played to waltz tempo, and the result is good, to say the least. It also has a very good vocal refrain, which makes the record equally pleasing on both sides, something unusual. (This is a Columbia Record.)

CAB CALLOWAY and his orchestra (better known as The Missourians, I think), have just come forth with a new recording of that old favorite, "Some of These Days," and it is a wow. The way these boys can tear through a piece is a crime, and they should be seen to be appreciated. However, as everybody can't do that, the phonograph is the next best. If you like hot music, be sure to get this record.

The other side is that modern spiritual, "Is That Religion?" and is recorded in the true Calloway style. (Continued on page 111)



Kathryn Crawford, recently of Hollywood and now a feature of the Broadway revue, "The New Yorkers," sings one of the hits of the year, "Love for Sale." This is a popular record number right now, too.



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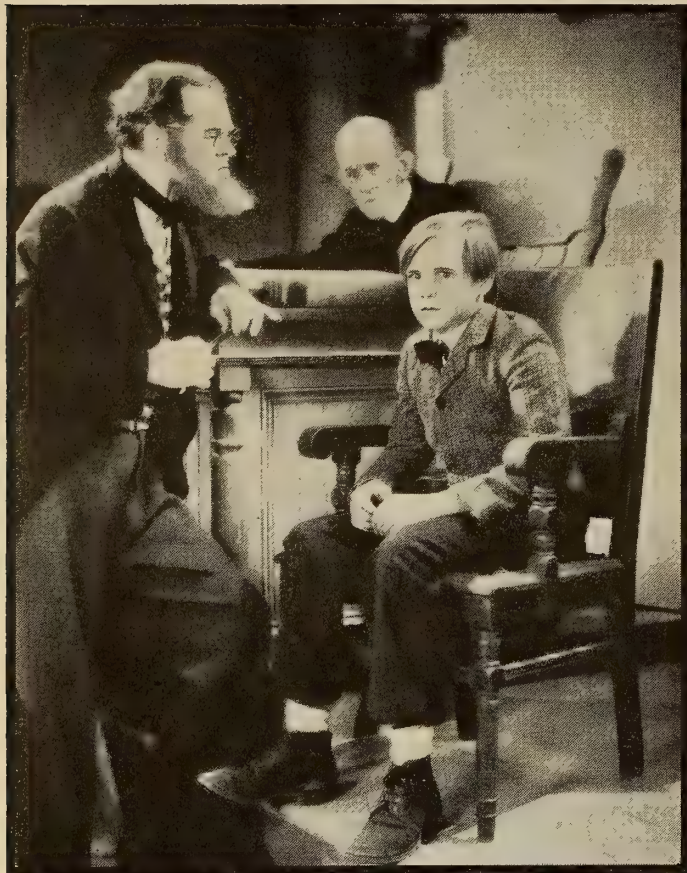
Millions use Rinso for whiter washes in tub or machine

Rinso
The Granulated soap

Millions also use it for dishes, floors and all cleaning

TUNE IN on Rinso Talkies, "What Happened to Jane". Tues. & Thurs. 5:30 p. m., E. S. T. WEA and associated stations.

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



Jackie Coogan is delightful as Mark Twain's immortal boy hero in Paramount's visualization of "Tom Sawyer." Here is a splendid picture that can safely be recommended to all the family.

Class A

The Blue Angel. Due to remain one of the outstanding pictures of the season because of the superb acting of Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich in a sophisticated story. Now and again you may be a trifle shocked, but you are certain to be interested. *Paramount.*

Tom Sawyer. John Cromwell, director, has tackled a difficult subject and carried it to the screen with rare tact and discrimination. Jackie Coogan, Junior Durkin and Mitzi Green are all that need be asked in the visualization of Mark Twain's immortal characters. *Paramount.*

Doug Fairbanks is excellent as the gilded stock broker of "Reaching for the Moon," in which Bebe Daniels makes a delightful blond heroine. This is a diverting comedy with striking settings. Note Doug's batteries of telephones.

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

The Man Who Came Back. The combination of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell is strong enough to support a story that does not register as distinctly as might be expected, considering the success of the play from which it is taken. *Fox.*

Reaching for the Moon. Douglas Fairbanks has gone ultra modern in this romance of a heavily gilded stock broker, and Bebe Daniels has gone blonde. They are a swell pair in a frothy piece that succeeds in being amusing most of the way. The continuity writer has remembered to allow Doug plenty of opportunity to display his well-known agility. *United Artists.*

The Devil to Pay. Samuel Goldwyn, producer *de luxe*, is to be thanked for this picture, which from first to last is thoroughly saturated with the charm of Ronald Colman. Frederick Lonsdale, British playwright, who knows his London drawing-rooms, turned out an acceptable story. *United Artists.*

Common Clay. Based upon a famous play of some years ago, the producer has preserved much of the human interest contained in the original. Constance Bennett and Beryl Mercer give first-rate performances. *Fox.*

The Dawn Patrol. Another tribute to the heroic work of the aviators in the World War. Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., lead the flyers on their daring exploits. *First National.*

Romance. Well worth seeing, especially if you respond to the mysterious charms of the incomparable Greta Garbo. An artistic setting worthy of the star. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Holiday. Presenting a mature viewpoint on life and handled with skill, "Holiday" belongs among the better pictures, whereas Ann (Continued on page 10)



WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?

WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?

WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?

The world has been waiting impatiently while METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER has been pouring men, money and genius into the creation of its greatest motion picture! **AT LAST—**



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OF AFRICA**

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the famous novel
by **TRADER HORN &
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Directed by
W. S. VAN DYKE

with
**HARRY CAREY
DUNCAN RENALDO
EDWINA BOOTH**

is completed and has been
proclaimed greater than
"THE BIG PARADE"
greater than "BEN HUR,"
in fact

**"THE GREATEST
ADVENTURE
PICTURE OF
ALL TIME!"**

See it at your favorite theatre

**A METRO
GOLDWYN
MAYER**

All-Talking Picture



GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 8)



"The Royal Family of Broadway," that corking study of temperament on parade, is a picture to be recommended. Here you see the whole royal family of Cavendishs—played by Mary Brian, Henrietta Crosman, Fredric March and Ina Claire. This satire is well worth seeing.

Harding takes a place among screen players who have something individual and valuable to offer. *Pathe.*

Journey's End. This war picture, based on an English play, is too well known to require comment. It should be shown in every town that has a picture theater. *Tiffany.*

All Quiet on the Western Front. Still getting first-page breaks in the newspapers on account of the rumpus it is creating in Germany. There has been no more graphic depiction of the horrors of war. *Universal.*

Sarah and Son. Ruth Chatterton is one of the select number of stage stars who have gone over big on the screen. If you see her in this film, you will know why. *Paramount.*

Song O' My Heart. John McCormack sings his way through a sentimental story to the unmitigated delight of his many followers. The picture was made for John and John, in turn, makes the picture, so all is well. *Fox.*

Street of Chance. Be prepared to see a slashing melodrama graced by the silken presence of Kay Francis

and the smooth William Powell. You will like them. *Paramount.*

The Rogue Song. An operetta selected as a proper vehicle for Lawrence Tibbett. The production rides along on the crest of his impressive voice. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Devil May Care. Affords Ramon Novarro an opportunity to sing as well as act. He does both rather well in a pleasing, though not very important romance. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Lummock. Winifred Westover makes an irresistible appeal to the sympathies in her portrayal of the central character in Fannie Hurst's popular story. *United Artists.*

The Love Parade. Bright and witty and finely presented, particularly in the rôles carried by Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. *Paramount.*

Sin Takes a Holiday. Classed among the more thoughtful of current pictures. Constance Bennett is the pleasing ally of sin and, needless to say, she makes it dangerously alluring. Smart entertainment cleverly presented. *Pathe.*

Viennese Nights. Singing and making love in the moonlight to the tune of a seductive waltz. You get plenty of love in the pictorial presentation of a colorful operetta. *First National.*

Just Imagine. An imaginative conception of what the world may be like in 1980. An occasional fantasy of this kind is a relief after a diet of gun-laden gangsters. *Fox.*

Abraham Lincoln. A true picture that reflects credit on the entire industry. Walter Huston plays Lincoln, under the direction of D. W. Griffith. Stephen Vincent Benet wrote the story. *United Artists.*

Three Faces East. The erratic genius of Von Stroheim and the emotional lure of Constance Ben-

nett combine in making this a melodrama of distinct individuality. *Warners.*

Monte Carlo. Lubitsch gets the exotic atmosphere indicated by the title. Jack Buchanan and Jeanette MacDonald are smart personalities quite at home in the haunts of the financially reckless. A deftly handled production. *Paramount.*

What a Widow. Not quite as daring as the title might indicate, but it does present Gloria Swanson and that will be enough for her loyal followers. *United Artists.*

Outward Bound. A fanciful play concerning the occupants of a ghost ship sailing into eternity. The passengers do not realize that they are dead, altogether an odd notion. *Warners.*

The Office Wife. Secretaries (office wives) are dangerous rivals to domestic wives, if we are to believe the implications of this picture. But then, all secretaries are not as dangerous as Dorothy Mackaill—worse luck. *Warners.*

Old English. A fragrant piece out of the past offers a congenial setting for the (Continued on page 98)

What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYER
COLUMBIA STUDIO				
Barbara Stanwyck	Roseland	Lionel Barrymore	Romance	Ricardo Cortez
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Richard Barthelmess	The Finger Points	John Dillon	Newspaper drama	Fay Wray
Dorothy Mackaill	Party Husband	Clarence Badger	Modern marriage drama	James Rennie
Loretta Young	Big Business Girl	William Seiter	Drama	Frank Albertson
All star	You and I	Robert Milton	Drama	{ Lewis Stone Una Merkel Doris Kenyon
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Chances	Allan Dwan	Drama	Rose Hobart
Joe E. Brown	Broad Minded	Mervyn LeRoy	Comedy	{ Ona Munson Ben Lyon
FOX STUDIO				
Spencer Tracy	Skyline	Rowland Brown	Melodrama	{ Marguerite Churchill Sally Eilers
Janet Gaynor } Charles Farrell }	Merely Mary Ann	Henry King	Comedy drama	
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
Ramon Novarro	Daybreak	Jacques Feyder	Comedy drama	Helen Chandler
Norma Shearer	Strangers May Kiss	George Fitzmaurice	Drama	{ Robert Montgomery Neil Hamilton
William Haines	Untitled	Sam Wood	Comedy	Dorothy Jordan
Marion Davies	It's a Wise Child	Robt. Z. Leonard	Romantic comedy	{ Lester Vail Marie Prevost
Joan Crawford	The Torch Song	Harry Beaumont	Drama	Not chosen yet
Robert Montgomery	Shipmates	Harry Pollard	Sea drama	{ Dorothy Jordan Ernest Torrence
PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO				
William Powell	Gentleman of the Streets	Edward Goodman	Drama	Carole Lombard
Ruth Chatterton	Unfaithful	John Cromwell	Drama	Paul Lukas
Jackie Cooper	Skippy	Taurog-Burton	Juvenile comedy drama	Mitzi Green
Gary Cooper	City Streets	Rouben Mamoulian	Melodrama	{ Sylvia Sidney Kay Francis
Richard Arlen	Gun Smoke	Edward Sloman	Western drama	{ Mary Brian Louise Fazenda
PARAMOUNT EAST COAST STUDIO				
Claudette Colbert	Honor Among Lovers	Dorothy Arzner	Comedy drama	Fredric March
Tallulah Bankhead	New York Lady	George Cukor	Drama	Clive Brook
Maurice Chevalier	The Smiling Lieutenant	Ernst Lubitsch	Comedy drama	Claudette Colbert
Nancy Carroll	Between Two Worlds	Edmund Gouling	Drama	Fredric March
PATHE STUDIO				
Constance Bennett	Lost Love	Paul Stein	Drama	Joel McCrea
Ann Harding	Rebound	Edward H. Griffith	Drama	Robert Ames
R K O STUDIOS				
Lowell Sherman	Bachelor Apartment	Lowell Sherman	Comedy drama	{ Irene Dunne Mae Murray
Edna May Oliver } Hugh Herbert }	Room and Board	Gregory LaCava	Comedy	Dorothy Lee
UNIVERSAL STUDIO				
Lew Ayres	The Iron Man	Monta Bell	Drama	Jean Harlowe
Conrad Nagel	Gambling Daughters	Hobart Henley	Comedy drama	Sidney Fox
Genevieve Tobin	Seed	John Stahl	Drama	{ John Boles Lois Wilson
WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO				
John Barrymore	Svengali	Archie Mayo	Drama	Marian Marsh
George Arliss	The Ruling Passion	John Adolphi	Comedy drama	Evelyn Knapp
Frank Fay	God's Gift to Women	Michael Curtiz	Comedy farce	Laura La Plante
Joan Blondell	The Public Enemy	William Wellman	Drama	{ Edward Woods Jean Harlowe
Bebe Daniels	The Maltese Falcon	Roy Del Ruth	Murder mystery	Ricardo Cortez



Can Buddy Rogers cook? Well, anyway, he knows a good cruller when he eats it. On this page he gives his favorite recipe for biscuit tortoni.

Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE

SOME day psychologists may be able to read our characters and discover our latent talents by knowing our food preferences. If they discover that your son Bill prefers crullers to French pastry they may say that he would succeed better as a prize fighter than as a landscape gardener, and the fact that Barbara prefers French dressing to mayonnaise will help in deciding whether she should be trained to be a stenographer or a toe dancer. Something of that sort.

As a good start for this new sort of character reading they might take the case of Charles Rogers, who doesn't hesitate for a second to say that his favorite form of nourishment is biscuit tortoni. He doesn't say it just because he had it for dinner the night before and it is the first food name that comes into his head when you ask him. He has a real and lasting preference for this dessert and can even tell you how to make it. He even goes so far as to tell you how wide the ribbon should be that is used to tie the lady fingers in place.

The ingredients needed are as follows:

- 2 cups thin cream
- 2 cups heavy cream, beaten stiff
- 1 cup dried macaroons, finely crushed
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup non-alcoholic sherry
- Lady fingers, split in halves

THE macaroons should be slightly dried and then rolled out with a rolling pin on a board to form crumbs. Then soak them in thin cream one hour. Add the sugar and sherry and put in a freezer, pack with ice and salt and freeze until it forms a mush.

Add the heavy cream beaten stiff. Mold, pack in salt and ice and let stand two hours. When ready to serve, place a row of lady finger halves on a serving plate. Remove ice cream from the brick, cut into $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch slices, place on a plate on the lady fingers, arrange other lady finger halves around it and tie ribbon, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide, round to keep in place, making a bow at one corner.

The Movie Colony's
Favorite Recipes to
Aid the Housewife



Cooking is
QUICKER

in

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SAVE time and save work—make your favorite recipes in Crinkle Cups. You don't have to grease these dainty baking dishes. Use them just as they come from their dust-proof package. Cakes, muffins, meat and vegetable dishes, any number of your favorites will cook in Crinkle Cups without sticking or burning. Turn them out perfectly shaped and whole—or serve them daintily in the Crinkle Cups. No pans to wash when your cooking is done! Buy Crinkle Cups at Woolworth's and see how many good things you can make in them.

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Crinkle Cups are now available in a new, somewhat larger size—No. 1545. If it has not arrived in your Woolworth store, send us 10c for a package of 75 cups.



DEVILED CRAB

(For other tested recipes, see the recipe book in every package of Crinkle Cups)

1 cup crabmeat
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mushrooms
 2 tablespoons butter
 2 tablespoons flour
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk
 2 egg yolks

2 teaspoons lemon juice
 salt and pepper to taste

1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley

Make a white sauce of flour, butter and milk. Chop crabmeat and mushrooms, add to white sauce with parsley and seasoning, egg yolk and lemon juice. Mix well and put in Crinkle Cups, sprinkle with dry bread crumbs mixed with a little butter and bake until crumbs are brown—about 40 minutes in moderate oven. Fills 6 large Crinkle Cups.

You may use either fresh or canned crabmeat or you may substitute canned tuna or salmon or use cold left over cooked fish. Use canned or fresh mushrooms or omit mushrooms, using $\frac{1}{2}$ cup medium fine bread crumbs instead.

The Men Who Make the Movies

The Story of Winfield Sheehan

BY LYNDE DENIG

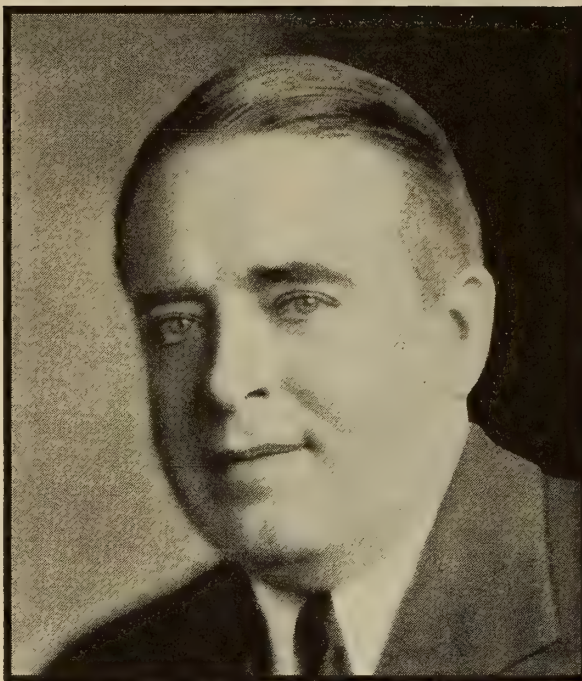
WINFIELD SHEEHAN, executive head of the Fox Film Corporation, knew politics before he knew motion pictures and he knew newspapers before that. Moreover, he was and is a fighting Irishman and proud of it. He punched his way through youth and he has kept right on punching when punches are needed. He just naturally gravitated toward excitement and thrived on it.

He took a job as reporter on *The Buffalo Courier* because it promised varied activity, which his father's dry-goods business did not. He enlisted for the Spanish-American War because he considered a few months in Cuba, shooting at Spaniards, to be a diverting vacation. He entered politics by way of a secretaryship in the New York Fire Department, in the days when thundering gray horses, three abreast, struck sparks from the cobblestones. He switched from politics to pictures when William Fox convinced him that motion pictures were highly exciting, as well as profitable. Winnie (to use his familiar nickname) has not been disappointed. He has had plenty of fight and ample money.

On the surface, Mr. Sheehan is calm—deceptively so. . . . Some years ago the motion picture industry undertook a campaign—a drive for funds to be donated to some cause; I have forgotten just what. All of the leading motion picture companies were concerned in the success of the undertaking, which was progressing none too well, despite daily committee meetings. The Big Shots were called into action: Will Hays, the late Marcus Loew and Winfield Sheehan. This was my first meeting with Mr. Sheehan. He said little, making no apparent effort to impress the round-table conference. His large, wide-open eyes suggested frank simplicity. He listened attentively until he had something definite to suggest.

But, of course, Mr. Sheehan is neither simple nor slow to move when the time for action arrives. Behind a poker face and calm eyes, he conceals a keen and rapid mental mechanism, and behind the mechanism lies a quantity of old reliable Irish energy.

WINNIE never bothered about copy-book maxims, but has lived in accord with a number of them just the same. From the day he left Canisius College, Buffalo, to become a reporter on *The Buffalo Courier*, up to the reorganization of the Fox company last year, he has been ambitious, industrious and thorough. When he tired of newspaper work in Buffalo, he moved



Winfield Sheehan fought his way upward from reporting on a Buffalo, N.Y., newspaper to the post of general manager of Fox Films. To Mr. Sheehan goes a large measure of the credit for the progress of Fox pictures. He is one of Hollywood's hardest working bosses.

to New York and became a police and political reporter on *The World*, in the golden days of Manhattan.

Making the most of his opportunities in true copy-book fashion, Winnie learned so much about city affairs and politics that Fire Commissioner Rhinelander Waldo picked him for his executive secretary. Transferred to the Police Department, Commissioner Waldo carried his efficient young secretary with him, whereupon Winnie set about enlarging his experience and his contacts. It was during this period that he met William Fox, prosperous proprietor of penny arcades, now rising rapidly in the amusement field as owner of a chain of Greater New York theaters showing motion pictures. His prize house was the venerable Academy of Music, just around the corner from Tammany Hall, where Winnie felt thoroughly at home.

Mr. Fox, classed as an independent, meaning that he was engaged in a prolonged warfare with the all-dominant Motion Picture Patents Company, wanted an assistant

familiar with the political racket, only they did not call it a racket then. He chose Mr. Sheehan, who knew nothing about the making, selling or showing of photo-plays and admitted it.

"You'll learn and you'll make a lot of money. You don't mind a rough fight," urged Mr. Fox.

Winnie agreed that he had no objection to a larger pay check and that when it came to fighting he always had been able to take care of himself. And he always has. With the organization of the Box Office Attractions Company, subsequently the Fox Film Corporation, the ex-reporter, ex-secretary became Bill Fox's chief counselor. As a New Year's token in 1914 he was given the title of general manager.

WINNIE has been awarded a generous slice of the credit for the development of Theda Bara, first of the screen vampires. Her real name was Theodosia Goodman and her past was no more romantic than her name. The new general manager improved upon both. Without the aid of a numerologist, he selected a suitable name for a woman of mystery. Also, there were no shortcomings in her mysterious past, as it appeared in official biographies distributed to newspapers and magazines. Picture patrons talked about the "dark siren" in "A Fool There Was," and before many months had elapsed the most renowned of the Fox stars was setting war-time styles in vamping.

With the menace of the (Continued on page 112)

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Play
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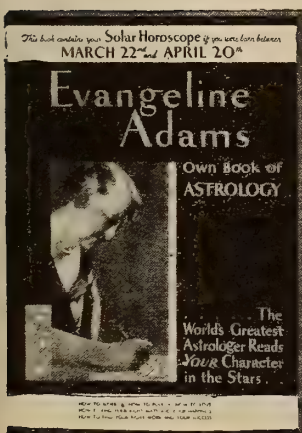
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June 22 and July 23—Cancer <input type="checkbox"/>	Nov. 23 and Dec. 22—Sagittarius <input type="checkbox"/>	Feb. 20 and March 21—Pisces <input type="checkbox"/>
July 24 and Aug. 23—Leo <input type="checkbox"/>		

Name

Address..... City..... State.....

Here Our Readers Express Themselves About the Stars

DOLLAR

For Greta

Media, Pa.

NEW MOVIE has been unusually fair and kind to Garbo, and it is for this reason above all that I am writing to thank you for your fairness and good sportsmanship. The recent January issue gave Garbo the laurels she so greatly deserves. It is amazing how blind the greater part of the film public and the screen magazine writers are to this woman's greatness as an actress. For a time it was in danger of being a pure illusion, but after "Romance" and "Anna Christie" there can be doubt no longer. When the actress has gone—as some day she must, of course—she will be talked about in words of marvelous wisdom. That is always the way; they tear a person to bits until they are gone beyond reach, and then they bewail them. Look what an idol Valentino became after his death!

Richard E. Passman.

Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

Another Greta Garbo in Marlene Dietrich? For verily the wiseacres have publicly prophesied. Well, with training the tall Marlene may learn to glide as Greta, she may definitely arch long, thin brows, effect false lashes and develop a sphinx stare, but she can never master the Garbo mind, can never touch a personality that is not her own, nor experience the Garbo reactions to Life that mark her Great!

*Catherine Crupe,
111 Maple Avenue.*

Lockport, N. Y.

After seeing Greta Garbo in "Romance," I am more convinced that she is the leading actress on the screen. She has such beauty and infinite charm, as well as a voice that seems to be created just for the talkies.

*Marion Ahern,
121 West Avenue.*

And for Marlene

East Orange, N. J.

Why this sudden emergence of Greta Garbo from her mysterious seclusion? We wonder. Perhaps (we whisper on a mere breath) the lovely Marlene Dietrich has something to do with it. After years of silence, Garbo suddenly becomes human, goes places, has appealing photographs made. We think it is high time, for though mystery is fascinating for a while, warm naturalness and sincerity will win. We admit that Miss Garbo is beautiful and deserved fame in silent films, but with the talkies we believe she is doomed, her too harsh and guttural voice kindling the bier. At first we were astounded at Miss Dietrich's similarity to Greta, but we at once perceived that Marlene is to become the "great Garbo" of the talking films, and we know we shall love the new soft-voiced, warm-hearted leading lady better than the old indifferent and taciturn star.

*May Waton,
111 Halsted Street.*

Westport, Conn.

What's this I hear about my idol, Garbo? She has secured Marlene Dietrich's German-made song records and plays them over and over in the seclusion of her home! I suggest that Greta buy the new Victor-distributed Dietrich record of numbers from "The Blue Angel" and listen to the German girl's singing of "Naughty Lola" and "Falling in Love Again." Dietrich may imitate Garbo and copy Jeanne Eagels, but she can't fake a singing voice. I can hear Garbo's low-voiced chuckle when she plays this awful record.

J. D.

Chicago, Ill.

I have just seen "Morocco," with Miss Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper and I think it perfect, from beginning to end. Miss Dietrich's faint trace of an accent makes her speech as fascinating as her face. Her slow deliberate actions were exactly as you would wish them to be, mysterious, and Gary Cooper is the lovable, devil-may-care Legionaire. He is the most romantic, nonchalant lover, that could ever be found. The tricky salute, that he used throughout the picture was made to order for him and I'm positive that each salute sent a thrill of ecstasy to the finger tips of every female in the audience.

*Edna Long,
3253 Broadway.*

Cheers for "Abraham Lincoln"

Staunton, Va.

I wish to compliment Director D. W. Griffith and Walter Huston on their wonderful portrayal of Abraham Lincoln. It was a superb picture and will always live in my memory. I am a Southerner and I went to the picture rather fearful that the South would be portrayed as a traitorous and unlawful country. I came away with a very different feeling, however. I now look toward Abraham Lincoln as one of the greatest men in history, and realize that, had he lived, the South would have escaped many of the hardships and indignities suffered during the Reconstruction period. I consider the production of such a picture as "Abraham Lincoln" an outstanding event in movie history.

*E. M. Fulton,
231 Sycamore Street.*

Wants Air Epic of Peace

Wauwatosa, Wis.

Why are airplanes always shown in pictures as destructive? I would like to see a real air picture—minus war and destruction. I am the wife of an aviator and have made many trips with him, all of which have been very beautiful. By "beautiful" I mean having had the feeling of greatness when seeing things from the air in an airplane. Everything is beautiful. One feels the Great Goodness all around. Couldn't we have an air picture to show this beauty?

Mrs. L. P. Meyers.

Too Much Make-up

Berlin-Wilmersdorf, Germany.

In Germany we like American pictures very much and are fond

You have some interesting opinions about motion pictures. Sit down and write them in a letter to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City. If the opinion is published, you will receive a dollar bill.

THOUGHTS

Thoughts and
Opinions About
the Movies

of American actresses. We love their beauty, their charm, freshness and their good taste *re* fashions, but we must call to your stars: "Not too much make-up!" Is it absolutely necessary to make yourself up so exaggerated? You are young, beautiful and charming—the most lovely race of girls in the world, and, therefore, there is no necessity to conceal your natural beauty behind a thick mask of powder and rouge!

Otto Behrens,
Tuebinger Str. 2.

Against Racy Titles

Annapolis, Md.

Why should excellent movies be hidden under titles that are intended to get the movie crowd but in reality keep intelligent people away. The title, "A Lady's Morals," leads you to believe that it is another of those stories, while it is a beautiful movie based on the life of Jenny Lind. When I see such titles as "Call of the Flesh," I hesitate about seeing it and sometimes miss a very good picture, as "Call of the Flesh" certainly was. But when I see such headlines as "The Big House," "Common Clay," "Anna Christie," and "The Dawn Patrol," Home Sweet Home is no longer the same and I rush to the theater.

Rose Wolfe,
46 Northwest Street.

Cheers for Cooking Page

Buffalo, N. Y.

I think one of your most interesting as well as beneficial features in NEW MOVIE is "Hollywood's Own Cooking Page." I've tried some of the recipes and they're superb. We fans like to know that the stars of the movie colony are not above cooking an appetizing dish occasionally. I hope sometime we may see Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo demonstrating their choicest dishes.

Betty Emrich,
1514 Fillmore Avenue.

More About Fan Mail

Wilson, N. C.

This fan mail problem is getting quite serious. I wrote a letter to Gary Cooper commenting on his performance in "Man From Wyoming" and in reply I received a card saying that, if I would send 25 cents Mr. Cooper would be glad to send me a photo. What causes that? I didn't even mention a photo in my letter. Same way with Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian. Ho, hum! You figure it out—I give up.

Edna Walters,
300 North Pine Street.

Why Bad Star Films?

Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

If stars are worth the big money paid them, surely they are worth pictures which would give them an opportunity for displaying the tal-

ents that have put them so far up the ladder of fame. Or, is it that producers wish to have them appear in a few mediocre pictures, as a counteractant for that insufferable disease known as swelled head?

Norman M. Willon,
41 Warrick Street, Ascot Vale.

Ware, Mass.

The cooking page, that is now being published, is of very great service. I have tried some of the recipes and find that they are very good and appetizing.

Pauline Saletnik,
14 Monroe Street.

What, Another Garbo?

Dallas, Texas.

If the producers insist on foreign editions of Greta Garbo, why not have an American one also? But they won't have to go in quest of an American duplicate, they already have her, in my opinion, in the person of Rose Hobart. Miss Hobart has the same deep emotional appeal of the Swedish original. There is also facial resemblance and a marked similarity in the carriage of these young actresses. I sincerely hope that she does not return to the stage from which she came, but that she remains to entertain us as she did in "A Lady Surrenders." She's the nearest thing to Garbo yet—truly capable and fascinating, and I think she will do great things on her own.

Helena Hicks,
3608 Potomac.

Better Stories for Dick

New York City, N. Y.

All the Pulitzer prize-winning authors and other successful novelists and short-story writers fail to do anything in Hollywood toward writing a good story for my favorite actor, Richard Barthelmess. Isn't there something that can be done about it? I saw "The Lash" and I thought it was weak. Surely, Barthelmess—and his public—deserve better than that.

I. E. H.

Follow the Leader

New York City, N. Y.

Why must producers show innumerable "carbon copies" of a particular successful type of picture? Witness, for example, the unending number of crook melodramas; the "back-stage" Broadway talkies and singies, and the French Foreign Legion pictures. Originality, it seems, is an expensive trait, so the film producers, in their smug complacency, follow the beaten path. Then they find that the public always will refuse a monotonous and unchanging picture diet.

Henry Budoff,
732 E. 156th Street.

Applauds Miss Shearer

Toledo, Ohio.

I read with interest in February's issue of Norma Shearer's success in winning the award for
(Continued on page 105)

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver. If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Lionel Belmore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Harry Carey
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Mary Doran
Duncan Sisters
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton

Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Bessie Love
Joan Marsh
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Gilbert Roland
Norma Shearer
Lawrence Tibbett
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Roland Young

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston
Luana Alcaniz
Robert Ames
Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
Noel Francis
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor

Dixie Lee
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Claire Luce
Sharon Lynn
Jeanette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Farrell MacDonald
Mona Maris
Victor McLaglen
Charles Morton
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Paul Page
David Rollins
Nick Stuart
John Wayne
Marjorie White

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Virginia Bruce
Jack Buchanan
Nancy Carroll
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
June Collyer
Chester Conklin
Jackie Coogan
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Stuart Erwin
Norman Foster
Kay Francis
Richard Gallagher

Harry Green
Mitzi Green
Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
Fredric March
Rosita Moreno
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
Zelma O'Neal
Eugene Pallette
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Marian Shilling
Stanley Smith
Regis Toomey
Florence Vidor
Fay Wray

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore
Noah Beery
Joe Brown
Dolores Costello
Claudia Dell
Louise Fazenda
Kay Francis
Winnie Lightner

Lotti Loder
Ben Lyon
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Marian Nixon
Walter Pidgeon
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Ronald Colman

Lily Damita

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Lloyd Hughes

Doris Kenyon
Lila Lee
Jack Mulhall
Vivienne Segal
Loretta Young

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Joan Bennett
Charles Chaplin
Dolores del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson

Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lewis Ayres
John Boles
Kathryn Crawford
Jack Dougherty
Lorayne DuVal
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent
Beth Laemmle
Arthur Lake

Laura La Plante
George Lewis
Jeanette Loff
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Joseph Schildkraut
Glenn Tryon
Lupe Velez
Barbara Worth

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves

Jack Holt
Joan Peers
Dorothy Revier

RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Mary Astor
Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorne
Betty Compson
Ricardo Cortez
Bebe Daniels
Richard Dix

Arthur Lake
Dorothy Lee
Robert McWade
Lowell Sherman
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
James Gleason

Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Fred Scott
Helen Twelvetrees.



CONCHITA MONTENEGRO

Photograph by Hurrell

Gallery
of
Famous
Film Folk

The
New Movie
Magazine



Photograph by Hurrell

ROBERT MONTGOMERY



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

JOAN CRAWFORD



Photograph by Hurrell

DOROTHY JORDAN



LEILA HYAMS, vivacious Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Featured Player, tells us—
"They're 'voice savers' as well as Life Savers . . . they soothe and clear the throat"

Adv.



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

LILY DAMITA

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. III

APRIL, 1931

No. 4



Gossip of the Studios

THE great Hollywood constellation of film stars is upset.

The big parade to the Warner Brothers studios is on.

The Warners have signed Ruth Chatterton and William Powell, at present under the Paramount banner. They have signed Kay Francis and intend to star her.



Gloria Swanson: Will play no more naughty girls. To do well dressed, pulchritudinous suffering, instead.

As this issue of NEW MOVIE goes to press it is rumored that the Warners also have signed George Bancroft and there are reports that Ronald Colman is joining, too. If the report about Colman is true, it means that three pals, Dick Barthelmess, Bill Powell and Ronald Colman, will be working on the same lot.

Then, too, the Warners have Constance Bennett as a star under special arrangement.

* * *

THE Constance Bennett arrangement has aroused much discussion.

To exactly whom does Constance Bennett belong?

The question is being asked almost daily. Nominally under contract to Pathe, now working on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot and just announced for two pictures by Warner Brothers-First National, whose is she?

Investigation shows that her contract with Pathe provides that she shall have ten weeks each year to do as she elects. She chose to give those ten weeks to Warner Brothers-First National and salt the earnings away. When that time is up, she returns to Pathe under a contract which has four years to run.

Miss Bennett is the most widely sought actress in Hollywood right now.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD has displayed a great deal more interest in the renowned Einstein than would be expected in this "land of Yes and No," as Arthur Caesar calls it. It is an open scandal that,

when he was introduced to Mary Pickford, he did not have the least idea who she was, and asked his wife if she knew. Mary took it with good grace.

The Einsteins wanted to see "All Quiet on the Western Front," which is banned in their native Germany.

A special showing was arranged at Universal, where they were guests of Carl Laemmle. Einstein and his wife were most impressed.

* * *

When Mr. Laemmle announced that Professor Albert Einstein would be his guest at luncheon, Lew Ayres was interested.

"Oh, is he coming?" exclaimed Lew. "I'll bring over my telescope." Sure enough, he showed up at the studio with a telescope about the length of fence-rail and of the dimension of a stove-pipe. Professor Einstein smiled in a fatherly way and patted his shoulder. Then he said something in German and Lew wonders what it meant.

* * *



John Barrymore: He enjoys listening to Baby Dolores Ethel's near-conversation over the 'phone.

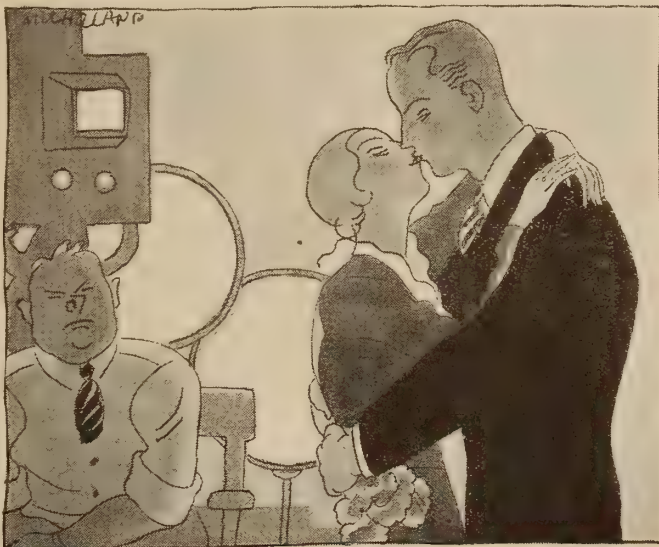
COLLEEN MOORE is entertaining again, in her beautiful Bel Air home. She had a big party the other evening for Al Scott, a handsome young banker from New York. And she introduced a new form of the ever popular buffet supper. Everything was served in the kitchen and the guests trooped out and collected their supper off the huge electric stove. Among the

guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels), Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, John Gilbert, Norman Kerry, Marshall Neilan, Paul Bern and Jean Harlow, Mrs. Alice Glazer, Dr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons), Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Willis Goldbeck, Howard Hughes and Billie Dove, Mrs. Luke McNamee, Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman), and Mr. and Mrs. Mike Levee.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD combinations:

Gary Cooper and Lupe



All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Constance Bennett: Signs a special Warner Brothers contract said to call for \$300,000 for ten weeks' work.

Velez. John Considine and Joan Bennett.

Herbert Fleishhacker, Jr., and June Collyer.

Al Scott, of New York, and Colleen Moore.

Paul Bern and Jean Harlowe.

Hugh Trevor and Betty Compson.

Benjamin Glazer and Sharon Lynn.

Howard Hughes and Billie Dove.

Rex Bell and Clara Bow.

William Haines and Mae Sunday.

Buster Collier and Marie Prevost.

comeback to the screen after nearly two years of absence. It is a dramatic story. This puts Dolores Costello with Ruth Chatterton and the other new stars just signed by the Warner Brothers.

Mickey Mouse is sitting amongst the mighty. A wax figure of Mickey was placed in Madame Tussaud's famous Wax Works Museum in London.

JACK GILBERT sent Marion Davies a truck-load of roses for her birthday. They are old friends. Marion gave a kid party to celebrate the occasion. Everyone had to come in children's clothes and, of course, there were lots of laughs. Among the guests were Bebe Daniels and her husband, Ben Lyon, Colleen Moore, Sally O'Neill, Eileen Percy, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Constance Bennett, the Marquis de la Falaise, Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli, and John Gilbert.

BACKGAMMON has swept Hollywood with the same fervor that the rest of the country is showing for this old-new game. Hardly a Hollywood home but has a backgammon set and at all parties there are now several boards set up and exciting games, watched by an interested circle, vie with contract bridge as a favorite indoor sport. Mr. and Mrs. Dick Barthelmess have a backgammon table in their library and spend their quiet evenings in deep concentration. Colleen Moore has become an expert. Jimmy Gleason and his popular wife, Lucille Webster Gleason, are also addicts. Gary Wilson, Chandler Sprague and Jack Gilbert have all acquired libraries of books on the art. Even the younger set backgammons and pretty Joan Marsh has been known to refuse a dance invitation and stay at home playing with her stepfather, Wesley Barr, who is publisher of a Los Angeles newspaper.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE ARCHAINBAUD gave a delightful dinner party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith), who have returned from a few months' visit to New York. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lehr, Mr. and Mrs. Watterson R. Rothacker, Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Mr. and Mrs.

Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels), and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Martin (Louella Parsons). Some very high powered bridge followed, as everyone in that group plays contract well enough to satisfy Mr. Vanderbilt himself.

MAE MURRAY, virtually idle for four years so far as pictures go, has dusted off her old make-up kit and is back at work, playing the part of Agatha Carraway in "Bachelor Apartment" for RKO.

Miss Murray stopped in at the home of Lowell

William Powell and Carol Lombard.

The Marquis Henri de la Falaise and Constance Bennett.

Gene Markey and Gloria Swanson.

These combinations have been going on now for a long time and you always see them together. Wonder whether they'll result in marriage before the next year is over. Last year was productive of so many marriages in the film colony. 1931 may be as eventful.

Bill Powell shakes hands with every actor in the cast just before starting work on a picture. It is an old hang-over from the days when this little stunt was supposed to bring good luck to players about to open in a legitimate play.

BUDDY—pardon us, Charles—Rogers landed in Hollywood without his appendix, which he had left in a Toledo, Ohio, hospital and with a mustache, which grows right under his nose.

JOHN BARRYMORE is enjoying being a papa more than one would imagine from one so temperamental and Barrymoreish as he. Baby Dolores Ethel has developed a penchant for telephoning, and whenever her father is at the phone, she reaches for it and insists on adding her bit to the conversation. Many of his friends are treated to her first attempts at speech via the phone, while her fond father looks on with rapt attention and great pleasure. As John has been forced to spend a good deal of time in bed, due to his recurrent attacks of tropical fever, the baby has had lots of romps in bed with her famous father, and Hamlet can talk baby talk and make faces just like any ordinary father.

DOLORES COSTELLO is to make "We Three" for the Warners as her



Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

Sherman and Helene Costello on New Year's Day. Lowell had been scouring the highways and by-ways for someone capable of playing the role and had about decided he was sunk. Then Miss Murray appeared. Fifteen minutes later they had agreed on terms and at 8:30 next morning Mae was in the studio office signing a contract and being assigned a dressing room.

Miss Murray walked off the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot in 1926 and headed for Europe. Thus she walked out of pictures, save for a little independent or two. Of late, her principal employment has been collecting royalties from oil wells.

TWO interesting comebacks, in addition to those of Mae Murray and Dolores Costello, are those of Louise Brooks, who is to play one leading feminine role in "The Public Enemy," for Warners-First National, and Greta Nissen, who is playing a role in "Women of All Nations" for Fox.

GRETA NISSEN is back in Hollywood following an absence of two years, confident that she has conquered her old enemy, the microphone.

Greta had a tough break when "Hell's Angels" was filmed by Howard Hughes. She worked through the silent picture, then Mr. Hughes decided to re-make it into a "talkie" and substitute Jean Harlowe for the feminine lead. Greta went to New York, began studying English, went on the stage and now speaks with virtually no Norwegian accent. She says she now fears no microphone.

IT looks like Tom Mix is lost to the hundreds of thousands of kiddies who flocked to see his pictures all over the world. He has just signed a five-year contract with John Ringling to appear in one of the latter's circuses.

Jack Oakie says one way to succeed in motion pictures is never to cut a cutter. If you do your close-ups will all land on the cutting room floor.

WILLIAM HAINES does give the grandest parties!

He seems to have a real faculty for making everybody have a good time. He gave a tea on a recent Sunday for his sister, Lillian. The house was, as always, gay with flowers. Bill doesn't encourage bridge at his parties, because he thinks conversation is sufficient entertainment. His big upstairs living-room had a bright fire burning and there and in the long, white paneled hall the guests talked and laughed until late in the evening—Bill's teas always turn into supper and nobody will ever go home. Mrs. Mae Sunday acted as hostess for Bill and wore a stunning frock of deep green velvet trimmed

with Sable. Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes were among the guests, and Ruth was saying goodbye to many of her friends before going to Europe. Bebe and Ben, Sally Eilers, looking so pretty in a black ensemble, Marie Prevost and Buster Collier, Mr. and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher, Lilyan Tashman and Ed-die Lowe, Colleen Moore, in a brilliant little sports outfit in variegated colors, Marie Dressler in black, Mr. and Mrs. George Hill (Frances Marion), Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Netcher (Constance Talmadge), Mr. and Mrs. Phil Berg (Leila Hyams), who was all in white, with a jade green scarf and green shoes, Polly Moran, John Gilbert, and many others dropped in.

Mutia and Riano have left Hollywood. Mutia and Riano are the two native Africans who were brought to this country by the "Trader Horn" company. And they are returning to their native Mombassa very, very puzzled. Because they have seen things, these two Africans, in their 24,000 mile journey to Hollywood and back—things they can't tell their friends at home.

"Why?" they were asked.

"Everybody call us liars," they said. "No believe about Hollywood. No believe about New York big buildings. No believe about money size. We tell, we lose face as double tongues." So the glories of Hollywood will return to Africa locked in the memories of Mutia and Riano—and they won't tell.

FROM six to ten letters reach the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios daily, addressed to the late Lon Chaney. They come from the out-of-the-way places in



Mary Nolan: Ill luck follows her and she is terminating her promising Universal motion picture contract.

the world. One from a jungle town on the Amazon river in Brazil said:

"We're a little bunch of fellows, who can't come back. Drift down here and see us. You'll get the greatest story ever filmed. Had you ever thought of that?"

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has the suggestion under scrutiny and may send some writers there for "color."

BESSIE LOVE says it's all a mistake. She isn't expecting the stork—at least not right away.

BEBE DANIELS and Ben Lyon entertained on Bebe's birthday—just a small party for Bebe's



The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



Ann Harding: Grieving over the sudden death of her father, Col. George Gatley, in San Francisco.

that Anna landed in Sweden to be greeted by bands, cheering crowds, batteries of reporters and all her old friends. When they saw her walk off the boat without even a cane, the crowds went quite wild with excitement. Anna Q. will stay a few months and then return to the camera.

NEARLY three years of work; two hundred thousand feet of film. From the conglomeration comes "City Lights," hardly nine reels in length. Nine thousand feet from 200,000!

Charlie Chaplin surveyed the accumulation. The grey at his temples had crept inexorably toward the crown. It had been a long time, it seemed, since he started that picture. There had been moments of super-enthusiasm when an idea sent him rushing onto the set with the entire company sharing his eagerness. His eyes sparkled as he envisioned the sequence.

"Let's shoot it, quick!" he would exclaim in his exuberance.

Then, when it was finished, he would view it with waning spirit.

"To the ash-can!" he would say. "It will not do."

The "ash-can" meant the storage vaults.

The king of screen comedians never made a picture which was a "flop." He never released a production until conscientiously he could give it his official O.K. And when it eventually went out, he was satisfied. And confident. Thus, from all the 200,000 feet used in making "City Lights," he approved only 9,000. And, some day a year or two from now, he will gather his staff about him, after the picture has had its sway, and there will be a bonfire on the lot in which nearly 36 miles of celluloid will go up in smoke and flame. That's his custom. Most of "City Lights" will disappear into the elements. But the remainder probably will make a million—or two.

Charlie concluded his work and made arrange-

really intimate friends. The date, as you know from Evangeline Adams, was January 14th. Bebe wore a white lace frock and a big corsage of orchids. I don't know anyone who receives so many gifts and congratulations on her birthday as Bebe.

A LONG letter from Anna Q. Nilsson—written to her pal Clare du Brey with instructions to relay it to Lucille Gleason, Dot Van Buren, and her intimates—says

ments for his trip around the world. His itinerary includes London and Paris, where he would attend premieres of "City Lights." Then he purposed going to Toledo, Spain, to see a bull fight. Not that he wanted to see a bull killed, he explained, but there is skill in the work of the toreadors and a bit of romance and glamour about them. From there he planned going to Japan where a decoration of some sort has been ordered and he will dine with the Mikado.

This for the boy from the London streets!

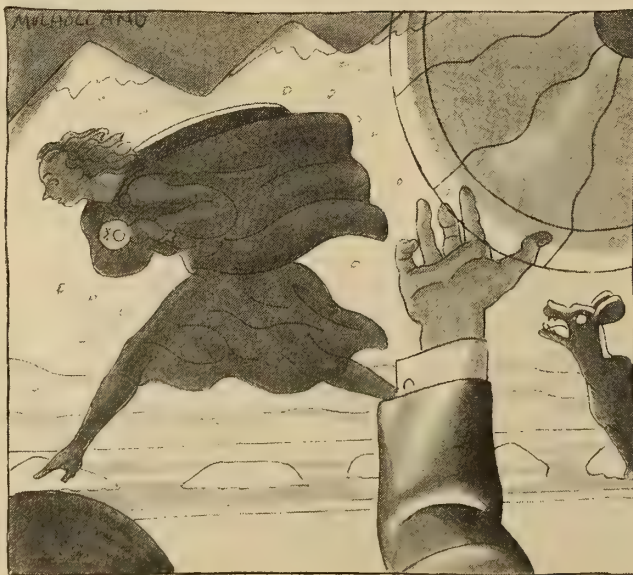
Charlie Chaplin figures that he will be paid EIGHT MILLION dollars by theater owners for "City Lights." He will be able to put the picture into every house in the world, if he cares to, because, while it has sound, it can be run as a strictly silent picture. All small foreign houses which have not been able to pay for expensive equipment will be able to run "City Lights."

DOLORES DEL RIO and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, have opened their wonderful new home in Santa Monica Canyon and are instituting Sunday afternoon tennis parties, with supper to follow. Dolores looks "all well" again, but seems willing to wait for just the right thing before going back into pictures.

JOE E. BROWN hasn't been worrying about starving to death. He has been doing a play in Hollywood, written by Ring Lardner, called "Elmer the Great." In it he plays a baseball player who can EAT. And DOES. At every performance Joe must eliminate a couple of waffles with maple syrup, a stack of wheat cakes, two orders of ham and eggs, a quarter of an apple pie, three lamb chops, orange juice, three cups of coffee and six doughnuts. He should be able to stagger along on that from show to show. Especially on matinee days.

Good news from Lila Lee. She's coming home from an Arizona sanitarium.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY has been signed to another long contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where his rise to stardom has taken only a year. Leads with Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo followed each other quickly for this New York stage juvenile; he is now playing opposite Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss."



What was the astonishment of quiet residents of Beverly Hills recently, when an army of Austins, driven by men in armor, with license plates bearing the prefix "Camelot" came rolling through town. It was just Will Rogers' army from "A Connecticut

film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

Yankee at King Arthur's Court" going to work at Fox Hills.

WORK on "The Up and Up" at Universal, with Mary Nolan in the starring rôle, was discontinued indefinitely while Mary takes a rest. It is rumored that Miss Nolan is terminating her Universal contract.

MARY BLACKFORD, just a few short months ago, was a student at Beverly Hills High School. Movies were far from her thoughts. She took the part of a French spy in a school play one night and her future was fixed. A First National official was in the audience and liked her work. So now she has a five-year movie contract. And they're talking about changing her name, Mary Blackford sounding too much like Mary Pickford.

Joan Crawford designs most of her own clothes and hats.

PARAMOUNT is paying the Four Marx Brothers two hundred thousand dollars for their next picture; and the brothers have an option of taking fifty per cent of what the picture makes instead—if it makes that much.

FOR Christmas Marion Davies gave elaborate gifts to thirty friends. To the girls went fitted travelling bags filled with silk stockings, underwear and nighties; to the boys she gave a fitted travelling bag filled with sweaters, stockings, golf hose and lounging robes.

DOUG, JUNIOR, and Joan have returned from a three weeks' vacation in New York. It is the first time they have been east since they trekked into the rising sun on their honeymoon.

THINGS were rather quiet in the Lloyd household during the holidays—if one can say the house can be quiet when two healthy little girls such as Mildred Gloria and her new sister are about. Mrs. Lloyd, the Mildred Davis of screen days, gave birth, to a four-pound boy late in January. The one dream of Harold Lloyd always has been a big family.

"What am I piling up all this money for?" he says. "Why should I build a big house and an estate if not for a family?" Bad health has dogged Mildred's footsteps, and for a time it looked as if the dream of the Funny Man was going to be carried out with other people's children adopted as his own. Now that Mildred

Gloria has been provided with a companion near her own age, and a new baby boy has arrived, things are pretty much all right with Harold.

THE news that Constance Talmadge is shopping for a layette is something of a thrill to her friends, who have always looked on Constance as a sort of Peter Pan who could play with love or leave it, but would never settle down and be serious. Now that the miracle has happened and she is copying her domestic sister Natalie, wife of Buster Keaton, and mother of a stout pair of boys, everybody is very happy for her. They are hoping for a Townsend Netcher, Jr.



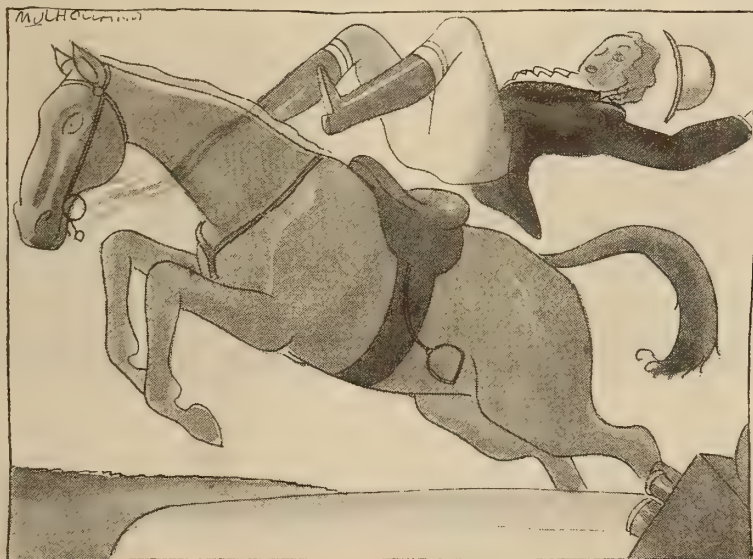
Robert Montgomery: Signs a new M.-G.-M. contract, following a big year as a popular leading man.

ESTHER RALSTON is on the stork's list, for some time in the Summer. Her husband is George Webb; Esther has just finished a comeback in the talkies, that began with her rôle opposite Lawrence Tibbett in "The Southerner" and has continued through a starring rôle for Pathe in "Lonely Wives."

As Al Boasberg was emerging from a studio projection room where he had just witnessed a preview of a doubtful picture, he was asked by a newspaper writer if he thought talking pictures were here to stay.

"I just saw one here a minute ago," he sighed. "I'm pretty sure it's here to stay."

GLORIA SWANSON will not be the naughty girl in pictures any more; her one venture into comedy recently, "What a Widow" persuaded United Artists that the public likes its Gloria wrung with sorrow, reaching out for a better life with plenty of eyeshadows and good looking clothes. Her present vehicle is one of them things, with loads of drama and emoting for the pulchritudinous Gloria. It is interesting to note that Gloria retains the coat-of-arms of the Marquis on her stationery, though her name is signed Gloria Swanson.



GLORIA SWANSON packed bag and baggage the other day and moved from her bungalow at Pathe to the United Artists studio, "Queen Kelly," Gloria's unfinished picture filmed a year or two ago, was left un-

(Continued on page 113)



Photograph by Hurrell

Constance Bennett returned to the screen late in 1929 after a four years' absence. Her new success has been remarkable. Miss Bennett has been painted by Hollywood interviewers as hard, high hat, and heartless. In reality, says Mr. Mook, she is none of the things she has been called. And, across the page, he tells you of the childhood that developed the Constance Bennett of 1931, one of the most popular of all talkie stars.

The Romance of the COMET GIRL

The Story of Movieland's Newest Meteor, Constance Bennett, Who Has Flashed Into Prominence in New York, Paris and Hollywood

By S. R. MOOK

NEW MOVIE is to present—in three parts—the dramatic story of Constance Bennett. The chapter this month deals with her childhood and her first marriage. Next month **NEW MOVIE** will tell of Miss Bennett's early screen adventures and her marriage to Phil Plant, the young millionaire.

Miss Bennett's story is a fascinating one. Daughter of a famous stage family, her childhood was both colorful and varied. The unexpected always lurked around the corner.

A YEAR and a half ago Constance Bennett returned to the screen after a four years' absence. Immediately interviews broke all over the country—magazines, newspapers, periodicals of all sorts.

"Every Girl Should Marry a Millionaire!"

"\$250,000 a Year on Clothes!"

"What Love Means to Me!"

"The High Hat Girl of Hollywood."

There was scarcely a magazine in the country chronicling motion picture personalities which did not carry a story about her. And the amazing part was that few of them were complimentary and, according to Constance, even fewer of them accurate.

I had known her intermittently since she was possibly five years old. The girl I had known seemed to fit none of the articles describing

A childhood picture of the Bennett girls. Left to right, Barbara, Joan and Constance.

Richard Bennett, father of Constance, Joan and Barbara Bennett. He has been a stage actor and star for years.



Wide World

a girl who was supposed to be brilliant and heartless. The girl I had known was warm and sympathetic. It didn't seem possible she could have changed so much.

I RECALLED an incident that occurred when she was possibly nine years old. Her family was living out on Long Island. Her father had given her a bird dog for a present. It was the first time she had ever owned a dog all her own. The family had always had pets, but they had been more or less community property

to be shared with her sisters. This was exclusively hers. She lavished affection on the animal and the dog adored her. They were playing on the sidewalk in front of her home one afternoon when the dog darted into the street after a ball she had thrown. An automobile ran over him. Connie gave him one stricken look and flew down the street to a veterinary's. She returned with the slightly bewildered gentleman in tow. The dog, seeing her coming, wriggled over to her and died with his head in her lap.

Connie was inconsolable. Her grief found an outlet in





poetry. It was her first offence in that direction and the result was called "Ode to a Lost Dog." She still writes poetry and has had a number of verses published anonymously.

Her love of dogs has persisted ever since. The den in her home today contains a collection of miniature porcelain dogs that must be the despair of the maid who has to dust them. And Connie cannot pass one in a store without buying it.

AS a child there was something grave and dignified about her. She insists that her childhood was just like any other child's—but it wasn't.

Her father was—and is—an unusually successful stage actor, but he has always been erratic and eccentric. When I was thirteen or fourteen and as stage struck as they come, I was horrified to read in a theatrical trade paper that Mr. Bennett had refused to be starred by the Lieblers, who were among the biggest producers of those days. I immediately wrote him a letter of expostulation, pointing out that he could make much more money if he were starred and that he owed it to his wife and three charming children to make as much as he could.

He must have recognized the very childish and immature handwriting, to say nothing of the phraseology, yet he wrote back as gravely as though the letter had been a document of state:

"No doubt all you say is true, so far as you can know facts. But in this life facts must be taken into consideration and, for the present, I am more content to be a large leading man than a small part of the glow from the milky way."

The foregoing is mentioned simply to illustrate a certain side of Mr. Bennett's character. He addressed his own children as gravely as he had
(Continued on page 121)

Photograph by Hurrell

Constance Bennett's first marriage was to Chester Moorehead, a student at the University of Virginia. He escorted her to a number of football games and proms—and there was a runaway marriage. Miss Bennett's parents promptly had the marriage annulled.

How a Fractured Leg Turned Out to be a Lucky Break for Joe Brown

Rubber FACE

By JOHN O'HARA



IF you want the real story of Joe E. Brown, you must go back to a poorly lighted vaudeville house in the Southland. You must go back to the year 1909. . . .

It was a Sunday afternoon, the streets were baked by the lazy sun as four bedraggled men got off the cindery train, gaped about and asked the station-master for directions to the local opera house. Four men? Make it three men, for despite his long trousers and battered derby, closer scrutiny revealed that the figure which walked a few paces behind the others was that of a boy, not more than fifteen years old. Nor was he a cheerful kid. You could tell that something was wrong. He was an unhappy lad.

The quartet found the theater, changed to a scant, athletic costume. Three of the men had bulging, chunky, powerful legs. The lad was well-built, but of a slender type. One of the men, a fellow with a bullet head and, seemingly, no neck, obviously was the chief of the party. He had a humorless look about him, cold, grey eyes and an officiousness that was apparent even in the few short steps he took to the middle of the stage.

THE other men stood near the wings while their leader addressed the lad. "Now look here, you," he said. "That trick flop that you do off my shoulders. If you don't get that right the next time we go on, you're going to be good and sorry, get me? I've had enough of your crabbing this act. You do that fall right or—well, you do it right."

The lad cringed and said nothing. It could be seen that he was near tears. He merely nodded assent. Then the quartet went on with the rehearsal. The boy did the fall properly. There was no complaint.

It was the same the next day at the matinee, but at the first evening performance that night the boy was palpably nervous. It came time to be snapped up on the strong man's shoulders. His hands were damp and nearly slipped away from the Goliath's grip, despite its power. The strong man muttered under his breath; "You do that right or you'll be sorry." The boy's nervousness increased as he was twirled around in the air. The man was in a rage.

Suddenly the boy was flung in the air by those powerful arms. And when he came down on the floor, there

Joe Brown started out to be an acrobat. After breaking his leg, he tried professional baseball and then became a burlesque comedian. That eventually led to his success as a funster in the films.

was a sickening bump and a sharp little crack. The boy lay there.

He had a compound fracture of the leg. . . .

THE boy was, of course, Joe E. Brown and he made the story seem very close, very recently as he told it to me in his dressing room. He paused in his narrative and looked around the room. He was taking a few minutes time out during the production of "Broad Minded," the new picture he worked on for First National. "It seems pretty far in the past now," he said.

"Not to me," I said.

"I know, not to you," he said. "But that's because you're hearing it for the first time. I look around here and think how my life has changed since then. How I used to be beaten by that man! He was even more cruel than the first acrobat I worked with. You know I had very definite acrobatic ambitions when I was a kid. Ran away with a circus and all that. And that was a tough apprenticeship I served. The owner of the act paid me less money in a month than I spend for gasoline in a week—and I don't drive many miles. I thought I was making a wise move when I left him for the other act, but that was the way my leg was broken."

"What happened to you when your leg was broken?" I asked.

"I stayed at a boarding house, and the troupe paid my doctor's bill, because the fellow who threw me was afraid I'd have him arrested. Then I went to St. Paul and played professional baseball, and I had a brief turn with the New York Yankees. Finally I gave up the strenuous type of entertainment and chose to be a comedian. A burlesque comedian, at that. And maybe I didn't work at that! Sleeper jumps, draughty dressing rooms, hurried meals, (Continued on page 124)

The FAVORITES of

BY
GEORGE
KENT

Photographs of Royalty
by Wide World



King Albert of Belgium (left) went to see his favorite, Maurice Chevalier, in "The Love Parade," but remained to cheer Jeanette MacDonald as the queen (above). Trust a king to recognize a charming queen.

Western Electric. Few people know both Europe and the talkies as well as Mr. Kent.

A KING'S life today isn't what it used to be in the good old days of silent pictures. Then a royal fan had his private theater and, when dinner was over, he had only to shove back his chair and saunter down the hall. There were always plenty of films too. The local movie barons were but too pleased to supply them free of charge.

There was hardly a royal palace from Windsor to the Nile that didn't put on a show at least twice a week. And a few ran every night with matinees for the babies. The families used to sit there like ordinary folks, smoking, drinking coffee, sipping liqueurs, giggling, weeping, disputing over the stars—even as you and I.

Well, that's how it was until the talkies came along and changed it all. In the first place, a machine for projecting *sound* pictures costs a lot of money, and royalty, save for the rajahs and Abyssinians, isn't very rich these days. And then, there aren't nearly so many films as there used to be, not in the native tongues, and while most of the rulers know English, it lacks the savor of the home town lingo. Silent pictures are still available but they are now the riffraff of the studios and not worth the eye strain. So, it has come to pass that the royal theaters are no more.

What hurt most was the loss of the daily rave over their favorite star. Kings and queens are human, and they had their preferences, possibly their passions, and when the screens were rolled up and stuck away in the attics, these screen flames flickered their more or less wan way up the ladder behind them. Of course, they could have harnessed up the royal coach and galloped to the nearest theater. But if you have ever been a king you



Benito Mussolini (below), iron man of Italy, likes American musical films and he particularly admired Anita Page in "Broadway Melody."



the KINGS

Royalty Has Its Own
Screen Idols

With the Coming of the Talkies, the Rulers No Longer Can Afford Private Theaters of Their Own. So Now They Get in Line, Even as You and I

would know that going to a show in public is more pain than peace. A king has to bow, smile sweetly and never betray an honest emotion lest it be observed by a camera or a reporter and get itself scrawled in the newspapers of the world. As for belly laughter it ain't etiquette, that's all. Imagine yourself sitting through say a Harold Lloyd picture constrained from laughing out loud.

TODAY, there is only one member of a royal family anywhere in Europe who is able to see talkies at home. As one could almost have guessed, this individual is the Prince of Wales. He has recently had a full sized talking picture outfit installed in his private palace in London. There he can now see his favorites, Nancy Carroll and Zelma O'Neal, as much as he pleases. And among the male stars, the roughneck, Wallace Beery, a choice in which he echoes that of virtually every royal fan in Europe. He also has a fondness for his fellow Londoner, Jack Buchanan. In this he is seconded by his father, the king.

George V of England has been denied of late the pleasure of going to the movies, partly because he is still convalescent and partly because the palace screen room has not functioned since the advent of the talkies. Still, the queen and he drop in at a picture theater now and then, to grace a formal opening. Mickey Mouse and other animated cartoons have wrung a giggle from the queen, and reports that seep through the inner circles of the court indicate that Harold Lloyd is considered amusing, and that royal compliments have been bestowed upon Richard Barthelmess, Ernest Torrence and Dorothy Mackaill.

BENITO MUSSOLINI, while not exactly a king, is the only other ruler who has at his private disposition a talkie theater. In the case of Italy's iron man, the theater is not in his own home but in the building of the International Cinema Institute which overlooks his own garden. Several nights a week the Duce, accompanied by his wife and kids, tramps through the grass to the Institute to see a show. He is offered films in all tongues but he invariably chooses the Hollywood kind, and out of these the musical pictures, with lots of girls.

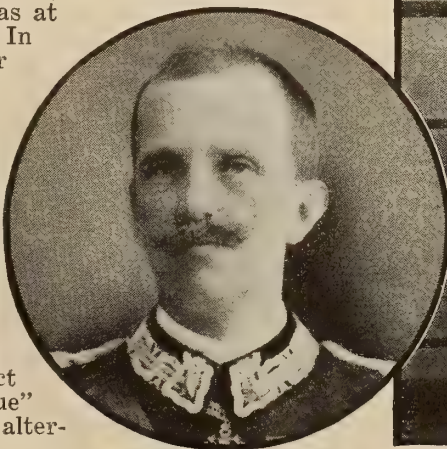
I happened to be there one evening when he was given a long list to select from. He picked "The Hollywood Revue" with a decisiveness that made any other alter-



Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool" (above) won Queen Marie of Rumania (right) to the talkies. Now she regularly goes to the movies once a week in Bucharest.



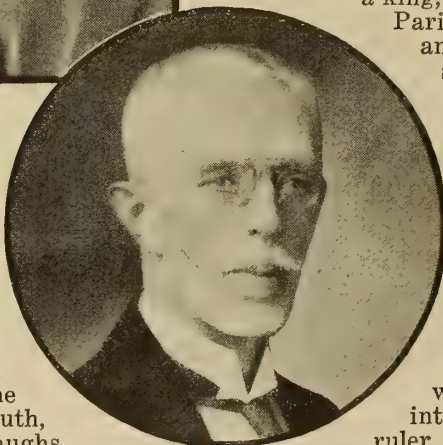
Not so long ago, King Victor Emmanuel of Italy (below) stopped a special showing of educational films to demand a royal viewing of a Bebe Daniels picture. Miss Daniels (right) is a favorite in Rome.



Kings Laugh at Comics; Queens Thrill to Sheiks



Maybe the Swedish royal family isn't proud of Greta Garbo! They admire her abilities and respect her for her discretion. King Gustav V of Sweden is shown at the right.



native seem silly. Mussolini, himself the most theatrical figure in Europe, loves the theater and its twin art, the movies. He says he studies them and possibly he does, but he enjoys them, too, down to the last flicker. He glowers at the screen as if it were an assassin. He opens his mouth, and shows his teeth but he doesn't bite—he laughs. He sees the pictures as soon as they arrive in Italy, and sometimes he tells the censor he is a fool, and orders him to release a picture that he had banned. He once expressed a partiality for Anita Page, whose performance in that now ancient film "Broadway Melody," he enjoyed a great deal.

There can be no doubt that the King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, envies the dictator his easy access to a private theater, for he, too, is a fan, of a family of fans. Recently he and the Queen went to four performances in a week, which, considering that all were in public theaters, is something of a record. At the formal opening of the International Cinema Institute, the King, after being shown a program of educational and industrial pictures, demanded a drama. It had not been intended to show one but to comply with the royal wish one was sent for and shown. It happened to be a film starring Bebe Daniels, which pleased doubly, this roguish star being the favorite in Rome.

When Boris of Bulgaria took as queen a daughter of the Italian King he laid the seeds of his undoing so far as the movies were concerned. He himself has seen only one movie, a Douglas Fairbanks picture. Boris

liked the picture but has avoided films ever since, deliberately, because he is afraid they will become an enthusiasm of his. His Italian queen, with movies in her blood, can be counted on to bring the films back into favor.

KING ALBERT of Belgium, on the other hand, needs no persuasion. Which is strange in a way because before the talkies came he was lukewarm on the subject. Al Jolson converted him. The King saw the huge promise of the new art and overnight became the most rarin' of them all. When Americans are received at the palace they leave a little dazed; His Majesty seems to prefer to talk talkies than the accepted hokum about international affairs.

Albert would walk a mile to see a good movie and admits it. What is more interesting, he did so recently. He happened to be in Paris a few days after Maurice Chevalier opened in "The Love Parade." This star is an old favorite with the King. Besides, sitting in a hotel suite with nothing to look forward to save a few dreary receptions is not the most amusing occupation in the world. And so Albert unstrapped his crown, donned a derby and with his chin in his overcoat collar slipped through the lobby unobserved.

You would know, if you had ever been a king, how it feels to be alone on a Paris street, walking along like any other mortal man, unobserved, unescorted, and free to do as you please. From the hotel which stands on the Rue de Rivoli to the theater on the Boulevard des Italiens, is only a little more than a mile, and the King did it on foot, not too hastily, and got there, together with the rest of Paris, in time for the second show. There was a long queue winding its way around into a side street. Albert, ruler of all the Belges, quietly walked around the corner, lit a

cigaret and took his place at the end of the line, and waited until he came abreast of the cashier, paid his twenty francs, entered, and sank into the upholstery with a sigh of satisfaction, a waiter on one side of him, a clerk on the other.

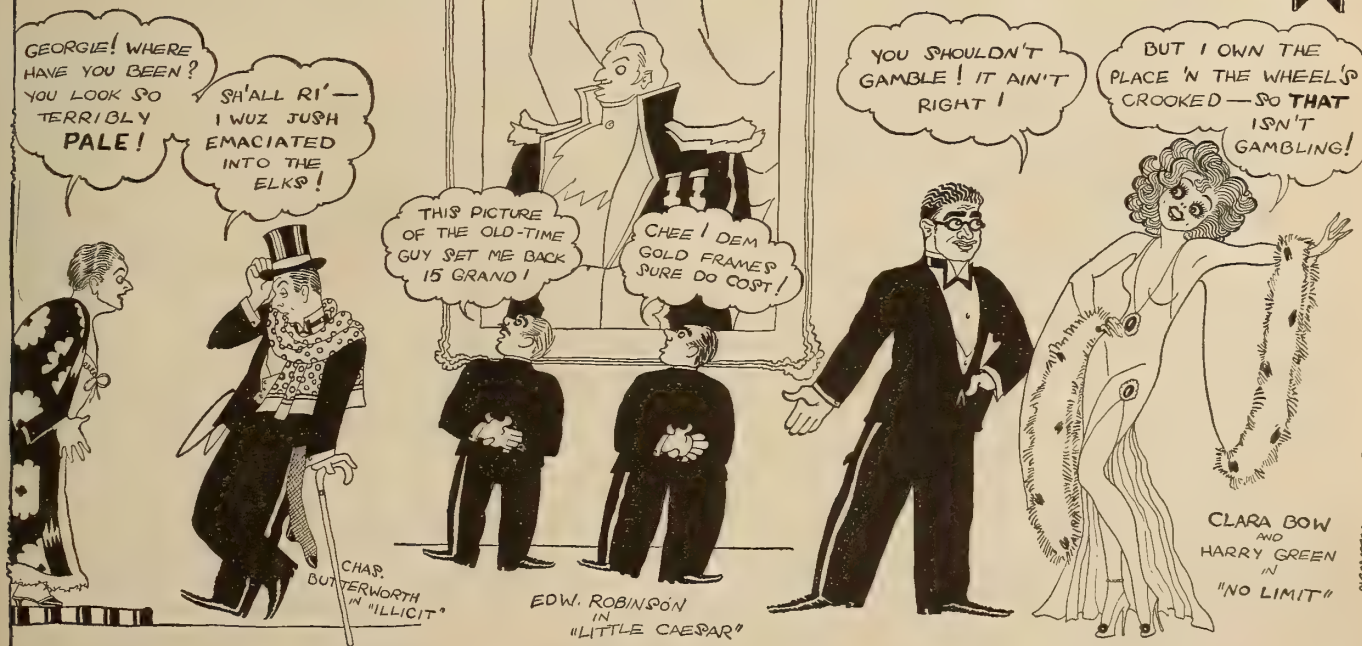
MAURICE clicked with the King. But Jeanette MacDonald, the wistful, negligee-toting Jeanette, went over double-double, crowding her way into the special place in his affections. His Majesty had reserved for Bessie Love and Garbo. And though few may know it, what happened to Albert happened to most Parisians when they saw that picture. They came to see and applaud their Maurice but it was Jeanette they were brooding over when they departed. The King was

delighted with Chevalier but how could a mere man vie with a real queen of a girl playing the role of a queen to, you might say, the queen's taste. And what goes for Chevalier goes for the other male favorites of Albert; Lon Chaney, Fairbanks, the Beerys, and Bancroft, all more or less the raw, brow heroes of the tough-guy cinema.

(Continued on page 88)

**Queen Mary of England
laughs at Mickey Mouse;
Queen Marie of Rumania
sobs over Sonny Boy**

LAUGHS of the FILMS



ROSALIND HIGHTOWER

HOLLYWOOD'S



Albert Davis Collection

Mabel Normand was a young woman of extraordinary variety. She refused to let people know the real Mabel Normand. "The beauty of her inner self abashed her," says Herbert Howe, "she was so conscious of her failings. And yet I know no one of such beautiful accomplishments."

HERBERT HOWE is going to present the great personalities of Hollywood, past and present, in NEW MOVIE. He will tell you in future issues of Pola Negri, Doug Fairbanks, Rudie Valentino and other notables of the screen. These will be intimate pen pictures of the vividdest of the film great by one who knew them through the years. Each story is complete in each issue.

"I WONDER if his personality would have seemed extraordinary without the reputation to back it up," muses Somerset Maugham of the character in "Cakes and Ale."

That is my speculation in reviewing personalities of screen history.

How many of them would appear great without their photographic enlargements?

Agreeing to pick the greatest of Hollywood, I counted as far as the little finger of the left hand, with thumb palmed, when I had to stop for a definition.

What do I mean greatest? Certainly not greatest in respect to screen accomplishment. Even in Hollywood success comes more often to people of sagacity and luck than to those of great personal charm.

Probably my best definition is supplied by Wilde: "There are individuals who, in themselves, are masterpieces of nature."

Presenting the Film Famous of All Times. The Boulevardier First Discusses Mabel Normand, the Comedienne of the Great Heart

I am not sure I have met any masterpieces but I have known some pretty swell stories. Pola Negri is one . . . Mabel Normand another . . . Rudie Valentino . . . Doug Fairbanks. . . These four certainly rate as classics among the characters of screen history.

Scanning the pages further I find other names which for one reason or another conjure impressions of varying vividness: Nazimova, Richard Barthelmess, Wally Reid, Ramon Novarro, Marion Davies, Alice Terry, Mary Pickford, Chaplin, Will Rogers. . . .

I guess I had better make it a five-foot bookshelf instead of a set of ten.

PROBABLY the writer's definition of the greatest personality would be the one who supplies the best copy, the most interesting from a story angle, be he saint or devil, mental giant or movie magazine writer.

That which issues from the mouth of man is but a fraction of his personal expression. A person may be fascinating and yet give a punk interview. "Interview" is a misnomer, anyhow. Usually it is just a bleating.

Vivekenanda, the Hindu philosopher, insists that a Man's *being*—that which he is in himself—exercises a greater influence than the words he speaks. There are personal vibrations that appeal directly, like music without words. We all set up radio waves of varying lengths. You may call these "magnetism."

One may be engrossed by a personality without giving a hoot for his ideas.

I've given lusty *vivas* for Mussolini but he could never make a Fascist out of me.

I have joined in hallelujahs with Aimee McPherson but she will never get me into her baptismal tank.

I have been stimulated by the dynamic wit of Texas Guinan but she is never going to hail me a sucker.

Greatness as I am applying it has nothing to do with churchly virtues. I myself once received a gold medal for Sunday School attendance. The gold soon wore off and exposed the brass. I am very dubious about such awards. Yet I am not prejudiced. I rate Aimee and Texas equally.

Although in the past I have used the word "soul" many times like a sloven writer, I confess I do not know what it is. I seem to have a clearer idea of "heart." Perhaps the two are synonymous. Certainly greatness of heart seems to me to be the greatest ingredient for lasting charm. That is why Mabel Normand is first with me.

I HAD heard a lot about Mabel before meeting her. Everyone always heard a lot about Mabel. I did not think I would care much for her. A practical joker, according to stories, she liked to shock in burlesque fashion. Typically Irish, I was told. Impulsive, wild-tongued. In fact, from the hearsay picture, I

HALL of FAME

By
HERBERT HOWE

gathered that Mabel was a hoyden, and from a hoyden I will run as from battle.

One afternoon I went with Adela Rogers St. Johns to Mahlon Hamilton's for cocktails before attending the premiere of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." That was years before Hollywood was scandalously headlined. There were a number of people in the drawing-room, among them several stars but no one particularly exciting. Suddenly I had the feeling that an arc lamp was flooding the room. I turned toward the door and saw a girl dressed in black, a large black hat shadowing her face, a string of tiny pearls around her throat. In her arm she carried several books which she evidently was returning. She came into the room with the shy step of a country cousin, and I noted she was pigeon-toed. Several people spoke to her but I did not get her name and no one took the trouble to introduce me. They didn't need to; I naturally gravitated. Almost at once I was immersed in the eloquence of dark eyes. I do not know whether I thought her beautiful. I was too far sunk for trivial observations.

I must have had a gaspy look, for she gave me a sort of resuscitating smile and asked me if I had read the books which she placed on a table, and did I like Stephen Leacock.

I said I was sure I would—if given a chance.

"Let me send you this one," she said. "And there is another I think you will like. Will you give me your name and address?" I gave.

IT would be impossible for me to say how long we talked. I think Einstein's theory of relativity might apply, but as to that I am not clear. Anyhow I had the feeling of having known her much longer than time. She left as shyly as she had come, giving me an amused smile and offering her hand. (Curious how little details bob up in memory: I recall her telling me later that people were always giving her gloves which she detested and never wore.)

As soon as she had gone I galloped to Adela: "Who is she? . . . I'm crazy. . . ."

"Don't be so original," boomed the unpitied Adela. "Everyone is crazy about her who ever knew her. Don't tell me you haven't recognized her! *She is Mabel Normand.*"

Well, as Texas Guinan once exclaimed when similarly shocked, "I didn't know whether to commit suicide or sing 'Baby Shoes.'"

Incredible as it may seem, I was not at that time a fan for Mabel's pictures. And I am one of the rare souls who never recognizes a star off screen.

I went on to the premiere of "The Four Horsemen" but I couldn't seem to keep my mind on the picture. It seemed disjointed. I was the only reviewer who failed to hail Rex Ingram a genius, and so Rex engaged me to do his publicity and we became very good friends.

Thus I came under Mabel Normand's fatal spell which started operating immediately to my benefit.

A few days later the Leacock books arrived with several stories marked.



Albert Davis Collection

Mabel Normand had a terrific aversion to publicity. She would elude interviewers with the agility of a quarried rabbit. But she had a voracious interest in other people. She would rather hear a life story than tell one.

M. Jomier, the favorite French instructor of Hollywood, was in my apartment that afternoon. We had started to talk French but soon lapsed into an English discussion of Mabel. I found he was among those obsessed like myself. We were talking of Mabel when the telephone rang.

"Do you know who this is?" asked the voice.

"Yes," I said.

"Why, you big liar!"

"Thank you for the books," I said.

"How did you know my voice? . . . Listen, will you do something for me?"

"Everything."

"Not that. I don't know you well enough. But will you do my publicity? They are raising the devil with me down here at the studio."

"Everything but that," I laughed. "I know you too well for that. . . ."

I meant that I knew her reputation for loathing publicity. She ran from it like a frightened child from a willow switch. It was (Continued on page 95)

For many years Mabel Normand was one of the chief favorites of the screen and one of the idols of Hollywood itself. Until she died, however, no one knew "the great heart of Mabel," as her Father Confessor expressed it.



Greta Garbo was very young when Mauritz Stiller discovered her. Indeed, she was little more than a child. He was forty-five—and a director famous across the Continent. There can be no doubt that Greta Garbo's whole life and character were affected deeply and indelibly by Stiller. He was a lonely soul. He taught her solitude.

Great Love Stories of HOLLYWOOD

III

THE TRAGIC LOVE OF GRETA GARBO

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

MORE and more the great Garbo shelters herself from the world. The brief days when she emerged from her solitude and moved among a few friends have ended.

She is alone. There is no romance in her life today. She lived alone—but the few who know her whisper that she lives now with memory and the thought of a dead great man who loved her for company.

Few in this country ever came to know the name of Mauritz Stiller. Yet he created Greta Garbo as surely as Pygmalion created his Galatea. They lived a strange love story, an Ibsenesque love story if you will, and one that has left its imprint not only upon the silent, solitary Garbo, but upon the American public.

Garbo does not speak the name of Stiller. Yet she crossed the ocean alone to stand beside his lonely grave. And whether her thoughts were the thoughts of love, of gratitude, of grief, or of that idolatry with which she once regarded him, no one knows.

NOT so many years ago, the name of Stiller was a magic one in the European theater. In Sweden he held a great place. They regarded him as a genius. In the world of the theater, he ranked above all others.

A gaunt, tall man, with an ugly face illumined by startling eyes that saw through the masks of life, saw into the depths of souls, held those he looked upon with an almost hypnotic power. He was not young. He must have been almost forty-five when he met the young Greta, still in her teens. He had never been handsome. He had no social graces, no gayety, no outward attractions. Yet many women had loved him desperately, while he loved them a little. A very little.

A strange man, marvelous and terrible. With the deep pessimism, the brooding realism of his race. To him his work was paramount to all human emotions, all human contacts.

Only in the last year of his life did he yield to the madness of love. Then he found himself trapped unexpectedly in the embraces of his own creation. He never really loved Garbo until he knew that he was losing her forever.

At the height of his career in Sweden, he sought new material as a miner seeks

virgin gold. First for his stage plays, later for his motion-picture productions. It was his joy and his satisfaction to discover raw talent and give it training and opportunity.

Upon such a quest he first met a girl we call Garbo. In Stockholm, as in most European capitals, is an

endowed dramatic academy, which gives courses of training, employment, to aspiring young actors and actresses. After three years of instruction they are ready to enter the Swedish Theater.

Every three months the students of the Royal Dramatic Academy gave a play.

Upon a certain Winter night the cast of an academy play, waiting in the wings for the rising of the

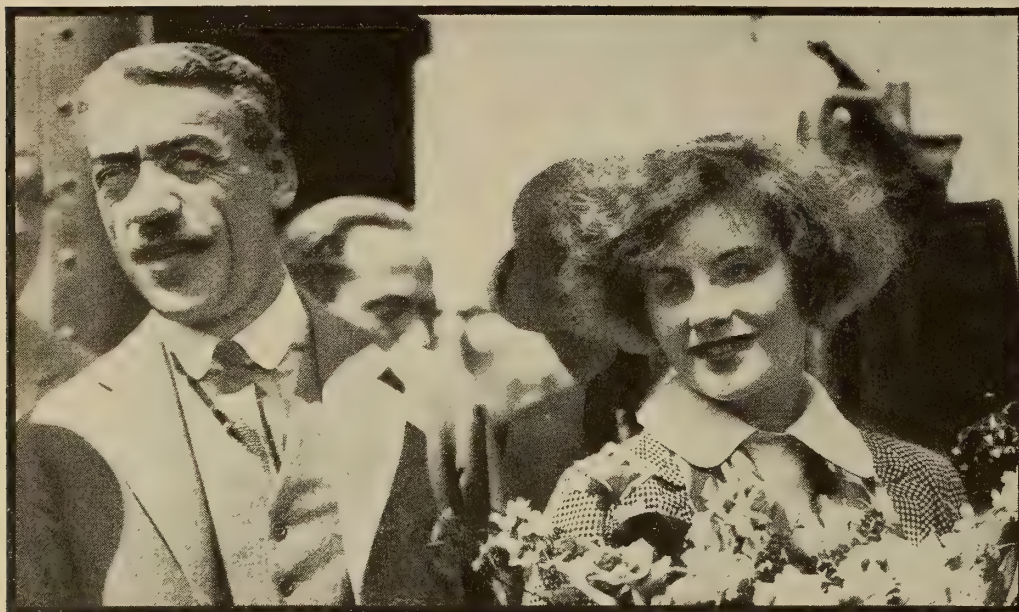
curtain, were thrown into a frenzy of nervous excitement by the whisper "Stiller is out front."

Greta Garbo crossed the ocean alone to stand beside his lonely grave. Whether her thoughts were of love, of gratitude, of grief or of idolatry, no one knows or will ever know.



This picture was made when Mauritz Stiller and his protégée, Greta Garbo, arrived on the S.S. Drottningholm in 1925. Strange fates awaited them. To the famous Stiller came disaster and a broken heart. To the girl came fame such as few women have known.

He Created a Film Galatea—and Broke His Heart



When the great Stiller arrived in Hollywood, the Swedish colony turned out to welcome him. His protégée, Greta Garbo, shared in the reception. Who could guess that the unknown girl was marked for enduring fame?

The Great Stiller had come to see the performance. It was as though someone had told a group of college thespians that David Belasco was in the audience. The chance of a lifetime confronted each of them. If Stiller noticed them, if he approved them, success was assured. The slim, beautiful leading lady. The much-talked-of character actor. The suave heavy. They stared at each other, wondering which might be the chosen one.

They worked as they had never worked before, trying across the footlights to catch a glimpse of that ugly, brilliant face.

After the performance they waited. Would he send for any of them? Would he praise any of them? He was talking to their director. What would come of it.

At last the word came back. Stiller, on the morrow, wished to see a girl. Garbo.

GARBO? Oh, surely not. It wasn't possible. Why, she'd had only the merest bit in the play. They stared at her. A tall, silent, peasant girl, who spoke to no one, whom no one knew anything about. They had never even noticed her.

The following afternoon, Greta Garbo presented herself at the luxurious apartment of Stiller. Six thousand miles from Hollywood, which had then never heard of either one of them, began the strange romance which was to give to the American screen its most popular actress.

The girl was trembling with nervousness, voiceless and cold with fear. Silent, she stood before him, utterly overcome. No one had ever paid any attention to her before. At the academy she had battled her way, by sheer dauntless determination. Not a soul had taken her seriously. She had none of the facile ability, none of the ease and grace, of the other girls. Many times she had almost given up in despair, to return to that mysterious place from whence she came.

Looking at Stiller, she beheld in him a veritable god. He was The Master. She was in the presence of The Master. He had called her. She didn't really see the man at all.

Briefly, coldly, he studied her.

"There is no use doing anything or saying anything," he stated brusquely, "until you take off that fat. Go away. Lose some weight. I will send for you again."

HE did send for her again. Those hypnotic eyes of his had seen the power, the fire, the fundamental woman, beneath the awkward girl. Here was no ordi-

nary, pretty-pretty, young thing, to please briefly. This girl would be great or she would be nothing. She came from the soil. She was real, burning, strong. With what he could teach her, she could do anything. They could conquer the world.

Three months later, he summoned her and she came.

In those three months, Greta Garbo hadn't eaten a square meal. Ruthlessly she had denied her healthy young appetite. Every morning she had walked miles and miles in the country around Stockholm. When she appeared before him the second time, she had lost twenty-five pounds.

"So," said Stiller, "you have done it. That is good. It is good not only for the thing itself, but because it shows you have courage, determination. Very good. Are you willing to work, work hard? Are you willing to give up everything else? Are you willing to think of nothing but your work? Can you stand pain, criticism, endless study, endless sacrifice? If so, come with me now. I will make you a good actress. You shall play in my pictures."

HER first picture with him was "Gosta Berling." They worked in Stockholm, in Germany, in Constantinople.

He labored with her for long hours. He taught her the minutest details about acting. He created for her a personality, showed her how to express herself. Slowly, the charm, the beauty, the buried talents began to emerge. But very slowly.

They drifted, naturally, into love. But it was a strange love on both sides. There was no equality between them. As they were separated in years by a quarter of a century, they were separated in position, in mentality.

Garbo was, like all Northern women, slow to awaken. She was, then, a child in years and a child in experience. To her, Stiller was simply the greatest man in the world. She idolized him, obeyed him, served him. His slightest wish was her law.

To him, she was then the clay he was molding. He loved her as man loves his own handiwork. He was selfish at times, he ignored her often, neglected her occasionally, took her for granted always. They were seldom apart, yet they were never really close. He didn't love her. He loved her work and he was fond of her. At times he was miraculously kind to her. At times he was heedlessly, thoughtlessly cruel. It made no difference. He was Stiller. The Master could do no wrong.

THERE can be no doubt in anybody's mind that Garbo's whole life and character were affected deeply and indelibly by this man. He was a lonely soul. He taught her solitude. There was brilliance in his mind, but no lightness. Society bored him. The ordinary

Greta Garbo as she is today. More and more she shelters herself from the world. She lives alone. There is no romance in her life. The few who know whisper that she lives upon memories.

pleasures which a girl of twenty might have naturally sought had never appealed to him, and at his age he regarded them as trivial, useless. Often he had moods of deep melancholy, when he stared with pitiless eyes at the human race and saw life as a formless, terrible monster.

During those years, Garbo was his reflection and his shadow.

In 1925, Louis B. Mayer and his wife and daughters arrived in Berlin. The story of their meeting with Stiller and Garbo is well known, but it must be told as part of this history of their love.

Mayer sought out the great Stiller. He considered him a genius and believed that he could do great things in the American film world.

"Will you come and make pictures for us?" he said. "We can offer you great opportunities."

"I will come," said Stiller. "I bring with me Garbo. I wish to direct Garbo. She will one day be the greatest of all your actresses."

So Mr. Mayer and his daughters were taken to meet Garbo.

They saw a big, quiet, expressionless girl, wrapped in a big coat, with a hat pulled down over her eyes. She
(Cont. on p. 126)



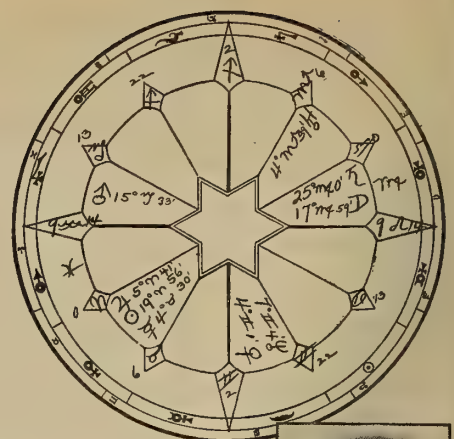


Harold Lloyd, born April 20, 1893. "Not only an architect but a builder."

Charles Chaplin, born April 16, 1889. "Should always remain in silent films."



Mary Pickford, born April 8, 1893. "Under contradictory aspects and extraordinary vibrations."



Why APRIL is the

The Celebrated Astrologer Explains Why Most of the Great Film Stars Are Ruled by the April Sign of Aries

THAT is the question the editor asked me. And it might have proved a very embarrassing one. He asked it because so many of the leading stars were born in that month—or rather, in the month beginning March 22nd and ending April 20th, which is the period ruled by Aries, usually called the April sign. But supposing there hadn't been any answer to the question. Supposing there had been nothing in the stars to indicate that April's children would be successful in appealing to the public. Then I would have been in a fix. And so would astrology. For some skeptic would be sure to say:

"There can't be anything in this thing, anyhow!"

But skeptics are seldom very inspired people. And they almost never have the stars with them. In this case, they would have been especially doomed to disappointment, because Aries, the first sign of the Zodiac, the leader in the great pageant of the heavens, is primarily the sign of leadership on earth. Aries is the Alpha of the astrological alphabet, the "A" of the celestial "A-B-C's." Aries is the top of the heavenly heap—and its sons and daughters on earth reach the top, too.

Not just in movies! Always; before movies were born; since they were born, in other lines, in every line. The list of the Aries great reads like an all-star cast. J. P. Morgan was an Aries man. So is Charles Evans Hughes, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. So is Secretary Mellon, the world's richest politician. So is George F. Baker, the world's richest banker. So is Nicholas Murray Butler, the world's best known college president. So were John Burroughs, the world's greatest naturalist and Houdini, the world's greatest magician.

IS it any wonder that the same sign of the Zodiac should produce Mary Pickford, the screen's best known star, and Charlie Chaplin, the screen's greatest artist?

Is it to be wondered at that Harold Lloyd and Lon

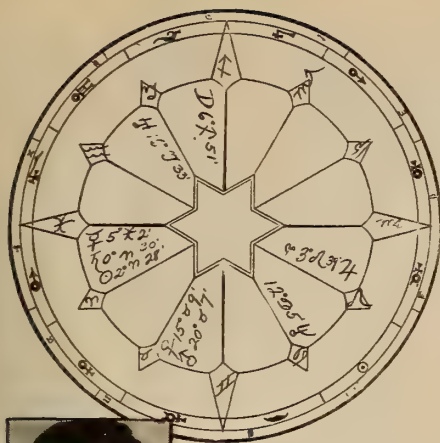
Chaney and Thomas Meighan and George Arliss and Wallace Reid and Mary Brian and Constance Talmadge and Warner Baxter and Joan Crawford and Gloria Swanson were all Aries children?

Aries, in astrological language, is symbolized by the Ram—and you can't keep a good ram down!

But there are other reasons, of course, besides Aries' general penchant for leadership, why his sons and daughters should attain the peculiar kind of fame which is the bone and sinew of the picture star's success. Aries is a cardinal sign, a fiery sign, a spectacular sign, a publicity sign. Compare it, for instance, with its neighbor, Pisces, which is watery, gentle, modest, retiring, self-effacing. A Pisces man is arrested for driving his automobile too fast or, let us say, passing a light. Nobody ever hears of it. All he gets out of it is a five dollar fine! An Aries man does the same thing, and he gets headlines on the front page. Sob sisters make him out a martyr. The tabloids take up his case and demand an investigation of the police department. At the next election, the politicians demand that he run for mayor. Within a year he has signed a fabulous contract with the movies to teach the fine art of motoring on the talking screen!

I CAN give you all the examples you want of how this thing works. What college president has the longest biography in "Who's Who"? Who, indeed, but Nicholas Murray Butler. Is he the president of the oldest college in the world, or the biggest, or the best known? No, he is just Butler—Nicholas Miraculous Butler, as Roosevelt used to call him—a typical publicity-getting Aries man. (President Butler not only has the longest biography in "Who's Who" of any college president, but of any human being. That's Aries for you—one hundred per cent!)

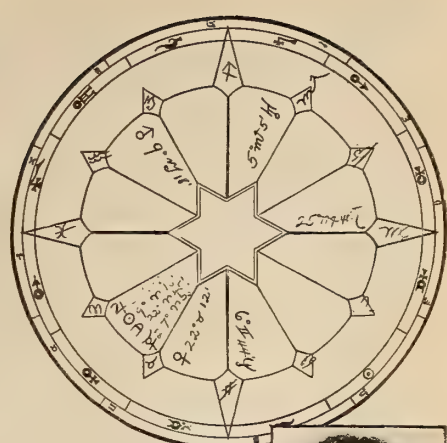
King Albert of Belgium is an even better example: for if ever there was a man who seemed doomed by temperament, manner, mental equipment



Joan Crawford, born March 23, 1908. "Her horoscope is most favorable to the talkies."



Gloria Swanson, born March 17, 1899. "Her great fame may come as a writer."



Warner Baxter, born March 29, 1892. "One of the few super-Aries people."

Lucky Movie Month

By EVANGELINE ADAMS

and political position to comparative obscurity in the king business, it was Albert. He has the tastes and interests of an average, small-town merchant; and most of that gentleman's virtues; he is clean, honest, just; but he is far below the small-town standard in either "pep" or shrewdness. Left to himself, he would resign his job tomorrow and retire to his Flanders farm. And yet, simply because the Great War burst on Albert like a flood of fire and brought out into the limelight his Aries qualities of courage and stubborn, dauntless idealism, he will probably go down in history as his country's greatest king—the most widely publicized figure to come out of the Great War!

I am not saying that President Butler hasn't great ability, or that King Albert was lacking in solid worth; nor would I say that Mary Pickford has not deserved the affection in which she has been held or Charlie Chaplin the acclaim that has been his. Of course, they deserved the high places which they attained. The stars can't make bricks without straw any more than the Children of Israel could. At least, they don't. But they can see to it—and in the case of the Aries-born they generally do see to it—that some people get all that is coming to them, sometimes a whole lot more!

I COULD go on. For example, Mars is the ruling planet of the sign Aries. Mars is electric, forceful, active, aggressive. It gives courage, initiative, "punch." It governs the sex organs. It gives "it." But do I need to go further? Isn't it evident from these first scratchings of the astrological surface that people born under the April sign not only have extraordinary capabilities for success with the public, but an even more extraordinary gift for cashing in on those capabilities through personal appeal and popular acclaim?

Here is why most of the great stars were born in Aries?

Aries is a cardinal sign—a fiery, spectacular publicity sign.

Mars is the ruling planet of Aries. Mars is electric, forceful, active, aggressive. It gives courage, initiative, punch. It governs sex. It gives IT. It is the planet of personal appeal.

I'll assume that it is evident that astrology, for about the millionth time in my experience, has proved itself once more what it has always been, infallible, inescapable. And now, I will tell you some of the "special" reasons why these particular stars succeeded.

Take Chaplin. No Aries person ever lent himself to publicity more naturally than this eccentric comedian. But it is necessary to look further into his horoscope to see why he couldn't help being the original, unique person that we all know him to be. And there it is, as plain as the stars in the sky: Chaplin's Moon, ruling the public and his Mercury, ruling the mind, are in conjunction friendly to Uranus, the god of originality, the planetary apostle of the unique. But the interesting thing about Mr. Chaplin's horoscope at this time, when he alone is holding out against the talkies, is that both of these planets which have to do with his career are also friendly to Saturn, the god of practicality, of conservatism, "the feet on the ground"

planet. And I believe that the wisdom born of these latter influences was never better shown than in his resolution to remain what he has always been: unique. I am further led to that belief by the fact that Mr. Chaplin's Jupiter, ruling money, is in direct opposition to Taurus, ruling the throat!

JOAN CRAWFORD'S chart, on the other hand, is most favorable to the talkies. She has Venus, the goddess of entertainment and the presiding genius of all the arts, in the talkies' own sign Taurus. It is a good chart any way you look at it. The past two years must have been rather hard. The successes that she won—and she certainly did win them, didn't she?—must have been accomplished under difficulties. But 1932 should be a great year for her. (Continued on page 92)

She's Phoney That Way

The Idol of the Films Felt Smothered With Nice Patrician Roles, So She Played a Rough, Tough Burlesque Belle. Maybe Hollywood Wasn't Startled

BY STEWART ROBERTSON

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

SPRING had come to Hollywood and the Galaxy Studios in particular where, in a miraculous display of April showers followed by golden bars of slanting sunshine, a slim, patrician bit of femininity was being crushed against a gentleman's tuxedo in a manner that outlined her profile to the best advantage. The very crocuses that starred the velvety lawn seemed to be watching them, jonquils and tulips nodded prim approval, and deep in the foliage of the magnolia that arched above the lovers a thrush sent forth his liquid, joyous song.

Then, with the stealthy insistence of a bad habit, the haunting melody of "Kiss Me Again" floated through the air, whereupon the magnolia, scoffing at the calendar, released a cloud of petals upon Miss Margaret Shaftesbury and her adorer, while Mr. Omar K. Speonk, supervisor extraordinary, wept copiously into a heliotrope handkerchief.

"I may be a slave driver," he moaned when the scene had coasted to a poignant finale, "but besides and in addition, boys, I'm a sucker for sentiment. Maybe you think that love passage was a fake, and the answer is yes or no, as my lawyer is fond of saying. That's love as it should be—sprigged muslin, violets and high-class restraint in the clinches. No vulgar struggling about, which is the best us ordinary mortals can do. Get me? It's the unattainability of what Lady Margaret stands for that puts a dent in my subconscious. Ahhh, I feel as shaky as a Communist's credit."

HE resumed his blissful gazing, quite unworried by the sight of the rain and sun manipulators removing their apparatus or the thrush impersonator at grips with his atomizer. Still in the center of the stage, the star had stretched her lissom blonde loveliness on a garden seat and now was looking up at the leading man. Miss Margaret Shaftesbury, "Lady" by grace of her aristocratic life both on and off the screen, was not only *distinguée* but her eyes were laden with the sophistication of one who has looked at life and found it of no more interest than a page of The Congressional Record.

"How ever do you do it?" breathed Mr. Hilary Kingston. "I know it can't be me, for you've refused me often enough, but every time we play a love scene I start hoping. But now you're asbestos once more. How do you do it?"

"Quite easily," said Miss Shaftesbury in a voice that was as crisp as a Winter's day in Winnipeg and just about as tingly on the ears. "You're all very well, Hilary, old deah, but I simply think of someone else, that's the secret."

"Me, too," nodded Mr. Speonk, trotting toward them. "When I go home to my family and maybe register faint dis-

taste when I view 'em, my wife will think it's because I don't like the creamed shrimps, so she'll give me a bawling out. What can *she* know about love, with her nine children? I just sit there and dream of you, Lady Margaret, the same as every male who's ever watched your emotions commotioning."

Miss Shaftesbury's sultry brown eyes burned into his. "Why not have supper with me?" she throbbed. "Hilary, too; I've something I want to talk over with you."

"Just business, I s'pose?"

Mr. Speonk inquired unnecessarily, seeing that he resembled an intelligent

woodchuck in convex lenses.

"Strictly business," said Lady Margaret in her starchy, high-bred tones. "You're going to hear the confession of a tortured soul tonight, Omar, and you'd better be there with the remedy or you'll see more dramatics than that time I was caught by the U. S. Customs."

"That doesn't sound like you," interposed Hilary before the startled Mr. Speonk could unlimber his jaws. "You must be overwrought, honey; you'd better rest a bit."

"How do you know what sounds like me?" demanded Miss Shaftesbury rudely. "The real me, I mean." Her voice suddenly came out of its customary croon like the crack of a whiplash while her auditors stared. "Overwrought, says you, with your college education! Quit talking like a novel, will you? Burned up, says I, and still smoldering!"

THE ghastly silence that reigns after one has seen one's wife at seven A. M. for the first time enveloped the two gentlemen, and for the next hour they exchanged apprehensive glances with each other and timid smiles of assent with the irritable Lady Margaret. With the serving of dinner Mr. Speonk, absorbing courage along with the pickled walnuts, ventured out on the thin ice.

"There's a million guys would cut my throat for the privilege of sitting here," he declared, "and I certainly appreciate the risk. Trot out the troubles, precious, and let me have a piece of sample."

Miss Shaftesbury, regal in eggshell satin, smiled bitterly. "I'm utterly tired of playing a lady," she announced. "I must have a new brand of picture,

Omar, because I want to be rough and tough. Don't commence that 'but' business, now! Tough, I said. What are you going to do about it?"

"Play a lady! But you are one."

"Just what do you think I am?"

"The leader of a new cult of suave expression made possible only by the advent of the talkies," recited Mr.

A lively yarn of Hollywood, where the stars' publicity reads as though they had lived their first twenty years in a vacuum.

Across the page you see the lovely April interlude between Margaret and Hilary as the public viewed it on the screen.

Turn the page and you will see this same scene as the studio viewed the romantic moment in the making.



EVERETT *Sketch* 1921



Speonk glibly. "After five years of stardom on the legitimate stage, you couldn't resist the plea of Hollywood to transfer your art to the screen, and between ourselves, precious, you're about the only New York star who didn't flop and go back East singing that surefire Broadway melody, 'They Harried Me Act in Californy.' Because you're real, that's why. You, with your rep for brilliant plays and faultless diction, bear the hallmark of quality. A Shaftesbury vogue has swept the country! A—well, you're there with both feet."

"You must have been looking over the publicity man's shoulder," snapped Lady Margaret. "And you, Hilary, why are you always proposing to me?"

"Why, we speak the same language for one thing," said Mr. Kingston who was an unassuming, chestnut-haired young man. "There's no dual personality rot about you, Margaret, like so many of the girls here, and you're always so sweet and natural that I can't help adoring you. I'll admit I never had any real stage experience, like you, because I've been out of Princeton only three years, but I know the real thing when I see it. What in the world has come over you?"

"MEMORIES," said the hostess tragically, resting her elbows on the table and speaking with her mouth aslant. "So I'm a lady! Perhaps I am, in this vale of vanity, where the finance companies keep their eyes on the furniture until it's paid for, but I'm going to be tough. I tell you frankly, Omar, if I draw another single one of those awful country house comedy-dramas I'll poison the next English author who has tea with me."

"B-but you've never been identified with off-color parts," wailed Mr. Speonk. "How do we know you can play 'em? I'm not collegiate myself, because when I was a freshman the faculty decided I was too low for Lehigh, but even so, I got perception. You're too refined."

"Flap your ears at this: Before I climbed the ladder I waved the neatest hip in burlesque for the old Passionate Pilgrims! Now, do I know enough to play coarse parts?"

"Your studio biography don't say a word about it," protested the unbelieving Omar.

"Why should it—don't some of the others read as though the first twenty years had been lived in a vacuum? Let me tell you two pop-eyed persons that under all this blanket of Parisian gowns, nice manners and perfumed security pulses a free soul, but it's being smothered! Not only do I have to play lacquered dummies, but the real ones, from Pinehurst to Pasadena, have made me their darling. 'Oh yawss,' they say, 'she is an actress, my deah, but so cultyawd!' That kind of language is pretty infectious, you know, and I'll never be cured if I don't revolt now. Oh, I often think how gorgeous it would be to stumble over the cobblestones to some stage door—Boston, Louisville—anywhere but here."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Kingston. "Life as a chorus girl preferable to this? Ridiculous!"

"What do you know about life?" flared Miss Shaftesbury, balancing on a vocal tightrope between two accents. "This Princeton sheepskin's got you insulated from it, that's why you're such a stick as an actor. Huh! Inside a year all you'll need is two slices of bread to become a sandwich, and I'll let you guess what kind. Ah, *Mon Dieu!* I stifle!"

"Pssst!" implored Mr. Speonk. "Think of the servants. Think of me—I can get all the battling I want at home,

and anyhow, I came here to get food, not fury."

"Guzzle and gulp to your heart's content," said Lady Margaret generously, "and I'll attend to you later. Listen, Hilary, mention chorus girls to most people and they think of those platinum princesses who work for Ziegfeld, but burlesquers are different. Not so much gloss, perhaps, but they're *real*. No affectations for them." Her eyes grew softly luminous. "Real," she murmured. "Real men and—"

I DON'T need a blueprint," said her leading man stiffly. "So this invisible lover you dream about in the clinches is someone from this dingy past of yours! Thanks for the slap in the face. You're just suffering from a good-old-days complex, but you'll feel better in the morning."

"Reahhly—I—I mean, says you," said the girl loftily, her gaze shifting to the dizzy Mr. Speonk. "What about it, Omar, will you recommend that I be taken away from the French pastry and given a hard rôle, or must I go to Honolulu with a breakdown?"

"Well," said the supervisor, "we're all lined up for that next picture where you're the Princess of Kleptomania who is wooed and won by a handsome young bathtub salesman from America, and all that usual boloney. Already I've put in a call for eight Airedale types to play diplomats, so we can't postpone it, but there's always some kind of a back-stage story kicking around Solomon's Temple, and I'll do my best to get it for you next. And say, it's about time we showed you in color, too, which will help to put it over."

"Better not," said Mr. Kingston smoothly. "I've noticed that stage-yarn heroines, for no good reason, are called upon to blush once in a while."

"But I do blush, darling," cooed Miss Shaftesbury, all well-bred gayety as the butler re-entered the dining-room. "Honestly I do—quite often."

"May I ask just when?"

Lady Margaret's ravishing lips parted in a melting smile. "Any time," she assured her questioner, "that anybody sees me out with you."

ONE afternoon in late July Miss Shaftesbury emerged from Solomon's Temple, otherwise the office of the vice-president in charge of production, clutching the bulky manuscript of "Ladies To Let" with hands as eager as a pickpocket's at a Shriners' convention. Beside her trotted the careworn Mr. Speonk, and as he handed her into a rakish roadster he spoke without enthusiasm.

"I wonder what kind of a liar called this a man's world," he croaked. "Here's Solomon and me and all the rest overcoming our better judgment by letting you be boisterous, and I'm warning you that you might as well buy for ten cents some Paris green and commit suicide that way. Imagine you in spider-web tights! Imagine you doing the off-to-Buffalo step and singing 'Who Gives a Damn For Mary's Lamb When We See Mary's Calf'! No kidding, I'm quivering like a G string when Kreisler gets through with it."

"You old darling," said Lady Margaret joyously, "I'm not going to make a hobby of this or give up my friends. When 'Ladies To Let' still has the critics dumfounded I promise you I'll snap right back into Park Avenue purity, and then they'll be writing columns about my versatility. Don't scowl like that, Omar, you'll really enjoy seeing me be different"

"But listen," objected Mr. Speonk miserably, "how can I supervise a stage yarn? All I know about the legitimate theater is that they charge too

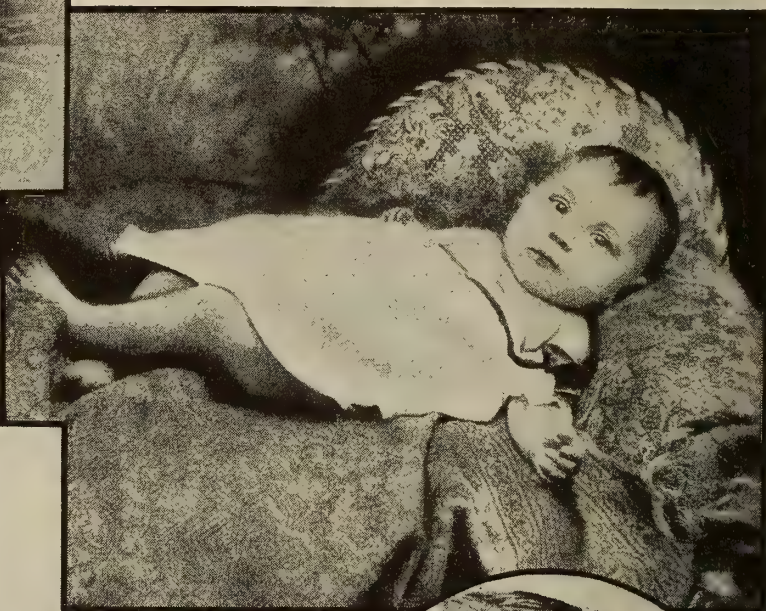
(Continued on page 114)

"I'm hungry for reality after being on this treadmill of banquets and yachting parties and looking wise at stupid art exhibits," she sighed. Read the astonishing and hilarious events that followed her attempt to re-live her old burlesque chorus days.

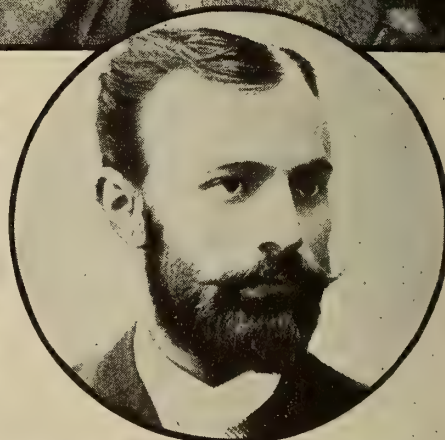
Everett Shinn's drawings for this story are the most striking illustrations ever published for any motion picture story. They show how a scene looks while it is being made and as it appears on the screen.



Above, Erich Stroheim—there was no Von in those days—and his brother, posed for a Viennese photographer. This brother, Bruno, is now in business in Vienna.



As a baby in Vienna, Erich Oswald Stroheim was quite willing to pose like the conventional movie vamp. He had little thought of a future screen public. Erich was born in February, 1885.



In circle, Erich's father, Benno Stroheim, who was a manufacturer of hats in Vienna. Mr. Stroheim was of German ancestry. At the left, Erich and his mother, Jenny Bondy, who was born in Prague. Erich Von Stroheim comes of a distinguished family. Edwin Franko Goldman, the bandmaster, is a cousin. So, too, are Nahan and Sam Franko, and Victor and Friedrich Hollander. Victor Hollander wrote the music of Reinhardt's "Sumurun." Friedrich Hollander wrote the music of the Marlene Dietrich hit, "The Blue Angel."

The Great Movie CIRCUS

The Famous Columnist Tells His Impressions of the Screen Colony and Its Famous Folk

By O. O. McINTYRE

SOMEONE has undeservedly and flatteringly spoken of me in print as a prestidigitator with the ordinary things of life—a sort of medium for the mediocre. I like the comparison, for whatever slight talent I might possess for writing, lies in stressing the inconspicuous.

Not having the sweeping intellectual range of Wells, the stinging sarcasm of Shaw, the insouciance of Arlen or the imagination of Dreiser, I content myself with that bizarrerie of life encompassed in the commonplace—the smell of fried fish, the hand wave of the white wing, the wise-crack of the crossing cop and the very latest shirt pattern worn by Adolphe Menjou.

So I was rather pleased when the editor of this sturdy feuilleton, dropped me a note in part: "Dash off something discursive about the things, the people, the scenes and other trivia that you have been impressed by in Hollywood and New York."

Such instructions warm the heart of an ink-stained wretch because he may amble along, setting down such things as pop into his head just as they pop. It is a writing informality that instantly banishes form and often, though I hope this is the exception, coherence. So taking a deep breath and pushing a dog off my lap, here goes!

WHILE I honestly believe that the grand Hollywood movie openings come very near to constituting The Great American Vulgarity, I also think they are about as interesting to behold as any spectacle presented to the public.

It is no exaggeration that people bring their lunches at sun up from the Beverly canyons and Hollywood hills and remain along the curbs to await the arrivals at

Hollywood first nights constitute a magnificent display of self-consciousness.



The best dressed man in Hollywood isn't an actor. He's an eminent author!

Nobody is so curiously interested in movie actors as the natives of Hollywood itself. It's strange, but true.



a cinema first night. Nobody is so curiously fascinated by the movie actor as the native of Hollywood. No matter his trade, he lives, eats and sleeps in the atmosphere of the studio. The wide-eyed hyena-like half-circle in front of the motion-picture gates at quitting time is not composed of visitors. Chiefly they are the residents of Hollywood.

Before dusk the blocks surrounding the theater are roped off and under police guard. The street is a white glare from giant lamps. Everybody is on tip-toe and the enthusiasm becomes contagious. You find your heart skipping a beat. A huge limousine creeps along the curb, necks crane and eyes bulge.

"**NORMA SHEARER**" bellows the megaphone and there is thunderous applause. "Gary Cooper!" And then: "Conrad Nagel, Marlene Dietrich, Harold Lloyd, Hoot Gibson." And so on.

They sweep up to the microphone and simpler such greetings as "Hello everybody, it is glorious to be here," or some petted darling tremulously babbles: "We of the studio, etc., etc." It is all a magnificent display of self-consciousness carried on at increased tempo by the announcements in the theater: "Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks going down the left aisle" and "Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn down the center aisle, Mrs. Goldwyn wearing black satin with pearls."

It all sounds circusey and it is. But it is a slice of life in close-up that will give your emotions a touseling no matter how blasé you are. I never miss a first night in Hollywood and I have attended a half hundred.

I SUPPOSE the private theater of Winnie Sheehan, equipped with sound devices, has been pretty well written up but it has always interested me. Winnie, you may know, is a former newspaper reporter of Park Row and to visit his Spanish castle makes lesser members of the journalistic guild think: "Why, this might happen to me!"

Winnie's theater is in the basement, a gorgeous affair outfitted in oak with deep-cushioned chairs that were

SLICES OF HOLLYWOOD LIFE BY O. O. McINTYRE

made for lolling. After dinner his guests repair there, and in this luxurious ease the gentlemen puff panatellas and the ladies gold-tipped cigarettes, while a new talkie unfolds.

Attendants in correct white monkey jackets bring deliciously fashioned drinks—soft, of course—from a glittering bar. The theater seats a half hundred and is the most ideal place I know for viewing a motion picture. In this way Winnie not only entertains his friends but is able to gauge that movieized term known as “audience re-action.”

AS somewhat an admirer of sartorial gee-gaws for Miggles it seems to me that the best-dressed man in Hollywood is not strictly of the movies. He writes for them at times, also books and book reviews, yet he has become one of the outstanding figures in the motion picture social life.

Mesdames and messieurs—Mr. Gene Markey. Gene is the descendant of a rich and aristocratic family in that fashionable suburb of Chicago called Evanston. He went out to Hollywood two years ago to transform one of his novels into a film play. But he stays on and on and is not only today the Beau Brummell of the town, but the favorite beau. Wherever there is a party it may be certain that Gene Markey, resplendent in Bond Street clothes with shirts and ties by Charvet, will be squiring some cinema queen of the moment.

Once it was reputed he was to marry Ina Claire and that when she married the dashing John Gilbert, Gene's heart was broken. But that was, in the Hollywood vernacular, “a bowl of cherries.” Gene and Miss Claire were devoted friends but long before Miss Claire and Gilbert met, Gene confided to this chronicler that their attachment was only what the world calls platonic. So that is a fat that. Yet there are people who still have a pitying glance for Gene. So handsome, so gay, but dancing about with tears in his eyes. Heigh-ho!

To my notion the motion-picture actors who have the deepest respect of the entire Hollywood community are Conrad Nagel and Harold Lloyd. Each is a devoted husband. Their wives are not of the profession. Their lives like all strong currents have run clean. Nagel is a church usher yet he is the gayest of all at parties and neither smokes nor drinks. Harold Lloyd is the sort of fellow who knows the name and age of all his barber's children.

IF I were to choose the most popular actress of Cinemaland at the moment I would not choose any of the flashy youngsters or even the old-timers of the studios. I would select that hilarious veteran of the legitimate stage, Miss Marie Dressler. Even jealous Hollywood calls her “a peach.” Miss Dressler's vogue in the legitimate had been outmoded. Her “Tillie's



The old gateman at Universal knew the birth date of any film player you could mention to him.

Nightmare” on the screen was a memory. She was in popular thought relegated to the chimney-corner rocker for the customary valetudinarian ease of the has-beens.

Yet today she comes very near to being one of the most popular and satisfying stars on the screen. She is brilliant, not as an electric light is brilliant, but she has a depth of understanding. She has been a trouper on the kerosene circuit and endured the monotony of one-night stands. When her eclipse came she took it on the chin, standing up with a smile.

When the sun shone again she was the same lovable, hilarious and sympathetic Marie Dressler. She is constantly scheming to help some obscure player along the rugged way. She is richer in ideas than most of her sisters and nearing sixty she has the wholesome vigor of a whole team of hockey girls. Sweet Marie!

I WOULD like to crowd into this vignette many pleasant memories of Hollywood, ancient and recent, but white paper is expensive and there are so many others with infinitely more important things to say. Thus I am going to set down in staccato style with the proper dividing periods a few of them briefly:

Marion Davies in her home-made frock giving superb imitations of her fellow players, especially of Charlie Chaplin . . . Lon Chaney in costume seated on an old bench remarking rather pathetically: “Sometimes I fear these tortuous parts have shortened my life.” A year later he passed on . . . Lila Lee, in the flush of her career, remembering her debt to Gus Edwards who gave her her chance in vaudeville . . . Harry Beaumont's beautiful golden-haired twins . . . The fake telephone that Lew Cody's valet rang when Lew wanted to get rid of unwelcome visitors . . . Fatty Arbuckle sitting in his car in a lonely garage slowly shifting the gears after his world crumbled . . . Gloria Swanson and Mickey Neilan lunching daily at the Montmartre . . . The first showing of the picture I have enjoyed most of all, “The Birth of a Nation. . . .”

The old gateman at Universal who knew the birth date of any player you mentioned . . . The inconsequential and shabby-looking Chaplin studio . . . Introducing Jim Tully to Al Jolson at the

Ambassador's Coconut Grove . . . The little knot of visitors always collected around the cottage where William Desmond Taylor was murdered . . . Clara Bow, hatless, speeding along Wilshire Drive . . . Valentino and Natacha Rambova having tea tête-a-tête at a little inn near Santa Monica . . . J. P. McEvoy with his Morris Gest hat looking Hollywood over for the first time . . . Wilson Mizner's crack to a waiter who spilled soup down his neck: “Even a seal can juggle.” . . . Tom Mix's drawing-room dotted with jewel-studded saddles and sprays of guns. . . . (Continued on page 120)



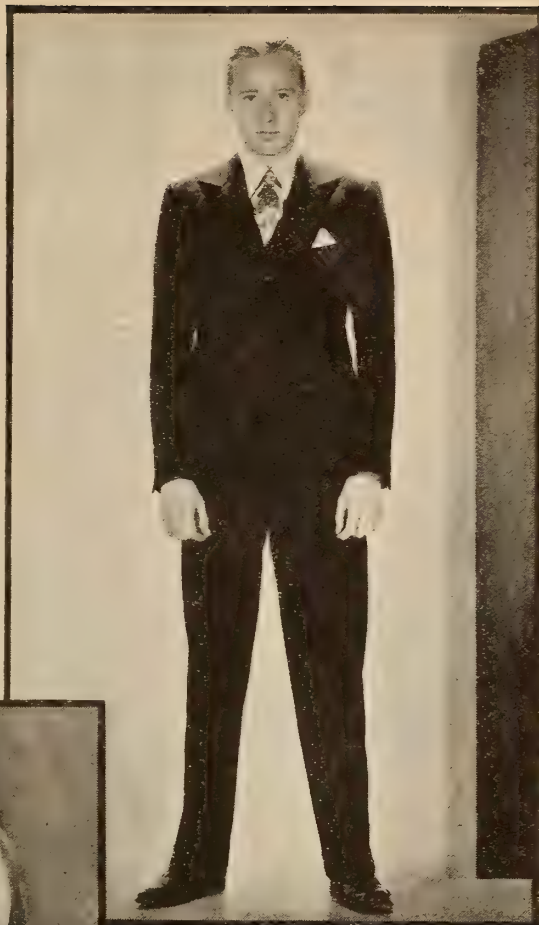
Tom Mix's dining-room was famous for its splashing fountain, tossing celluloid balls into the air.



Above, Sammy Brinker, prop boy at Paramount, stands in for Jack Oakie. He has played many small parts.

They Stand In

During the long intervals when lights are being adjusted and cameras are being set in position, doubles for the stars are used. These unknowns—of similar height and hair coloring—stand in the positions the stars will later occupy.



Above, Paul Perry, who stands in for Clive Brook. Hailing from Dallas, Texas, Perry lived near Mary Brian.



Center, Jeraldine De Vorak, who was Greta Garbo's stand-in. But she looked too much like Garbo in public and that brought about her release.



Left, Gloria Raymond, stand-in for Kay Francis. She came to Hollywood from Cleveland three years ago.



Right, Cherie May, who stands in for both Clara Bow and Ruth Chatterton. Both are the same height, by the way.

The HOLLYWOOD



Dick Barthelmess, as the Chicago underworld reporter who is put on the spot, looks over Dick Barthelmess as La Paloma, the beautiful bandit of "The Lash." Wonder what he thinks?

Hollywood, Cal.:

HOLLYWOOD has gone hands up. The whole town has caught the spirit of gangland pervading the studios and has entered in with a rollicking realism.

"Stick 'em up!" is a common form of salutation on the side streets, and the question of the evening now seems to be, "Shall we go to the theater or hold it up?"

Those who can't find employment as gangsters in the studios are trying to make good outside, hoping, no doubt, to attract the attention of some producer while his hands are up.

The Racketeer Raid: The Warners were only fooling when they said "The Doorway to Hell" was the picture gangland dared Hollywood to make but the racketty boys appear to have taken them seriously. At least there has been a big influx of tourists from Chicago since the picture was shown. The newspapers excitedly report Al Capone and "Bugs" Moran among the more distinguished arrivals.

RACKETEERS THREATEN HOLLYWOOD STARS screamed a banner line. Naturally high-strung, the stars got jittery. They couldn't very well use their doubles in such emergency and so they took to hiring body-guards. One of our virilest he-actors is said to have had one for several months, unaware perhaps of the money Rothstein wasted on one.

An actress of my acquaintance who has made some pretty good hauls herself in the way of diamonds and ducats now has a cavalier with a sawed-off shot-gun on the seat beside her chauffeur. Thus far she has refused to tell me whether he is a body-guard or an accomplice.

Such is the confusion in Hollywood.

Evangelist Capone: There is the report that Al Capone will appear in a gangster picture designed to show that racketeering doesn't pay. That ought to be a great comedy. Some truth in it, at that, when you consider the way the government is socking the boys for in-

come taxes. They are the only high financiers who haven't received any tax refund this year.

If Al makes the picture he will donate his two hundred thousand emolument to a fund for the unemployed. In Chicago he maintains a soup kitchen for the jobless that costs him around a thousand a day or more. Capone should fit into the role of Murrieta, the old California bandit, who robbed the rich and gave to the poor. I am not implying that Al is a charity worker. Charity workers show no discrimination; they stick up everybody.

Bandit Barthelmess: Dick Barthelmess is doing a story around the character of Lingle, the Chicago reporter who consorted with racketeers and was put on the spot. This should be liniment to his reputation after "The Lash."

Following my calliope solo last month in honor of Dick's talent and judgment I was embarrassed to see him come capering forth as *La Paloma*, the beautiful bandit, in "The Lash."

Dick must be forgiven these periodic busts. Even Cal Coolidge dresses up like a cowboy on occasion. If it hadn't been for harsh criticism he might have been tempted to play a gaucho and do a tango.

Dick's bandit suggests a solid but little burgomaster who, after too many beers, has gone on a lark in the Western Costume Company.

Definition of Success: Studios have been buying up stars' contracts at fancy prices. M.-G.-M. is reported offering one of its stars five hundred thousand dollars to tear up his.

My idea of success is to be such a failure that someone would offer me half a million to quit work.

The Royal Family: Ina Claire was released by Pathe (with a bonus of \$75,000, I am told) and tramped over to Paramount where she immediately triumphed in "The Royal Family of Broadway."

"The Royal Family," as you probably know, is considered a fictional version of the Barrymores. When the play was produced on the stage there was some fear that the Barrymores would object, but they only yawned. So many actors have impersonated them that it is an old story. Most every young actor has his period of imitating John, and not a few actresses see themselves as Ethel.

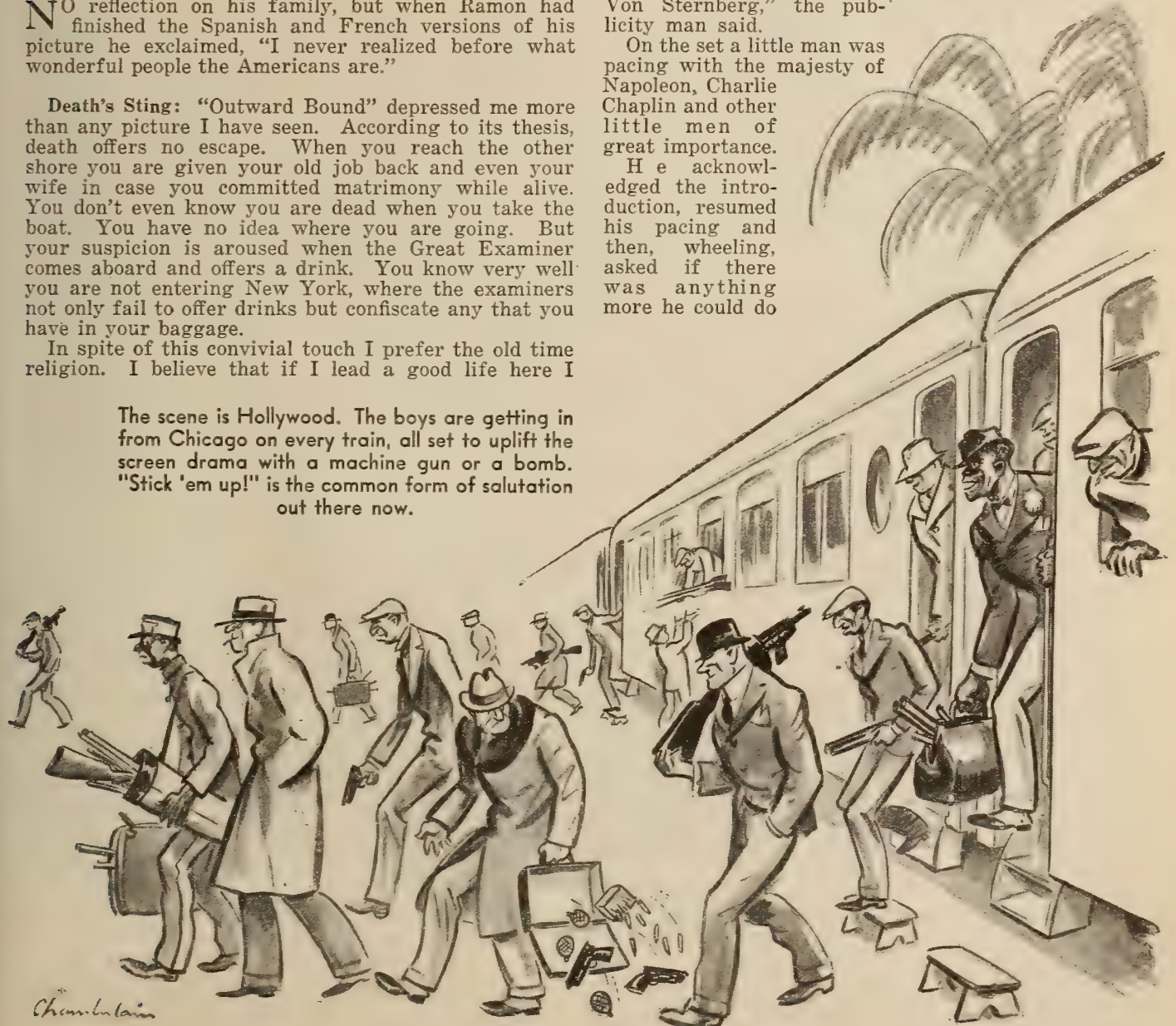
Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford seem to be in the Barrymorish thrall just now.

Drawings by
Ken Chamberlain



By
HERB HOWE

Hollywood Has Gone Hands Up and the Chicago Racketeers are Flocking to the Film Colony—Coming: An Avalanche of Gangster Films



Herb Howe Says the Public is Tired of Underfed Cuties

for me. The answer of course was, nothing at all. I faded into the surrounding shadows and the awed silence of the tomb.

"Has Miss Dietrich been called?" asked the little man.

"Yes, sir," piped one of the shadows.

Just then a door boomed to. A beautiful wraith in aviation togs slithered on to the set.

"She never says good morning," muttered a shadow next to me.

Miss Dietrich (for it was she) conferred with Mr. Von Sternberg *sotto voce*. Miss Dietrich nodded. The microphone swung overhead and hung low like an elephant's ear.

Miss Dietrich raised a gun from her hip and pointed it into the camera. "You may sprout wings to-night," she said in soft significant tones.

Over and over she repeated the line, accenting a different word each time. Each time she was prompted by Mr. Von Sternberg who fixed his eyes on hers and encouraged with a touch of the hand.

The picture they were making was called "Dis-honored."

If they hadn't told me I would have thought it "Svengali."

Svengali Dietrich: I am not so sure that Marlene is Trilby. She has the appeal of submissiveness, an appeal to the master in man. This is in contrast with the assertiveness of the modern American gal. Claiming none of man's prerogatives she is free to concentrate on woman's.

I am inclined to think that Trilby and not Svengali is the real hypnotist.

French Peppers: According to a publicity note Miss Constance Bennett acted as technical director of "Sin Takes a Holiday" because of her familiarity with French locale.

What about those pepper trees in front of the chateau, Miss Bennett?

Mother Marie: The enthusiasm with which we applaud Marie Dressler as America's new sweetheart indicates a reaction. It is like the applause that greets Al Smith when he appears on the screen. We are resenting an old love about whom we are disillusioned. In the capacious good nature of Marie we find refuge from those pretty preening manikins who have monopolized the screen for so long. We feel we can nestle to Marie without being scratched by bones or smeared by lipstick.

We are sick of four-flush, of which these cinema actresses are the best exponents. Our reaction to these hags, bones and hanks of hair is a back-to-mother movement.

Off-screen most of the vaunted beauties are scrawny, under-fed, wretched with the pathos of plucked fowl. For them there is no beauty in nature. They starve off



Out in Hollywood they say that Director Josef Von Sternberg is the Svengali to Marlene Dietrich's Trilby. He instructs her in every detail of every scene—and even gives her interviews.

their flesh until they look like boys. They color their hair and smear their faces. They shave their eyebrows and hang on false lashes. The Lord, in their opinion, didn't know how to make a woman.

Well, "Vengeance is mine," the scripture says, and so Marie is now the Sweet Woman.

We love Mother Marie. The others were just a flirtation.

Robustious Rambeau: Marjorie Rambeau in "Min and Bill" was an eye-and-heartful. Soft, luscious beauty, what matter the age? And what an actress! If Irving Thalberg doesn't find her a great story I'll be thinking that Irving is walking the floor too much at night with Junior.

A Tight-full of Beauty: Nita Naldi once exclaimed in indignation, "I'm not fat! I am a woman as God made her! I can go out to the Metropolitan Museum and look any of those classic dames in the face without blushing?"

And not only in the face, Nita.

I, for one, yearn back to those good old days of the beef trust when legs were limbs and not mere twigs.

Doing Right by Gary: I have served for some time as a voluntary mahout of Paramount producers, prodding them for the poor stories they have been giving Clara Bow and Maurice Chevalier. Hence I feel some satisfaction in their choice of "A Farewell to Arms" for Gary Cooper. He is exactly the man for the part. In fact Cooper is by all odds the most promising young male in Hollywood. He acts like an adult.

Et Tu, Herbie?: Our president, Herbert Hoover, has a full page in a recent issue of *Variety*. Can it be that he, too, like so many movie stars, is considering the stage when his contract is up?

Let's End It All: I don't understand why so much fuss was made about the monkey picture "Ingagi" being a fake. It isn't the first time that men have played apes. And locales are being faked right along by the Dunning process.

But even I was disillusioned when Mack Sennett confessed that he didn't use real custard pies in his comedies but just confections of paper and paint.

Has Hollywood no honor?

An Eyelash Athlete: I am informed by my spies that the person who derricked Miss Dietrich's eyelashes into place was paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. I don't know how much the Sandow is paid for affixing Miss Garbo's. Or Miss Compson's. But anyhow there seems to be a future in this line, and I am subscribing to Strongfortism.

Hard Times For Stars: Producers are slashing star salaries. Since the talkies (*Continued on page 125*)



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

MARLENE DIETRICH



Photograph by Hurrell

ANITA PAGE



MARIAN MARSH

Photograph by Elmer Fryer



Photograph by Kahle

VIRGINIA CHERRILL



Photograph by Hurrell

RAMON NOVARRO



JUNE COLLYER

Photograph by Otto Dyar



Photograph by Otto Dyar

RICHARD ARLEN

Spring Is Here!

A Preview of the New Hollywood Fashions

By ROSALIND SHAFFER



WITH the overwhelming changes in fashions that have taken place during the past year, women have been jarred out of all the pleasant paths of fashion in which they have been accustomed to walk. On all sides is the wail, "The new fashions are pretty, yes—but what can a woman of my type wear?" There is an easy answer to that question. Go to the movies, and with the advice of three of Hollywood's most famous designers, you may look at the mode on the screen that will answer your questions for you. Just what suits your type; what are the pitfalls for your type in the present fashions, and just what details in fashion will set you off to the best advantage, the movie designers will tell you, referring to stars on the screen.

Max Ree, famous as the man who first dealt with the problem of how to gown Greta Garbo, who has designed at three studios, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, First National, and now at RKO, we consulted on the subject of the importance of lines in the new mode. As Max Ree is essentially an architect, who designs sets and buildings as well as clever clothes, lines are a fetish with him. A nice sense of proportion guides all Ree's designing; the relation between the length of a skirt and the type of sleeve to be worn with it operates according to definite rules that apply to all modes.

WHEN Greta Garbo was first entrusted to Max Ree, for her first picture in America, the problem of a tall slender girl with a swan's neck added to her height, was met by the beautiful and striking Elizabethan collar Ree made for her. It added the horizontal balance needed for the long gown. Ree explains that the present mode of long bouffant gowns has brought with it the puff sleeve, inevitably, as a balance is needed for the fulness of the skirt. These underlying balances of lines, he says are at the base of every beautiful gown; unconsciously the eye is soothed by harmonious line, and the style is a success.

This is the credo of Max Ree; the lines must be right or no effect of color or material can compensate for the lack of proper balance in the lines of a gown.

"By means of the proper manipulation of lines," says Max Ree, "any style can be adapted to any woman. While some women are at their best in certain styles, sometimes for variety, or to add piquancy, it is possible to gain interesting and beautiful effects by contrasting the personality to some degree with the mode. We are all familiar with pictures of very sexy beauties, taken in the habit of a nun. The effect is striking.

"On this same principle, a woman with the personality of Billie Dove, who is feminine and alluring, and whose beauty is in her soft curves, can be still more attractive in a tailored mode. The effect of the severe

suit, with the warm vibrant beauty of Miss Dove, is like that of a tall, cool, green vase with a lovely rose blossoming forth in all its warm glorious color. But the lines of such a suit off Miss Dove would have to be adapted and would not be as severely tailored as those for a more mannish type of

Bebe Daniels, who is classified as an exotic type, wears a gown designed in particularly flattering lines. The skirt has a "hitched up" effect in front, emphasized by three wide flounces. Not for the tall, angular girl.

Outstanding Features of the New Mode are the Bolero, the Puff Sleeve, the Long Bouffant Skirt, the Princess Line, and the Empire Style With Its High Waistline

beauty with a straight line figure and cold reserved personality.

"Lingerie touches, or the introduction of more detail of pocket, lapels, belts, and accessories, would suit her type best in the tailored mode.

"The lines of the mode, then, must be adapted to the personality of the wearer. Personalities are involved in the physical proportions of the woman, of course.

"I WOULD say that women group themselves as conservative and glamorous and exotic and vivacious, for want of better terms. In the first class, the ladylike type is meant: Corinne Griffith, Mary Astor, Irene Rich, Norma Shearer, are examples. In the second grouping, the glamorous ones, come Greta Garbo, Lilian Tashman, Dolores Del Rio. The exotics, typified by their curved slenderness and dark coloring, include Estelle Taylor and Bebe Daniels. The vivacious or sport type, those girls with straight-line figures and of short height, include Dorothy Mackaill, Alice White, Dorothy Lee.

"The conservative ladylike type can wear the long, slender lines of the mode most successfully. The sweeping trains, the trailing drapes, accent their dignity, their gracefulness, their 'slow motion' personalities. These modes give a ladylike quality to the wearer. A short woman can not wear these things, as they would make her look ridiculous. Personality can vary this rule this far: a short, slender woman, as Norma Shearer or Gloria Swanson, can with care wear this type of gown, for their movements are studiously graceful and flowing, and they are clever enough to use their head-dresses to carry out the tall effect. You can watch the hair of both of these women carefully to notice how they gain this taller effect in the way they dress it.

"For a short, peppy girl with quick, jerky movements to wear such a mode would be all wrong, as her movements would disarrange the drapes and make her look like an Isadora Duncan dancing the Charleston.

"The glamorous girls, like Tashman and Garbo, may wear the

most sophisticated modes. These girls may wear extreme fashions because both their perfect figures and their personalities display spectacular modes to advantage. Further along, I will discuss the exotics and the vivacious types.

"Outstanding features of the new mode are the bolero, the puff sleeve, the long skirts, the Princess lines, the



For tall, slender, luxurious ladies is this hostess gown worn by Kay Francis. It is of peach silk chiffon velvet and its voluminous folds fall in cape-like sleeves and terminate in a train. Only the sedate, the serene and the poised can get away with a train.

Let the Motion Picture Screen Show You What



be studied with great care, as for every one there is a different length that is just right; guessing wrong on the length spoils the whole effect.

"The short girl should think of the bolero as the head of the tassel, and of her skirt length as the fringe. When the head of the tassel is too long for the length of the fringe, the effect is out of proportion. The short girl in a bolero would look like a shaving brush. The bolero, then, is for the tall, slender woman, of the conservative, or glamorous type. It is not for the short type, nor for the well-rounded figure of the exotic type.

"The Grecian mode is beautiful and interesting, but here, too, the short girl, who has been the darling of the mode for so long, is at a disadvantage.

On this page are two types of tailored costume. This suit, worn by Rita La Roy at the left, is the correct and fashionable thing for Spring. Notice that the accessories add that touch of elegance. Below, Kay Francis wears a more formal black and white ensemble. This Spring, black velvet, edged with ermine, is one of the luxuries of the new mode.

The vivacious type is lost in the swirl of classic draperies, and becomes ridiculous. The conservative and the glamorous type both can wear Grecian modes to advantage, supposing of course that they make the most flattering personal adaptations of the details.

"Outstanding points of the Greek mode are the high waistline, the draped

Empire mode, and the Grecian mode for evening wear. The high waistline, is part of the Grecian mode, though it is also Empire; we must remember our history here and recall that during the Empire, there was a revival of everything Greek. Hence, Empire is adapted Greek.

"THERE are both dangers and advantages in each of these new features of the mode. Because of the latitude of choice, choosing becomes just that much more difficult.

"The bolero is a very dangerous thing. The small, slim girl must not suppose that here is something cute, to be slipped on in a minute with no thought. It takes the tall, slender figure, almost of perfection, to wear a bolero successfully. This is because it does two things; for the short girl it is bad, because it gives her a horizontal line cutting across her middle, which shortens her still more. For the taller woman, who has not a slender waist, and trim slender hips, it exposes her in those two places unmercifully. Only perfection can afford to be so displayed. The length of the bolero must



to Wear and How and When to Wear It

bodice, with the cowl-like collar sometimes worn, and the tiny pleatings sometimes used in the skirt draperies. This tiny pleating comes to us from the garments on the figures in the frieze of the Parthenon, in ancient Greece. When used on the skirt of a gown, these pleatings act like elastic, moulding the figure in a very revealing way. This suggests the inadvisability of a too generously proportioned figure using such a mode. The Grecian mode suggests a pure coolness, ideal for the conservative type, and interesting and contrasting for the glamorous type.

"The exotic type, with its curved slenderness which is in contrast to the straighter lines of the conservative and the glamorous, and with its strong suggestion of sex, is best clothed in the Egyptian mode, always revived side by side with the Greek, for the warmer type of beauty. Billie Dove, Estelle Taylor, Bebe Daniels, would do well to prefer this to the Grecian. The Egyptian mode brings the pleatings or drapings into a

Mary Brian goes in for simplicity, which is as it should be. Notice the trimming carried out in crystal in a key design to harmonize with the Grecian lines of this gown.

Sharon Lynn is so slender that her costumes must be adapted to give her those fashionable curves. Sophie Wachner designed this gown, which has a fitted bodice, with jewel ornaments and a very bouffant skirt with horizontal banding to give her wide lines.



panel down the front, and ties with a snug scarf about the hips, in front. This scarf outlines the hips revealingly. The sash or scarf tied directly in front is an accenting feature of this erotic mode. It is interesting to see how human psychology is eternally the same, for in Egypt and India from earliest times, the temple girls always wore the belt tied in front. Gloria Swanson too, can wear these exotic things. Her vibrant dramatic personality carries them well. For the average woman this style is best left alone; it can only be handled by a sophisticate.

"IN this matter of remembering how important correct lines are in dress, women should bear in mind the great importance of a headdress to accompany a gown. It should complement it; a Grecian gown without a suggestion of Greek in the coiffure would be utterly ruined.

"Lilyan Tashman cleverly designed for herself a Grecian headdress of flat curls arranged in a semi-circle around the ears. Her inspiration was a beautiful head on an old Greek coin. This she wore with a Grecian gown carried out in white, with silver sandals lined in green velvet.

"Gloria Swanson, with the handicap of a head much too large artistically for her body, has adopted a way of doing her hair snug to her head, with a roll behind. This minimizes the apparent size of the head and, with high heels and the cleverly done lines of her gowns, she balances her head size and gains apparent height. If her gowns are not worn extremely long, she is almost sure to have a floating panel that achieves the long

What is Your Type?

Are You Exotic, Vivacious,



effect. Swanson is always worth studying on the screen, for both her hairdresses and for the ways she achieves height with her gowns.

"IN the class of the slender small girl whose charm is her vivacity, we find Dorothy Lee, Sue Carol, Dorothy Mackaill and Alice White. These girls are at their best in sports clothes, for daytime, and for evening, without too long a skirt, without drapes so that their vivacious, alert, abrupt movements will not be impeded by the flowing lines of their garments. For such girls, pleats, inset panels, and other mediums that allow for freedom of movement, yet return to the slim, flat line when the wearer is at rest, are much to be preferred. The evening mode for these girls may be charming, but should tend towards informality and away from grand effects.

"The tailored mode has returned this year with renewed popularity. I believe that this is the one mode, that with adaptations, can be universally becoming. It has much to recommend it both from the standpoint of economy, and of fittingness, for a woman is garbed correctly from breakfast till dinner for any occasion in a tailored suit. The study of lines in this case is highly important. Accessories are also most important,

as they may produce a severe or feminine or luxurious effect, all with the same suit. Blouses, lingerie touches, lapel bouquets, handkerchiefs may vary with their type the effect of the suit.

"Now as to lines in the tailored suit. The girl who is very tall and slender will do well to employ a belted line on her suit coat, perhaps also a yoke on the skirt to cut the up and down line; a short jacket will provide still another way of introducing a horizontal line for the tall and slender one.

"The medium height and build may wear the severe tailored mode with few variations, while the plumper type should wear a jacket of three-quarters or seven-eighths length. Vertical seams, diagonal seams that tend more towards the vertical than the horizontal will aid in the slenderizing effect on this long coat for the tailleur. Lines of the material handled vertically,

V joinings on the side seams, groups of tucks and stitched pleated panels add to the variety of slenderizing effect obtainable."

A correct, practical and becoming street dress for the tall slender girl, worn by Marguerite Churchill. The full upper arm of the sleeves gives a good shoulder line and the bolero waist gives width to the figure. Below, Loretta Young wears this formal tea gown. The shirring, which extends from the waistline to the knees, is an unusual feature of the costume and might be adapted to other types of dress. The sleeves and train are really merely a large square of chiffon artfully draped on the figure.

GILBERT ADRIAN, designer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, approaches the matter of the modern mode for this interview from the angle of suiting the personality with its own style. While, like Ree, he realizes the importance of lines, his advice on the adapting of the modern mode to the individual's own personality is most interesting. Lati-



Sedate, Glamorous or a Slim Sport Type?

tude in this regard—of adapting the mode to one's own personality—is broader for the woman with a good figure than for those not so blessed, of course; but here is Mr. Adrian broadcasting:

"Women should realize that the most important thing they possess is their personality. This is what makes them interesting and gives life and importance to their beauty. There is no real cause for distress in viewing the new modes; in all the ages, women have been divided into the same types that they are today. Clothes are made for women, to beautify them. Modes change, but types do not. All modes are adaptable. Impractical things, of the extreme sort, are often regarded as the mode; this is wrong, for what makes a mode successful is its universal becomingness. Eccentric modes may influence the fashion; they never lead it.

"In the new mode, the puff sleeve and the bolero both are charming; but aside from the problem of how these lines affect the wearer's apparent height and weight, I would

If you have a really beautiful, clothes-proof figure, study this gown worn by Claudette Colbert at the right. It has an old-fashioned, tight-fitting basque bodice and a long circular skirt banded luxuriously in kolinsky fur.

A gown for the young and vivacious Sue Carol (shown below) and therefore a good model for dark, snappy and sparkling girls. It is of flowered taffeta, made with a bolero jacket effect, and accented by a perky bow at the waistline.

Designed by Max Ree.



stress that these modes are not for everyone. The puff sleeve is very naive; it is most suitable for the debutante type, the ingenue, anyone with a youthful, fragile charm. Lillian Gish I think of as ideal for the puff sleeve.

"The bolero has a dashing, vivacious imputation; youth and sparkling vitality, a breezy, effervescent nature is reflected in the bolero. Joan Crawford with her slender, slightly tall figure has the right lines for a bolero, and her personality is ideal for it.

"Pleats, too, prominent in the mode, are not for everybody. Pleats like the bolero, suggest a breeziness, a youthfulness and vivacity in the personality; the reserved personality, or the nature type, will avoid this suggestion of sports wear in her afternoon garments. The heavy figure is accented in pleats, because they bulge, and also because the pleated line is short, unless carried from the shoulder to the hem. A fine pleating is more advisable rather than the wide sports pleat.

"THERE is a great richness in the mode for this year; with metallic brocades and cloths, heavily embroidered velvets, fur trimmings done lavishly, and many exquisite fabrics. Sequins and heavy beadings are to the fore again. These things should never be worn by an immature young girl, and preferable only by women with a queenly regal air. Lilyan Tashman, Kay Francis, Gloria Swanson, wear these things (*Continued on page 104*)



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

THAT JACK OAKIE SMILE!



Little Mitzi Green gives a party. Here you see the cake ceremony with Marion Smith and Lois Jane Campbell seated, and, left to right, Mitzi, Billy Butts, Nancy Crowley, Phillipe De Lacy, Dawn O'Day, Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan.

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY
EVELYN GRAY

HOLLYWOOD'S youngest generation breaks into the entertainment column every now and again for kiddies do like parties just as well as their elders.

The latest social event was a birthday party given by Mitzi Green, at her home in Beverly Hills. Mitzi is just nine, but she proved a very gay little hostess and invited eight of her friends to enjoy the afternoon.

Of course, the chief things about a children's party are the games and what young Leon Janney, one of the guests, called "the eats." Which, after all, isn't so different from the grown-ups, is it?

The house was very prettily decorated with big bowls of bright flowers and of course no one was allowed in the dining-room until time for the combination tea and supper.

Mitzi wore a dainty little frock of vari-colored chiffon, made in a series of pleated ruffles, each a different shade of pastel.

The first game was the oldest of all favorites—pinning the tail on the donkey. And what a donkey it was. Not satisfied with *(Continued on page 123)*

Hostess Mitzi won the ring-throwing contest. Phillipe De Lacy and Billy Butts are acting as judges.



Then and Now

On the second floor of this unpretentious house at No. 857 73rd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., lived the Bows in 1922. Clara Bow was then a school girl. Her father worked in Coney Island. Her mother was a bed-ridden invalid. The little red-head mailed a cheap postcard picture of herself to several motion picture magazines then conducting a contest. The winner was to be given a screen opportunity. Clara Bow won. Below is the rear entrance to the house, still owned by Mrs. Onorina Berni. Clara Bow used to sit on the second step on sunny afternoons, read of Norma Talmadge and Anita Stewart and conjure up mad fancies of stardom.



Below is the bedroom once occupied by little Clara Bow. Tiny Rita Bagnucca is pointing to the bed where the future star dreamed of far off Hollywood. How remote that seemed in those days.





Above, the home of Clara Bow in Hollywood today. A long step from the tiny flat on 73rd Street in Brooklyn. With it has come fame and much money. Also heartaches, the pain of disillusionment and the ache of tattered romance. Little girls in quiet streets of many towns now dream of her golden fortune.



Right, the ornate bedroom of the IT girl in her Hollywood home. Here alone is Clara Bow safe from the gossip mongers bent upon tearing good fortune from her grasp. Here no doubt she herself dreams of those dingy but untroubled days in that half-forgotten Brooklyn bedroom.

Brooklyn Photographs
by Arthur Pilieri

Ask DAD, He Knows



Upper-left, Phillips Holmes and his father, Taylor Holmes. Dad is a well-known stage actor. Born in New Jersey, he began his professional career as an entertainer in vaudeville when he was twenty-seven. He is married to Edna Phillips. Dad is an accomplished pianist and has a home in Los Angeles, although he spends most of his time in New York.



Center, Bill Powell and his father, Horatio W. Powell. Dad was born in West Middlesex, Pennsylvania. He attended Duff's Business College and later worked in an office for an agricultural implement house. He met Mrs. Powell in Pittsburgh, married her and moved to Kansas City. Until he moved to Hollywood with his wife three years ago, Mr. Powell was associated with the First Mortgage Farm Loan Company of Kansas City. He is now retired from business.

You have heard a lot about Bert Rogers, father of Buddy. He was born in Olathe, Kansas, and for nine years was a school teacher in Gardner, Kansas, ten miles from Olathe. Later, while school superintendent, he married Maude Moll, with whom he had gone to school. After nine years of teaching, he became a reporter on The Olathe Mirror, and later took over the publishing of the paper. Now, with his wife, he lives in Hollywood with his famous son.



You Hear a Lot About the Hollywood Mothers. Here's Something About the Fathers

Center, below—June Collyer and her father, Clayton J. Heermance, of New York. Mr. Heermance was born in Glens Falls, N. Y., attended Union College and studied for the law. He was an attorney for twenty-five years. Mr. Heermance is a prominent Elk, being Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1 Lodge. One of his hobbies is the organ.



Upper left—Gary Cooper and his father, Charles H. Cooper, who was born in Bedfordshire, England. Charles Cooper came to America when he was seventeen, and worked in a shoe store in Wisconsin, in a railroad yard and in a Helena, Montana, bake shop. During this time, he studied law at night. He became an attorney and steadily advanced until he was named judge of the Supreme Court at Helena in 1918. He retired from the bench in 1926, when he came to Hollywood with his wife to live with the famous Gary. Mr. Cooper always has been a Shakespearean student.



Little Mitzi and her dad, known to vaudeville as Joe Keno, are shown at the left. Born in New York City, Joe Green began life as an errand boy in a real estate office. Always an active athlete, Joe succeeded a man named Keno in the variety act of Keno, Welch and Montrose. Thus Joe Green became Joe Keno. He later appeared in many musical comedies and with his wife, Rose Green, became a vaudeville favorite. Keno and Green no longer tour the variety houses, for they live in Hollywood with the famous Mitzi. Little Mitzi, by the way, has an older brother attending school in New York.



Photograph by Earl Crowley

**MARY
BRIAN**

After playing the sophisticated younger daughter of the mad Cavendish in "The Royal Family of Broadway," Miss Brian returns to the saddle again in "Gun Smoke," in which she offers the love interest opposite Richard Arlen.

Call it LUCK

But Monroe Owsley Says it is
Eight Years of Hard Unrelenting
Work Behind the Footlights

By HARRY N. BLAIR



THE long arm of coincidence. Reaching out to pull the strings that sway our actions—and destiny. Thus it came about that I found myself interviewing Monroe Owsley, the world-weary young brother of "Holiday," whom I had last seen a dozen years before, when we were both kids in the same neighborhood in Philadelphia. In those days he answered to the name of "Buck," which his intimates still call him.

Right now, in case you don't know, this Owsley boy is sitting pretty much on top of the world. He can take his pick of offers from both stage and screen producers. The fact is all the more amazing when you consider that just a year ago he landed in Hollywood without a job. He is rightfully resentful when the unthinking remark on how lucky he has been. They rave about his "lucky break" without realizing that back of his success are eight long years of hard work in the theater.

It is his proud boast that during the entire time he has paid his own way, despite absurd tales of a wealthy and indulgent parent. "I've never been 'in the red,' either," he admits. "Always, when down to my last dollar, something was bound to turn up." During one of these off periods Owsley decided to give up the stage and indulge his flair for writing. He enrolled for the journalistic course at Columbia University, at the same time doing some coaching of semi-professional theatricals on the side.

AT this stage of the game he was living in a modest boarding house on West 88th Street. Included among the boarders was a very blonde and capable stenographer who one day announced that she had given up her job to become an actress. Here coincidence first played a part in his career, for the girl was Ann Harding and Monroe some years later appeared in "Holiday," in which she was the star. No one is more enthusiastic about the former stenographer's success. "Ann always was a grand person," he exclaims, with enthusiasm.

He also is tickled over the success of Bob Montgomery, with whom he often "ate beans," not so long ago, when both were making the rounds of the Broadway casting offices, hoping for a break.

Back in the old days, when all the other boys were planning business careers, "Buck" Owsley knew that he wanted to be an actor. Needless to say, this idea rather

Monroe Owsley scored as the world-weary young brother in Ann Harding's "Holiday." That hit has established him on the screen. Born in Philadelphia, Owsley had a tough time getting started on the stage. Not so many years ago he was living in a New York boarding house, out of a job. Another boarder was Ann Harding, then a stenographer.

disturbed his parents since there had never been any previous theatrical leanings in the family. In seeming submission, he started to prepare for Yale, upon completing High School. Meanwhile, he tried his hand at journalism by acting as cub reporter for *The Philadelphia Ledger*. He's not ashamed to admit there was also a brief period when he served as gas station attendant. He also used to burn up the roads between Kalamazoo and the Quaker City, driving in cars for the Roamer automobile sales agency. Wallace Reid was starring in a racing series around that time and, no doubt, the stage-struck youngster used to imagine himself in his idol's place. Surely he never dared to dream that one day he would be playing featured roles in pictures.

When the urge to act could no longer be put off, he hopped a train for New York, instead of going to Yale, as his parents had planned. Daily visits to the agencies, extending over weeks, netted him little encouragement. Finally, when he was down to the proverbial last dollar, there came a chance to play in a tent show, about to tour the South. The result was one hundred and twenty one-night stands in small hamlets, playing in "The Meanest Man in the World." It was an experience that would have discouraged the average stage-struck youngster, but it merely served to heighten Owsley's ambition for a Broadway career. He remembers only the amusing part of it now and tells how, in rainy weather, he was obliged to hike up the white flannels required for the part, while making a bee line through the mud, from the dressing tent. "And it rained most of the time," he adds.

HE next understudied Glenn Hunter in "Merton of the Movies." It was around this time that he played a tiny bit in "Jim the Penman," at the old Whitman Bennett film studio, outside of New York. "The strange part of it is that Lionel (Continued on page 119)



MOVIE BOUDOIRS

KAY FRANCIS

All the furnishings of Kay Francis' boudoir are of the Louis XIV period. Green, cream, orchid and canary yellow are the colors incorporated in the hangings, upholstery and carpeting.

Miss Francis is shown at her writing table at the top of this page.

At the left is Miss Francis' Louis XIV dressing table. The table and chair are done in a restful shade of green. An orange-colored design adorns the two pieces. The top of the table is gray marble. On the table are two marble and gold candlesticks, two marble and gold powder containers, two black and gold perfume bottles, a crystal powder and perfume set, an atomizer, and a gold cold cream container.





Top, a corner of Miss Francis' boudoir, showing the canopied bed, the French night tables with their modernistic lamps of glass and yellow chiffon, the green brocaded chaise longue, and dark green, hand-carved screen, the green desk and the lace and green taffeta draped windows.

The bed, which is a fine example of Louis XIV art, is upholstered in green moiré and painted with yellow roses. The drapes are of dusty orchid, which exactly matches the color of the carpet. Right, a closer view of the chaise longue with Miss Francis herself reclining upon it. The framework of the chaise longue is enameled in cream, accented with gold leaf. The upholstery is of pale green brocade, and the pillows are of orchid and gold.

Note the elaborate treatment of the windows, with curtains of cream lace and overdrapes of apple-green taffeta. Narrow ruffles border the overdrapes.



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY OTTO DYAR



Photograph by Otto Dyar

CAROLE LOMBARD

APRIL



M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.	M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
1	Wed.	1883: Lon Chaney born in Colorado Springs, Colo. 1899: Nita Naldi born in New York. 1900: Mary Miles Minter born in Shreveport, La.	17	Fri.	1909: Mary Brian (Mary Louise Dantzler) born in Texas. New moon tonight.
2	Thurs.	First day of Passover. Full moon tonight. What about that Easter hat?	18	Sat.	1913: First efficiency man is imported to Hollywood.
3	Fri.	Good Friday.	19	Sun.	1775: Battle of Lexington. 1900: Connie Talmadge born at Brooklyn.
4	Sat.	1921: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" startles movie fans.	20	Mon.	1913: First Hollywood efficiency man looks worried.
5	Sun.	Easter Sunday. Pray for clear skies, so that your new dress won't be harmed.	21	Tues.	1898: Diplomatic relations between United States and Spain broken. 1903: Dorothy Sebastian born at Birmingham, Ala.
6	Mon.	1910: Nancy Drexel (Dorothy Kitchen) born in New York.	22	Wed.	1913: The first efficiency man imported to Hollywood retires to a sanitarium.
7	Tues.	1901: Gavin Gordon born in Chicora, Miss.	23	Thurs.	1791: James Buchanan born in Pennsylvania.
8	Wed.	1513: Ponce de Leon lands in Florida in search of the fountain of youth. 1893: Mary Pickford born in Toronto. 1930: Daughter Dolores born to Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore.	24	Fri.	B.C. 753: Beginning of the Roman Era. 1898: War declared on United States by Spain. Regretted later.
9	Thurs.	1865: Lee surrenders at Appomattox. 1879: Thomas Meighan born at Pittsburgh. Moon in last quarter.	25	Sat.	1920: Pretty Clairine Seymour dies during the making of "Way Down East." Moon in first quarter tonight.
10	Fri.	1868: George Arliss born in London, England. 1898: Agnes Ayres born at Carbondale, Ill.	26	Sun.	Confederate Memorial Day in Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi. 1899: Guinn (Big Boy) Williams born at Decatur, Tex.
11	Sat.	1814: Napoleon abdicates. 1891: Marshall Neilan born at San Bernardino, Cal. 1914: Eclectic Film Company announces Pearl White in "The Perils of Pauline."	27	Mon.	1822: Ulysses S. Grant born in Ohio.
12	Sun.	1861: Fort Sumter fired on. First overt act of "The Birth of a Nation."	28	Tues.	1893: Harold Lloyd born at Burchard, Nebraska.
13	Mon.	1743: Thomas Jefferson born in Virginia.	29	Wed.	1931: On this day give a thought to Sigrid Holmquist, "the Swedish Mary Pickford," Olga Petrova, Mary Miles Minter and the Lee Twins.
14	Tues.	1860: First pony express arrives at Frisco from St. Joseph, Mo. This was a 9-day jaunt. 1865: Abraham Lincoln shot by J. Wilkes Booth. 1897: Claire Windsor born at Cawker City, Kan.	30	Thurs.	1789: Washington inaugurated President. 1902: David Manners (David Acklom) born at Halifax, Nova Scotia.
15	Wed.	1865: Death of Abraham Lincoln. 1890: Wallie Reid born at St. Louis, Mo.			
16	Thurs.	1889: Charlie Chaplin born in London.			

Watch for This Feature Every Month

Birthstones for April: Ancient, the Sapphire. Modern, the Diamond. The diamond is said to betoken innocence.

REVIEWS

YOU are in danger of being satiated with covered wagons during the next month or so.

For instance, there's Paramount's own epic, "Fighting Caravans," an attempt to re-awaken that fine early Lasky pioneer spirit of "The Covered Wagon." However, despite the obviously heavy expenditure, the elusive old spirit doesn't revive.

Once again the camera portrays those hardy folk who braved the dangers of the plains and the perils of redskins to settle the far West. This time, of course, there's dialogue, war whoops and other sounds.

The hero is a gaunt, fearless young scout (Gary Cooper), while the Parisian accent of Lily Damita is explained by making the heroine a pretty French-American from Vincennes. Tully Marshall and Ernest Torrence, the comic relief of "The Covered Wagon," are back again as those thirsty old pals, Jim Bridger and Bill Jackson. Once again—with sounds, of course—they unsteadily shoot beer mugs off each other's head.

To be honest, "Fighting Caravans" is rather dull. And those two old scouts turn out to be dreadful bores.

The Problem of the Hero's Wife

A LITTLE better is Radio Pictures' "Cimarron," based on Edna Ferber's novel. This presents the lengthy and episodic panorama of the adventurous career of Yancey Cravat, who takes part in the 1889 Oklahoma land rush, helps settle the boom town of Osage, wanders off in search of new adventures, rides with Roosevelt at San Juan Hill and then comes home to die, a tattered derelict.

The real story of "Cimarron" is the tragedy of the wife, Sabra Cravat, who builds her own lonely success. Indeed, "Cimarron" seems to point the moral that the good old pioneers were fine historical figures but tough to have—and keep—around the house.

Richard Dix is the incorrigible Yancey, a difficult, florid role that totters along the edge of being too actory for belief. Dix, however, does well with the part; Irene Dunne, a newcomer, is satisfactory in the part of the wife, subordinated for stellar reasons; while George E. Stone steals a real hit as a young Jewish peddler who grows up with Osage to become its leading merchant. This is a sincere bit. Fine, too, is Edna May Oliver as a garrulous pioneer matron.

Miss Garbo Gets a Vote

THE picture this month destined to arouse most of your interest is Metro-Goldwyn's "Inspiration," starring Greta Garbo. The plot of this story of the Latin Quarter isn't anything to surprise you. Miss Garbo is Yvonne, who has been something more than the inspiration of quite a few of Paris' best artists and sculptors. She gives it all up for a handsome young chap, her first real love. When he learns of her past, he fails to understand and walks out.

There is much more to this story but it does not matter. Miss Garbo is quite breathtaking as Yvonne. She advances many strides in surety with her English dialogue and does the whole thing superbly. Maybe it is not the function of a critic to decide between Miss Garbo and Marlene Dietrich, but, after "Inspiration," I cast my vote for the glorious Swede.

Miss Garbo's support is excellent. Robert Montgomery is the priggish lad who never makes up his mind about Yvonne and there are excellent bits by Lewis Stone as an elderly patron of the arts and by Kavan Morley as his studio light o' love.

Scenes from pictures reviewed in this issue, top to bottom: "Fighting Caravans," "The Right to Love," "Beau Ideal," "One Heavenly Night," "The Bat Whispers" and "Paid," all prominent film productions of the month.

Presenting Constance Bennett
"THE Easiest Way," Metro-Goldwyn's talkie of Eugene Walter's old play once done so movingly behind the Belasco footlights by Frances Starr, turns out to be an "Inspiration" before an American backdrop. This time the heroine, Laura Murdock, becomes the inspiration of an elderly boss of a big advertising agency, only



Comments Upon the Important New Motion Pictures and Film Personalities

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

to give up her ornate futuristic apartment because of her love for a poor young newspaper man.

The popular Constance Bennett is Laura Murdock and she suffers graphically and charmingly in cloth of gold pajamas. Here again Robert Montgomery is the young man who upsets indolent young ladies' lives. Adolphe Menjou is the big advertising daddy.

It seems to me that "The Easiest Way" does not equal its stage original. Too much time is spent explaining why the heroine had to adopt her easy path. The original Laura Murdock was just a decorative weakling. And the ending will surprise old timers. In the film, Laura stands in the snow outside her married sister's house, watching the Christmas tree decorating in progress within. In the play, she slammed the door on her elderly patron, remarking that she was on her way "to Rector's or to Hell."

Another Tough Killer

MONTH by month we grow a bit more calloused in our acceptance of the gangster. He crowds the front pages, he adorns our novels, he sneers through our films. First National's "Little Caesar" was the novel of that name by W. G. Burnett. It traces the rise and fall of one Rico Bandello, who works his ugly way upward, as zealously as Horatio Alger's old-time newsboy heroes, from ordinary, small-town gangster to almost challenger of the big boss of the big town. In the end, he dies behind a billboard, mowed down by a police machine gun, but not until he has shot his way to power.

This hardboiled film has a lot of suspense and force. Some is due to Mervyn LeRoy's shrewd direction but most comes from Edward G. Robinson's remorseless playing of the homicidal bandit, squat, sinister, vain, completely savage in his quest of power. Here is a bloody but unforgettable portrait.

There are two swell lesser performances in "Little Caesar." One is the Tony Massara of Doug Fairbanks, Jr. The other is the hysterical, doomed gangster of Willie Collier, Jr.

Trick Photography

PARAMOUNT'S newest Ruth Chatterton film, "The Right to Love," is a farmland tragedy that plods along rather tediously. Its point of novelty lies in the way Miss Chatterton plays both mother and daughter with the aid of the Dunning process. This enables characters played by the same person to pass each other across the whole field of scene. For instance, Miss Chatterton, as the mother, pins a locket on herself as the daughter.

"The Right to Love" is based on Susan Glaspell's novel, "Brook Evans." This tells the story of Naomi Kellogg's marriage—with the bridegroom's knowledge that she is to have a baby by another, now dead. The child, Brook, grows up and comes to think she owes everything to the man who has been a father to her through all the years. The clash between mother and daughter on this question of sacrifice is the drama of "The Right to Love."

It is interesting to watch Miss Chatterton, as the mother, steal scene after scene from Miss Chatterton, as the daughter. Otherwise the story is dour and drab.

Joan Crawford Advances

ALTHOUGH Joan Crawford returns to jazzy step-ins in her next Metro-Goldwyn film, she is excellent as the unhappy, emotional heroine of Bayard Veiller's old melodrama, "Within the Law," transformed into a talkie called "Paid."

Back in 1912 "Within the Law" was a sensation. It related how Mary Turner, a department store clerk, had been sent unjustly to prison. After three years, she is released. Then she sets out to keep within the law and yet wreak vengeance. She becomes the leader of a gang of racketeers, arranges that the son of the man who railroaded her to prison will fall in love with her—and then discovers she is in love with him herself.

The melo- (Continued on page 99)

From top to bottom are scenes from the new motion pictures: "Little Caesar," "Kiss Me Again," "Illicit," "Reducing," "No Limit," and "Once a Sinner," reviewed in detail by Frederick James Smith and Lynde Denig





Photograph by Otto Dyar

Quincy, Ill., Knew Mary Astor as Lucile Langhanke, Daughter of the Local German Instructor

Mary Astor's father is Prussian. Her mother is Portuguese. Miss Astor's real name was Lucile Vasconcellos Langhanke. From babyhood, Lucile's life was shaped towards a successful career as an actress, a musician or a dancer. Her parents left nothing to chance. Step by step, her life was completely and carefully planned.

Beauty she had, but other girls of more striking beauty have gone no further than a typist's desk or the young matron's round of bridge parties. She had personality, a smile for everyone, wonderfully expressive eyes that were reddish-brown at times and hazel at others, and a wealth of soft, curly hair the color of rust with high lights of burnished copper. Still, beauty is not rare in the show business and, alone, it is often a deterrent instead of an aid to success.

FROM her earliest childhood Lucile's life was governed by the clock. She arose and breakfasted with the regularity of a West Point cadet. Her day was completely filled with orderly and carefully planned routine. There were music lessons, elocution lessons, dancing lessons, physical culture work and training in etiquette. Even her menu was scientifically planned. Her parents realized the necessity of a good foundation to a career as an actress.

Behind Lucile Langhanke's rapid rise to stardom looms the indomitable will and determination of her parents. From the day of her birth, possibly even before that, she was destined to a career on the stage and screen.

In the early 1900's, Otto Langhanke, Prussian lineage, migrated to the United States to seek his fortune. Because of his versatility and education he was able to try his hand at many occupations, studying in every spare moment. He became adept as a display card writer and window decorator but aspired to become an educator—a professor of languages. It was while young Langhanke was working in Chicago that the opportunity came for him to study the latest system of teaching German. He mastered his course quickly, and, because of his early education, was qualified to become an instructor.

There were few teaching positions available in Chicago and Otto Langhanke moved westward to seek less crowded fields. Always in demand as a display card artist, he found work in Topeka, Kansas. And it was in Topeka that he found Helen Vasconcellos, a beautiful Portuguese girl, whose family claimed descent from royalty. It was a strange match, but the black hair and eyes of Helen Vasconcellos found favor in the blue eyes of the blond Prussian youth, and a brief courtship assured them they were meant for each other. They decided not to marry, however, until Mr. Langhanke could find more lucrative work. Miss Vasconcellos continued the study and teaching of dramatic art and her German lover waited for a chance to better himself.

EARLY in 1905 that opportunity came. A men's clothing house in Quincy, learning of Langhanke's ability, made him an offer. He accepted it and he and Miss Vasconcellos journeyed to St. Louis, where they were married. They came to Quincy on their honeymoon.

In the dusk of a wintry evening the newly married couple arrived in Quincy from St. Louis. They made

THE Little Girl who Lived by the Clock. That is the title her home town bestowed upon Mary Astor, the Cinderella of the Middle West, whose perseverance carried her from poverty to wealth and fame in the films before she was twenty.

She is still little Lucile Langhanke to the folks in Quincy, the Illinois city perched high on the eastern bluffs of the Mississippi River, where she was born twenty-four years ago on May 3 last.

And back in her childhood home everyone knows that the secret of Lucile's success is a rigid program of hard work.

HOME TOWN STORIES of the STARS

BY DAVID C. TUFFLI
of The Quincy, Ill., Herald-Whig

their way through insistent cab drivers and walked up the long hill that leads to the business district of the city. Their finances were low and they knew that they must save at every turn until they could get established. The beauty of Quincy impressed them that evening and Mrs. Langhanke believed they had chosen wisely in coming.

The Langhankes found room in a modest flat in the business section of the city, and they were happy in spite of their financial worries. Mr. Langhanke's windows and display cards won praise, but he wanted more than praise—he sought progress. Urged by his wife, he made application to the school board for a position as an instructor in German. He qualified for the position and was placed on the staff of instructors at Quincy High School. Although efficient, Mr. Langhanke was never a popular teacher. He was a strict disciplinarian and based his rules for conduct on those enforced in the German schools. From the outset he antagonized many students, but none could say that he was not a conscientious instructor.

Up to this time the Langhankes had made few friends. Because of his extra work Mr. Langhanke had very little time for social activities. And Mrs. Langhanke was preparing for the arrival of a new member of the Langhanke family. She hoped it would be a girl, for she had so many plans in mind for the child.

And the little Portuguese bride's wish came true. On May 3, 1906, a daughter was born to the Langhankes in Blessing Hospital, a tiny, chubby baby with great brown eyes and a hint of copper-colored hair. Mr. and Mrs. Langhanke were supremely happy. From the very hour that Mr. Langhanke heard its first wail that baby's career was determined. An actress, a musician, a dancer—she might be any of those, but whichever career she chose she would be a headliner; her mother would fight for her success.

A few weeks later the baby was christened Lucile Vasconcellos in St. John's Cathedral, an Episcopal church located in the same block as the home of the Langhankes. Mrs. Arnold Scott of Quincy and Mrs. Robert Wray, now

Right — Mary Astor, then Lucile Langhanke, at the age of five. One of her teachers recalls that she was "beautiful in a rather shy, sweet manner." Her most striking characteristic was a mass of rust-colored hair. Below, is Miss Astor's very first portrait. She was exactly three years old.



of Pasadena, California, were godmothers. They were Mrs. Langhanke's most intimate friends.

Little Lucile was retarded by few illnesses and grew rapidly. She talked plainly before she was two. Even as a very young child her beauty was apparent. Her most striking characteristic was a mass of rust-colored hair, a product of that strange mixture of bloods—Portuguese and German. There were red heads in the Vasconcellos family, but Lucile's hair could be called neither red nor auburn. Her mother's hair was coal black. As a compromise between the blue eyes of her father and the sparkling, black eyes of her mother, Lucile had large brown eyes. She inherited neither the paper white skin of her father nor the swarthy skin of her mother. Hers was of "peaches and cream" texture with subtle coloring.

At first the mother was Lucile's only teacher, but soon she was enrolled under the town's best instructors.

(Continued on page 107)

The Favorites of the Kings

(Continued from page 38)



The Prince of Wales (above) is the only member of a royal family anywhere in Europe owning his own talkie apparatus. And—whisper—one of his two favorites is Nancy Carroll (left). The other is Wallace Beery, the roughneck.

said to be becoming to royalty. Buster Keaton is a favorite of the Danish family, and appreciative murmurs at the appearance of Lupe Velez and Adolphe Menjou have been heard.

STILL closer to the Arctic circle, the oldest reigning monarch in Europe, Gustaf V, of Sweden, is at the age of seventy-three perhaps the liveliest of them all. No day goes by but sees him whacking a ball on a tennis court, growling good naturedly at his partners, kidding his opponents, and generally carrying on in a most engaging and unkingly fashion. He has declined to comment on the great Swedish star, but that the royal family adores

her is one of those secrets that everybody in Stockholm knows. They admire Garbo for her art and respect her for her discretion. She is not regarded there as extraordinarily beautiful and one member of the royal family is reported to have said that it is strange that, of all beautiful and talented girls available in Sweden, America should have chosen one who is relatively mediocre.

Gustaf pulled a fast one on the Swedish movie distributors a short time ago. They had arranged, with His Majesty's consent to install a projector in the palace for one day to show talking pictures to the poor children of Stockholm. The stunt was partly publicity, partly charity and was to be a twenty-four hour affair only. The King, however, sat in one afternoon and liked what he saw so much that he (Continued on page 110)

Differing radically from the rulers of Belgium, Wilhelmina, who rules the adjacent Netherlands, doesn't like the movies a snip. The Queen shares the aversion for the movies that is characteristic of a section of the Dutch populace. When invited to a movie, Wilhelmina pleads indisposition, but the real reason for the refusal is the belief that movies, like dancing, and such things, are evil. The Crown Princess Juliana and the Prince Consort Henri sometimes go. Indeed Juliana has shown that she likes films more than a little, although out of respect for her mother does not display her preference too openly.

A little farther North, in Denmark, the gayest small country of Europe, there are numerous instances of royal attendance at the movies incognito. These have mostly occurred in the brief dark days of winter when the sun goes down at 2 o'clock in the afternoon; and never in the evenings. Christian X and other members of his family are regular movie-goers and when they attend they make no great effort to conceal their enjoyment. It is only when the lights flash on that they resume the staid mien

King Carol of Rumania (below) likes those arty, ultra modern films. But he has Hollywood favorites, too. One of them is Louise Fazenda, the comic Cleopatra who toys with the serpent at the right.



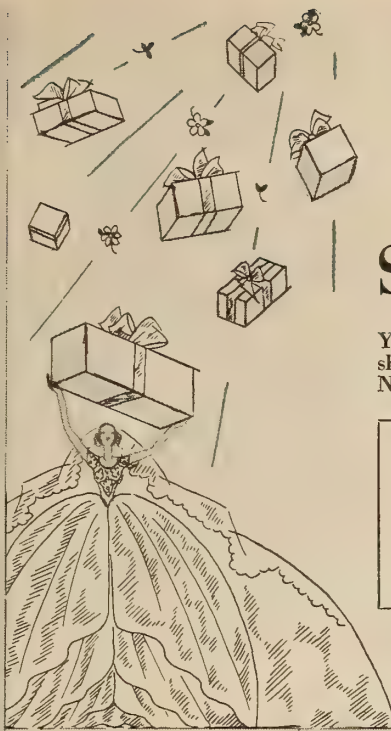
April Showers for the Spring Bride

You can make any of the useful articles shown on this page with the help of our New Method Circulars.

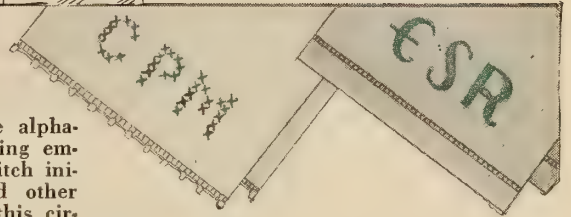
Write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars or twelve cents for all five circulars. Be sure to indicate which circular you want by the number given beside the descriptions.



A1. A little money goes a long way if you spend it for ribbon or cretonne to make the work bag at the top, or a string sack and colored yarn for the utility bag at the right. The circular shows how to make these practical gifts as well as the handkerchief case at the left and a mending bag from a dishcloth embroidered with wool.



A2. Three complete alphabet designs for making embroidered or cross-stitch initials on towels and other linen are given in this circular. Shown at right.

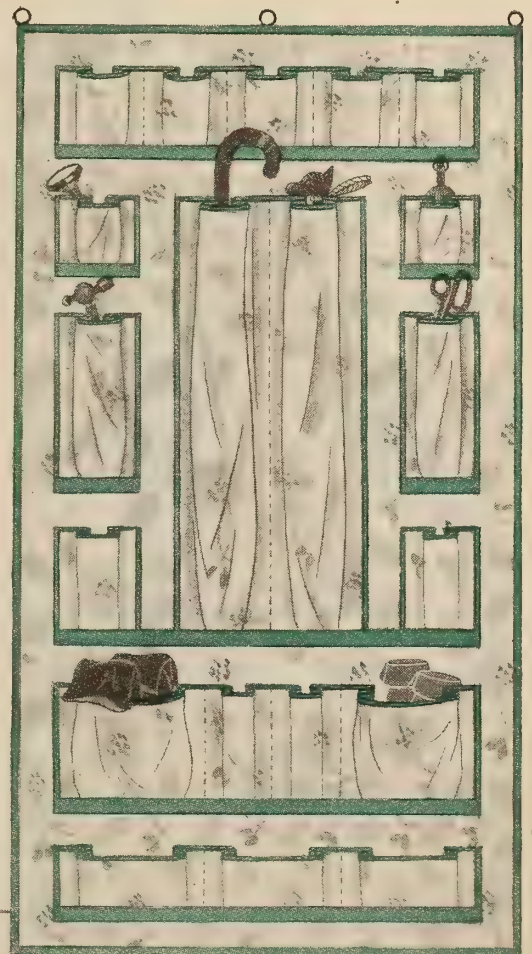


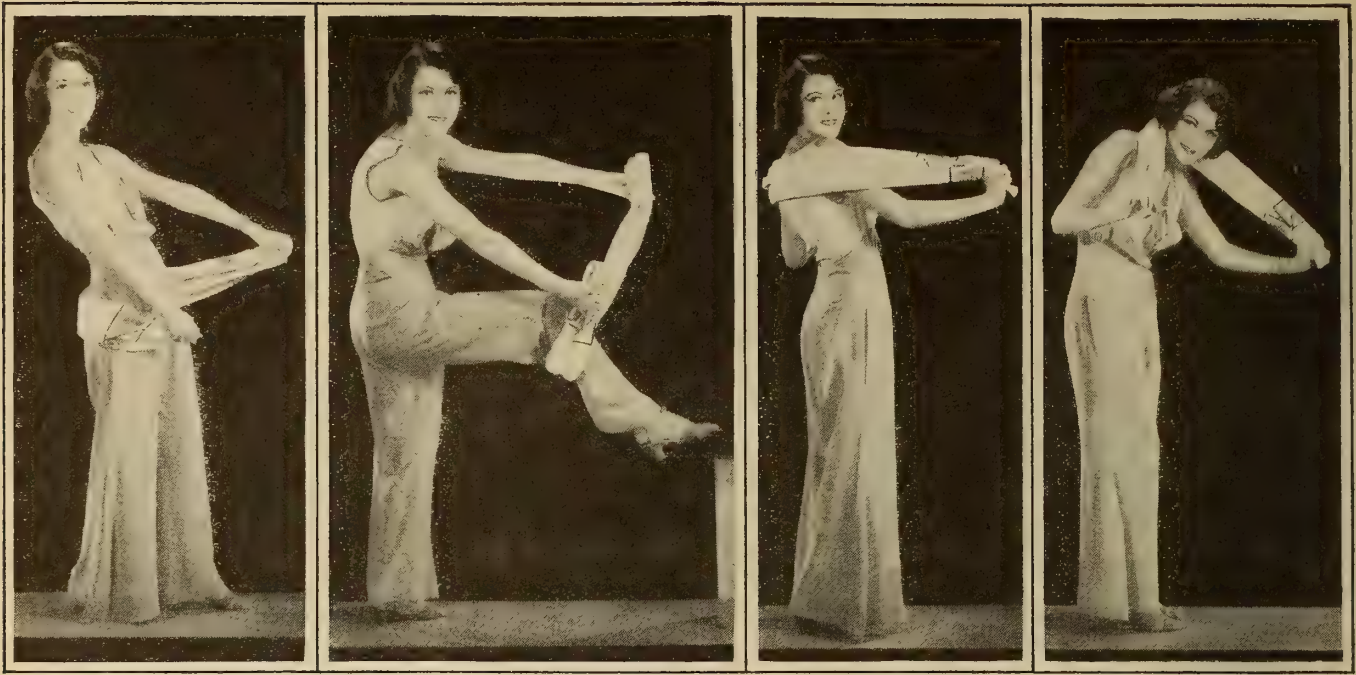
A3. The engaged girl will be glad to receive attractive cases for knives, forks, spoons and other flat silver of the sort shown below. You will have no trouble in making a full set if you follow directions given in this illustrated circular.



A4. Embroidered linen is always acceptable. This circular gives directions for making five of the newest sorts of table doilies and guest towels, including the examples shown above.

A5. Door bags will help the bride to keep her things in order in a small house or apartment. The circular shows how to make them, with directions for making cretonne laundry bag, shown at right, and hanging hat case to match.





Frances Dee demonstrates how to reduce with the simple aid of a bath towel. First: Place a towel folded four times about the hip line and use a rapid movement back and forth. This motion, when done vigorously and rapidly, creates circulation and breaks down the fat cells. Second: Every part of the body can be reduced in this way. Both the upper and lower limbs may be trimmed down by rapid massage. Third: Healthful circulation can be accomplished by means of massaging the shoulders with the vibrating movements. This relieves tightened nerves and headaches. Fourth: Placing the folded towel across the back of the neck and repeating the back and forth movement is rejuvenating for the face and neck.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

The Correct Way to Breathe—The Importance of Walking Gracefully—How to Develop Lovely Hands—Beauty Advice

By ANN BOYD

YOUTH in our bodies! Beauty of line—beauty of movement—the poise of lithe muscles and the complete control of them.

How many girls are conscious of their bodies? Along the avenue you see one girl in a thousand walking with grace, striding along with free, easy, natural movements that only the joy and assurance of a youthful body can give. Ned Wayburn, the famous dance instructor, teaches girls first of all that the most valuable asset in the world is youth and that to have a career they must not dissipate that asset.

I receive letters from girls all over the country seeking advice in the care of their complexions and how to use make-up to further enhance their charms. Women are rapidly becoming adept in the art of applying rouge, powder and lipstick. However, beautifying oneself has not been completed with this process. You cannot pass on your face alone. The twentieth century definition of beauty implies something more than a beautiful face. Beauty is in the harmonious interplay of mind and body.

WITHOUT breath there can be no life. Correct use of the lungs is more important than pure air, since one-third of the waste matter continually forming in the body is eliminated by the lungs. There are only two things required to make proper breathing a simple function—proper carriage of the body and freedom from tight clothes. Inhale deeply through the nostrils keeping the lips closed. Then push the air out through the nostrils with sufficient force to tense the abdominal muscles. The entire respiratory appa-

ratus and every part of the lungs should be brought into play. To breathe correctly all the time, the body must be held properly when standing, sitting or walking.

The true balance which makes a graceful dancer makes a graceful walker. (Observe the natural grace of Jeanette MacDonald as she enters a room when next you see her on the screen.) Hold yourself erect, but relaxed. Your heels should be three inches apart with toes pointing straight ahead. Pull torso up to full height without tensing of the muscles. It is an easy movement that slowly stretches the muscles until by the time the trunk has been stretched to its full height, the shoulders are pushed back and dropped slightly; shoulder blades are flat across the back; the spinal column is in its proper alignment; head is poised at the perfect angle; arms are hanging at the sides and the chest is raised. Try this and you will be convinced how easy and graceful the correct standing position is. Take this position and swing right limb forward from the hip and without bending the knee, set the heel down a long step ahead of the toes of the left foot, letting the heel touch lightly on the ground a second before the ball of the foot, keeping the toes pointed straight ahead. The heels should touch the floor a second before the balls of the feet do.

SLUMPING down in a chair is a free and easy posture that fits the free and easy manners of the present day. Yet this position forces the abdomen out and the shoulders forward; pushes the chin down toward the chest, making an ugly heavy under chin. And these beauty destroying (Continued on page 112)

Don't let "pink tooth brush" *go on..and on..and on!*

REMEMBER the first time you noticed that your gums were yielding a trace of "pink"? A little disturbed, weren't you? And then you forgot all about it—just became accustomed to "pink tooth brush".

So many people have it! The modern menu is made up almost entirely of foods which fairly melt in your mouth. Your gums get little or no stimulation and exercise. They gradually become flabby and touchy and tender. Next step—there's "pink" on your brush.

Don't let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. It opens the way for many gum troubles—for Vincent's disease, for gingivitis, even for the less frequent but more dreaded pyorrhea. Neglect it too long, and it may lead to infection at the roots of teeth which today are perfectly sound . . . which often means the loss of those teeth.

Ipana Checks "Pink Tooth Brush"

It isn't necessary to let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. First get some Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But afterward, put some more Ipana on your brush and *lightly massage it into your tender gums.*

Your teeth will soon recover their natural sparkling polish. And within



the month your gums will have become firmer, with a healthier color. The ziratol in Ipana—the same ziratol used by modern dentists for toning and stimulating the gums—together with the massage, speeds the circulation in the gum cells and hardens the walls.

Today—get a tube of Ipana at your druggist's. Use Ipana with massage

twice a day—and you'll see very, very little of "pink tooth brush".

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-41
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

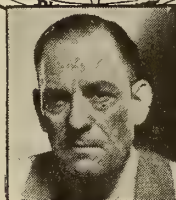
IPANA Tooth Paste

Why April is the Lucky Movie Month

(Continued from page 47)



Three interesting horoscopes. Above, that of Wallie Reid. Center, Lon Chaney. Right, Mary Miles Minter. Wallace Reid's fate was written in his horoscope for every one to read—if they would.



Aries' children must watch ailments of the head. Had Lon Chaney known the facts of his horoscope, he would have been warned that serious trouble with his throat confronted him in 1930.

Jupiter, the god of honor, glory, money and success, will be friendly to the Sun, ruling men, and the Moon, ruling women and the public, and Saturn, ruling work, and Venus, ruling love. That's enough for one girl—I hope it won't be too much for Joan!

Constance Talmadge is more Aries than most Aries, because she has three powerful planets, the Sun, the Moon and Mars, in this dauntless sign. Miss Talmadge has Venus in Gemini, the versatile sign. Need I say more? Her flashing film career proved this.

Gloria Swanson has a splendid horoscope. She has the Sun and Moon in Aries, a combination which usually makes people turn to literature. I shouldn't be surprised if Gloria's fame as a writer sometimes surpassed her fame as an actress. There are other things in the chart which back this belief. The Sun and Moon were in opposition when she was born, which always gives people a mission in life more than shows on the surface. She was also born on the full moon, which makes people anxious to be (Continued on page 94)

ARE YOU A CHILD OF ARIES?

ARIES, the first sign of the Zodiac, governs the period between March 22nd and April 20th.

The pure Aries type is rare. Indeed, that statement holds true of all types. Each of us is a varied mixture of elements, qualities, influences. So the power of leadership which Aries gives to its sons and daughters is only part of the heritage of the Aries-born. A much more important part is the peculiar Aries trait of being able to use these and other powers to the absolute limit of worldly advantage.

Aries, the Ram, rules the head. You may be restless and butting like a ram, and hence ambitious, courageous, full of "pep"; or you may be unoriginal, lacking in initiative, "dopey" like a sheep. It is up to you. You have it within you—all Aries people have—to realize the very finest possibilities of their sign. But will you?

You have great physical energy, but not great powers of endurance. Your strength is spasmodic. You should try to make it steady and lasting. You should cultivate "continuity."

If you find that your sign has not given you the amount of persistence necessary to fight an uphill fight, let that fact be a challenge to you to prove your gameness. It is possible for you to force the fighting as well as to repel attacks. Persistence can be made habitual. Moral fibre, like muscle, grows stronger with use. If you find others unwilling to fight

with your weapons, don't get discouraged.

Don't be impatient. Don't go off half-cocked. Don't be too anxious to "obey that impulse." Don't rush into situations without preparation. Don't take up new ideas without thought. Don't start before you are ready. Don't stop before you are finished. Aries is a fiery sign. Mars is a quarrelsome planet. The combination, which is prominent in your chart, tends to make you both temperamental and temperish. Control the former. Harness the latter. Transmute the restlessness of your sign and the aggressiveness of your planet into useful energy and action.

Your natural tendencies, if ill at all, are toward headaches and other ailments connected with the head and face; also stomach and kidney trouble. After middle life, look out for symptoms of paralysis or apoplexy. Avoid excessive use of sweets. Live simply and intelligently.

In business, it doesn't make so much difference what kind of work you go into as it does the part of the work in which you find yourself engaged. Aries people must lead, must manage. You should be in the executive end. If you can't be the boss, you may be his stenographer.

Your most congenial life partner might be born under the noble Leo or the brilliant Sagittarius—but I cannot tell you anything definite on a thing like that unless I know not only your birthday but the "other person's"!

A NEW MOVIE ALBUM



My sister and I entered a local talent contest at one of the Loew Theatres on the East Side of New York. Just before the contest we had to compete that we were not from the East Side at all but had been born on Tenit Avenue. The management let us go on with our act, and encouraged by our reception, we got jobs in the Passing Show of 1923. In the Chorus, of course. A dance specialty led me to the leading feminine role in the show after I had been there three weeks. My mother refused to let me go on the road so I went in the "Topical of 1923" and appeared in one of the sketches as Madame Dubarry. After a brief period in New York I had a chance to go West and appeared in California in support of Nancy Welford in "Nancy," after which I appeared with Lupino Lane and Fanny Brice in two Music Box Reviews. It was in these that Louis MacLoon saw me and offered me the leading role in "Ladies which toured the Pacific Coast, and at the conclusion of this tour he cast me for the lead in "Ladies I did not feel I had any particular future in motion pictures, but after a screen test I was cast in "Must Drive," starring Virginia Valli. Then Paramount launched a search for a girl to play Rosemary in "Abie's Irish Rose." I called at the Studio to keep a luncheon appointment with a friend. Ann Nichols, who was passing through the foyer, saw me and gave me the part. My first talking picture was "Close Harmony" with Charles Rogers. I have red hair and blue eyes.

Nancy Carroll



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In autographed WHO'S WHO OF THE SCREEN

It's different because it's autographed . . . the most interesting album of them all! New photographs. Career stories written by the stars themselves! Your record of the film famous can't be complete without this third New Movie Album. If you do not find it in your Woolworth store, send us ten cents, plus four cents postage.

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TANGEE



*"Lips must
look natural"*

SAY AMERICA'S GREAT

FASHION AUTHORITIES

VOGUE says: "All Paris is creating more natural appearing make-up. A vivid slash of red lips has no place in today's very feminine, individual mode. Avoid lipsticks that do not match your natural coloring." ©

HARPER'S BAZAAR says: "The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones, fit most perfectly into the fashion picture of 1931. This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do. They accentuate the actual skin tones, and are becoming alike to the blonde, brunette or Titian."

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Non-Greasy! Natural! Permanent! NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.



Same Tangee Color Principle

Rouge Compact 75¢

Crème Rouge \$1

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

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Why April Is the Lucky Movie Month

(Continued from page 92)

somebody in the world. She is a real person, Gloria Swanson. And don't make any mistake about it; her big time is still ahead of her.

WARNER BAXTER is another one of these super-Aries people. He has the Sun, Moon, Mercury and Jupiter all in this one sign. He has Venus in Taurus, one of the sexiest of the signs. (Mayor Jimmy Walker has it there, too!) And don't be too surprised when I tell you that he has Mars, the planet which makes him the daring, romantic figure that he is, in Capricorn, the sign of the Zodiac which governs Mexico, the favorite locale of the Baxter pictures.

Wallace Reid had Venus in Taurus, too—and we all remember what a boy Wallie was with the ladies. He also had the Moon, ruling his relations with women, in Pisces affected by Mars and Neptune, a combination which made him unable to resist temptation. I could tell you a lot more about Wallie Reid's horoscope. But what's the use, except to say that it shows as plainly as if it were a map with a cross on it the death which he was destined to meet?

Harold Lloyd was born on what we astrologers call the "cusp" between Aries and Taurus, so he takes from both signs. He is not only an architect but a builder. He has Venus in Aries, which is priceless as an aid to publicity, and Mercury in Aries in opposition to the solemn Saturn, which gives him the serious turn of mind which seems to be so necessary to success as a comedian. He has the Sun and Jupiter, the two most powerful of the heavenly bodies, in conjunction in the sign Taurus, ruling the throat and hence the voice and hence the talkies.

In some ways, Mary Brian has the luckiest horoscope of any of these Aries people. I don't say she has the greatest gifts. I realize that little Mary is still a mere princess among the movie kings and queens. But she stands as good a chance as any one whose horoscope I have recently read of getting the most out of what she has to start with—and what she has to start with isn't so bad. She has the Sun, Mercury, Venus and Saturn in Aries, all in aspect to Neptune, the planet which rules the motion picture industry, and to Uranus, which gives originality, versatility, and the lure of the unexpected. Her Moon, ruling the public, is in Pisces, Neptune's sign, which makes her popular with

both men and women. Incidentally she has Jupiter in Virgo, which means that she will not only make money, but—wonder of wonders in movieland!—the time will come when she will actually save it.

GEORGE ARLISS is just the same sweet, charming person according to the stars that we know him to be on the screen. He has a lot of Neptune in his horoscope, which not only foreshadowed his success on stage and screen, but makes him live in a world of his own. He should look out for his health this year. If he does, he should go on to new triumphs.

And so for Mary Pickford, she, too, is under contradictory aspects—mental I should say rather than physical—which should make 1931 unusual, interesting, perhaps wonderful. It is really up to her how she uses the extraordinary vibrations with which the planets are surrounding her. I won't go into Mary's horoscope in detail. So much has been written about her first and last that even the stars would seem repetitious. But the thing which has always interested me most about this remarkable woman is the position she has carved out for herself, not only as the best known woman in Hollywood, but as the wisest. Why should this chit of a girl—for that is all she is today—be the oracle to whom both stars and magnates go for advice on all matters of major importance? It has long been an axiom in Hollywood that nothing can be done until Mary Pickford has put her O.K. upon it. You remember how Will Rogers wouldn't have his appendix out until Mary had agreed to it!

Well, there's nothing strange about all this once you look at Mary Pickford's horoscope. She has Mercury, ruling the mind, in Taurus, the most practical of the signs, but in aspect to Uranus, the planet of inspiration and vision. And as if that wasn't enough, added to her Aries mentality and gift of leadership, Aquarius, the sign which produces eighty percent of the successful candidates for the Hall of Fame, was rising when Mary Pickford was born!

Aries head and Aquarius heart! No wonder Mary Pickford, America's Sweetheart, is widely acclaimed and universally acknowledged, Hollywood's Wisest Woman!

You see, Mr. Editor, you can't get away from your stars!

You Can't Get Away from Your Stars

As the famous astrologer, Evangeline Adams, says. Next month Miss Adams will talk about the film folk born in May—and the influence of the planets.

Hollywood's Hall of Fame

(Continued from page 41)

a bitter fate that crushed her with headlines later. When now I think of her terrific aversion I wonder if it was not a premonition. She would elude interviewers with the agility of a quarried rabbit. When caught by one she would invariably beguile him into babbling of himself, and he would leave with only a rapturous impression. This was not design on her part. She had a voracious interest in people. She would rather hear a life story than tell one. Naturally sympathetic, her instinct was for liking everyone. I recall one interviewer calling in the throes of a flu-cold. Mabel made him take a hot foot-bath, gave him a toddy, bundled him up in one of her fur coats and sent him home in the care of her chauffeur.

My friendship with Mabel was extraordinary so far as I am concerned, but there are countless others who can testify as I do. We knew she had friends everywhere, but we did not realize how many until she died. Messages came from all parts of the world. A wealthy woman in New York, prominent in society here and abroad, wrote that she had arranged for a mass to be said every month, perpetually, for the eternal rest of Mabel. I visited an Italian orphanage where the children offer their daily prayers for her. Next to me at her funeral a boy in threadbare clothes sobbed convulsively throughout the service. No one seemed to know who he was. No one, for that matter, knows how many partook of "the great heart of Mabel." I gained a faint idea when I met her Father Confessor. I quote him when I say, "The great heart of Mabel."

MABEL was endowed with intuition amounting to clairvoyance. Through her own suffering sensitiveness she understood people.

On my return from a European trip six or seven years ago, she said, "I bet you miss the good wines over there."

I confessed I did.

"Listen, my dear," she said. "You must drink none of this stuff over here. God knows I am not a preacher or prohibitionist. My friends are welcome to drink as they choose. But I have taken a pledge."

Appreciating Mabel's humor, I laughed.

"Are you a Catholic?" she asked suddenly.

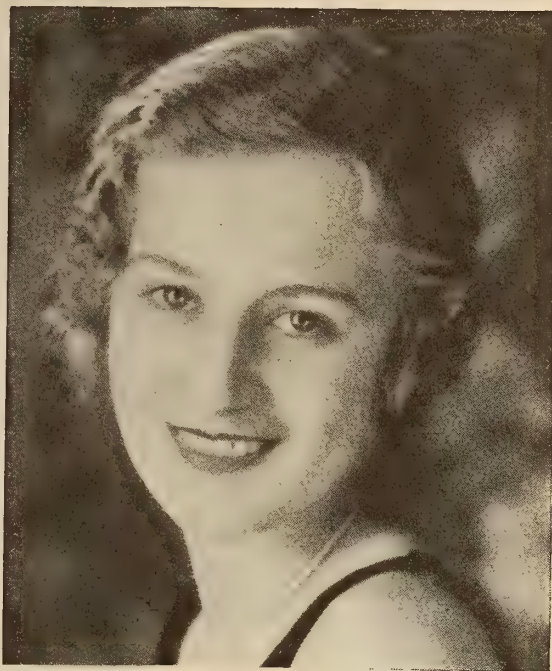
"No," I said, "but I went to school with Catholic boys."

"I am a Catholic," laughed Mabel, "but don't hold that against the church. There are good and bad in all religions. God love them all! I am not bigoted. But there is one priest who is a miracle-worker. He saved my life, God love him. I wish you would let me introduce you to Father Chiappa, a very old Italian priest. You like Italians, don't you? Well, Father Chiappa is so saintly that when you meet him you will feel you are entering heaven. Lord knows whether you will ever feel that way hereafter, so you'd better meet him."

"I would like to."

(Continued on page 96)

Teeth..lovely to begin with deserve the tenderest care



*This thrift dentifrice is thorough
yet so gentle in action*

How foolhardy to brush sound, lovely teeth with any but a safe gentle dentifrice which has proved itself in the hands of millions.

Before creating Listerine Tooth Paste we made an exhaustive study of tooth enamel. We examined its structure. We tested its varying degrees of hardness, case after case. We learned that people of today have less sturdy teeth than their ancestors.

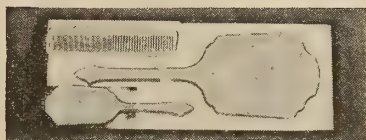
Our next duty was to discover cleansing and polishing agents that would be harmless to the precious enamel surface. At length we found and included them in

our dentifrice. Thousands have thanked us for them.

For the sake of your teeth, we ask you to use Listerine Tooth Paste. Note how swiftly but how gently it cleans teeth—erasing fermenting food particles, discolorations, and tartar. Note the lovely luster it imparts to the teeth. Observe their soundness year after year under this gentle care.

In all the field of dentifrices there is no purer, more carefully compounded one than this. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

It saves you enough to buy a toilet set



There are so many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A toilet set is merely a suggestion.

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10¢ size on sale at all 5¢ and 10¢ stores



This is Mrs. White

You probably know Mrs. White yourself . . . have often remarked how clean and attractive she keeps her whole house . . . and her children, too . . . *and yet always has time for other things!*



She plans her housework

And you've wondered how Mrs. White (or Mrs. Jones as the case may be) manages to do so much. Her secret? She *plans* her housework. She budgets her cleaning time. Our free boo! tells exactly how she does it.



She uses cleaning short-cuts

Mrs. White spends her minutes wisely — makes every single minute "buy" the most cleanliness possible. She uses short-cuts—like changing suds frequently, making dishes dry themselves, etc. (See booklet for many others.)



And she is through by noon

Most of Mrs. White's cleaning is done by noon. She takes afternoons and evenings off for anything she wants to do . . . and still keeps her home, her children and herself clean and spotless . . . and *happy!* How does she manage?



FREE booklet

Our free booklet, *A Cleaner House by 12 O'clock* tells Mrs. White's whole plan. Interesting and helpful. Send for a copy. You'll be very glad you did. Use the coupon.

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No issue of NEW MOVIE would be complete without its portrait of Gary Cooper. Here we offer Gary at the age of two and one half years.

Hollywood's Hall of Fame

(Continued from page 95)

"Really?" She seemed astonished.
"Really."

"He won't lecture you or ask you to take the pledge. He will just talk to you and make you love him. You can tell him all your sins and he will never spill the beans."

"How old is he?"

"Seventy-two."

"He wouldn't have time to hear them all."

Mabel laughed: "Will you go tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow."

"I don't believe you a bit. I shall call you."

THE next day we went to Loyola to see Father Chiappa. Mabel entered first, "to prepare him," she said, "as a sudden shock might kill him."

She came out throwing kisses at the old priest who protested with upraised hands, "Mabel! Mabel!"

I entered the little office and talked with Father Chiappa, a man of Christ-like gentleness over whom the earth no longer had power. When he died a few months before Mabel, I felt I had lost an unfailing friend. Such is the instant power of fine personality.

Mabel was waiting for me in her car when I came out. She could scarcely restrain her excitement and the devil was in her eyes.

"Did you like him?" she demanded.

"Of course I liked him."

"What did he say? Did he scold you? I hope he did. He didn't ask for money, now did he?"

"Certainly not."

"But you gave him some. I can tell. Now didn't you?"

"A little for your Italian orphanage."

"Why, I'll never speak to you again."

How much did you give him?"

I told her.

"Well, of all the . . . ! I shall never

forgive you as long as I live. You can't afford it. I am surprised Father Chiappa would take it."

"He didn't. I left it on the prie-dieu. I happened to pry some of your secrets out of him. I learned you had built a wing on that orphans' home."

"It isn't true," said Mabel. "But tell me, what happened?"

"I took the pledge for three months."

"You are not telling the truth! What did you do?"

"I knelt down. . . ."

"Let me see your knees!" Mabel bent over and regarded the knees of my trousers on which there were circles of dust. "Well, of all . . . ! Wait until Mamie hears this!"

Mabel bounced up and down on the seat, rapped on the window for the chauffeur to drive faster and squealed with unseemly glee.

Mamie was Mabel's old white-haired Irish maid, a devout Catholic, whose devotion to Mabel was only matched by Mabel's love for her over a period of many years.

"Mamie! Mamie!" screamed Mabel, throwing her arms around her maid when we had entered the house. "Mamie, Herb has been to Father Chiappa and taken the pledge. Can you beat that? Mamie, have you a drink to give him? He deserves one."

"Shame on you, Mabel," said Mamie. "An' God bless you Mishter Howe."

"Well, anyhow, I shall buy you a lunch at my Italian friend's across the street," said Mabel.

We crossed the street to a restaurant where Mabel was received by the proprietor with genuflections such as are given the Madonna.

"This Italian is a wonderful fellow," said Mabel in an awed whisper. "I gave him five hundred dollars when he was going broke and, do you know, he paid me back!"

I had never seen Mabel in all her variety as she was during that lunch of five hours. She told me most of her life story. Mabel was the perfect clown. She could have you in tears of one sort or another all the time. I wonder what became of all those diaries into which Mabel scribbled her poems of joy and sorrow. I read some of them. They had the beauty of things not done for recognition. She could only show me a few. I think she must have destroyed them. The beauty of her inner self abashed her, she was so conscious of her failings. And yet I know no one of such beautiful accomplishments.

I could fill the whole bookshelf with anecdotes of Mabel. I do not want to speak of the world's misjudgment of her. It was the pain that killed her. Father Chiappa could have written her true story. He belonged to the Society of Jesus.



Helen disliked the very sight of milk

*Now I give it to her a new way
... and she loves it!*



"My little girl was underweight and I had the hardest time getting her to take proper nourishment. She hated milk, and I had to threaten to send her to bed before she'd touch it.

DELICIOUS HOT

"My husband's sister suggested that I mix Cocomalt with her milk. I took her advice—and how glad I am! Helen loves it—drinks all she can get. The extra nourishment has put eight pounds on her already. She's filling out like a little kewpie!"

What every child needs

Thousands of mothers have the same thrilling story to tell!

Cocomalt provides extra proteins, carbohydrates and minerals so essential to the active, growing young body. Every glass a

child drinks is equal to almost two glasses of plain milk. For, by actual laboratory analysis, it adds 70% more nourishment to milk. And it transforms milk into such a delicious, chocolate flavor food drink, youngsters love it!

Strong, sound bodies in children are impossible without Vitamin D. This vitamin, produced by summer sunshine, is present in Cocomalt. It helps substantially to prevent rickets and to build strong bones and teeth.

Special trial offer—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk. ½ lb., 1 lb., and 5 lb. family size. High in food value, low in cost. At grocers and drug stores. Or mail this coupon and 10¢ for trial can.

Cocomalt

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK



R. B. DAVIS Co., DEPT. AA4, HOBOKEN, N. J.
I am enclosing 10c. Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

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Address

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**IN NEW MOVIE
NEXT MONTH**

Herb Howe will tell you all about another glamorous and romantic figure in his Movie Hall of Fame

Guide to the Best Films

(Continued from page 10)

WHY DO

A MILLION

WOMEN USE



1. BECAUSE it stops odor instantly.
2. BECAUSE you can use it any time.
3. BECAUSE there's no "drying" delay.
4. BECAUSE it does not irritate the skin.
5. BECAUSE it does not injure fabrics.

MODERN women know they must use special weapons against that tricky old enemy, underarm perspiration odor.

Today, they have their choice of a number of safeguards. And more than a million of them choose Mum!

Think of a magic snowy cream which you can use any time when dressing or afterwards. There is nothing in Mum to harm your clothing or irritate your skin!

No difficult directions to follow; no waiting. Just a fingertipful to each underarm—and there's no more need to worry for that day or evening.

Mum doesn't interfere with normal, healthful perspiration. It just destroys that disagreeable odor which every careful person so abhors. It's so soothing you can even use Mum right after shaving!

And here's another way Mum helps. Rubbed on the hands, it kills every lingering trace of onions, fish, gasoline or other clinging odor!

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ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Mum also gives invaluable service to women as a deodorant for the sanitary napkin.

mellow art of George Arliss. Likely to appeal to a generation born before the jazz age. *Warners.*

Hell's Angels. An aviation thriller that should not be overlooked. Packs a punch. Some of the stunt flying has never been surpassed. *United Artists.*

Moby Dick. A talking version of "The Sea Beast," starring John Barrymore. Dialogue lends additional interest to a first-rate yarn. *Warners.*

Raffles. The Gentleman Burglar comes well within the province of Ronald Colman who, between robberies, may enjoy making love to Kay Francis. *United Artists.*

Morocco. Marlene Dietrich in her first American made picture is permitted to choose between Adolphe Menjou and Gary Cooper. From beginning to end the picture is a treat. *Paramount.*

Class B

The Criminal Code. For those interested in what transpires behind prison walls, Columbia Pictures contributes this appropriately grim and uncompromising drama with Phillips Holmes as the boy who gets a lot more punishment than he deserves. Walter Huston was a wise selection for the warden. *Columbia.*

Passion Flower. The dear old love triangle, wife-husband-mistress, gets another airing, in a suitably cast and ably acted production. If you are planning a love-trip to Paris it may be well to see what happens to Charles Bickford, Kay Francis and Kay Johnson. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Royal Bed. A fairly well-pointed satire with scenes laid in one of the tottering European kingdoms so inviting to writers of romantic fiction. Lowell Sherman as the whimsical king, Nance O'Neill as the queen and Mary Astor as the princess, give smooth performances in the leading rôles. *RKO.*

The Cohens and Kellys in Africa. One of the sequence of comedies introducing the congenial quartet: George Sidney, Charlie Murray, Vera Gordon and Kate Price. Plenty of rough stuff seasoned with gags. *Universal.*

Rough Idea of Love. A typical Mack Sennett comedy, most of the action transpiring in a night club. Pretty girls and their boy friends mixed with highballs and jazz. *Educational.*

The Truth About Youth. A free and easy adaptation of "When We Were Twenty-one," a once popular stage play. A charming young woman (Loretta Young) falls in love with the middle-aged guardian (Conway Tearle) of the youth she is slated to marry. Rather thickly sentimental,

but passable entertainment. *First National.*

Hook, Line and Sink. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in a goulash of farce and extravagant melodrama served in a country hotel. Plenty of laughs for those who like this sort of thing. *RKO.*

Mothers Cry. A weepy picture telling the story of a mother, who, to all intents and purposes lays down her life for her children and suffers intensely. Far more than most dramas of its type, it strikes a note of sincerity to which Dorothy Peterson, as the mother, contributes even more than her share. *Warners.*

Free Love. Domestic bickerings, with the wife doing most of the bickering, are the cause of conflict in a plausible account of what may happen between husband and wife when the neighbors are looking the other way. Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin are the home-bodies who find little to laugh at, unless it be the mirthful Zasu Pitts. *Universal.*

See America Thirst. Harry Langdon and Slim Summerville make a good comedy pair in a diverting comedy depending largely on stunts—falling from high places and the like. Worth seeing if you are looking for an hour of laughs and chuckles. *Universal.*

Sunny. A fresh and pleasing adaptation of a popular musical comedy with Marilyn Miller as fetching as ever in a welcome variety of dance numbers. She pretty well carries the picture on the tips of her toes. *First National.*

New Moon. This merits a place on the list of musical films in which the music is heavily stressed, perhaps a bit too heavily. Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore share the headline positions. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Widow From Chicago. As long as gangsters run high in popular favor this melodrama should pay its way in any theater. Edward G. Robinson, whose fame as a tough guy is well established, is the Big Boy of the gang. Alice White is the moll who gets her man with a bullet. *First National.*

The Lash. Colorful and romantic, but none too convincing, this contribution of Dick Barthelmess' is acceptable though by no means distinguished. The redoubtable Dick is an aristocratic Mexican of the old school. His temper is like a fine steel blade and when he hates he hates intensely. *First National.*

Only Saps Work. Among the leaders in the procession of screen comedies, thanks to the original and intelligent acting of Leon Errol. There are many laughs in this picture that is clean and crisp entertainment throughout. *Paramount.*

The Problems of a Hollywood Wife

Beset by adulation and stormed with fan mail, the Hollywood husbands have a hard time keeping their heads. Here is the wives' side of the problem—told for the first time.

Reviews

(Continued from page 85)

drama is still effective and Miss Crawford proves she can act while completely attired.

Clara Bow's Newest

CLARA BOW'S latest, "No Limit," seems to have been suggested by this star's recent misadventure in gambling. Remember that immortal tabloid declaration: "I thought they were fifty-cent chips!"

Here Miss Bow is Bunny O'Day, movie usherette, who comes into the proprietorship of a big gambling house.

Let's hope that Miss Bow will not be required to go on providing Paramount with the plots of her pictures.

United Artists' "One Heavenly Night," co-starring the pale but classic beauty of English musical comedy, Evelyn Laye, with the more rugged Texan, John Boles, is pretty mild stuff from any angle. Samuel Goldwyn called in two Pulitzer Prize winners, Sidney Howard and Louis Bromfield, to write the story but the lads have been as far from original as any regular Hollywood scenario constructors.

By LYNDE DENIG

Kiss Me Again—First National:— Providing you harbor a passion for colors; reds, yellows, blues and most of the other hues that may be expected to please the eye, "Kiss Me Again" is your picture. It carries a slight story, based on Victor Herbert's famous operetta, "Mlle. Modiste," which gave birth to the popular song number, "Kiss Me Again." The song is still good, as sung by the engaging Bernice Claire, who looks her best in colored photography. But it is not good enough to compensate for the weaker moments of an elaborate, but slow-paced production. Stage styles and, perhaps, the popular taste in music, have changed since the days when "Kiss Me Again" tinkled from the million pianos. Walter Pidgeon, true to musical comedy traditions, is a congenial companion for Miss Claire.

The Bat Whispers—United Artists:— The producer of this mystery thriller has erred on the side of the obvious. Through scene after scene, in a spooky house, the picture as much as says: "Now is the time for you to become terribly frightened," with the result that the spectator never forgets that it is all a show designed to give him the shivers. The dark passageways, the secret doors, the thunderstorm, the bat-like shape hovering outside the window, the screaming girl; all lose in effectiveness because of over emphasis. Then, as if to complete the exaggeration, the entire picture is shown on a magnified screen. Chester Morris as the Bat, gives an intense performance.

Illicit—Warners:— If you accept the argument of this love drama, you may conclude that, providing you are in love, you may as well take a chance at marriage, after all. The story, and it is a pretty fair story, too, goes to show that love never is free, regardless of legal ties. Mentally, Barbara Stanwyck is as modern as companion-

(Continued on page 100)

She's cooped in a shop...

barred
from the
sun . . .

yet everyone raves over Pert's
complexion . . . so gloriously
"outdoors" in its tone!

PERT'S idea of athletics is her daily dash around the corner for lunch and the only time she dives is behind the counter . . . Yet, to look at her complexion you'd think she spent every moment of her time out of doors! Her skin glows with health and charm and her cheeks have the youthful sparkle of a twelve-year-old school girl's.

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is superb protection against the ravages of sun, wind and whirling dust.

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Regular size packages of this unusual powder at 35c and \$1.00 are available at the better drug and department stores. For trial purposes, generous introductory packages also may be had at the toilet goods counters of leading 10c stores. Crystal Laboratories, 138 Willis Avenue, New York City.

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GIRL Beauty Products . . .

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For the Hair: Shampoos and
Wave Lotion.
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OLIVE OIL for Normal
Skins in the Purple Box

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plexion the exquisite softness
and petal-smoothness of youth.
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dry powder in the bright red box.

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OLIVE OIL *Face Powder*

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ate marriage; but emotionally, she is not unlike her great-grandmother. She is ready to permit her lover plenty of rope until a rival threatens to tie him in knots. The picture is diverting. Miss Stanwyck wears a number of gorgeous gowns, but more than that, she puts feeling into her performance.

The Painted Desert—Pathe:—At times, this melodrama of the wide-open west, where men are cowpunchers and sheriffs, suggests a slow action movie. Everyone, from William Farnum down, seems to think at least three times before speaking, which retards the fighting and the shooting and the wild rides across the prairies. Looking for highlights in a picture that runs true to type, probably the most exhilarating moments come with the stampeding of a herd of cattle and the explosions in a mine. Bill Boyd, Helen Twelvetrees and J. Farrell MacDonald are members of a cast that is all right, save in the matter of speed.

Reducing—M.-G.-M.:—The revival of interest in the robust comedy of Marie Dressler appears to be well justified. There are laughs galore in this story, disclosing the experiences of two sisters who conduct an establishment designed to reduce over-developed bodies to a fashionable slimness. Polly Moran has the somewhat thankless role of feeding lines to Miss Dressler. On the supposition that the picture requires more beauty than is supplied by the Dressler-Moran team, Anita Page and Sally Eilers appear as the daughters of the argumentative sisters. Buster Collier, Jr., is a young millionaire who entertains not wisely but too well in his bachelor apartment. Miss Dressler, however, unquestionably is the heavyweight star of the picture.

The Command Performance—Tiffany:—Once again, picture-goers have an opportunity to visit an imaginary kingdom in Europe where the gold supply is running low and machine guns may be tripped over at almost any corner. As usual, a princess is about to be forced into a marriage with a profligate prince whom she detests. But along comes an actor bearing a striking resemblance to the prince. Either he must go to the salt mines where men rot, or he must impersonate the heir to the throne. He woos the princess in the name of royalty, and well—you can guess what happens. Attempts at satire are so broad that generally they spill over into the rough laughter of burlesque. Neil Hamilton is first rate in the dual role of prince and actor.

Man to Man—Warners:—The name of Grant Mitchell means a lot more on the stage than it does in pictures. For years, Mr. Mitchell has been giving deft performances in light comedy roles and now he comes through with a highly sympathetic and adroitly shaded characterization of a smalltown barber. Save for the satisfying piece of acting, which lends tone to the production, "Man to Man" would be an unfortunate effort to film a too obviously contrived story. The plot con-

Reviews

(Continued from page 99)

cerns the return of Barber John after a term in jail for murder. His son, an over-proud youth, ashamed of his father, refuses to join in the home town celebration. A bank theft is a vital part of the plot that brings about a change of heart in the priggish son, capably portrayed by Phillips Holmes.

Beau Ideal—Radio:—Pale shade of "Beau Geste," this attempt at a continuation of the noble traditions of the French Foreign Legion is buried beneath a desert sandstorm. The sandstorm is easily the most convincing part of the picture. Two boyhood friends find their way into the Legion where commanding officers are brutes and women are seven-veil dancers. The Emir and his favorite would slay the Christian dogs, who scorn the sensuous charms of the Arabian court. But the unappreciative Legionnaires turn out to be "stout fellows," to quote a phrase used frequently. If you are familiar with this type of picture, you know about what to expect by way of mock heroics. Ralph Forbes, Loretta Young and Lester Vail are in the cast.

The Gang Buster—Paramount:—Just about everybody draws a share of the kidding in this broadly satirical comedy. Jack Oakie, who wears well as a comedian, steps out with a humorous portrayal of a guileless small-town youth, who walks right into a machine-gun nest of gangsters. He has an honest, one-track mind that most of the time is set on finding and rescuing the kidnaped daughter of an attorney who has become involved with a powerful gang leader. Played straight, "The Gang Buster" would be acceptable melodrama, for it has excitement; but it is the better for the comedy treatment and for the presence of Oakie. Some audiences may miss the satirical intent and accept the story as out and out melodrama. Jean Arthur is the kind of a gal that gets 'em; even gangsters.

Resurrection—Universal:—Lupe Velez is a genuine and a pleasing surprise in this picture. Frankly, we didn't know she had it in her. In the weepy role of Tolstoy's harassed and pathetic *Katusha*, she is distinctly appealing, particularly in the tragic sequences staged in a prison and on the weary march to Siberia. For the rest, the picture is a sympathetic presentation of the Russian novelist's sombre story. The tempo is a bit slow, as might be expected, but the dramatic action is well maintained to hold the interest. John Boles makes a handsome *Prince Dimitri*, who grows out of a life of profligate indulgence into one of noble sacrifice. If anything, he becomes a bit too noble, but that is an old Russian custom. "Resurrection" is a creditable accomplishment for which Director Edwin Carewe is, in a large measure, to be thanked.

Dance Hall Marge—Educational:—Mack Sennett still knows how to pick 'em. This canny producer realizes that figures are more than voices in a Sennett comedy and is just as particular as in the days when Gloria Swanson

was a bathing beauty. Harry Gribbon and Marjorie Beebe are the leads in this lively sequence of farcical situations. For those who laugh readily there are moments of merriment in the experiences of the Queen of the dance hall. Never mind about the story.

Marriage Rows—Educational:—Dialogue is a distinct asset to noisy farces of this type. "Marriage Rows" is a scrappy picture with Lloyd Hamilton as the center of action.

The Ten Best Films of 1930

EVERY year *The Film Daily* invites the critics of the country to vote upon the ten best motion pictures of the year. This year close to 350 critics, representing some thirty million readers, cast their votes for the best films of 1930.

Here is the result, as announced by *The Film Daily*:

"All Quiet on the Western Front," "Abraham Lincoln," "Holiday," "Journey's End," "Anna Christie," "The Big House," "With Byrd at the South Pole," "The Divorcee," "Hell's Angels" and "Old English." These are presented in the order of votes. "The Dawn Patrol," "Sarah and Son," "Common Clay" and "Outward Bound" were close behind, in the order named.

Der Deutsche, a German motion picture paper published in Berlin, also conducts a comprehensive poll on the best pictures of each year. Questionnaires are sent to newspaper men, authors, film producers, actors and scientists in all parts of Europe and this country.

DER Deutsche's poll resulted in the selection of the following ten best pictures of 1930:

"Sous Les Toits des Paris" (French), "All Quiet on the Western Front" (German), "The Blue Angel" (German), "Westfront 1918" (German), "Anna Christie" (American), "Zwei Herzen im Drei Viertel Takt" (German), "With Byrd at the South Pole" (American), "Brand in der Oper" (German), "The Big House" (American), "Mickey Mouse" (American).

Der Deutsche asked the various producers this question, "What film during 1930 was your best offering?"

There was some difference of opinion among Paramount's executives. Adolph Zukor named "Monte Carlo," Jesse Lasky gave "Morocco" as his choice and Sam Katz said "Animal Crackers."

Here are some other answers, as translated by *The New York World*:

Arthur Loew, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer: "Anna Christie."

Harley L. Clarke, Fox: "Common Clay."

Hiram S. Brown, Radio-Keith-Orpheum: "Check and Double Check," with the two popular radio comics, Amos 'n' Andy."

Columbia Pictures: "Flight" and "Africa Speaks."

Ufa, Berlin: "The Love Waltz" and "The Blue Angel" have grossed about two million marks in Germany alone."

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OLD GOLD

CIGARETTES

NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

Casts of All Films Reviewed in This Issue

The Painted Desert—Pathé—Directed by Howard Higgins. The cast: Bill Holbrook, Bill Boyd; Mary Ellen, Helen Twelvetees; Cash, William Farnum; Jeff, J. Farrell MacDonald; Brett, Clarke Gable; Tonopah, Charles Sellon; Kirby, Will Walling; Tex, Guy Edward Hearn; Carson, Wade Boteler; Denver, William Lemaire; Charlie, Cy Cleary; Steve, James Donlon.

The Command Performance—Tiffany—Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: Prince Alexis, Neil Hamilton; Peter Fedor, Neil Hamilton; Princess Katerina, Una Merkel; Queen Elinor, Helen Ware; King Nicholas, Albert Gran; Vellenburg, Lawrence Grant; Lydia, Thelma Todd; Queen Elizabeth, Vera Lewis; Duke Charles, Mischa Auer; Masoca, Burr McIntosh; Boyer, William von Brincken; Blondel, Murdock MacQuarrie.

Resurrection—Universal—Directed by Edwin Carewe. The cast: Prince Dmitri, John Boles; Katusha Maslova, Lupe Velez; Major Schoenboch, William Keighley; Aunt Marya, Nance O'Neil; Aunt Sophya, Rose Tapley; Simon, Kartinkin, Michael Mark; Simon's Wife, Sylva Nadina; Smelkoff, Edward Cecil.

Fighting Caravans—Paramount—Directed by Otto Brower and David Burton. The cast: Clint Belmet, Gary Cooper; Felice, Lily Damita; Bill Jackson, Ernest Torrence; Lee Murdock, Fred Kohler; Jim Bridger, Tully Marshall.

No Limit—Paramount—Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: Bernice (Bunny) O'Day, Clara Bow; Dorothy Potter, Dixie Lee; Ole Olson, Stuart Erwin; Douglas Thayer, Norman Foster; Maxie Mindil, Harry Green.

Cimarron—RKO—Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: Yancey Cravat, Richard Dix; Sabra Cravat, Irene Dunne; Dixie Lee, Estelle Taylor; Sol Levy, George E. Stone; Mrs. Wyatt, Edna Mae Oliver; Printer, Roscoe Ates; The Kid, William Collier, Jr.; Isaiah, Eugene Jackson.

The Right to Love—Paramount—Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: Naomi Kellogg, Ruth Chatterton; Brook Evans, Ruth Chatterton; Eric, Paul Lukas; Joe Copeland, David Manners; Tony, George Baxter; Caleb Evans, Irving Pickel; Mrs. Kellogg, Veda Buckland; William Kellogg, Oscar Apfel.

The Gang Buster—Paramount—Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: Cyclone Charlie Case, Jack Oakie; Sylvia Martine, Jean Arthur; Sudden Slade, William Boyd; Andrew Martine, William Morris; Gopher Brant, Tom Kennedy; Zella, Wynne Gibson; Pete Caltek, Francis McDonald; Carl, Albert Conti; Falkner, Harry Stubbs; Sammy, Ernie Adams.

The Easiest Way—M.-G.-M.—Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: Laura Murdock, Constance Bennett; Willard Brockton, Adolphe Menjou; Jack Madison, Robert Montgomery; Peg, Anita Page; Elfie, Marjorie Rambeau; Ben, J. Farrell MacDonald; Agnes, Clara Blandick; Nick, Clark Gable.

Inspiration—M.-G.-M.—Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: Yvonne, Greta Garbo; Andre, Robert Montgomery; Delval, Lewis Stone; Lulu, Marjorie Rambeau; Odette, Judith Vosselli; Marthe, Beryl Mercer; Coutant, John Miljan; Julian Montell, Edwin Maxwell; Vignaud, Oscar Apfel; Madeleine, Joan Marsh; Pauline, Zella Sears; Liane, Karen Morley; Gaby, Gwen Lee; Jouvett, Paul McAllister; Gavarni, Arthur Hoyt; Galland, Richard Tucker.

Kiss Me Again—First National—Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: Mlle. Fifi, Bernice Claire; Paul de St. Cyr, Walter Pidgeon; Rene, Edward Everett Horton; Count de St. Cyr, Claude Gillingwater; Francois, Frank McHugh; Mme Cecile, Judith Vosselli; Marie, June Collyer; General de Villefranche, Albert Gran; Specialty Dancers, G Sisters.

Illicit—Warners—Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: Anne Vincent, Barbara Stanwyck; Dick Ives, James Renne; Georgie, Charles Butterworth; Dukie, Joan Blondell; Margie True, Natalie Moorhead; Price Baines, Ricardo Cortez; Ives, Sr., Claude Gillingwater.

Man to Man—Warners—Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: "Barber John" Bolton, Grant Mitchell; Emily, Lucille Powers; Michael Bolton, Phillips Holmes; Jim McCord, George Marion; Rip Henry, Otis Harlan; Cal Bolton, Russell Simpson; Vint Glade, Dwight Frye; Tom, Bill Banker.

Paid—M.-G.-M.—Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: Mary Turner, Joan Crawford; Joe Garson, Robert Armstrong; Agnes Lynch, Marie Prevost; Bob, Kent Douglass; Inspector Burke, John Miljan; Edward Gilder, Purnell B. Pratt; District Attorney Demarest, Hale Hamilton; Cassidy, Robert Emmet O'Connor; Eddie Griggs, Tyrrell Davis; Carney, William Bakewell; Red, George Cooper; Bertha, Gwen Lee.

The Bat Whispers—United Artists—Directed by Roland West. The cast: Police Lieutenant, Chance Ward; Mr. Bell, Richard Tucker; The Butler, Wilson Benge; Police Captain, DeWitt Jennings; Police Sergeant, Sidney D'Albrook; Man in Black Mask, S. E. Jennings; Cornelia Van Gorder, Grayce Hampton; Lizzie Allen, Maude Eburne; The Caretaker, Spencer Charters; Dale Van Gorder, Una Merkel; Brook, William Bakewell; Dr. Venrees, Gustav von Seyffertitz; Detective Anderson, Chester Morris; Richard Fleming, Hugh Huntley; Detective Jones, Charles Dow Clark; The Unknown, Ben Bard.

LIPS men love TO KISS

Little Caesar—First National—Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: "Rico" Bandello, Edward G. Robinson; Joe Massara, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Olga Strassof, Glenda Farrell; *The "Big Boy,"* Sidney Blackmer; *Police Sergeant Flaherty,* Thomas Jackson; *Pete Montana,* Ralph Ince; *Tony Passa,* William Collier, Jr.; *Arnie Lorch,* Maurice Black; *Sam Vettori,* Stanley Fields; *Otero,* George E. Stone.

Reducing—M.G.M.—Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: *Marie Truffle,* Marie Dressler; *Polly Rochay,* Polly Moran; *Vivian Truffle,* Anita Page; *Johnnie Beasley,* Buster Collier, Jr.; *Elmer Truffle,* Lucien Littlefield; *Joyce Rochay,* Sally Eilers; *Tommy Haverly,* William Bakewell; *Jerry Truffle,* Billy Naylor; *Marty Truffle,* Jay Ward.

Beau Ideal—RKO—Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: *Otis Madison,* Lester Vail; *John Geste,* Ralph Forbes; *Ramon,* Don Alvarado; *Jacob,* Otto Matiesen; *Isobal Brandon,* Loretta Young; *Mrs. Brandon,* Irene Rich; *Sergeant Frederick,* Paul MacAllister; *The Emir,* George Rigas; *The Angel of Death,* Leni Stengel; *Col. LeBaudy,* Hale Hamilton.

One Heavenly Night—United Artists—Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Lilli,* Evelyn Laye; *Mirko,* John Boles; *Otto,* Leon Errol; *Fritzi,* Lilyan Tashman; *Janos,* Hugh Cameron; *Liska,* Marian Lord; *Zagon,* Lionel Belmore; *Papa Lorenc,* George Bickel; *Egon,* Vincent Barnett; *Almady,* Henry Victor.

Dance Hall Marge—Educational—Directed by Mack Sennett. The cast: *Marge,* Marjorie Beebe; *Frank Van Dyck,* Frank Eastman; *Parker,* Harry Gribbon; *Mildred,* Mildred Van Dorn; *Mrs. Van Dyck,* Florence Roberts.

Marriage Rows—Educational—Directed by William Goodrich. The cast: *Elmer,* Lloyd Hamilton; *Winnie,* Addie McPhail; *Albert,* Al St. John; *Albert's Wife,* Doris Deane; *Clara, the maid,* Edna Marion.

DEATH OF DICK JONES

DICK JONES, who has been ill almost continually since he finished directing Ronny Colman in "Bulldog Drummond" finally passed away at the Queen of the Angeles Hospital in Hollywood. He had been ill for sixteen months. He was a veteran director, at one time head of the Roach Studio, and has thousands of friends in Hollywood who will miss him.

MABEL NORMAND'S WILL

MABEL NORMAND left an estate valued at \$73,835.00, when she died a year ago. Twenty thousand of this was a home in Beverly Hills, thirty-five thousand was jewels and real estate. The rest was miscellaneous holdings of real estate, rare books, promissory notes, etc. It all goes to her mother, with the exception of one dollar, which she left to her husband Lew Cody. Explanation of the one dollar contained in the will: "Lew has all he needs in his own name. He understands."



WISE
in the wiles
OF BEAUTY
she knows the
POWER OF A
beautiful mouth

Others may feed him with practical food but she is the "nectar" of his life. She knows the attraction of lovely lips and keeps them ever beautiful through the daily chewing of **DOUBLE MINT**. This is a secret used by stars of the film and stage. The chewing moistens the lips, takes away their telltale lines and makes them smile.

L&L

INEXPENSIVE • SATISFYING

Spring is Here!

(Continued from page 71)



GRAYING HAIR?

*Why surrender to gray hair?
This famous approved way
means radiant color again.
We send demonstration FREE.*

ALL AROUND you, you see them, these modern women who stay young. Their secret—known to millions—is one that every woman with graying hair should know—the famous clear, colorless liquid called Mary T. Goldman's. By this time-tested way women are safely bringing youthful color to faded strands—so evenly that you would think nature herself had put it there.

You Need No Experience

Mary T. Goldman's method can be done at home. Merely comb colorless liquid through the hair. Any type of hair matched—black, brown, auburn or blonde. Color blends evenly. Hair becomes lustrous, live-looking—easy to curl or wave. No "artificial" look. Nor will color wash or rub off on linens or hat linings.

Entirely SAFE to Use

Mary T. Goldman's has been used by discriminating women for over 30 years. Medical school authorities have pronounced it harmless to hair and scalp.

Test It FREE!

Try it first on a single lock snipped from your hair. See results this way. Why hesitate to make this safe test? We have sent it to more than 3,000,000 women. If you prefer, you can obtain full-sized bottle from your druggist on money-back guarantee. Or just mail the coupon. We'll send FREE TEST PACKAGE.



FREE
This Famous
Single Lock
Test Package
Use Coupon

MARY T. GOLDMAN
OVER TEN MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

FOR FREE TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
997-D Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

✓ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> BLACK | <input type="checkbox"/> DARK BROWN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MEDIUM BROWN | <input type="checkbox"/> LIGHT BROWN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DARK RED | <input type="checkbox"/> LIGHT RED |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> BLONDE |

well because they are sophisticated types. The average woman should not copy these women unless she is sure her personality is of the gorgeous type; she may find herself totally blotted out by her clothes. Vivacity of the youthful sort is smothered by these luxurious modes, which require a certain maturity and dignity to carry them off well.

"For the woman who can not afford many changes of costume the luxury styles are forbidden. She may have a personality which will wear the luxury mode to a queen's taste; but if she is restricted in her clothes expenditures, as most women are, she will do better to give herself only a touch of luxury on her garment, perhaps a touch of embroidery on the shoulder of her velvet gown, an applique of metallic cloth. A wrap depending for its effect on a piece of lovely material is a better choice for her than one beyond her means, or trimmed with cheap magnificence. One may be richly dressed in simple things with the right touch and cut.

"A decorative personality can be over accented; this is a real danger in dress, for the woman who makes this error will find herself more of a mannequin than a live, interesting personality. If a woman has a strong personality, such as Garbo, her charm transcends even simple garments; witness her pictorial success in 'Anna Christie,' as well as in 'Romance,' where she was clothed in such violently contrasting garments. No personality can afford to become too unreal; to keep the human appeal, the actress has to keep her personality down to earth; and this is the same with the woman seeking beauty in clothes in her own social sphere. Overelaboration or too spectacular clothes can destroy a personality.

"Cutting lines, that is, the horizontal lines, it is well known make a woman appear shorter and plumper. They also make her appear more youthful; witness the short skirt. Hence, too, the youthfulness of the bolero and the puff sleeve. The two effects should be carefully weighed, so that a careful decision can be reached as to the comparative desirability of added slenderness or added plumpness, and youthfulness."

SOPHIE WACHNER, designer at the Fox Studios, is most adept at those little tricks that flatter, and conceal the faults of form and figure. She handles markedly contrasting types of beauty with equal success with her deftness.

"New modes only exchange old faults for new," says Miss Wachner. "Where the old modes exposed the overlarge leg and hip, the new mode displays other faults. To be frank, everybody has some features that need to be glossed over or concealed, to give the maximum effect of beauty. The flaws in women's forms are always the same; it just depends on the changes of the mode to conceal or reveal different ones.

"When I costume Irene Rich, who, in-

cidentally, has the most perfect small figure of any actress her age in pictures, and in fact, a better one than most of the younger ones, there is only one thing I must watch. Miss Rich has a somewhat plump upper arm; I never use sleeves of contrasting color in her gowns, nor do I give her sleeveless gowns; perhaps a lace jacket, a cap or cape sleeve or scarf takes away from the bare effect."

Miss Wachner is a devoted friend and admirer of Mary Pickford, and when it came to selecting a designer for her rôle in "The Taming of the Shrew," Mary Pickford knew that the one woman who could give her sex appeal along with period costumes was Sophie Wachner. The immaturity of Mary's figure, which has stood her in such good stead in her youthful rôles all these years, demands a special sort of treatment from a designer who must show her as a mature woman with her share of lure.

Sophie Wachner knows that a great deal can be done with proper lines, but she goes right down under the laces and silks of the underwear, and tries to get the foundation of the figure as right as possible before beginning her designing. All of Miss Wachner's clients, unless they are lucky enough to have perfect forms, must wear a long fitted garment made especially for them, which extends from the underarms to the knees. With seaming and fitting, done with infinite pains, this garment becomes a second skin. It fastens with several sets of garters to the stockings to keep it from "riding up." It is not boned, as Miss Wachner feels this would give it too stiff a contour. Made of thin, pliable but strong material, it fits like the scales on a mermaid.

In this garment is placed the padding for a girl with a too immature figure. This padding must be lightly and deftly done. The same padding must be done to balance a too immature bust with over-large hips. Another way of dealing with this large hips and small bust type of figure, is, if the subject has a small waist, to give her a gown with snugly fitted bodice with a narrow waistline, or even a slightly high waistline, and a long bouffant skirt which conceals the hips. This can only be done when a woman has a small waistline; it would be ineffective with a large waistline.

Still another way of dealing with this same problem is to drop the waistline to the top edge of the hip bones (this should represent the bottom of the belt line, not the top), and make a blousy waist, snug fitting hips and long skirt.

THERE is a scene in "Sunny Side Up," where Janet Gaynor appears in her undies with her back to the camera, and this writer for the first time realized that the petite little star whom Miss Wachner has clothed with

(Continued on page 106)

More Striking Fashions in Next Month's New Movie

Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 17)

the year's best performance in "The Divorcee." I want to congratulate Norma on this, and let her know that after seeing that picture I was of the same opinion and certainly would have been disappointed had the award been given to anyone else.

Bessie Feder,
2272 Franklin Avenue

For a Clean Screen

Wichita Falls, Texas

Wife and I greatly enjoy reading THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, especially as it relates to the life and family history of the Hollywood stars. My present thought, however, is about the paragraph on Page 31, February issue, containing the apparent objection to censor of "Mickey Mouse"—and why shouldn't he be censored, we ask? Good wholesome clean amusement is enjoyed by all. It is more the pity the movies digress from the wholesome and have a seeming disregard for the intellectual impression left on the minds of youth.

Percy H. Stinchcomb,
1720—7th Street

Give Clara a Chance

Battle Creek, Michigan

Why, oh why, can't they leave Clara Bow alone? I don't believe she's any worse than a lot of others who manage to keep their affairs more quiet. If they'd only give her a good story once, a fair chance, and turn her loose, people would keep still.

Dorothy S.

Wants Good Musical Films

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Who said that the public didn't want good musical shows? True, we became nauseated with those numberless leg and bare-back affairs doing military steps up and down stair steps and nasal tenors trying to put over tripey theme songs. But, give us more such enjoyable pictures, as "Rio Rita," "Vagabond King," "Sally," "The New Moon," etc., and see if our shekels still don't clink in the box-office till.

Mrs. T. Burke

Next Month—

The Reminiscences of Henry B. Walthall

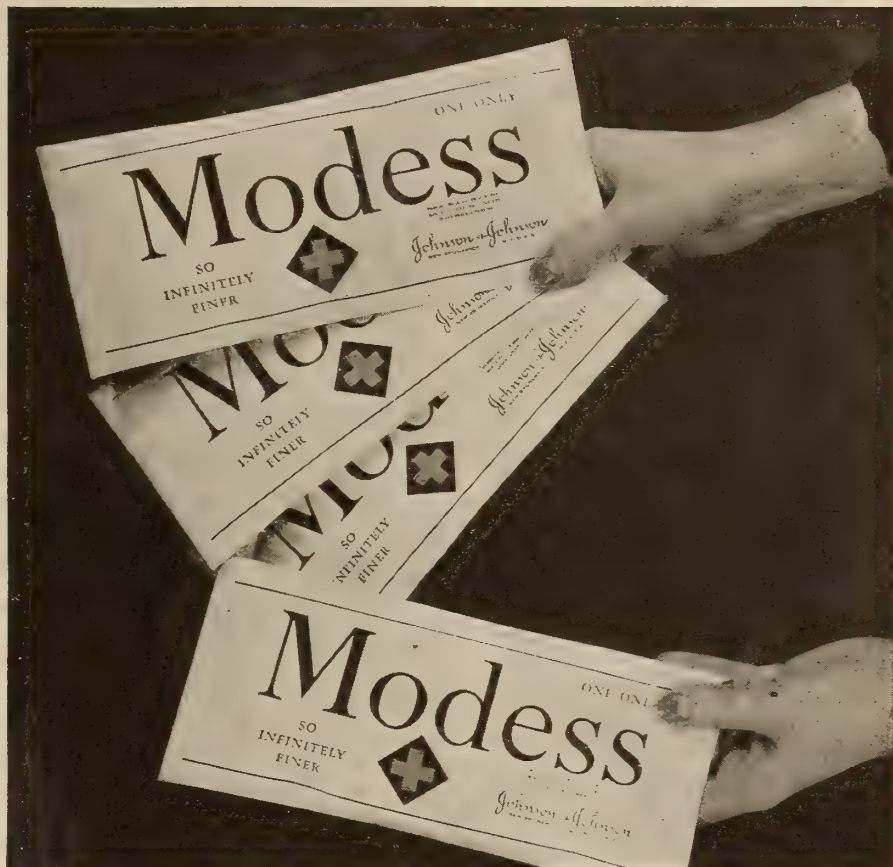
The film recollections of the famous Little Colonel of "The Birth of a Nation" will be an interesting feature of the next

NEW MOVIE

Special

[at 5 and 10¢ stores only]

One Modess **FREE** with 3 for 10¢



WE make this special offer—one individual Modess FREE with the purchase of three at the regular price of 10¢—because we want every woman to experience the complete satisfaction of Modess.

There is nothing strange about the amazing popularity of Modess. Women who use it know it is the best sanitary pad they have ever had. It is supremely comfortable in every way—protective—deodorant—easily disposable. The filler is softly fluffed, gently pliant—all

the corners and edges have been rounded. Modess can be worn inconspicuously with any type of ensemble.

It is a good idea to have these individual packages on hand besides your regular supply. Carry several in your hand bag for emergencies, they are just the thing for guest use—and they take up very little room in a week-end bag.

This Special offer operates for a limited time only. Modess individuals are on sale exclusively at 5 and 10¢ stores.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK. N. J., U. S. A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

hurried?



when you eat
too fast
chew



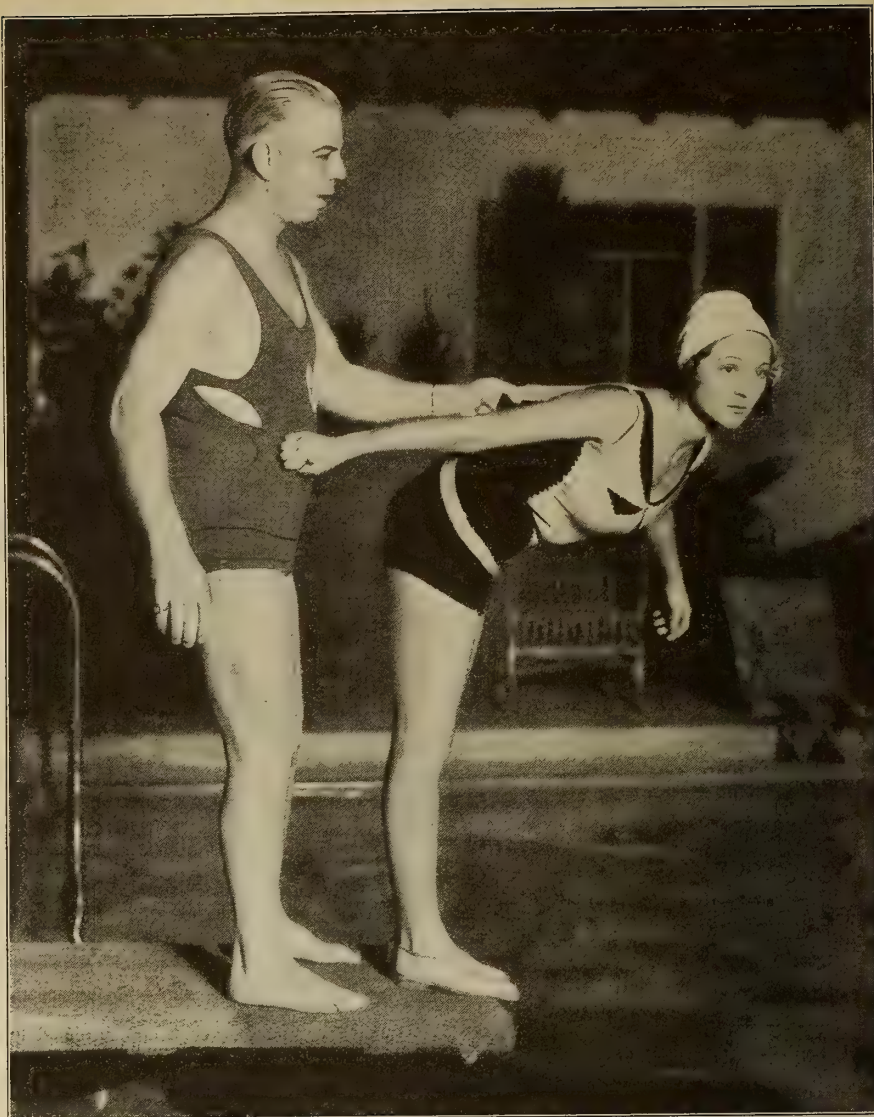
for
digestion

If you eat as hard and as fast as you work, no wonder your digestion is upset — is making you grouchy and irritable.

So do something to help your digestion. Chew a stick of Beeman's, the pepsin gum! It was developed by Dr. Beeman over 30 years ago as the most delightful way to aid digestion.

Millions of people favor Beeman's for its delicious flavor and chewing smoothness. Next time you pay your luncheon check, ask for a pack of Beeman's.

**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion**



Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, his wife, visit the Hotel Ambassador pool. Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., pronounced Sally to be one of Hollywood's most beautiful girls—and the film colony agrees with the famous stage producer.

Spring is Here!

(Continued from page 104)

such skill, is possessed of rather large thighs, which, if not properly camouflaged in her gowns, would mar her otherwise charming appearance. This fault is a common one, and Miss Wachner we notice deals with it by giving long skirt lines from the natural waistline.

There is the reverse problem of the girl with the full bust and slender hips; to keep the proportions of this figure pleasing, requires different treatment. Olive Borden might be considered of this type, as also Billie Dove. For them, Miss Wachner believes a V-neck in the gown, very deeply cut into the body of the dress and filled in with nude souffle, cuts the width of the figure pleasingly. This is the perfect figure for the gown having the diagonal no-shoulder effect with one shoulder bare, and the other covered with the end of the diagonally cut bodice. Souffle is used, or perhaps some contrasting material, to get the diagonal contrast

over the seemingly bare side.

Marquerite Churchill is a distinctive individuality. Her tallness must be softened into an appropriate youthfulness. Here the answer is to supply the horizontal lines. Miss Wachner designs Miss Churchill's skirts a trifle shorter than the mode, and drops her natural waistline a bit to take from the length of the skirt. The skirt line is the long line in the figure, hence if this can be cut at the top by dropping the waistline, and at the hem by shortening the length, a much shorter appearance for the figure is gained.

This, too, is why Miss Wachner does not always consider it advisable to drop the waistline to the hips on a full figure; it shortens the skirt line and unless the mature type she is designing for is tall enough to wear a very long skirt it shortens her too much. This point must be considered in gowning the middle-aged figures of women like Louise Dresser.

Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 87)

Nothing was spared. The child must have the best that the community's limited facilities afforded. Her public school training was not neglected, and she was almost always a step ahead of her classmates.

Soon the daily routine became the most important thing in the life of the little girl with the smiling eyes. Little or no compulsion was used to develop her art. Her playmates remember her as a serious, but friendly and superbly happy youngster who seldom had time to play but who enjoyed it wholeheartedly when the break in her routine permitted a few minutes with her playmates.

"No, I must do my work," was the almost daily response to the calls of the neighborhood children. She had seen the star of success through the eyes of her parents. Nothing must interfere with the way to its accomplishment.

Work, work, work. Lucile seems to have found most of her recreation in the diversity of her tasks.

"She was beautiful in a rather shy, sweet manner," a girl who was in her grammar school classes said. "Her physical beauty lay principally in her gorgeous red hair and fair skin."

The girls of her class knew a little about her work outside of school. They knew her parents were grooming her for the stage. Lucile carried bits of her knowledge to some of her friends. She was being taught how to be graceful, posture and lack of self-consciousness, and sometimes she repeated her lessons to her playmates.

Lucile accepted her potential career as a matter of course. She would become an actress and, of course, a very good actress. Her statements were made without guile or boastfulness, mere declarations of foregone conclusions much as a boy in the footsteps of his dad. Strangely, she was not ridiculed. She must have been sufficiently positive to instil credulity in her companions.

To such a girl fame did not bring vanity. She was merely fulfilling her destiny.

HER playmates were a bit awed by and a little sorry for her, but she had neither time nor inclination to be sorry for herself. She was a happy
(Continued on page 108)

JIM TULLY

writes about

GEORGE BANCROFT

in

NEW MOVIE

Next Month

She threw away \$22.50 worth of soiled, old-fashioned shades and replaced them for \$3.00 with smart new...

CLOPAY Window Shades



only **10¢**
EACH

Sun - - - Proof
Fray - - Proof
Crack - Proof

It seems impossible that ten cents will buy a good looking, practical, durable window shade. But wait till you see Clopay Shades at your favorite department or 5 and 10c store!

Modern science created Clopay from wood fibre, the same basic material used in some of the smartest modern dress and drapery fabrics. This wonderful window shade material is light-proof, sun-proof, fade-proof. It has no filling to crack

or fall out. And it is marvelously inexpensive.

Test Clopay Shades for yourself. Notice their thick, tough, flexible texture... their attractive creped texture... their fashionable dull mat finish.

Smart colors, too! Green, if you like dark shades, a soft ivory tan, and something charmingly new—tan faced with colorful chintz patterns.

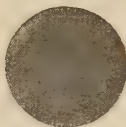
Every shade is perfect and FULL SIZE... 36 inches wide and 2 yards long. Truly, America's greatest housekeeping value for 10c!

Super-Clopay Shades in heavier weights, mounted on rollers and complete with brackets ready to hang, 25 to 50c at Department Stores.

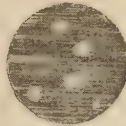
Look for the words "Genuine CLOPAY"

If you have trouble finding genuine Clopay Shades, write to us for the name of your nearest dealer. Clopay Corporation, Division of The Seinsheimer Paper Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Clopay Shade after three months wear. No pin holes, cracks or frayed edges. As perfect as the day it was hung?



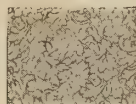
Ordinary filled cloth shade showing pin holes and light cracks which developed after three months wear.



Plain color Clopay Shades come in smart tones of green and tan.



One of the lovely chintz patterns in which Clopay shades are also made.



CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

(Manufactured under Patent No. 1,508,759. Other Patents Pending)

At Most Department Stores and 5 and 10c Stores

Home Town Stories of the Stars

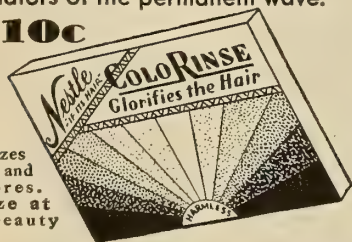
(Continued from page 107)



Nestle's
COLOR RINSE
NOT A DYE NOT A BLEACH
Makes sun bleached hair lovely again

Just use ColorRinse in the rinsing water after your next shampoo. You will be surprised and delighted how easily it restores the shimmering color sheen. It gives the hair new life and tone. It adds that charming, natural softness you love so much. ColorRinse is a harmless vegetable color—twelve shades to choose from—that may be used as often as you please with the certainty of fascinating results. Made by Nestle, the originators of the permanent wave.

10c



Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores. 50c size at your beauty parlor.

CLEAN FALSE TEETH



Plates and Bridgework with **HOPE DENTURE CLEANSER**. Recommended by Dentist to clean, beautify and sterilize false teeth plates. Heals sore gums, corrects bad breath, gives natural appearance to false teeth.

IS YOUR FALSE TEETH PLATE LOOSE? Hope Denture Powder holds plates tight in the mouth—so snug they can't rock, drop or be played with.

TRIAL SIZES CLEANSER OR POWDER, 10c EACH—at the better 5 & 10c stores, larger sizes at Drug and Dept. Stores. If your dealer cannot supply you we will—send stamps. Dept. T-4

HOPE DENTURE CO., New York

youngster, with a strong body and, through close association with adults, the manners of one much older. She must have had an aptitude for making and holding friendships for not one of her old acquaintances will accuse her of any of the petty faults which most children have.

"I have my own alarm clock," she told one of her grammar school teachers one day, "and awaken myself each morning."

The embryo actress was in good hands. Nothing was a task. Her well-ordered program brought her only happiness and a desire to adhere to it strictly.

"Her duties were not work for her—they were a pleasure and she did them all cheerfully," said Miss Elizabeth Balthrope, physical culture teacher in the Quincy school where Lucile received most of her early training. "She was the most pliable child under my direction and she had the most nearly faultless manners of any youngster in the school." Miss Balthrope is one of Lucile's earliest and warmest friends. She has followed the girl's career with more than the usual tutor's interest.

"Her speech was flawless and her behavior that of a great lady even when she was very small; she was an extraordinary student because she had a receptive mind," Miss Balthrope recalls.

Time has worked no perceptible change in Lucile's habits. Miss Balthrope spent the Summer in the Astor home in Hollywood three years ago. She found Lucile the same little red-haired girl, with the happy mien, pleasant smile and the rigid routine, carefully conserving her energies for the career she has sought so ardently.

A SENSE of humor, even as a child, was one of Lucile's prominent characteristics. Her godmother tells of calling at the home one day when Lucile was bedfast with measles. The doctor had given orders that she must remain in bed until her fever dropped. As Mrs. Langhanke and her visitor chatted Lucile grew restive.

"Mother," she called, "did you hear that?"

"I heard nothing," Mrs. Langhanke replied. "What do you mean?"

"Why, didn't you hear that noise now, Mother?" Lucille insisted.

"No, what sort of noise was it?"

"Why, mother, didn't you hear my fever drop?"

A little girl with red curls and an engaging smile on her way to the school building with her mother to meet her father is the earliest recollection of most Quincy people of Lucile Langhanke. She was a child to attract attention and be remembered. In winter she often rode to the school on a sled drawn by her mother.

An additional source of income was sought that Lucile might have more advantages. The Langhankes decided to raise chickens. They moved to a small cottage in a residential section of the city. A large back yard was transformed into a poultry farm and

a special system was used, for Mr. Langhanke was methodical in all things. The poultry business prospered and Lucile was definitely launched on her career.

About the time Lucile became of school age, Mr. Langhanke decided to raise poultry on a larger scale and he moved his family to a farm just outside the northern city limits. Here, in a large, lonely, barn-like house, the Langhankes lived for only a short time. Lucile was sent to Riverside school, a rural school located a half-mile from the farm, but her mother feared she would not have the best advantages there and later sent her to Webster School, one of the largest public schools in the city. Her father took her each day when he went to the city to teach in the high school.

THE poultry farm failed and the Langhankes lost heavily. Undaunted, they moved back to Quincy and took up residence near the high school and Webster school. They centered their entire efforts on Lucile's career. Despite their poverty the girl had every advantage and Mrs. Langhanke sacrificed everything to keep up the girl's music and dramatic art lessons.

Lucile's first recital in dramatic art, under the direction of Mrs. Grace Baumgartner, now of Dallas, Texas, was a great success. She placed personal invitations in her childish scrawl on programs sent her godmothers. "I want both of my godmothers to come," she wrote, and both did attend, as proud of the little girl as her own mother. Many school friends were there and admired Lucile's personality and delivery. But none realized she was privileged to hear a budding star of the stage and screen—none, perhaps, save Lucile's mother, who was certain of her child's future.

Even then Lucile had exceptional poise and assurance. She was never awkward or bashful, and her etiquette in all things was perfect. Those who attended her first recital recall her amazing versatility. Lucile's voice was of medium timbre, inclined to be high at times. It was her voice that caused her anxiety when talkies supplanted silent motion pictures. It registers rather throaty over the microphone.

Lucile inherited a love of the dramatic and artistic from her mother. An aunt—Mr. Langhanke's sister—was an actress on the German stage, and she may have inherited some natural ability from her father. She was an adept piano student, her teacher, Mrs. Lucille Goldsmith Thompson, says.

THE world war interrupted the Langhankes' most ambitious plans. Feeling developed against the teaching of German in the public schools. The board of education was prevailed upon to eliminate the study of German and Professor Langhanke was without a job.

Mrs. Langhanke did not give up. They must go ahead with Lucile's in-

struction; no sacrifice could be too severe. Professor Langhanke supported his little family on his meager earnings as a window decorator and card writer and out of this small fund the determined mother continued her girl's education and saved for the day when they would leave Quincy.

That day came sooner than they had anticipated. Lucile had progressed as far as she could with Quincy teachers. Chicago was not far away and Mrs. Langhanke believed it might present greater advantages. They were gaining nothing by staying in Quincy longer. Despite Mr. Langhanke's protests she broke up house-keeping and the family moved to Chicago with little ceremony.

The mid-Western metropolis opened up a new and brighter vista to the girl from the Mississippi valley. She was enrolled in the classes of famous teachers, and the mother taught dramatic art by day and chaperoned at night to provide additional funds. While the father and mother worried about money, Lucile seemed to have been spared this annoyance. There ensued a heart-breaking period for the parents but the star of hope was not allowed to dim.

Fortune favored them. Mr. and Mrs. Langhanke worked long hours and lived frugally. Lucile was then about fifteen years old and her beauty and charm attracted attention wherever she was presented. Friends suggested that she try out for the movies. The parents thought little of it for a time but eventually decided to enter photographs of Lucile in a national contest conducted by several motion-picture magazines.

"Fame and Fortune" was the name of the contest—and it did bring fame to Lucile Langhanke and started her on the road to fortune. Summoned to New York for motion-picture tests, she received an award and was launched on her movie career.

THE rest of the story is known to the entire movie world and a large portion of fandom—how Lucile was given her big chance, and how the years of rigorous training bore fruit at last in tremendous success. Now, in Hollywood, Lucile and her parents have the things they could not have in Quincy. Lucile's weekly income is greater than her father's annual salary was in the Quincy schools. Still the family unit and the well-ordered life are the most important things in the red-haired beauty's existence. Social life plays no great part in her activities and wild parties are strictly taboo, but her star has not yet reached the zenith of her own aspirations. She hopes some day to have her own company.

Sorrow has struck only once for Lucile. Her happy marriage was turned into tragedy when her husband, Kenneth Hawks, young movie director, was killed in the spectacular fall of his airplane while he was engaged in filming a picture. Sorrow did to Lucile what nothing else had been able to do—it halted, for a time, her march toward the top. Now she has resumed that campaign. The talkies have given her an opportunity to use the training in elocution which was intended to fit her for the legitimate drama. The years have added to her beauty and tragedy has given her the touch that may lead to still greater stardom—the Cinderella of the Middle West has followed the destiny planned for her at birth.

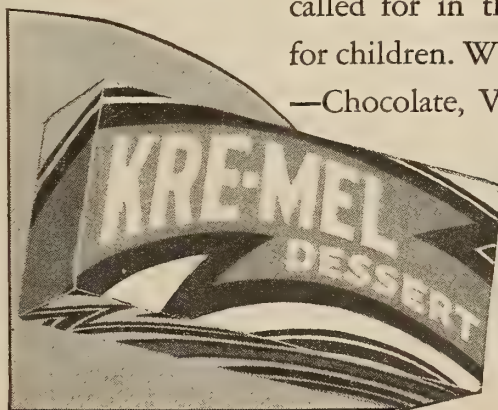


So Easy— In 5 minutes this delicious dessert is prepared!

HERE'S HOW...Mix thoroughly a package of KRE-MEL with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk and place over fire, stirring constantly until it thickens and reaches boiling point. This will take several minutes.

If cooked in double boiler, mix as above and stir constantly until thick (2 to 3 minutes) after which continue cooking and stir occasionally for about five minutes.

KRE-MEL is pure, rich, delicious—and wholesome as well. Note the amount of milk called for in the above recipe. That's fine for children. We suggest you try all 4 flavors—Chocolate, Vanillin, Caramel, Coffee.



KRE-MEL is made by
the makers of Mazola
Salad Oil and Karo Syrup

4 SERVINGS PER PACKAGE

The Favorites of the Kings

(Continued from page 88)



..... don't be afraid

LASHES STAY SOFT

JUST A TOUCH of darkening shadow on lashes—what can be more flattering to pretty eyes?.. But—ordinary cosmetiques so often look unnatural—“made-up.” So often they make lashes brittle. Now—a new cosmetique has been created which gives lashes a *Double Treatment*. First, it darkens lashes—with a delicate and absolutely natural touch. Then it *softens* lashes. Of course “brittle” or coarse lashes are impossible. . . . This Double Treatment cosmetique is the new *Liquid Winx*. . . . Try it? Send 10c for Vanity size (enough for a month's use)

winx

ROSS COMPANY, Dept. B-3
243 West 17th Street, New York

I enclose 10c for Vanity Size of the new Liquid Winx. Black _____ Brown _____

Name _____

Address _____

Chieftain

**BLACK
FRENCH
SHOE DRESSING**

SAVES TIME
NO RUBBING

Works almost like magic!
Wonderful for the kiddies'
school shoes, also mother's
On sale at most 10c stores.

10¢

15c. in Far West and Canada

CHIEFTAIN MFG. CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.



insisted that the machine remain and remain it did for nine days until Gustaf had seen every talkie the distributors' bins contained.

Until revolutions became frequent in Spain and King Alfonso began to be concerned about the Bourbon jewelry, which is to say his crown and scepter, this jolly monarch was one of the heartiest fans in the world. There was a time when he was free to spend his Summers at Deauville and there the newspaper correspondents wove many a moonlight sonata around his friendships with various of Hollywood's blond children, including Pearl White. Recently, he has been bound down to summer in San Sebastian which is, candidly, more attractive than Deauville and at best only a fast drive from Biarritz. Billie Dove, the Talmadges, and a score of other stars, male and female, inaugurated the custom this Summer of a visit to San Sebastian, which besides its beach and casino serves up a tasty bull fight.

QUEEN Victoria of Spain has more time to cultivate her flair for the movies and recently, accompanied by her second son, Don Jaime, and the Infantas, climbed the stairs to a first balcony box in a Barcelona movie to see a performance of “The Love Parade,” which had been a little slow in getting to Spain. And how they enjoyed it.

For a report of the performance, I quote from a letter written to me by a friend who attended:

“The sight of the Queen of Spain watching the Queen of Sylvania was really a show within a show, and the royal family enjoyed it hugely. They are reported to have said that it sounded so clear that they might think they were in Sylvania listening to their royal colleagues.

“The diplomatic and consular corps of Barcelona were present with the writer and when the opera scene came on it was hard to realize which of the two shows which were going on was the real spectacle, the silent one or the one in sound.”

The opera scene in this film, it will be recalled, shows Maurice Chevalier as prince consort watching the opera with his queen wife, Jeanette MacDonald, while the diplomatic corps stands ceremoniously behind them in the royal box.

In Rumania, the royal family seem to be able to agree on one thing only—and that is their love for the movies. From little Michael, the Crown Prince, on up to the Queen Mother, they are all fans. Yet even on this common ground they are at variance; they differ in their preferences, both for pictures the stars. King Carol who, before he took his surprise ride into Bucharest and crowned himself, used to live in Paris, has a passion for ultra-modern pictures. Ultra-modern movies, let me explain, are, like ultra-modern paintings, interesting but difficult to understand. Carol's companions in Paris

were intellectuals for the most part and it was in their company that he acquired his liking for the ultra films. His American favorites are Chaplin, Emil Jannings and Louise Fazenda. Leaning toward the bizarre in films does not, however, prevent his enjoying the regular Hollywood output, and he goes frequently.

QUEEN MARIE, mother of Carol, liked “The Singing Fool” so much she saw it twice. The talkies really made a fan of her. She was so deeply interested in the phenomenon of the talkies that she pleaded for an explanation of how the mechanism worked, and so was taken up to the projection booth where it was all made clear to her. She attends the Trianon Theater in Bucharest once a week and would go oftener were it not for the effect upon public opinion.

Carol's sister, now Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, wife to King Alexander, maintains the family tradition. In her chateau the projector used to work nightly but now that the talkies have crossed the frontier it is dolorously silent. Nor does the queen go to the public theaters. She does not stay away because of pride but because Belgrade does not as yet possess a really modern playhouse. There are rumors that the queen is considering the purchase of a sound apparatus, and these are probably well founded, for the enthusiasm for the movies of this royal couple is keener than anything hitherto recorded.

The rulers of Europe's vest-pocket countries are all fans. Charlotte, Duchess of Luxemburg, attends the public theaters on the average of twice a week. Louis, Prince of Monaco, finds himself frequently in Paris and profits by the occasion to see a few dozen movies. Not widely known outside of Monte Carlo, the Prince does not fear recognition. Franz of Liechtenstein goes to Vienna for his movies but as a fan he is rather tepid, being more interested in painting pictures of his own on canvas.

The ex-kings, all in all, have a better time of it, so far as the movies are concerned. The man who used to be King Michael of Montenegro, and he would have been the King of Portugal, and the Grand Duke Cyril, who may be czar of Russia, all indulge their tastes in the way of Tom, Dick and Harry, although none of them can be said to be rabid enthusiasts.

Of the exiles, most to be pitied perhaps is young Otto who, had there been no war, would today be Emperor of Austria-Hungary, but who now lives in stern seclusion with his mother, the Empress Zita, in Spain. Zita allows the boy few pleasures and in the little Spanish village there are no movie theaters. Recently the boy visited Brussels and there saw his first movie. And what is one movie to a youngster. That was almost a year ago, and he hasn't seen another one since.

Are You Reading The Hollywood Boulevardier?
Herb Howe Writes Only for NEW MOVIE Magazine

Music of the Sound Screen

(Continued from page 6)

spirit. This carries a vocal refrain with effects, and what effects! (This is a Brunswick Record.)

And who do we hear next, but our old friend, Ben Bernie, the "Old Maestro," himself, doing a noble job for the public with his recording of his theme song, "It's a Lonesome Old Town." If you have heard Ben on the air, you're familiar with this tune, and with his rendition. In my estimation, it's one of the sweetest numbers written in some time, and the "Old Maestro," did well in selecting it for his signature.

On the other side is "Au Revoir," the tune with which Ben signs off the air. Needless to say, he turns it out with perfection. Anything that says Ben Bernie on it, I buy, regardless of what the tune may be. (This is a Brunswick Record.)

And who should pop up now but Ted Lewis, the boy who made high hats famous. This time he comes with a revival of the old standby, "Somebody Stole My Gal." Of course, you are all familiar with the tune, which must be at least ten years old, but Ted and his boys whizz through in good shape in the typical Lewisonian style. Naturally enough, Ted does the vocal honors.

The other side is also a revival, and this time it's "Some Day Sweetheart," and the band tones down a bit as it is turned out in sweet style. This also has Ted as vocalist, and if you don't like fast music, it should hit you just about right. (This is a Columbia Record.)

Mickie Alpert and his Orchestra, a bunch of boys new to me, have recorded, "Hurt," and a very good job they have done, too. This number is becoming quite popular, and Mickie and his crew are contributing to that popularity in no small way. Although they may have recorded in the past, I have never run across them before but we're sure to hear more from them now.

The other side is "We're Friends Again," a tune that I like, and I think you'll like, too. This is also recorded by Mickie Alpert and his Orchestra. See what you think of the boys. (This is a Columbia Record.)

Are you contributing to DOLLAR THOUGHTS?

Write your ideas about the motion picture plays and people to NEW MOVIE and win a brand new dollar bill. Turn to page 16 and read the details.

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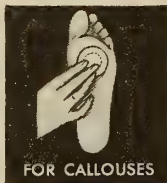
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DR. HAND'S
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First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 90)

effects, this humped-up posture make correct breathing impossible. It is equally important that the torso be stretched to its full height when sitting as when standing. When you sit down, push far back into the chair until the upper part of the body is at right angles with the thighs. The spine should press gently against the back of the chair. When leaning, bend from the hips, keeping the torso erect and the shoulders pushed back. In rising from a chair, place the feet in the proper position so that you can push the body up easily.

Lovely hands are important. They are one of the most gracious possessions a woman can have. Action of the hands is usually taken for granted. We want to reach for a glass, so we reach for it without giving a thought to the manner in which the act is performed. Because we don't give conscious thought to these actions, many of us appear at a disadvantage, striking a discordant note in an otherwise attractive picture. A finished actress, such as Ruth Chatterton, knows the important part hands play in expressing many kinds of emotion.

Begin cultivating magnetic hands by relaxing them completely. Hold them away from the body, elbows bent loosely, and then shake them from the wrist. The action should be done entirely from the upper arm. Flap the hands rapidly so that the fingers fly around in all directions. Hold the hands up and play imaginary five-finger exercises in the air. Push the fingers of one hand apart with the fingers of the other hand.

It is up to each of us to work out a program of exercise and recreation which will give a youthful body that is the expression of the inner self. Surely an hour or two each day is not too much time to spend towards the achievement of this goal. Your masterpiece is yourself.

ROSE OF CONNECTICUT wants to know what to do about deep lines under her eyes. So often lines underneath the eyes are caused from eye strain, so I would first make sure about this. The skin around the eyes, however, is usually thinner and dryer and more delicate than anywhere else on the face, and needs more nourishment. Spread a rich eye cream around your eyes each night. Begin at the inner

corner of the upper eyelid, travel around the eye and back toward the bridge of the nose. Then pat lightly with the cushions of your two forefingers. Pat harder at the outer corners. These eye creams are rich in oils and will not only help to prevent lines, but will soften them if they are already there.

How to improve legs is the cry that comes from Mildred of Fairfax, Alabama. Here are two excellent exercises for developing the muscles of the legs. Lie on the floor, flat on your back. Bring your right knee to your chest as far as it will go, and clasp your hands about your knee to bring it as close as possible. Loosen your hands and kick your foot in the air, with your knee straight and your heel pointing up so that you feel the stretch along the muscles of your calves. Lower your leg slowly, toe leading. Repeat the exercise, alternating your legs, at least ten times each day. Be sure that your knee is straight when your foot is up in the air, and that it remains straight as it is lowered to the floor. In the second exercise, place your hands, palms down, on the floor at your side to help you bring your knees to your chest without strain. Then clasp your hands around your knees to hug them closer, and return hands to floor as you kick your feet into the air. This helps you lower the legs to the floor. Remember legs must not fall to the floor; you must control their movement every step of the way.

M. R. of Red Lion, Pennsylvania, is having difficulty arching her eyebrows. First brush your eyebrows directly up, then smooth down and shape them along the line you want. Eyebrows need to be brushed daily to rid them of the powder which has accumulated during the day. If you dip your brush each day in vaseline or olive oil after the make-up of your face, your brows will not appear ragged.

From Hazleton, Pennsylvania, comes a complaint from H. S. B. of a chapped face. You must protect your skin from extremes of temperature as much as possible and from irritating cosmetics. Instead of soap and water, try olive or almond oil for cleansing your face. Use a tissue cream or nourishing cream to massage with and leave a film of this cream on over night. And always protect your face with foundation cream under your make-up.

Men Who Make the Movies

(Continued from page 14)

trust monopoly beaten off and with Fox films safely installed in American cities, Winnie focused his executive energies on the foreign market, especially England and the Continent, where he established branch offices. True to newspaper traditions, he was and is constantly on the watch for something new. And if it looks right, he wants it first, regardless of cost. He risked a huge investment on Movietone and found his confidence in the sound mechanism to be justified. Before the agitation over magnified screens had

progressed beyond the research laboratory, Winnie was prepared to protect Fox theaters when the time came to commercialize the new invention. Up to date, the Fox Company has not been "scooped" on anything important.

Mr. Sheehan has a home in Beverly Hills, Calif., where he spends most of the year, watching the production of Fox films ever so closely. According to his associates, Winnie is a grand boss, save that he forgets when it is time to stop working and expects a like forgetfulness in others.

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 31)

disturbed in a storage vault. It probably never will be resurrected. The pretty Pathe bungalow Gloria occupied is untenanted. When Ann Harding and Constance Bennett went under contract with the company, they seemed to be eyeing the attractive building covetously. Pathe officials, apparently sensed their thoughts, promptly built beautiful twin bungalows for their use.

GEORGE M. COHAN, so long the stay and prop of the New York stage, has Hollywood plans. He intends producing "The Tavern" and "Gambling" on the legitimate stage here. Film plans will follow automatically. His daughter is doing well here in films. It may be remembered that in 1929, Cohan signed a million dollar contract to come West and make films with Joseph Schenck for United Artists with Al Jolson as star.

Somewhere along the way out from New York, he decided he could not leave Broadway, tore up his million dollar contract and went back. Perhaps the experiences of his co-worker, Flo Ziegfeld, who made a film here recently according to his own ideas, and very successful ones they proved, has convinced him that Hollywood is not to be neglected.

James Gleason has the smartest scheme in Hollywood.

He writes dialogue of adaptations, and slips in a rôle for himself. Writing on "Women of All Nations," for Victor McLaglen, Jimmie produced a character which no one but his inimitable self could play. He recently completed his rôle in "Beyond Victory," for Pathe, in which he wrote a grand part for himself. And he played it, too!

Racketeer!

THERE is something about that Bickford guy that gets 'em all. He is back to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot after asking for a release from his contract, because he would not play in the same picture with Jack Gilbert. He is playing Cash Hawkins in Cecil De Mille's "Squaw Man," at Mr. De Mille's own request. This, after all the remarks attributed to Bickford about Cecil De Mille.

His first act was to walk up to De Mille and say, "Mr. De Mille, I want you to know that I have never uttered a word of all the things you may have heard that I am reputed to have said about you." Mr. De Mille was non-committal, but welcomed Bickford heartily.

THIS machine may sound like a Rube Goldberg cartoon of Crazy Inventions, but here it is. It will make a noise like the wind, telephone, squeaky door, police siren, machine gun fire, temple block, burning fire, whistle, birds, printing press, cat, dog, cap pistol, music rack, horses' hoofs, typewriter, mallet, quail, crying baby, clock winding noise, doorbell, buzzer, ocean wave, sand block, breaking dishes and automobile crash. The owner and inventor reported its loss to the police, describing it as "the envy of all studio technicians." It was stolen from an

(Continued on page 127)

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31x5.25-21"		3.20 1.35	33x4 1/2	3.20 1.45	
30x5.77-20"		3.20 1.40	34x4 1/2	3.45 1.45	
31x6.00-19"		3.20 1.40	30x5	3.60 1.75	
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She's Phoney That Way

(Continued from page 51)

much for admission, and as for burlesque, I never was even exposed to it. As I told Solomon, the whole affair's entirely beyond my jurisdiction."

"I'll help you," soothed Miss Shaftesbury, sitting very erect as they neared the corner of Wilshire and Western. "Burlesquers are human beings except, of course, that there are always a few crooked ones who'll swipe every Pullman towel a girl has collected. They're—star-spangled heavens! Danny! Danny Gilgo!"

MR. SPEONK wriggled at this plebeian display of excitement and then curiously inspected the reason for it as something in a triple checked suit stepped to the curb, flicking the rim of a beige fedora with thumb and forefinger. Mr. Danny Gilgo was one of those flashily handsome, elderly young men, overdressed, overconfident and undermannered, to be found doubling for totem poles in any large city. His air was one of boredom, his mouth was a mere obliquely cynical slit, and his career, such as it was, had moulded him into a smudgy counterfeit of several famous tapdancers.

"Lo, Margie," he twangled. "How's tricks, baby?"

"Oh, Danny, it's so good to see anyone from the old troupe! What are you doing in Hollywood?"

"Waitin' for a call," said Mr. Gilgo, with superb effrontery! "I was over to Fascination, Epictures and the Slotkin barns askin' them could they use a hooper. No, they said, they didn't need no hooper, but seein' they didn't know who I was, I gave 'em an audition, and they took my address. The trouble with these mullet heads out here is that they don't know nothin' about real show business. Do I hear applause?"

"Nothing at all," agreed Mr. Speonk, "except to give the public what it wants, which isn't hoofers."

Mr. Gilgo looked hurt. "I woulda rung you up, Margie," he said, appealing to Miss Shaftesbury, "but your name ain't in the directory. You're certainly ridin' the cushions these days, kid, with your high toned impersonations. I'll bet you could put the freeze on the Astors and have enough left over for a quart of sherbet. Say, is this little squirt your husband?"

Lady Margaret made the introduction while Mr. Speonk's frown deepened. "Danny," she said gently, "I'm afraid you don't know that hoofers in Hollywood are as common as yawns at grand opera. They're a drug on the market, even good ones, but I think I have a position for you. Climb in and I'll drive you home for tea."

"Just what I expected," said the tapdancer airily, settling himself to Mr.

Speonk's discomfort. "I knew a guy with my class wouldn't have to wait long. What do I have to do?"

"I'm beginning a picture about burlesque and I think Omar and my director will need an adviser to keep it true to life."

"I wouldn't be surprised, Margie. A fellow was telling me they don't bury their dead here—they make supervisors out of 'em. Haw, haw!" chortled Mr. Gilgo, slapping Omar on his carbuncle, "Boy, is that a hot one!"

He remained equally playful at the tea table, where he wolfed the sandwiches as only a burlesquer can, and shortly afterward Mr. Speonk, listening to a conversation in a jargon which he couldn't understand, departed in the same spirit that Napoleon left Moscow.

LATER in the evening Miss Shaftesbury gazed fondly on the brash little tapdancer, overlooking any possible defects for the sake of the memories he revived. Was he a bit louder, a little more blatant, than she remembered, or was it the deadly softness of her life that made him seem like that. Anyhow, he was a real person! But something decided her not to tell him he had been the object of her thoughts in the love scenes. She leaned eagerly forward.

"Let's talk over old times, Danny."

"What for?" inquired Mr. Gilgo amazedly. "I should think you'd want to forget 'em, livin' like this."

"Perhaps you don't understand," tremoloed Lady Margaret, "but I'm hungry for reality after being on this treadmill of banquets and yachting parties and looking wise at some stupid art exhibit. Let's talk about how we used to give the Johns the runaround in Pittsburgh or the time in Baltimore when we had to bail out the comic before we could open the show. I can remember so many things!"

"So can I. Dressin' rooms as cold as an igloo and old stages saggin' like a hammock. The old days don't give me no thrill, Margie Slattery."

"Oh, I love to hear that name again! You know, Danny, I always rather admired you from a distance, but you had a partner, so you never suspected, I guess. What happened to the act?"

"I outgrew her," said Mr. Gilgo with an expansive gesture. "And besides, she married a restaurant owner in Worcester on account of she'd be sure of three squares a day. 'You ain't goin' no place,' she says to me, 'and if I stick with you until we play Broadway one of my grandchildren will have to guide me across the street.' Professional jealousy, that's all, because I ankled along without her in show after show, and when I made a stake in a

In NEW MOVIE Next Month

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crap game I breezed out here. Me, I got ambition, and if you still feel that way about me, I don't blame you."

Miss Shaftesbury steered him back to the good old days channel, and Danny, shrewd enough to appreciate icing on his cake, cheerfully exchanged rose tinted lies until he was ushered into the night at eleven bells.

NEXT morning found him at the Galaxy studios, armed with a defensive insolence to cover the fact that he was immensely impressed by all he saw, and after Mr. Speonk had towed him around for two hours, explaining the marvels and introducing the cast, he requested details on the story.

"Well," said the harassed Omar, "the heroine is an honest girl, but it seems there's a villian—one of those old guys who'll do in a pinch and usually does just that. He's a millionaire and—"

"Out," barked Mr. Gilgo. "The only brand of alleyrabbits what hang around burlesque stage doors are cheap skates with maybe a few of these college punks, except when you play Washington, when there's always a couple of national law-makers that send their taxi drivers to scout for 'em. Make the villian a senator."

"You may not believe it," Mr. Speonk told me. "but there's such a thing as censorship, and we don't go ruffling the fur on any law-makers. What do you care how rich the villian is—I'll be responsible for that."

"Leave me have a peek at the hero, then."

"Right here," said Hilary Kingston, stepping forward. He was dressed in quiet grey tweeds, and Danny, viewing them along with a blue banded Panama, malacca stick and boutonniere, commenced to wonder if his own blinding ensemble was not a bit over the heads of the picture people.

From the chair Miss Shaftesbury sized up both men as they faced one another. Hilary, tall, handsome, blond and reserved; Danny, a dark, noisy bantam, handsome in a different way. Hilary, who had always walked smoothly toward success; Danny, who had known the uncertainties of fate . . . something told her she would choose one or the other before long.

"You sure look noble," said the tap-dancer jeeringly. "So you're the screen lover de luxe, huh? A guy with a front like yours would be makin' up to Margie on the outside, maybe?"

"Suppose we stick to the story," suggested Hilary reddening.

"Oke, brother. Now I want to wise you up that you can't play no tailor's dummy in this picture. Take this sequence of the taxi ride," said Mr. Gilgo, turning to the director. "I don't want to tramp on your toes, but could I see it acted out so's I can make alterations right away?"

THE director obligingly motioned the leads to the center of the stage and indicated a settee. "There's the cab," he encouraged. "You know the story, so let's have your interpretation."

Mr. Kingston took Margaret in his arms, bending over her in his customary gallant manner. She shrank away, struggling.

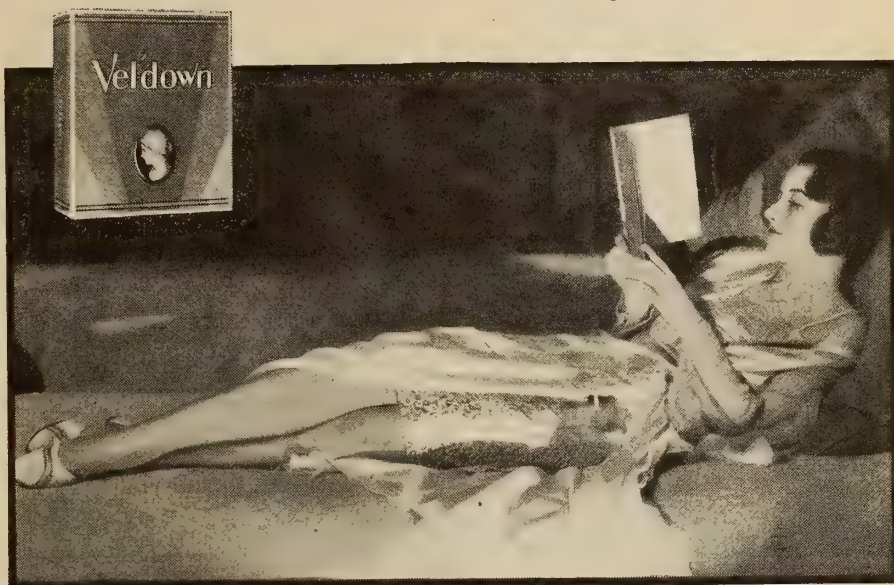
"Get rough with her!" yelled the disgusted Mr. Gilgo. "You can't overpower a chorus girl by personality—put on the strangle-hold!"

"He's right, Hilary," laughed the

(Continued on page 116)

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She's Phoney That Way

(Continued from page 115)

star. "My blue blood's turned to scarlet now, and you'll have to check those elegant approaches."

"Really? I'm sorry, Margaret, but they're the only ones I've got for you."

"Yes, really!" mocked Mr. Gilgo. "So you're an actor! Distinctive as a golden eagle, I remember readin' of you, but say, if you ever flew across the street you'd get shot for a snipe. Here's the system, brother." And flopping on the settee he pinioned Miss Shaftesbury with the dexterity of an expert. She struggled anew, whereupon Danny, having seized Hilary's cane, hooked it around her neck and yanked her closer, ending with a barrage of kisses upon her unresisting mouth.

The assembled cast giggled uneasily at this unheard of liberty, then checked themselves as Hilary Kingston confronted the flustered Omar K. Speonk.

"Shall we say that I am miscast?" he said pleasantly. "The part's out of my depths, I'm afraid, you'd better assign someone else to it."

Mr. Speonk commenced mumbling but Lady Margaret cut him short.

"Don't be absurd!" she flashed. "You don't dare refuse to play opposite me." Little tremors of panic ran through her as she thought of losing Hilary's competent support. "I—I just won't have it."

"I'm withdrawing, and that's final. I'm not the sort who can submerge himself in a role; I'll admit I'm only a type actor, and the parts I've been playing with you haven't taken much acting because—well," said Mr. Kingston, sauntering toward an exit, "I guess you know how it is. I can't do justice to this technical advisor's instructions because I lack his—er—subtlety, and what's more, I don't regret it."

"A brawl in the first five minutes!" lamented Mr. Speong. "That's what comes from trying to be a hussy in a hurry, and if you don't go back to the straight and narrow you'll be playing the lead in that unpopular drama, 'Wrinkle, Wrinkle, Little Star.'"

The trim lines of the Shaftesbury jaw hardened stubbornly, although her eyes were dewy. "I'm too versatile an artiste for him," she murmured.

"Sure," seconded Danny, who had been peering at the script, "what's an actor, more or less. Listen, here's a place where you have to say, 'Stop, I won't listen to another word!' Who's that goin' to stop, I'd like to know? We'll change it to, 'Lace up your shoe, kid, your tongue's hangin' out!' And no squawks from you, either," said Mr. Gilgo as Omar registered acute anguish, "because I heard your snooty Lady Margaret utter them very words to our comic when he tried to get fresh in Toledo."

SIX weeks of production left Miss Shaftesbury a whirl with triumph, a reigning queen flattered by a little world that seemed created to bend the knee solely to her. This was the never failing system in vogue with Galaxy's most luminous minds for, like all other producers, they never knew whether they had a winning picture until the public decided for them. Reams of publicity billowed forth, typewriter keys clacked out prophecies that a female Jannings was about to be born, and

the studio, self-hypnotized, began mouth-ing phrases about "this daring new adventure into the uplands of artistry."

Breathless as a knife thrower's partner, Lady Margaret slaved happily from eight until five, while Mr. Speonk and the director, all but adrift in the sea of realism, leaned more and more heavily upon the cocky Mr. Gilgo. That gentleman, modestly admitting that he didn't have to look in the back of the book for the answers, had come to be accepted by his co-workers as a necessary evil and by Miss Shaftesbury's friends as an intriguingly vulgar little chap, but so natural, you know.

"I'm proud of you, Danny," cooed the star on the final day. "Nobody else could have helped me nearly as much, and another thing, the way you've mixed with my set has been simply marvelous."

"I've been studying 'em," said the tapdancer, who had rescued his g's from oblivion, "because it's the first chance I've had to see how the other half behaves in its own quarters. A bit nutty, but nice, I'd say, even though they still are a little over my head. All except that Kingston guy who walked out on you as soon as he found out you were a Slattery."

"I—I can't believe it was that, Danny. Still—he's been working right over on Stage D, and I've only seen him in the distance. He avoids me, but he looks so—"

"He'll look his eyes out at the pre-m—the perm—well, the opening night of 'Ladies To Let,'" bragged Mr. Gilgo. "What a revenge for you, baby! It's about ten days off, I heard, and you won't see me from now until then."

"But why?"
"I'm readying a surprise for you, baby, that will make you prouder than ever. Omar's the only one I've told, and he's all for it." And flipping a kiss, the only method allowed him outside working hours, he swaggered away.

THE ten days dragged by, with the star shamelessly haunting Stage D, in an effort to trap her ex-leading man. She succeeded, but Hilary, when cornered, talked books, politics, sports, anything save the yearning that glowed in his every glance. Whereupon Miss Shaftesbury, with feminine ferocity, wanted to hurt him.

Opening night was all such an occasion should be. Not a single personage reached the theater in comfort, for the crowd, gobbling up the restraining ropes like so much spaghetti, flooded Hollywood Boulevard and whooped approval as the stars, makeup congealed in tapioca-like blobs in the September heat, were carried shoulder high to the lobby. Searchlights shamed the rainbow, the master of ceremonies ran out of cough drops and chauffeurs went home to beat their wives, while inside the theater Mr. Omar K. Speonk was completing his speech of welcome.

"And not only has this been a glorious adventure," he recited woodenly, "but it would never have been undertaken without the advice of a very remarkable fellow. A man, ladies and gentlemen, whom I may call the landlord—heh, heh—of 'Ladies To Let,' and like all other landlords, he's responsible, besides being a nifty tapdancer."

A warning hiss issued from behind the wings and something very like a beatific smile wreathed Mr. Spoonk's worried countenance as, with a wave of his hand, he announced, "Mr. Daniel Gilgo!"

Down in a third row aisle chair Miss Shaftesbury blinked credulously at the figure that strolled forth and leaned against the proscenium arch. She had half expected the surprise to be Danny's not too discreditable imitation of Marilyn Miller, but she was unprepared for the glass of fashion that smirked down at her. Mr. Gilgo was in full evening dress, cut in the roomy style beloved of the so-called best tailors, a broad crimson silk ribbon slanted across his shirt bosom, and he looked out from behind his gates ajar collar with the blasé pout of a matinée idol, but not for a fleeting second did he seem other than what he really was—a glittering, rather shoddy little masquerader. Calmly screwing a monocle into place, Mr. Gilgo began to speak in a hideous distortion of well-bred diction.

"I AM chawmed," he bleated, "to be among you, but not as a dancah, faw I have prawgressed beyond that, I trust. Yawss, my friends, we all must advawnce or we parish. I have wrung muh hawt to give to you this pitchaw, and, with the help of the fair Lady Mawgrut, whom I once called Mawgie, I—"

Miss Shaftesbury kept her eyes fixedly on her souvenir program, wondering whether the maribou trimming of her dress was beginning to smoke. So this was Danny, the real! Gone Hollywood, via the well trodden path of vanity. But why did he look so out of place in good clothes, when she herself could get away with them? Why—before she could puzzle it out the lights were dimmed and "Ladies To Let" finally appeared from behind a gas attack of screen credits that would have done justice to the compilers of a dictionary.

The first fifteen minutes were passed in the usual flurry of critical whispering, and then the horrified Margaret grew conscious of a sinister change in the attitude of the fashion plate deadheads. Her taxicab scene, supposedly a triumph of matter over mind, was received with snickers, her jazz singing brought open merriment, and by the time the dramatic punch arrived gales of laughter were sweeping the audience, so, rising like a frightened partridge, the girl who would be tough ran blindly up the aisle.

Her flight came to an abrupt end against a tall figure on the promenade, and two athletic arms encircled and held her with exasperating ease.

"Let me go!" she choked. "Do you think I'm going to stay here and make a personal appearance at the post mortem? Let me go—the film's a flop!"

"I sincerely hope so," said Hilary politely, half carrying her through the lobby and into the now deserted Boulevard. "Here, stop scratching!"

"I won't."

"Oh, yeah?" inquired Mr. Kingston, trying to leer and making a bad job of it. "Well, here's my car and in you go." He pitched her none too gently into the front seat and stepped on the starter. "If rough stuff's what you want, that's what you'll get—Margie."

"Don't you dare get virile with me!" raged Miss Shaftesbury. "I can't stand any more quick change acts,

(Continued on page 118)

How Charlotte Nye Saved \$22 Worth of Shoes for Just a Few Cents



SPRING came—it always does, and Charlotte Nye found herself in need of spring shoes but Charlotte did not like the idea of spending a lot of good money for shoes just yet. In her closet she found several pairs of old ones—they only looked old.

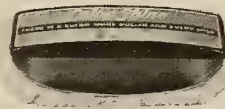
"There certainly should be some way to renew their appearance," she thought. Then she remembered an ad she had seen for ColorShine—the remarkable polish that brightens up soiled shoes and keeps them looking new.

"The very thing!" she exclaimed, and that very morning she bought a supply from the 10c. store. Neutral Creme for her last year's sport shoes, White Kid Cleaner for last season's kid slippers, Black Creme for her worn black pumps, and for her husband's old tan oxfords, (which he was about to throw away) she used Black Dye, and presented him with a pair of black shoes,

good for several months wear.

"The results were wonderful", says Mrs. Nye "why they look like new, and we still have the \$22.00 it would have cost to buy new shoes and too, there is enough left in each bottle to polish our shoes again and again."

It is economy to keep shoes looking fresh and smart with ColorShine—only 10c. a bottle! Special ingredients soften, protect and preserve the leather. There are ColorShine Polishes for all smooth leathers: Neutral Creme for brown, tan and colored shoes, White Kid Cleaner for white kid and calf shoes, Black Creme for black smooth leathers, Black Dye for dyeing all smooth leathers black. Sold in 10c. stores everywhere; 15c. in the far west and Canada. You will find ColorShine on the hardware counters of most 10 c. stores. The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Maryland.



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She's Phoney That Way

(Continued from page 117)

not after Danny's performance. Take me home this instant."

"Pipe down," ordered Hilary, pushing her away from him. "Home your eye! We're going to drive around until two A.M. kid, and then we'll get the early editions of the morning papers. I know you can hardly wait to read them."

"You brute! You know very well that the critics were the first to chuckle."

"No, I was, and as for that brute stuff, why not? You can't overpower an ex-chorus girl with personality, you know. I've half a mind to hook you around the neck and see what happens."

"STOP it!" begged Margaret. "I know you're only fooling, but it sounds terrible, coming from you. It isn't a bit natural."

"Then," said Hilary, once more his quietly smiling self, "why can't you see that it's the same with you, dear? We're not great, you and I, we're only types, and you can't be rough because it isn't in you. Why, you headstrong little idiot, don't you know that you were always a lady, even before you began playing one?"

"The public doesn't want art," protested Miss Shaftesbury in a most unconvincing voice.

"They want Lady Margaret. And so

do I," said Hilary almost fiercely.

"Well, if you can say that when I've got tear stains all mixed up with my rouge, I guess it must be true. And it's true that you're real in your—*in our own way*, isn't it? Ah, Hilary, I'll never think of anyone else now that you're holding me again! Will you kiss me?"

"I'm too polite to break a certain rule."

"Why, darling, what are you waiting for?"

"Ladies first," said Mr. Kingston happily, and for once in her life Lady Margaret took direction with a smile.

Studio Notes

DIANE ELLIS, who was one of Hollywood's younger actresses a year or so ago, and who married millionaire Stephen Millett in Paris two months ago, died in Madras, India, on her 'round-the-world honeymoon trip. She was twenty-one the day she died. Graduating from a Hollywood High School, Diane was very popular in the film capital and is sincerely mourned.

Wilson Mizner put one radio wisecracker in his place recently. After listening to the young writer getting off very ancient wheezes about the movies, Bill remarked gently, "If that young man is going to be on the air often I'll have to quit breathing it."

THERE is talk of a school, sponsored and controlled by the studios, being formed in Hollywood to teach young actors how to look and act natural before the camera. How to get away from amateurishness, such as held back the performances of John Wayne in "The Big Trail" and Richard Cromwell in "Tol'able David."



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TOWER BOOKS
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Call it Luck

(Continued from page 79)

Barrymore, who was starred, was eight years later to direct me in 'Ten Cents a Dance' on the Columbia lot in Hollywood," he remarked. "Just another coincidence. It's a small world."

Other stage engagements followed, including thirty-five hectic weeks of vaudeville. Then came a period of fourteen weeks of featured rôles with the Stuart Walker Stock Company in Cincinnati. Equipped with all this experience, he decided to again try Broadway. After some weeks, he landed a rôle in "Young Blood" but the show folded and he had to return to stock, this time in Springfield, Mass.

His next onslaught on Broadway resulted in the juvenile lead with James Rennie in "The Great Gatsby," followed by important rôles in the road companies of "The Enemy" and "The Night Hawk," but still nothing outstanding. He was simply one of the crowd. Meanwhile, talkies were commencing to attract many of the stage contingent. Accordingly, when he was offered one of the leads in a war film, by an independent Canadian producer, he jumped at the chance. After seven months work, the whole affair turned out to be a dud. "All that time wasted," he exclaims. "The film, 'Carry On, Sergeant,' was never released. However, there was plenty of 'you-know-what' and we had a great time," he adds, with a slow smile.

AT this stage of the game he was about ready to quit the acting business for good. There didn't seem the slightest chance of getting in a Broadway show and he was fed up on the road. Again fate took a hand. "Holiday" was about to be cast and George McFarlane, the stage comedian, whom he knew but casually, introduced him to Arthur Hopkins, the producer. Finally, after a discouraging delay, he was given the part which he later played on the screen. The play turned out to be a big hit and a goodly portion of the glowing notices were for his amazing performance in an extremely difficult rôle. He admits to being surprised at the attention he created. "I'd played more important parts on the road," is his comment, "without causing a ripple."

Finally the show closed after a record run of thirty-five weeks on Broadway. He had worked all those months without a vacation and felt the need of a change. Accordingly, when Henry Duffy offered him the same rôle in the Los Angeles production of "Holiday," he wired an immediate acceptance. And it was in true holiday spirit that he and his pal, Dick Kane, piled into the Lincoln car he had but recently purchased, and set out for the West Coast.

Arriving in Los Angeles, he was greeted with the news that Henry Duffy had decided to postpone the stage production indefinitely. No one else seemed interested, so he proceeded to enjoy the California climate before returning to accept a Broadway engagement. Then came the best break of his entire career. Pathé decided to screen "Holiday" and Owsley, being right on the job, was given his original rôle. The picture turned out to be an even greater success than the play, with the Broadway film critics es-

(Continued on page 120)

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THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

How I MADE UP for JOHN'S Shrunkén PAY CHECK



How a Little Home Business Brought Independence

"They've cut our piece rate again," John said bitterly as he gloomily ate his supper. "I've been working at top speed and then only making a bare living, but now—"

It had been hard enough before but now—with John's pay check even smaller—I feared it would be impossible to make ends meet.

Idly I fingered through the pages of a magazine and saw an advertisement telling how women at home were making \$15.00 to \$50.00 a week supplying Brown Bobby greaseless doughnuts.

"Why can't you do the same?" I asked myself. "Why can't you do what others have done. Investigate!" I did. In a few days I received details of the Brown Bobby plan. It seemed too good to be true because it showed how I, without neglecting my housework or little Jimmy, could easily make money.

Well, to make the story short, I went into the business without telling John. I passed out sample Brown Bobbys to my friends, gave out a few samples around restaurants, lined up a couple grocery stores. In my first week I sold 238 dozen Brown Bobbys at an average profit of 15¢ a dozen.

When John brought home his next pay check he threw it down on the table and said gloomily, "I'm sorry, honey, but it's the best I can do."

"It's not the best you can do, darling," and I almost cried when I told him of the money I had made selling Brown Bobbys. It was the happiest moment in my life.

Inside of three weeks John quit his job at the factory to devote all his time to Brown Bobbys. Now we are dissatisfied at less than \$150.00 a week.

Women interested in making \$15.00 to \$50.00 in their spare time are invited to write for details of the Brown Bobby plan to Food Display Machine Corp., Dept. 85D, Chicago, Ill.

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TOWER BOOKS
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Call it Luck

(Continued from page 119)

pecially lavish in their praise of the newcomer's performance. This in spite of the fact that his lines were cut to about half of what he had in the stage production.

Since then, it's been more or less easy sailing. Several companies made bids for his services. But he was in no hurry to sign, preferring to free lance. In this way, he can afford to be choosy in his choice of rôles and is not obliged to play parts unsuited to his talents. After playing opposite Barbara Stanwyck in "Ten Cents a Dance," he went over to the Universal lot for an important rôle in "Free Love." The day on which I interviewed him, he was bemoaning the way in which the New York censors had cut out his best lines. He had hoped that the rôle would establish him as a light comedian, and help him escape the weakling parts with which producers seemed bent on saddling him.

AT the time this is written, he is in the midst of playing Claudette Colbert's husband in "Honor Among Lovers," which Paramount is making at its New York studios. The fact that Dorothy Arzner is directing, especially appeals to him. He confesses that one of the only two fan letters he ever wrote was to Miss Arzner. The other concerns a story which is too long to tell here.

Although Monroe claims to be a confirmed bachelor, I'm inclined to doubt the fact, judging by several photographs displayed in his room. Jokingly, he says he's never married because he couldn't find a girl that could put up with him.

Oddly enough, Owsley is a dyed-in-the-wool fan. His enthusiasms are mostly for Gloria Swanson, Louise Dresser, and H. B. Warner. He also admires Warner Baxter and would like to play the accented type of parts that Baxter does so well. He would also like to do crook rôles similar to those favored by Edmund Lowe. In fact, anything different from what he has already done would appeal to him.

The Great Movie Circus

(Continued from page 54)

and the bubbling fountain holding aloft golden celluloid balls in the center of the Mix dining room. . . .

The somnolent gloom that somehow still enshrouds the home of the late Wallie Reid . . . The scrupulous neurosis of Greta Garbo. . . .

But this could go on for pages. I'd like only to squeeze in a line or so more to say that if you could only enjoy this 1-100th as much as I have enjoyed writing it, it would be swell.

Read **NEW MOVIE'S**
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Best New Pictures

The Romance of the Comet Girl

(Continued from page 34)

me. He talked to them as though they were grown. Is it any wonder in such an environment that Constance should have matured early? Should have become the poised and logical young lady she now is?

If she could talk to her parents and show them that what she wanted was best for her—or at least as good as what they wanted her to do—she usually had her way.

MRS. BENNETT comes from a long line of distinguished theatrical people. Her father was Lewis Morrison, who played Mephistopheles in "Faust" for seventeen years. Her mother was Rose Wood, once Lester Wallack's leading lady and later a member of the Philadelphia stock company which featured Georgie Drew and Maurice Barrymore. She has always been exceedingly level-headed and it is from her Constance inherits her logic. Upon divorcing Richard Bennett, she abandoned the stage and started a play brokerage office.

But, at the time, Mrs. Bennett was more concerned with her children than with her career or plays. She had seen too much of the seamy side of professional life to want her daughters launched in it. She tried to foster an interest in them in the things that occupied other children.

But Mr. Bennett was continually inviting theatrical people to the house—successful men—and he, being what he was—and is—was continually arguing with them. Constance would slip quietly into the room and sit unobtrusively in the corner, absorbing it all. Sometimes a glint of amusement would creep into her eyes over the vehemence of the debaters concerning some relatively unimportant matter, but she never interrupted.

And after she had been there for ten or fifteen minutes her mother would discover her presence and send her out to play.

When she was about five Mr. Bennett decided that, stage or no stage, he was going to have a home life. And home to him meant having his family with him. In those days he devoted a season to playing in New York and the following season to touring—five or six months in Chicago, a few months in Boston and a couple of months in Philadelphia.

CONNIE grins today when she thinks of the entourage that used to set out with her father. In addition to her parents, her two sisters and herself, there were always both a French and a German governess, a valet for her father and a personal maid for her mother, besides the household servants to be engaged on their arrival in a city. Usually the valet, one of the governesses and her mother's maid traveled on the train but Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, the three children and the

other governess made the cross-country trek in a huge Locomobile—Mr. and Mrs. up front (he at the wheel in a large linen duster), the three children, the governess, the dogs and the goldfish in the back—for the children would never leave their pets.

Once Connie was holding the goldfish bowl and decided the fish could not breathe with the lid screwed down tightly the way it was to keep the water in. She unscrewed the lid and surreptitiously threw it out the side of the car. Immediately the water started sloshing out of the bowl and presently a fish or two sloshed with it. One of the other children started to cry and Mr. Bennett looking around and seeing what had happened, brought the car to an abrupt stop, put the fish back in the bowl, marched up to the door of a farm house and made the farmer's wife a present of the aquarium. Connie wept copiously during the rest of the trip.

I asked what had caused the incident to stick in her mind.

"Why," she answered, "it was my first experience of the kind. If it had been one of the dogs he would have run after us and tried to get back to me but the fish just stayed at the farm. And it taught me that it's simply no good pinning your affections on a fish."

WHEN she was about ten they took a place in New York and for the first time in her life Connie began attending day school. Her education theretofore had been gotten from private tutors. Later she attended Miss Chapin's School, Miss Shandor's on Park Avenue and still later Miss Merrill's Finishing School. She lived at the latter place during her year there.

One afternoon a week she was permitted to attend teas, providing her home work didn't suffer as a result and provided she was properly chaperoned. She has always had a phenomenally retentive memory. Even now, she reports for rehearsals two days later than the balance of the company because she is always the first up in her lines.

Well, in those dear, dead days Connie's home work was a joke. She would read a lesson over once or twice and it stuck with her. She never had to "cram" for an examination. So she and her chaperone went cookie pushing every afternoon instead of the allotted one a week.

At the end of the term, with one of the highest averages in the school, Mrs. Bennett was dumbfounded when the principal said very sweetly, "I'd prefer, Mrs. Bennett, if you would send Constance somewhere else next year. I don't mean that she isn't a good student, because she is, but she's an unsatisfactory student. You see, she learns easily so it doesn't interfere with

(Continued on page 122)

In Love Again



An air conquest!

"IT HAPPENED IN LONDON, at the 'Kit Kat', the night club made famous by the Prince of Wales! I was thrilled to be invited to join the party in honor of a famous French aviator who was leaving London that evening. What a man! Girls, he had EVERYTHING! It was a simply glorious evening.

"When the time came to leave, he bent over to kiss my hand. Suddenly his grasp tightened! I can't begin to make you feel the thrill of it. For a moment I thought he was going to take me in his arms right there!

"Ah, Mademoiselle!" he said, 'I have never met an American girl so most charming and radiant. You must fly with me to Paris very night!' An hour later we were off on a moonlight flight to Paris!

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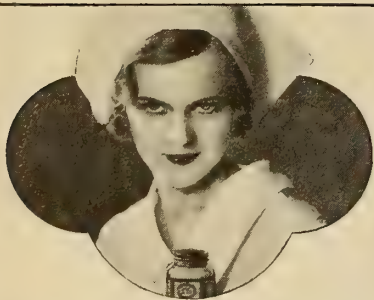
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The Romance of the Comet Girl

(Continued from page 121)

her school work if she goes to teas every afternoon. But other students don't learn so easily. They hear Constance talk of the good times she has had, so they, too, perforce, must go tea-ing, and their work does suffer."

You see, even in those days Constance had her own way at no sacrifice on her part. Life sort of gravitated about her.

BY this time she had begun to take part in the discussions of her father and his friends. Always a keen observer and an omnivorous reader, Connie was well posted on the theater and personalities connected with it, even though the stage itself held no attraction for her. Her mother, partly because she wanted Constance to have the finish a European education would give her, and partly because she was afraid Connie might become infected with the germ *theatricalis*, took her to Paris and put her in Mme. Balsan's school.

So far so good. Connie had visions of herself strolling down the Champs Elysees or the banks of the Seine with some distinguished looking foreigner or some boy from home studying literature or art. But French schools are not like that.

"The average American going to Paris to school is apt to have a pretty rude awakening when she gets there," Constance smiled. "You're guarded like a prisoner in a jail and chaperoned like—like—you think up a good smile," she finished. "When we were allowed out (and it was seldom enough) we went *en masse* and with almost as many chaperones as there were pupils."

Her determination and logic are illustrated by the fact that she talked her parents out of sending her back there for a second term.

Sixteen and her schooling behind her. The next Winter she was formally presented to the society of diplomatic circles in Washington by an uncle connected with the American Embassy in Peking.

It was during this period that she developed her reputation as a prom trotter and became a familiar figure at the dances of all the Eastern universities.

Connie has been called cold, hard, predatory—a lot of other unpleasant things.

As a matter of fact, she is none of the things she has been called and the fact that a man was interested in another girl would not even arouse passing interest in Connie. Men gravitate towards her as—to use a trite expression—moths to a flame. The flame doesn't dim its glow to keep from burning the moths. Neither can Constance dim her charm to prevent men falling in love with her.

The only thing I can think of that would make her seem less than irresistible is a lack of interest in a person. If a person fails to attract her, an air of boredom that she can neither fight nor escape envelops her like a mantle.

And it is these disgruntled folk who have given her the reputation of being

"ritzy", "high-hat", this, that and the other thing. A person knowing her is startled at the warmth and humor lurking beneath her calm, detached exterior.

THE boys met at the dances and teas were simply diversion until she met Chester Moorehead, a student at the University of Virginia. He escorted her to a number of football games and proms and she discovered there was "that certain something" about him. The next thing we knew he had persuaded the reckless Constance to elope with him.

A creature of impulses, I could never conceive of her marrying in any other way than by eloping. Not because she would be afraid of opposition but because anything vital she did would be on the spur of the moment. If she announced her engagement and planned a church wedding, by the time the wedding day rolled around she would probably be in love with someone else—or at least no longer in love with the man to whom she had been engaged.

But for once Connie couldn't have her way and her parents had her marriage annulled. They were adamant on that point. The legal end of it out of the way, the whole family—including Connie—sailed for Europe.

On her return, she found the empty round of teas, bridge and dances failed to satisfy and no longer interested her. She began to study drawing—covers and sketches of the *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* type. In the back of her mind was the idea that she would eventually open a modiste shop in this country and design the gowns herself.

Unknown, even to herself, at the time, Constance had said goodbye to domesticity. She was launched—definitely—upon a career!



Joan Crawford, as seen by Coke, the well-known Latin-American caricaturist, who spares no one.

How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 73)

the quiet little donkeys bought in the store, Mitzi hand-decorated hers with brilliant colors and it made a great hit with all the youngsters.

In the middle of the big living room was hung a big paper bag. Each of the children was blindfolded and given a big stick. Then, after being whirled about three times, he or she was allowed to take two swings at the bag. Phillippe De Lacy succeeded in breaking it on his second try and a shower of candy fell in every direction. Then there was a scramble, to see who could acquire the most of the "goodies."

A spirited game of Lotto followed this.

THE menu had been very carefully selected, because every mother knows that children never eat any dinner after they have been to a party. So Mitzi, instead of just ice cream and cake calculated to spoil every one's appetite, served a real meal.

The table was massed with bowls of sweet peas. At every place was a "cracker" with a carnival cap inside, a beautiful box of candy, and a small gift—flashlights for the boys and tiny pocket books for the girls.

First was served a plate of creamed chicken, with a small fluted paper cup containing mixed peas and carrots. With this went bran muffins, baked with raisins and nuts. And a fruit salad, made of fresh California fruits, with a simple mayonnaise dressing.

This was followed by separate ice cream molds, made in gaily colored figures. There were Santa Clauses, rabbits, American flags, and big flowers, all in special molds.

Of course, there was a birthday cake, with "Mitzi" written across it, which Mitzi cut herself. Fruit punch and milk were served with the meal.

The fruit punch was half pineapple juice, half grapefruit juice, with a dash of lime juice, and the children all thought it was a great success.

And here is the recipe for the bran muffins, which is Mitzi's favorite and a very unusual one:

1 cake compressed yeast, 2 cups milk, scalded and cooled, 4 tablespoons of molasses, 4 tablespoons melted butter, 1 egg, 1 cup sifted white flour, 1½ cups bran, 1 teaspoon salt, ¾ cup of chopped nuts and raisins.

Dissolve the yeast and molasses in the luke warm milk; add butter and eggs, well beaten, then the flour gradually, salt and nuts and raisins, beating all the while. Beat until perfectly smooth; cover and set to rise in a warm place, free from draft, until light, which is usually in about one and a half or two hours. Have muffin pans well greased and fill about two-thirds full. Cover and let rise to top of pans, which takes about half an hour, and bake twenty minutes in a very hot oven.

Mitzi's little Hollywood friends—some of them in pictures—who came to her party included Nancy Crowley, Dawn O'Day, Marion Smith, Lois Jane Campbell, Phillippe De Lacy, Billy Butts, Junior Coghlan, and Leon Janney.

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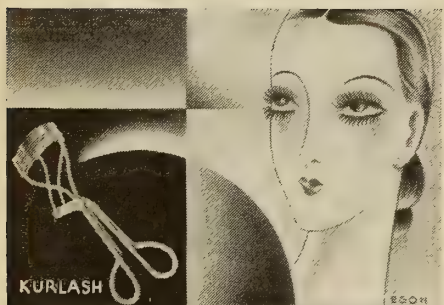
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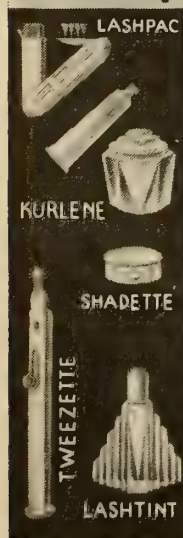


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Alice White, caught in the act of aquaplaning off Coronado Beach, Cal. By the way, when is Miss White going to return to the screen? NEW MOVIE gets requests for her return in every mail.

Rubber Face

(Continued from page 35)

all the usual inconveniences of trouping. And remember, too, that I wasn't the most confident fellow in the world. I was on my first time out as a comedian, and while I was pretty well convinced that Mother Nature had endowed me with the physical qualifications for a comedian, I was less certain that my line and lines would get the desired results, namely, hilarity on the part of the audience.

BE that as it may, I stuck at it, and I must have been all right because they won't let you stick in burlesque if you can't make the customers laugh. I got a couple of Broadway offers and I grabbed one so quickly that you'd have thought I was being offered \$10,000 a week. But never fear, I wasn't. Not by fifty or

sixty cents, just at that time.

"Once on Broadway, however, and I never was without work for any lengthy period. As a matter of fact I worked too hard. I'd become accustomed to a steady grind, but I had worked so hard for such a long time that I used to regulate my jobs so I could have a breathing spell now and then. As it was I had long runs in 'Listen Lester,' 'Jim Jam Jems,' 'Greenwich Village Follies,' 'Betty Lee,' 'Captain Jinks,' and 'Twinkle Twinkle.'

"It was while I was playing in 'Twinkle Twinkle' in Los Angeles that I got my first movie offer. And I took it just as quickly as I did my first Broadway opportunity. And I'm glad I did. I have a swell time in the movies. There was 'Sally' with Marilyn Miller, and there was 'Top Speed'

The First of a Series of True Life Stories of the
Hollywood Studios
in THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE Next Month

and 'Going Wild.' There's still enough novelty in it to make it new and exciting, although I've had several years' experience before the camera. Slightly more than two years, as a matter of fact. And I suppose you know I've signed again with First National for a series of pictures in which I'm to do comic roles. The first one is to be 'The Tenderfoot' which tells of a drug-store cowboy who actually sees the West."

Here Joseph Evan Brown paused reflectively. I could not tell whether he was thinking of his early youth in Holgate, Ohio, of his father, the German contractor, or his Welsh mother; of his six brothers and sisters. I did know he was thinking of things that were deep in the past.

Suddenly he looked at me and smiled. "Do you know," he said, "that experience with the broken leg really shaped my destiny?"

I did not understand what he meant, and said so.

"WELL, this is why it did. While I was lying on my back in that little Southern town, feeling the bones knit, I got one of my first comic ideas. Strange, isn't it? There I was, in agony or near-agony, and yet I could see something funny about the whole thing. I really did. One night, when all was quiet in the little boarding house I couldn't sleep, I lay there wondering how it must have looked to the audience when I went sailing through the air. I had a dim recollection of their laughing, so it must have been funny. Then it occurred to me that I might burlesque an acrobatic act.

"That idea more than anything else made me want to get well. All of a sudden I had something to live for—and up to that time things had been rather dreary. I thought and planned the whole act, and it was one of the first things I did when I became a burlesque comedian. It brought laughs aplenty, and while it wasn't my big number, still I used it frequently.

"But even if I hadn't used it at all, it gave me the idea of becoming a comedian. And I suppose the fact that I was able to see the humor of that situation established me as a comic."

And that's Joe E. Brown, the man who turned a compound fracture into a good break.

The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 58)

came, stars have been made over night. Miss Dietrich captured New York with one picture. Lew Ayres, from getting seventy-five dollars a week has arisen in six months, since "All Quiet on the Western Front," to challenge stars who have been making five thousand. Richard Cromwell smashes through in "Tol'able David" at a similar wage.

The day is not far off perhaps when it may pay a young man to be President of the United States.

Cosmopolitan Hollywood: Overheard in a Chinese restaurant in Hollywood: "What is the American dish for today?"

Answer: "Hungarian goulash."



Isn't that just my luck?

No breaks at all. The kind of a party she'd dreamed about... arranged on the spur-of-the-moment as good parties so often are. The best boy of the bunch... much the best dancer. And not a thing to wear! Of all times to have been kept late at the office. Every store in town closed. Bluer than the original blue of her only dinner dress... now a lifeless and insipid grey! Torn between tears and tearing it to shreds...

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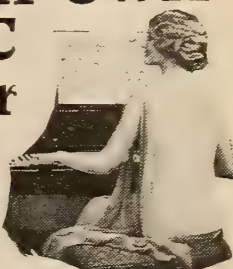
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Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 45)



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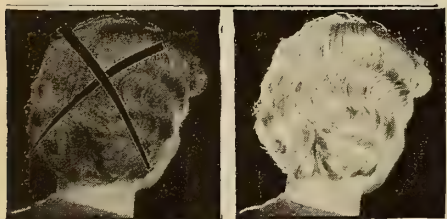
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spoke no English. It did not matter. She would have spoken none if she could. She had nothing to say to these strange people from over the sea. Besides, what had she to do with it? Where Stiller went, she would go. Where he stayed, she would stay.

MAYER did not want her. To him, she was so much excess baggage. But since he could not get Stiller without her, he took her and gave her a contract with a small salary.

So Stiller and Garbo crossed the ocean, the continent, and came to Hollywood.

The girl was terribly unhappy. The new land appalled her. She clung to Stiller, her one friend in a friendless world. They drew closer in this new environment than they had ever been before.

Stiller hated America, hated Hollywood. The vast, impersonal studio, the business-like necessities of picture production on a big scale, swamped him. The box office angle was new to him, and he did not seem able to adapt himself. He did not understand the American story angle and they did not understand the stark, brutal realism which was his creed. He was removed from a picture in which he was directing his discovery.

So it happened, strangely, that the great Stiller failed utterly in America, and the unwanted Garbo succeeded far beyond any dreams that either she or Stiller had ever conceived.

But those things did not change Garbo. They never, in fact, seemed to penetrate her consciousness. After all, success and failure in the eyes of the public, were often accidents. They were not criterions of true worth. Stiller was The Master.

Nothing shook her loyalty. Until the day that Stiller, defeated, left to return to Sweden, Greta Garbo never made a move without him. She would do nothing without his advice. Every contract, every story, had to be submitted to Stiller. She merely looked with contempt upon those who could not understand him, nor appreciate him. She would still sit silent at his feet, listening to every word he spoke.

And in that last year, Stiller came at last to love her greatly. For he saw that he must give her up.

SHE fought bitterly against it. She wanted to go back to Sweden with him. For a long time she swore she would not work unless he could direct all her pictures.

It was Stiller himself who forced her to see that she could not do that. He loved her. But still better he loved the thing he had worked for, the thing he had created—the great Garbo. As always, the artist in him placed her work far ahead of any mere personal emotion. She was the justification of his existence, his masterpiece. If his own work had failed to find its great expression, hers had not—and hers was part of him, too.

It broke his heart, that parting. But he was miserable away from his own land. He was miserable in his failure. He could not sit about, watching her. He, who had been the great Stiller, must go back to his own land.

Garbo stayed—because he told her to.

She was young. Their love had been so strange, so unhappy a thing, that he could not hold her always. He was an old man when they parted. Perhaps already her heart had told her that such love as theirs was not the love intended for every woman's heart.

But it was the great emotion of her life, in many ways. To him she owed everything. He had stamped her with his thoughts, his art, his belief beyond anything that life could do to change it. No matter what happened, what she felt, she could never shake off the feeling that he was the greatest man in the world and must be obeyed.

WHEN he died, when they told her of his death—only a few months after his return to the land where they had met—she stood very still, for a long time. Then she walked quietly out of the studio, went home, and no one saw her for three days. She came back, quieter than ever. She did not seem to care that he had left her everything of which he died possessed. But as soon as the picture was finished, she sailed for Sweden, and the first place she went—leaving behind the cheering crowds, her family, everyone—was to the place where he was buried.

To a dear friend she said, "It was marvelous—and it was terrible. That is all. He was a great man. I shall never forget him."

The great Garbo has not married. She has fled romance. Perhaps, she loved him better than she knew.

In any story of Greta Garbo, the two names will always belong together—Stiller and Garbo. Whether or not we ever know what is in her heart now for the ugly, and brilliant genius who made her what she is, they will belong together in the story of their art and of their love, Stiller and Garbo.

In NEW MOVIE

Next Month

Adela Rogers St. Johns

will relate another great love romance of the most famous town in the world.

Watch for it!

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 113)

auto parked in downtown Los Angeles; the police are praying for a break in solving the mystery, hoping that the thief will set it going.

Polly Moran played through the entire picture "It's a Wise Child" with Marion Davies, minus her front teeth. Polly suffered from sinus trouble until a surgeon spotted the incisors.

"Out!" he ordered.

And out they went. Just as "It's a Wise Child" went into production.

Passing Greta Garbo on the lot, Greta smiled indulgently.

"Ath aw-wite," said Polly. "But I'll be nex vampish ou' heah."

"Yaa?" replied Garbo.

THE Screen Stars Shop, established largely through the efforts of Mary Pickford last March, has quit business. It found itself in the strange predicament of having nothing to sell.

Miss Pickford's idea was to have the stars send in discarded clothing, toilet articles, house furnishings and knick-knacks. These would be offered for sale and the proceeds be turned over to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. Florence Turner, veteran actress, was placed in charge. At first, business boomed. Mae Murray sent in dresses, slippers and a \$250 caracul coat which sold for \$65. Vilma Banky gave a dozen pair of slippers, an armload of dresses and a black evening gown which also netted \$65. Marion Davies, Bessie Love, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Moreno, Ronald Colman, Alan Crosland, Edward Griffith, June Collier, the Torrence brothers, Dolores del Rio, Ruth Roland and others contributed generously.

Greta Garbo sent in three of her pictures, personally autographed. They were snapped up immediately.

The total receipts for the first three months amounted to \$1,090.13, according to the audit of Secretary A. W. Stockman. But the disbursements were \$1,621.54, leaving a deficit of \$531.41. This was met by an appropriation from the Relief Fund.

The enthusiasm, at first exhibited, waned, despite Miss Pickford's efforts.

"For Rent," says the sign on the door.

GEORGE GRANVILLE, the Duke of Sutherland of the British Empire, accompanied by Sir Edward Ward, son of Lord Dudley of London, and a retinue of servants befitting their station in life, sailed for Honolulu recently, after a protracted visit in Hollywood. The Duke visited with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, and was a guest of Joseph Schenck on his yacht for a deep sea fishing cruise off the coast of Mexico. The Duke expressed a wish to catch a bigger tuna than the one captured here last year by his fellow countryman, Sir Winston Churchill. A jolly self-effacing sort of person with few airs of grandeur, the Duke has a sly sense of humor and loves to spread it on a bit at times, telling the Hollywood folk that he came the whole way across the world to enjoy a bit of the famous California hospitality.

(Continued on page 128)



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Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 127)

"Jumping Joe" Savoldi, who played fullback with Notre Dame, has been signed by Paramount to play the rôle of Al Capone in an underworld drama being written by Charles Furthman.

"Moon" Mullins, another of the team, a backfield star, has had a screen test at Paramount and is scheduled for a chance at the talkies.

HELEN FERGUSON RUSSELL, widow of "Bill" Russell, was married recently to Richard Lewis Hargreaves at a quiet ceremony in Chichester Chapel of the Immanuel Presbyterian Church. Only close friends and relatives attended. The bride wore a gown of beige velvet and real lace with a hat to match, and carried a bouquet of yellow orchids. Her sister, Mrs. Norbert Brodine, attended her. Following the ceremony, her old friends Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd gave an informal reception for the bride at their Benedict Canyon home. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leonard (Gertrude Olmstead), Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hughes (Gloria Hope), Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter (Laura La Plante), and many local society people.

THE Blossom Room of the Roosevelt is a favorite rendezvous for film parties. A recent evening there saw Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lytell (Grace Mencken), Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Langdon, John Considine, Jr., Ivan Lebedeff, Buster Collier, George Gershwin, Sid Grauman, William Gibbs McAdoo, Jack Warner, Harry Rapf and William De Mille, and the Misses Marie Prevost, Natalie Kingston, Joan Bennett and Thelma Todd.

"NEVER expect an actor to do anything for the screen you would not do yourself," is the belief of Alfred Santell, now directing "Squadrons."

So when Elissa Landi was forced to smash a mirror in the picture recently, Santell threw one down to keep her company. Also Charles Farrell, Donald Gilloway and Humphrey Bogart smashed looking glasses. Nothing like moral support in trying moments, the director believes.

The Hollywood advertising on "Trader Horn" began well in advance, with the town placarded with the unexplained mystic words, "Oo moo loo." The legend appeared between paragraphs in the newspapers. After two weeks of this, it was "hooked up" with "Trader Horn," for it seems the phrase means "I love you" in African dialect. Now restaurants are advertising a "Trader Horn" salad, with pineapple, pear, peach and cherries rolled in coconut and served on a lettuce leaf with whipped cream.

THERE are no more "chairs of the stars" at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Culver City plant. The custom of placing a star's name on the back of a canvas-lined seat and daring anyone else to use it is out. A chair's a chair and finders' keepers.

Wallace Beery so learned when he

finished a scene in his current picture. "Boy!" he called to a property man, "get me a chair. Get me six! Make it a dozen. Then maybe I can have one without some bird sitting in it."

Six "birds" promptly arose and tendered him their places.

FRITZI RIDGWAY is accredited with throwing the most spectacular party of the season at Palm Springs in the desert. There is a large hotel at Palm Springs and to it were invited Marie and Peggy Prevost, Mr. and Mrs. Victor McLaglen, Simeon Gest, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lipps, Jack Daugherty, Dolly Hanson, Ella and Billy Wickersham, and a few others.

In the hotel patio a group of Hopi Indians danced about a smouldering fire and as the stars became clear in the heavens, Fritzi and her husband, Constantine Bakaleinkoff, announced that a few miles away a barbecue had been prepared. The party piled into motor cars and at the mouth of a little canyon found the trysting place. There, in the lonely desert, under a marvelous moon, the party reveled.

A mid-Winter party of that kind can't be given anywhere except in Southern California.

ANN HARDING is hurt. Fighting back the tears, she says so.

Ann's father, Colonel George G. Gately, who commanded the Sixty-seventh Field Artillery Brigade of the Rainbow Division in the World War, died in San Francisco on January 9th. Ann and her father had been estranged because she entered pictures against his will but last September they bridged the rift and he took her into his arms and held her close for a long, long time—just as he did when she was a baby.

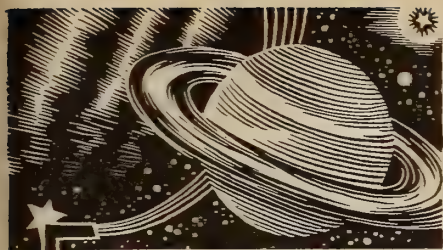
Then came his death. Arrangements for a full military funeral were made and Ann asked that a cordon of military police be thrown about the cemetery to keep the throngs away. She knew that the crowds would come—not to pay respect to the rugged old Army officer—but to see Ann Harding, the movie star.

And the newspapers in the Bay City accused her of "going high hat" and getting "ritzy."

"I just wanted the body of my daddy to be laid to rest surrounded only by those who cared," she said. "It's so unkind."

El Brendel, comic star at the Fox lot, learned the limitations of greatness not long ago when he was on a vacation trip with his wife, Flo Bert, of vaudeville fame. The pair were driving in San Francisco, and passed a policeman against the signals. El Brendel inquired gently, "Know who I am? I am the star in 'Just Imagine'." The cop drew back, looked over the funny little man with the anchovy accent, and roared at him, "Well whaddya know about that, ain't you just too funny? Here, take this ticket, and tell the judge just how funny you are." El pulled his hat down over his ears and drove off.

GEORGE ARLISS, master of make-up and peculiar characterizations,



is playing his latest Warner Brothers rôle, of "The Ruling Passion," without the benefit of make-up, wigs, costume or monocle. Overall and a work hat are the nearest Arliss comes to a costume in this picture.

JOSEPHINE DUNN, the blond actress who played opposite Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool," is preparing to walk down the aisle to the tune of Mister Mendelssohn's celebrated march. She will become the bride of Clyde Greathouse, a Los Angeles oil operator.

Josephine was all set to make the journey a few weeks ago when she had an offer to play the rôle of Charlie Murray's wife in a Universal comedy.

"Just a moment, Clyde!" she protested. "Let me do this picture and then——!"

The wedding will be soon.

THE good old door-mat with its WELCOME done in large letters, was hauled out of Hollywood the other day upon the arrival of Mrs. John McCormack and her daughter, Gwen. John, the Irish tenor, was scheduled to put in his appearance some time in February, following a concert tour.

The McCormacks are taking possession of their new half-million-dollar home in Solana Canyon and expect to spend the Winters and most of the year there, going to their castle at Athlone, Ireland, for the Summers. McCormack admittedly is lessening the number of his concerts and looking forward to the time when he will retire. His California estate, consisting of 145 acres, was bought in 1929 and has been improved with tennis courts, gardens, swimming pool 'n' everything. It is one of the most beautiful spots adjacent to Los Angeles.

WILLIAM S. HART made a trip to New York this last month, to pay a tribute to his dead friend, William Grossman, who died suddenly. Grossman had been his attorney for many years, in charge of all his affairs. Few men were closer than these two. At their last parting some months ago, the two had said goodbye and Hart had gotten onto the first step of the train, when he heard Grossman calling him. He turned, and asked, "What is it, Bill?" Grossman answered, "Oh, nothing, I guess; I just wanted to say goodbye again. You know how it is, we don't see each other often, and something might happen——" Something did. That was their last goodbye. Bill's first act on his arrival East was to visit the grave of his friend.

LITTLE Bill Hart is beginning to grow up now. He called his famous father on the phone on his birthday to wish him a happy birthday, and Bill Senior had the happiness of talking with his boy. Bill Junior asked for a telescope to look at the stars with for Christmas. You don't know Bill Hart if you think he didn't get the biggest and fanciest and best telescope that a little boy could use, for his little son.

ART ACCORD finally came back to Hollywood—to remain forever. This old time Western star did not return to the blare of studio bands, he was not met at the station by a clamoring throng. In fact, his return to Hollywood had nothing to do with the movies. He came back in death.

(Continued on page 130)

WHOSE EYES ARE THESE?



Only 18, yet she's one of First National Pictures' most popular stars. This youthful beauty is 5 ft., 3½ inches tall, weighs 100 pounds, and has blue eyes and light brown hair. Name below*.

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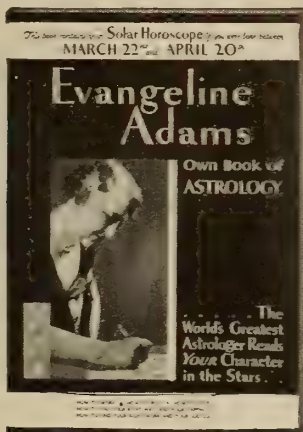
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- Dec. 23 and Jan. 20—Capricorn ☐
- Jan. 21 and Feb. 19—Aquarius ☐
- Feb. 20 and March 21—Pisces ☐

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City State

On page 32 of this issue of NEW MOVIE you will find the first installment of the life story of Constance Bennett, the Comet Girl of Hollywood, Paris and New York. In both childhood pictures, Constance is shown at the left with her sisters, Joan and Barbara, at the right.



The pictures on this page were loaned by Adrienne Morrison, mother of the Bennett sisters, to NEW MOVIE. "The Romance of the Comet Girl," elsewhere in this issue, is the first authentic account of the colorful career of Constance Bennett.

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 129)

Art died in Mexico and his body, brought back to Hollywood by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, was given a military funeral.

A wild, care-free man, Art Accord was a real soldier of fortune. Many times he was far up the ladder of success, and just as often crashed down because he could not cram himself into the narrow confines of normal, routine existence. Art will be missed by many in Hollywood.

Mrs. Lon Chaney was among those who contributed money to bring Art Accord's body back from Mexico.

THEY say that Gary Cooper stormed and raged following the completion of "Morocco." Throughout greater Los Angeles the billboards shrieked "MARLENE DIETRICH with Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou." The Gary Cooper readily could be seen with the naked eye.

"I'll never do another picture with her!" he exclaimed. "If she were an artist, I wouldn't mind. But they

brought her over here and Von Sternberg gave her all the footage he had to make her 'make good.' It wasn't fair to me after all my years of work."

Paramount officials smiled in tolerance.

A few weeks later they broke the news.

"You won't have to play with Marlene," they said. "We have another rôle for you. We've cast you with Clara Bow in 'City Streets,' a very dramatic production."

Right on the chin, he took it! Not a Dietrich production, but a Clara Bow opus—Clara, their biggest box-office card.

But the rigors of the court trial of Daisy De Voe, former secretary, so upset Clara, that she was taken out of "City Streets" and the part given to Sylvia Sidney, who recently arrived from New York.

John Monk Saunders, who wrote those lovely and amusing stories about Nikki and her war birds in Liberty is

the husband of the popular Fay Wray.

DE SYLVA, BROWN AND HENDERSON are doing Gloria Swanson's next picture. It is going to be more dramatic than comic, although there will be laughs in it.

LILY DAMITA is putting on weight since she came back to Hollywood. In fact, you might call the vivacious Lily plump and not be so far wrong. Saw her playing roulette at Agua Caliente and not doing so well.

A NEW one appeared on Wilshire Boulevard on the edge of Beverly Hills. You plunk down fifty cents, go in, get a fishing pole and some bait, and throw your neck into a swimming pool which is stocked with trout. You then pay a dollar for every three trout you catch. The place is open all night and catches a lot of trade from people coming home late from parties and theatres. They go in and inveigle their breakfast onto a hook.



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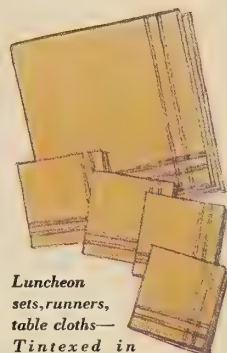
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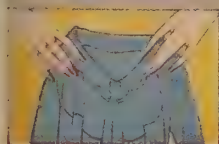
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Vol. III, No. 5

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

Published Monthly by TOWER MAGAZINES, INC., Jamaica, N. Y.
Executive and Editorial Offices, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Home Office: 22 North Franklin St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

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SAYS IRENE RICH

This charming screen star tells a complexion secret 605 of Hollywood's 613 important actresses know

■ "I don't mind confessing it a bit," says Irene Rich with her warm, irresistible smile. "I really am thirty-nine years old! A screen star never worries about birthdays, you see, as long as she doesn't *look* old. To face the cruel test of the camera she must keep the fresh loveliness of youth.

"That is why in Hollywood we guard complexion beauty above all else. Any woman who wants to hold her charm should keep her skin always soft, smooth, youthfully aglow."

How does this lovely star guard complexion beauty? Just as so many other Hollywood actresses do—605 of the 613 important ones! "I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly," she says, "and have for years."

Surely *you* will want to try this fragrant, delicately white soap for *your* skin.

IRENE RICH AND HER DAUGHTERS

(left to right) Frances, twenty years old, Jane (in background), fourteen, their mother, actually 39! Still radiantly youthful, Irene Rich says: "The right soap can do wonders for your skin. I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly for years."



Photograph by
Autrey, Hollywood, 1930



IRENE RICH, the screen star whose loveliness has endeared her to millions, confesses frankly to thirty-nine birthdays. And why not? Years have only added to her charm. Above (in the circle) is one of her most recent photographs—below it, a picture from one of her recent films!

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

Youth

Lux Toilet Soap 10¢

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



Does marriage bring disillusionment? The ultra-modern heroine of "Illicit" believes that it does. Barbara Stanwyck is the heroine and James Rennie the husband in this interesting study in matrimony produced recently by the Warner Brothers.

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

AA indicates a motion picture of extraordinary merit. A is used to mark a film that is excellent in every way. B means a good picture. C is fairly good and D is just fair. You won't waste your time or money on motion pictures carrying NEW MOVIE'S AA or A award of merit.

Fighting Caravans. A "Covered Wagon" that lumbers rather heavily over the waste spaces. Lavish, expensive and finely photographed, but lacking the spirit of life, despite efforts of Gary Cooper, Lily Damita and others. *Paramount.* Class C.

Cimarron. An Edna Ferber story of the Oklahoma land rush of 1889: tragic in tone and prolonged with a wealth of atmospheric detail. Richard Dix has to struggle a bit, but succeeds in getting the best of a difficult rôle. One of the season's hits. *Radio.* Class A.

Inspiration. Admirers of Greta Garbo may rise to acclaim the latest triumph of their favorite. In a French love story, not so pure, but sufficiently simple, she continues to sweep men off their feet. With Greta it's a gift. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

The Easiest Way. Longer ago than most folk like to remember, "The Easiest Way" was a sensational stage play. Now it is brought up to date with Constance Bennett trying to solve the problem of a well-meaning girl in a naughty city. Adolphe Menjou offers the easiest way out. Nothing startling in this liberated era. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class A.

Little Caesar. Gangster-bootlegging-banditry at its best with Edward G. Robinson, leering and shooting and snarling on his way to the grave. For they get him in the end, to the satisfaction of everyone, including the censors. *First National.* Class A.

The Right to Love. Ruth (Continued on page 8)

Metro-Goldwyn has just produced Eugene Walter's famous play, "The Easiest Way," that vivid study of a young woman who sets out to get her luxuries without effort. Constance Bennett gives a fine performance of the girl and Adolphe Menjou is the man who is willing to provide the golden setting.





AND What a wonderful lot of praise Rinso is getting!

EVERY day letters come from delighted Rinso users. Thousands have written to say, "There never were such suds!"

"All I do is soak the week's wash in Rinso suds — and out it comes white and gleaming!" writes Mrs. Anna Jennings of Albany, N. Y.

"This way is easy on the clothes, and spares my hands, too," writes Mrs. Otis Claywell of Terre Haute, Ind.

"Its suds are so lively, even in our hard water," writes Mrs. C. B. McGuire of Oklahoma City, Okla.

Cup for cup, Rinso gives *twice as much suds* as light-weight, puffed-up soaps. No matter how hard the water, you need no bar soaps, chips, powders or softeners. You need no washboard or boiler. Use Rinso alone for the *whitest* linens, the *brightest* colored things you ever saw!

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The makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Get the BIG package today. You'll like its creamy, economical suds for dishwashing and all cleaning.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SAFE for your finest cottons and linens — white or colors

Millions use Rinso for whiter washes in tub or machine



Millions also use it for dishes, floors and all cleaning

TUNE IN on Rinso Talkies, "What Happened to Jane". Tues. & Thurs. 5:30 p. m., E. D. T. over the WEAF network

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 6)



Metro-Goldwyn's newest vehicle for Greta Garbo, "Inspiration," is a "Sappho" in modern dress. Miss Garbo plays the inspiration of the Latin Quarter while Robert Montgomery is the young man who proves to be her first real love. Miss Garbo is better than ever in this film.

Chatterton is interesting in this dual rôle of mother and daughter in a sombre character story. A commendable effort to look into the hearts of two unfortunate women stranded on a bleak farm. Should be appreciated by the more thoughtful picture fans. *Paramount*. Class C.

Paid. They turned back to "Within the Law," a popular stage melodrama, for Joan Crawford's latest picture, released under the title of "Paid." The story is still good and so is Joan's performance. She is one of the best little emoters on the screen. *Metro-Goldwyn*. Class B.

No Limit. The tempestuous Clara Bow spins a mean wheel as boss of a gambling house. Incidentally, she spins herself into a pretty mess before fortune spots her for a comeback. *Paramount*. Class D.

One Heavenly Night. Not so heavenly as one might wish, in view of the talent concerned in its creation. An English musical comedy, Americanized by two well-known writers and acted by Evelyn Laye and John Boles. Pretty, but just a wee bit dumb. *United Artists*. Class D.

Kiss Me Again. Victor Herbert's famous operetta, "Mlle. Modiste" under a different title. Bernice Claire sings the provocative song number and Walter Pidgeon is the heavy lover. The picture is filmed in color, if that helps. *First National*. Class C.

The Bat Whispers. The spookiness in this mystery picture is slapped on with a too heavy hand, otherwise "The Bat" is an acceptable contribution to the shake-and-shudder school of screen entertainment.

Chester Morris will frighten all the children. *Paramount*. Class B.

Illicit. The wedding-ring marriage gets the better of the argument in this version of the love life of a modern Miss, played with emotional fervor by Barbara Stanwyck, who makes the most of her unhappy moments. *Warners*. Class B.

The Painted Desert. A drama of the rugged West that grows wearisome because of the unnecessary deliberate action, intended to be impressive. William Farnum deserves something better than this. *Pathe*. Class D.

Reducing. Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in a rough-and-tumble farce, the action laid in a beauty shop. Anita Page and Sally Eilers supply the beauty. Plenty of laughs. *Metro-Goldwyn*. Class B.

The Command Performance. It all happens in a mythical European kingdom where the heart of a princess is about to be exchanged for the national debt. But it doesn't happen, not with the dashing Neil Hamilton to interfere. Highly romantic. *Tiffany*. Class D.

Man to Man. Grant

Mitchell, better known on the comedy stage, scores in a sincere portrayal of a small-town barber, unjustly sent to jail. The story is thin, but in its presentation there is a welcome note of feeling. *Warners*. Class C.

Beau Ideal. A feeble imitation of "Beau Geste" in which the French Foreign Legion gets caught in a sandstorm and in the seven veils of Arabian court dancers. To be quite frank, "Beau Ideal" is an unconvincing gesture. *Radio*. Class D.

The Gang Buster. Jack Oakie having a lot of fun with the racketeers. The audience enjoys it, too. *Paramount*. Class B.

Resurrection. If you want a nice, gloomy Tolstoin evening, this is your picture. Lupe Velez does some real acting as the much abused Katusha. *Universal*. Class B.

The Blue Angel. Important because it first presents that rare combination, Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings, Germany's biggest contribution to the screen. *Paramount*. Class AA.

Tom Sawyer. Just right for kids, big and little, long and short. Jackie Coogan has grown into the part of the immortal Tom Sawyer. *Paramount*. Class A.

The Man Who Came Back. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell share the honors in an adaptation of a former stage success which does not loom so large on the screen. *Fox*. Class B.

Reaching for the Moon. Douglas Fairbanks as a stock broker with bullish inclinations. He goes in heavily for Bebe Daniels and corners the market. *United Artists*. Class B.

ANOTHER GREAT ROLE—ANOTHER BLAZING TRIUMPH FOR THE WINNER OF THE 1930 BEST PERFORMANCE AWARD

NORMA SHEARER

in
**STRANGERS
MAY
KISS**



This is the statue awarded to Norma Shearer by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, for her performance in "The Divorcee," the best given by any actress during 1930.



SHE faced life fearlessly—accepted love where she found it—because she believed a woman could "kiss and forget" even as a man does. But heartbreak and cruel disillusionment lay between her and ultimate happiness with the one man in all the world whom she did love... If you enjoyed Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee"—don't miss her in this dramatic picture based on Ursula Parrott's sensational novel.

with **ROBERT MONTGOMERY**
NEIL HAMILTON **MARJORIE RAMBEAU**
and **IRENE RICH**

Directed by
GEORGE FITZMAURICE

Robert Montgomery who helped Norma Shearer make her great success in "The Divorcee" is again seen with her.



Ursula Parrott, author of "The Divorcee" has written another absorbing story. Don't miss it!

To him it was just another episode—to her, a dream she could never forget.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



More Stars Than There Are in Heaven

Here Our Readers Express Themselves About the Stars

DOLLAR

In Defense of Clara

Pittsburgh, Pa.

It happens that I am one that does not care for the type of pictures they give Clara Bow, and therefore do not waste my time going to see them. Of course, there are a number of people who care for the rah-rah, rowdy-dow pictures in which friend Bow is cast, but since I much prefer the quiet, refined sophistication of Garbo to the hard-boiled sophistication it is Clara's lot to portray, I have never become a Clara Bow fan—and never will. However, since Daisy Devore took

the stand in court that first day and began slinging mud, I have become a loyal booster for Clara. How much she spends a week on liquor is nobody's business, just as it's nobody's business whether I spend one dollar or five for a quart of gin; whether she buys gifts for her boy friends is also nobody's business, and some of these holier-than-thou people that are saying, "I told you so—they're all alike" will probably remember hearing somewhere that it's better to give than to receive. Furthermore, the fact that I have taken two dollars and eighty-three cents from John Doe does not give me the right to get up in court and tell that he has false teeth and goes to bed with his socks on.

*Dorothy Scott,
3408 Parkview Ave.,
Apt. No. 6, Oakland.*

Also for Clara

Memphis, Tenn.

Since Clara Bow's recent publicity in her legal battle with her secretary, some of the clubwomen and critics have adopted that holier-than-thou attitude and have declared that Clara's pictures should not be shown in their town. Why in the name of Heaven, should the public care what the stars do off the screen? Why should we expect them to be models of perfect behavior, so long as their pictures are entertaining? I, for one, can enjoy the pictures of my favorite stars without giving a thought to what they do in private life. It is their life and the fans have no right to judge them by the way they live it. If only those who are truly "without sin" should throw the first stone, I don't believe any stones would be thrown.

*Mrs. J. A. Griffin,
1312 Lauderdale Street.*

And Again

St. Louis, Missouri

Personally, I do not care how many slams Clara Bow gets in the papers—I like her pictures and will continue to see them just as long as they are shown in the theaters here. And another thing—I think there are plenty of people here who feel the same way, considering the fact that I had to stand in line for over an hour to see her last picture.

*Jacquelyn Patterson,
2914 Magnolia Avenue.*

Stop That Pickin'

Boise, Idaho.

Why does everyone pick on Clara Bow? Hasn't she had enough knocks in her life? How many of us have gone through the "hell" she has and have come out famous? Every remark she has

made has been converted and twisted into veritable spasms of untruths. She plays poker, drinks, hennas her hair—but admits it. How many of us do these things and are honest enough to be above board with ourselves and our friends? Give her a break!!

Outraged Female Fan.

Cheers for Chatterton

West Allis, Wisconsin.

Why is Greta Garbo given so much publicity as "the most mysterious actress," etc. She is of the stolid Swedish type that is naturally very quiet and does not deserve the praise given her. In watching her on the screen, one sees a mask that neither smiles nor shows any emotion. At almost all times her face is immobile and devoid of any emotion. And why don't people see Ruth Chatterton's ability as a real actress worthy of any praise?

*Celia Hirsh,
567 49th Avenue.*

That Garbo Controversy

New York City, N. Y.

It seems to me that your Mr. Herb Howe greatly underestimates Greta Garbo's fan population when he thinks that Marlene Dietrich will replace Greta Garbo. Miss Dietrich, in her two pictures shown here, has had the company of three of the screen's finest actors—Jannings, Cooper and Menjou—as well as one of its best directors, Von Sternberg. She undoubtedly has ability of her own but she undoubtedly copies Garbo also. Moreover, she undresses a great deal and tries very hard to be "hot stuff."

*Evelyn Soumers,
204 Bleecker Street.*

Garbo Publicity

Young Harris, Georgia.

The general public seems to think Garbo is handed down as an angel descended from heaven. Where does her greatness lie that makes her so wonderful and so much more glorious than our own lovely American stars? The characteristics dreamy and romantic are the only nice adjectives I can see that belong to Garbo. They speak of the strangeness, mysteriousness that belong to her; to me this is only publicity.

*William M. Stanley,
Young Harris College.*

For—Not Against

Los Angeles, Calif.

Most of the movie magazines write against the movie people, not for them. Why try to turn movie fans from their favorites by writing little catty things about them? They can't turn me. I purchased a copy of NEW MOVIE and how glad I am that I did. No catty comment there! I wouldn't miss a copy, and by the crowds I see around the counter many others wouldn't, either.

L. R.

You have some interesting opinions about motion pictures. Sit down and write them in a letter to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City. If the opinion is published, you will receive a dollar bill.

THOUGHTS

Thoughts and
Opinions About
the Movies

A Hit with the Frats

High Springs, Fla.

Down here in sunny Florida THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is certainly popular among the college men. They buy them out faster than anyone. Sigma Nu—Sigma Chi—every fraternity house on the avenue has this sensible, worthwhile magazine on their tables, and in their magazine racks. Even the most studious man on the Campus finds time to read and enjoy it.

*Wilson White,
Box 163.*

Wants Bigger and Better Casts

Elmhurst, L. I., New York.

The talkies nowadays are generally good and enjoyable if one is not too severe or exacting a critic, but one thing which infuriates and exasperates me to the teeth-gritting stage is the new form of presenting the cast of characters. It is really no longer a cast of the characters in the picture, for one is simply informed that So—and—So and So—and—So are in the picture and one is supposed, one presumes, to match the players with the characters properly. A sort of glorified guess game, as it were.

*Jeanne Vojik,
41-28 95th Street.*

Also About Casts

Charlestown, Mass.

One thing I wish the producers would do is to have the cast shown on the screen at the conclusion of the picture. For the past two years there is a certain actor I have taken a liking to, and I am still in the dark as to his identity. No one can remember the cast throughout the picture, and I think it would be better to publish it at the end rather than at the beginning if it is not possible to show it twice.

*Fred C. Wren,
333 Medford Street.*

Films as Teaching Aids

Belfast, Maine.

I am a school teacher and find the movies an invaluable help in "putting things across" to my classes. In the last few weeks, we have used "Tom Sawyer" and "The Taming of the Shrew" in English. In civics we have referred to "For the Defense" and similar pictures for material regarding process of law and trials and to "The Big House" for the modern prison system. Even Latin is not omitted, for we notice mottoes of different companies, such as Metro-Goldwyn's

"Ars gratia artis."

May I add that until a copy of NEW MOVIE fell into my hands last Summer, I had never purchased a film magazine. Now I buy one every month.

G. H.

Against Wild Parties

Champaign, Ill.

Why do film companies insist on releasing such perfectly absurd pictures of marriages, divorces, wild parties and exaggerated portrayals of modern youth? These, I believe, are disgusting to a

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

goodly share of the theater-going public. May I mention "Free Love" as a typical example of the above. It is obvious that the public wants better things from the crowded houses such as "Tol'able David," "Abraham Lincoln," "Old English," "Journey's End," and others of this type attract. The movies can be a great help educationally and morally, if they will.

*Catherine Dressler,
61 E. Healey Street.*

Wants to Know About Producers

Columbia, S. C.

I am indeed gratified to see that THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE is running a series of articles telling the readers about the producers of motion pictures. It has, for a long time, seemed strange to me that magazines have not published more about the producers. Stories of their lives do not lack glamour. In addition, they are both inspirational and instructive.

*Edward Furtick,
329 Waccamaw Ave.*

Those Popular Teams

Vancouver, Washington.

Let's have more pictures starring Jeanette MacDonald, and that gay boulevardier, Maurice Chevalier! I thought the two were great in "The Love Parade." The ever-popular always-well-liked Gaynor-Farrell team came back in splendid fashion in "The Man Who Came Back." Despite her small voice, Janet was convincing in the hard-boiled rôle she was forced to play in the opium den in Shanghai. Marlene Dietrich, the current screen sensation from Germany, couldn't have smoked a cigarette in a more sophisticated fashion herself.



*Prt. Herman J. Merry,
Co. "B", 7th Infantry,
Vancouver Barracks.*

For Slender Heroes

Ansonia, Conn.

Why don't some of our movie he-men do a little reducing like the girls? They seem to think it O. K. to sport a tummy, and a couple of chins. The public has a right to expect their movie heroes to appear trim and fit on the screen. Those I have in mind are all fairly young, too, so how come they got so stout, fairly bursting out of their clothes?

*Mrs. Lionel DaCasta,
81 Division Street.*

Herb Is Too Shy

Beloit, Wisconsin.

Who is this Herb Howe who writes such wonderful interviews with stars? In every issue of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE you read some interview written by him. He certainly can write! Oh, Mr. Editor and THE NEW MOVIE staff, won't you please publish his picture or give us his life-story to make THE NEW MOVIE a still more wonderful magazine?

Please! Please!
*Ethel M. Anderson,
716 Eighth Street.*



Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE



You can tell from the worried expression on Stuart Erwin's face that the coffee isn't going to come out right. Indeed, Erwin isn't an expert cook—and he admits it. When he attempts breakfast every two-and-a-half-minute egg turns out to be hard-boiled.

STUART ERWIN is neither a gourmand nor a gourmet and what he actually knows about cooking wouldn't take long to tell. But Mr. Erwin does appreciate a good breakfast and with the right nourishment to start the day he is willing to take chances about the meals that follow.

Here are the menus of three breakfasts that Mr. Erwin has especially enjoyed:

Strawberries	
Cereal with cream	
Creamy scrambled eggs	
Crisp bacon	
Coffee	Buttered toast
—	
Rhubarb cooked with oranges	
Broiled finnan haddie	
Hot graham muffins	
Coffee	
—	
Grapefruit	
Hominy with cream	
French toast	Coffee

MR. ERWIN'S ideas about making coffee are rather vague, but when it is prepared in this way he is sure to like it:

One scant measuring cup of finely ground coffee. Five cups water.

Use a percolator type of coffee pot and put the cold water in the lower section and the coffee in the strainer above. Put over a low fire to heat the water and from the time the water begins to bubble over the coffee, let it continue cooking precisely three minutes and then serve at once.

If you are preparing breakfast for Mr. Erwin you will be sure to please him if you serve strawberries. He likes the English fashion of serving them with the hulls on without sugar. But be sure that the berries are large and perfectly ripened.

Rhubarb cooked with oranges is another breakfast favorite of Mr. Erwin's. Wash and cut up the rhubarb as you would for stewing and put it in a casserole with equal quantity of sliced oranges. Add a quarter cup of sugar to every cup of rhubarb and just enough water to cover the bottom of the casserole. Cover closely and bake until the rhubarb is tender.

TO make creamy scrambled eggs, allow two eggs for each person to be served. Break in a bowl and beat until whites and yolks are well mixed. Do not add any water or milk and do not add salt until after the eggs are cooked. Butter a frying pan and put over the fire. Pour the eggs into the pan and cook over a low flame, stirring constantly so that the egg mixture will be evenly cooked, light and creamy. Cook the bacon crisp in another pan and the minute the eggs are done, turn onto a warm serving dish, garnish with bacon and serve at once.

French toast, which is sometimes called German toast, is made in this way. Allow one egg and two slices of stale bread for each person to be served. Break eggs in a soup plate, beat lightly, add one-third cup of milk to each egg and mix well. Melt a little butter in the griddle and soak the slices of bread in the egg mixture until soft but not soggy. Lift bread from the egg mixture and put on the hot griddle, brown first on one side and then on the other and serve at once.

MR. ERWIN'S favorite graham muffins call for the following ingredients: One cup white flour, one cup graham flour, one-half teaspoon salt, one scant cup milk, two eggs, three tablespoons melted butter.

Sift white flour, baking powder and salt together and mix thoroughly with the graham flour. Break the eggs into a bowl without separating and beat until well mixed. Then stir in the milk and combine the egg and milk mixture with the flour mixture, add the melted butter and beat vigorously for one minute. Pour into greased muffin tins, filling 2/3 full, bake in a hot oven 30 minutes. Wholewheat flour may be used instead of graham.

The Movie Colony's
Favorite Recipes to
Aid the Housewife

SAVE TIME and WORK and WORRY

Make Your Favorite Recipes in

Crinkle Cups



Save yourself the time and work of fussing with pans, getting them greased and ready, washing them up when your cooking is done. Crinkle Cups are ready for use, just as they come from their dustproof box. Save yourself worry about the success of your cooking. Cakes, muffins, meat and vegetable recipes will cook in Crinkle Cups without burning or sticking. Many of your favorite recipes are easier to make and daintier to serve in individual form. Serve them, right from the oven, in their Crinkle Cups. Or turn them out, prettily shaped and just the right size. Keep a package of Crinkle Cups on a handy shelf. They can be a help to you many times a day.

SOLD AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 and 10 Cent STORES

Crinkle Cups are now available in a new, somewhat larger size—No. 1545. If it has not arrived in your Woolworth store, send us 10¢ for a package of 75 cups.



CHICKEN PIE

(For other tested recipes, see recipe book in every package of Crinkle Cups)

1 cup diced chicken 1 tablespoon flour
1 level tablespoon butter ¼ cup rich milk
¼ cup chicken stock (This may be made with a chicken bouillon cube, if canned chicken is used)
½ teaspoon chopped parsley Salt and pepper

Make a cream sauce of the flour, butter, chicken stock and rich milk, and add the chicken with parsley and seasoning.

FOR THE BISCUIT

1 cup flour ½ teaspoon salt
2½ teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons shortening
Scant ½ cup milk or water

Sift the flour with baking powder and salt, cut in the shortening and add enough milk or water to make a soft biscuit dough. Spread on slightly floured board and cut with biscuit cutter 2½ inches in diameter. Fill Crinkle Cups half full of chicken mixture. Place one of the biscuit rounds on top of each and bake in a moderate oven about 15 minutes.

(This is an excellent way to serve any left-over meats)

MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

THE waltz tempo seems to lead the list this month, and rightly, too, for the talking picture is a wonderful medium for the boys who specialize in dreamy music.

Anything musical that bears the name of Irving Berlin seems automatically in the hit class, and his latest, "Reaching for the Moon" is no exception. This song is taken from the United Artists picture of the same name, and is just the thing to expect from Irving Berlin, if you get what I mean. The Troubadours have made a very presentable record of it with a vocal refrain by Lew Conrad. I think you'll like it.

The other side, also by the Troubadours, is their interpretation of the popular fox trot, "Truly." This is a very good tune, and the orchestra makes a good job of the recording. It also has a vocal chorus by Lew Conrad. (This is a Victor record.)

AND now we come to one, which on first glance, seems to be part of the menu. But don't be alarmed, for it's only "Under the Roofs of Paris," or to do it justice, "Sous Les Toits de Paris," a waltz, and not a bad one, either. This tune is from the French all-talking picture of the same name. The dialogue in this picture is entirely in French, but that doesn't seem to keep the crowds away, for at the theater where it opened in New York, it played to capacity each performance. Although this song is supposed to be a straight dance number, it has, like the majority of tunes from the other side, a slightly light-operatic flavor. However, Mark Weber and his orchestra do a nice bit of recording, and I think you'll like it, although, in my estimation, it doesn't come up to the work that the boys on this side of the pond do.

The other side is also by Mark Weber, and is also from "Sous Les Toits de Paris." This time it's a fox trot. "C'est Pas Comme" is the title and maybe it's right. This is typical European stuff, and to me, "corny." (This is a Victor record.)

Now we hear from some boys who will probably be new to some of you, Clyde McCoy and his orchestra, and they're good, too. I've been listening to this boy over the radio for the last year now, and wondering why some recording company didn't

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"Reaching for the Moon," waltz—played by
The Troubadours (Victor)

"Sous Les Toits de Paris," waltz—played by
Mark Weber and his orchestra (Victor)

"Readin', 'Ritin', Rhythm," fox trot—played by
Clyde McCoy and his orchestra (Columbia)

"In Deinen Augen Liegt das Herz von Wien,"
fox trot—played by
Mark Weber and his orchestra (Victor)

snap him up. At last it has happened, and I know that Columbia will profit by it. "Readin', Ritin', Rhythm" is the title of their opus and they do justice to it. The tune doesn't strike me as being so much, but the orchestra sure puts it over. This song is from the Paramount talkie, "Heads Up." Take a tip from me, and listen to this record.

The other side is "Sugar Blues," Clyde McCoy's signature on the air. Just listen to the first four measures and I wager you'll leave the store with the record tucked safely under your arm. We're going to hear more of Clyde McCoy. (This is a Columbia record.)

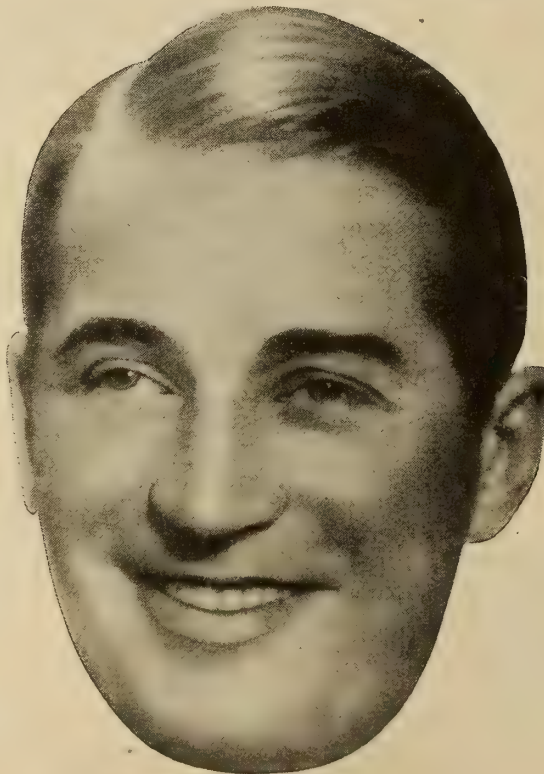
ONCE more we come to Mark Weber and his orchestra. This time they're playing "In Deinen Augen Liegt das Herz von Wien." That's a mouthful for anybody, and we haven't even mentioned that it's from the all-talking German picture, "Zwei Herzen im ¾ Takt." This is another one of those productions that contains no English in the dialogue, but still manages to draw the crowds in this country. The music from this picture is far above the standard for such works, and seems to be going over big, although why Victor didn't get somebody in this country to record it is beyond me.

The other side is from the same production, and played by the same orchestra, and from the title, "Zwei Herzen im ¾ Takt," is the main tune in the picture. This one is a waltz and better fitted to Mr. Weber's conducting. (This is a Victor record.)

Max Steiner, who succeeded Victor Baravalle as director of music for Radio Pictures, is the writer of the score for the newly-produced and pre-eminently successful picture, "Cimarron," which is now receiving the plaudits of the critics.

Max Fischer and his orchestra have just completed the synchronization of the new picture, "Millie," which Charles R. Rogers produced for Radio Pictures. Helen Twelvetrees is one of the featured players.

Photograph © by G. Maillard Kessler
Maurice Chevalier has developed into one of America's favorite record makers. His recordings for Victor are highly popular. Chevalier, too, is broadcasting with much success.



What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYER
COLUMBIA STUDIO				
Barbara Stanwyck	The Miracle Woman	Frank Capra	Drama	Not chosen yet
Buck Jones	The Fighting Patrol	D. Ross Lederman	Western	Carmelita Geraghty
Jack Holt	Subway Express	Fred Newmeyer	Drama	Aileen Pringle
Laura LaPlante	Meet the Wife	A. Leslie Pearce	Comedy	Not chosen yet
James Hall	The Lightning Flyer	William Nigh	Railroad story	Dorothy Sebastian
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Richard Barthelmess	The Finger Points	John Dillon	Newspaper drama	Fay Wray
Dorothy Mackaill	Party Husband	Clarence Badger	Drama	James Rennie
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Chances	Allan Dwan	Drama	Rose Hobart
Joe E. Brown	Broad Minded	Mervyn LeRoy	Comedy	{ Ona Munson
Walter Huston	Upper Underworld	Not chosen	Underworld drama	{ Wm. Collier, Jr.
FOX STUDIO				
All star	Women of All Nations	Raoul Walsh	Comedy drama	{ Edmund Lowe
				{ Greta Nissen
				{ Victor McLaglen
				{ El Brendel
Spencer Tracy	Skyline	Rowland Brown	Melodrama	{ Sally Eilers
				{ Marguerite Churchill
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
John Gilbert	Cheri Bibi	John Robertson	Melodrama	{ Leila Hyams
				{ Lewis Stone
All star	The Squaw Man	Cecil B. DeMille	Drama	{ Warner Baxter
				{ Lupe Velez
Leslie Howard	Never the Twain Shall Meet	W. S. Van Dyke	South Sea romance	{ Eleanor Boardman
				{ Conchita Montenegro
Joan Crawford	The Torch Song	Harry Beaumont	Drama	{ Neil Hamilton
				{ John Mack Brown
Robert Montgomery	Shipmates	Harry Pollard	Sea drama	{ Dorothy Jordan
				{ Ernest Torrence
PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO				
Gary Cooper	City Streets	Rouben Mamoulian	Melodrama	{ Sylvia Sidney
Jackie Cooper	Skippy	Taurog-Burton	Juvenile comedy drama	{ Paul Lukas
				{ Mitzi Green
Richard Arlen	Roped In (tent)	Edward Sloman	Western drama	{ Robert Coogan
Jack Oakie	Dude Ranch	Frank Tuttle	Western comedy	{ Frances Dee
Clara Bow	Kick In	Lothar Mendes	Comedy drama	{ June Collyer
				{ Stu Erwin
				{ Regis Toomey
PARAMOUNT EAST COAST STUDIO				
Maurice Chevalier	The Smiling Lieutenant	Ernst Lubitsch	Comedy drama	Claudette Colbert
Nancy Carroll	Between Two Worlds	Edmund Goulding	Drama	Fredric March
PATHE STUDIO				
Constance Bennett	Lost Love	Paul L. Stein	Drama	Joel McCrea
Ina Claire	Rebound	Edward H. Griffith	Drama	Robert Ames
R K O STUDIOS				
Richard Dix	Big Brother	Fred Niblo	Drama	Marion Shilling
Mary Astor	White Shoulders	Melville Brown	Drama	Jack Holt
Mary Brian	Waiting at the Church	William Craft	Comedy drama	{ Jack Mulhall
				{ Johnny Hines
Robert Woolsey	Going, Going, Gone	Clyde Bruckman	Comedy	Not chosen
Bert Wheeler	Too Many Crooks	William Seiter	Comedy	Dorothy Lee
Evelyn Brent	Traveling Husbands	Paul Sloane	Comedy drama	{ Frank Albertson
Lily Damita	Madame Julie	Victor Schertzinger	Drama	{ Rita LaRoy
				{ Lester Vail
UNIVERSAL STUDIO				
Betty Compson	The Virtuous Husband	Vin Moore	Comedy drama	{ Jean Arthur
Conrad Nagel	Gambling Daughters	Hobart Henley	Comedy drama	{ Elliott Nugent
				{ Sidney Foxe
WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO				
John Barrymore	Svengali	Archie Mayo	Drama	Marian Marsh
George Arliss	The Millionaire	John Adolfs	Comedy drama	Evelyn Knapp
Frank Fay	God's Gift to Women	Michael Curtiz	Comedy farce	Laura LaPlante
All star	The Public Enemy	William Wellman	Drama	{ Joan Blondell
				{ Jean Harlow
				{ Edward Woods
Bebe Daniels	Woman of the World	Roy Del Ruth	Murder mystery	{ Ricardo Cortez

The Men Who Make the Movies

The Story of Carl Laemmle

BY LYNDE DENIG

CARL LAEMMLE is a small man, unimpressive in appearance. Were you to meet him in an elevator in the Heckscher Building, New York, where his offices are located, you would not surmise that he is president of one of the most prosperous motion-picture organizations in the world. Even in the course of a conversation, you might fail to sense the force, determination and independence of character that for approximately twenty-five years have made him a factor in an industry raised on the backs of strong men. In motion-picture competition, only the stalwart survive.

Mr. Laemmle never wastes energy in trying to impress others with his own importance: one reason, perhaps, that at the age of sixty-three, as chief executive of Universal Pictures Corporation, which he founded, his driving force remains unimpaired. He continues to walk at the head of the procession, with his son, Carl Laemmle, Jr., following

in his footsteps, or, to be more exact, walking abreast of him, arm in arm. A recent testimonial to their joint success was the selection by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, of "All Quiet on the Western Front" as the finest picture of the year.

In February, 1931, the entire Universal organization joined Mr. Laemmle in the celebration of a Silver Jubilee marking the passing of twenty-five years since he opened his first motion-picture theater, the White Front, in Chicago, the forerunner of a chain of theaters, which Universal either owns or controls. But to return to the beginning.

CARL LAEMMLE was born in Laupheim, Germany, in 1867. He first saw the Statue of Liberty on St. Valentine's day, 1884. He had a few dollars in his pocket and was ready to work at anything until he found something better. Mr. Laemmle always has been that way—ready to do the best he could with the job at hand, but constantly on the watch for an improvement. Never once in his long career has he been content to sit back, resting on accomplishments. From the time he was a youngster delivering packages for a drugstore in lower Manhattan, he has faced each new morning with a "what next" attitude.

Even as far back as 1884, when horsecars rattled down Broadway, New York looked a bit cramped to



Carl Laemmle was born in Laupheim, Germany, in 1867. He came to America in 1884 and, after trying his luck at various kinds of work, turned to motion pictures. First he ran theaters then turned to the making of photoplays.

the adventure-seeking German boy, who had read tales of the Wild West. He saved money for a railroad ticket that carried him as far as Chicago, where he worked in a department store. This was not, however, the land of his dreams. The next jump took him to a farm in South Dakota, but the life of a farm-hand at four dollars per month, and keep, did not offer much beyond a back-breaking future. He decided that he could do more with a pen than with a pitchfork and returned to Chicago.

Nearly ten years passed before Mr. Laemmle stepped into something that gave promise of a career, though nothing very exalted. He became head bookkeeper and soon general manager of a department store in Oshkosh, Wis., where he might still be figuring with red and black inks had it not been for a small motion-picture show near the store. He dropped in at the show of an evening, more interested in the numbers of people entering the place

than in the flickering entertainment thrown on the screen. At that time, practical business men did not talk about art in connection with motion pictures; rather they listened to the tune of the cash register, as they still do, for that matter, although not so frankly.

Mr. Laemmle, with his savings of \$2,500 and his newfound interest in motion pictures, hopped back to Chicago where he met R. H. Cochrane, a young advertising man, who was ready to try his luck with a picture show. Mr. Cochrane, it may be noted, has been Mr. Laemmle's right-hand man ever since.

They started their careers together with the opening of the White Front Theater. Another theater soon was launched in Chicago, then another and so, stone by stone, the foundation of a flourishing organization was laid. Mr. Laemmle has profited mightily. He and his associates have been responsible for a fair share of the finest pictures yet produced, such as "Foolish Wives," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and "Merry-Go-Round"; but it is significant that Mr. Laemmle never has altered his original attitude toward motion pictures. They are, in his opinion, essentially the entertainment of the dime and nickel counting public. Universal always has been a reliable supply house for the small theater in the small town.

Every history of a motion-picture career that dates back far enough must take (Continued on page 127)

Next Month: The Dramatic Story of SAM GOLDWYN

IN THE MODERN
SHOW WORLD

PERSONALITY IS KING!

RADIO'S STAR-SPANGLED GALLERY OF THE GREAT!

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Personality! . . . Endowing Each
Role with Sincerity and Reality!

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are Peerless, are the reasons
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as RADIO'S "CIMARRON!"

Watch for these players in their
Newest, Greatest pictures . . .
each has a place in your heart
. . . for Personality is King!

Current RADIO PICTURES that deserve your
attention: Wheeler & Woolsey in
"CRACKED NUTS"; Lowell Sherman and Irene
Dunne, Star of "Cimarron," in "BACHELOR
APARTMENT"; "THE W PLAN", Great War
Melodrama; Mary Astor, Robert Ames
and Ricardo Cortez in "BEHIND OFFICE DOORS";
and A. A. Milne's "THE PERFECT ALIBI".



RICHARD DIX



IRENE DUNNE



LOWELL SHERMAN



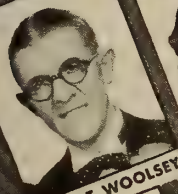
BERT WHEELER



BETTY COMPSON



ROBERT AMES



ROBERT WOOLSEY



DOROTHY LEE



JACK MULHALL



EVELYN BRENT



JOBYNA HOWLAND



ROSCO ATEs



JOHN DARROW



JOEL MCCREA



RICARDO CORTEZ



MARY ASTOR



RALF HAROLDE



IVAN LEBEDEFF



EDNA MAY OLIVER



HUGH HERBERT



JOSEPH CAWTHORN

RADIO PICTURES



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From the Stars
How to Work
Play
Find Success
Make Friends
Hold Love**



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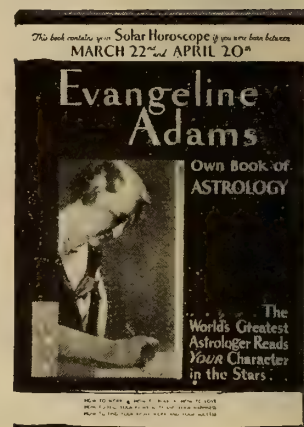
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May 22 and June 21—Gemini <input type="checkbox"/>	Oct. 24 and Nov. 22—Scorpio <input type="checkbox"/>	Jan. 21 and Feb. 19— Aquarius <input type="checkbox"/>
June 22 and July 23—Cancer <input type="checkbox"/>	Nov. 23 and Dec. 22— Sagittarius <input type="checkbox"/>	Feb. 20 and March 21—Pisces <input type="checkbox"/>
July 24 and Aug. 23—Leo <input type="checkbox"/>		

Name

Address..... City..... State.....





FIFI DORSAY

Gallery
of
Famous
Film Folk

The
New Movie
Magazine



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

MITZI GREEN



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

GARY COOPER



NANCY CARROLL



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR.



Photograph by Hurrell

NEIL HAMILTON



ANITA PAGE
Lovely Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star

Says~

"Life Savers are delightfully refreshing at all times . . .
they cool the throat and clear the voice."

Adv.



GRETA GARBO

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. III

MAY, 1931

No. 5



Gossip of the Studios

GRETA GARBO has only one year to go on her present contract. She says that when this is completed she will leave for Sweden and give up pictures forever. M.-G.-M. has three pictures in preparation for her now, "Susan Lennox,"



Richard Dix: Not realizing "Cimarron" hit, he was going to direct. Now he has changed his mind.

"Mati Hari," and "Grand Hotel." If she keeps her word and does not re-sign, these pictures will probably be Garbo's last contributions to the screen.

Better write Greta—and tell her you can't do without her.

* * *

"**H**APPY days are here again." You can hear that tune being whistled and sung all over Hollywood. Reason: a great boom in production, hundreds of men and women who

have not worked in months are now on salary again, and a flock of pictures made during the past few months are box-office smashes. Also, Hollywood seems to be returning to its own. The wild and woolly period in which no one knew what they wanted or who could give it to them is passed and old time (silent days) writers, actors, and actresses are again in demand. The invasion of the "foreigner" (from Broadway) is over.

* * *

John Barrymore is collecting autographs!

Hesitatingly, sometimes blushing as he makes his approach, the great actor who has been annoyed a thousand times by autograph hunters has started a book for his little daughter, Dolores Ethel Barrymore, in which he hopes to get the signatures of noted men of the world. The book is about the size of an income tax schedule and nearly as formidable looking. He added recently the names of Commander Byrd and Gilbert K. Chesterton, but weakened when he came to Professor Albert Einstein.

Charlie Chaplin, it might be mentioned, has an autograph book whose names suggest the roster of an international "Who's Who." He collected them himself.

* * *

THE placid, sophisticated Constance Bennett continues to be the enigma of Hollywood. On the exterior, she is Manhattan ice. At the studio, cameramen, electricians, property boys, script clerks and the like, worship the very hems of her garments. The other day a property boy who had supplied things for her personally on one of the sets was about to be fired. He was blue over the outlook.

"What's the matter, son?" Connie asked when she noticed his dejection. He told her. "Just a minute, Mr. Stein!" she said to the director. "Mark me 'absent' for a bit. I want to go to the front offices."

Constance unceremoniously burst through a door. "... and he's a good worker, too! I know he is," she concluded. "Please, don't."

What official could resist that! The boy still has his job.

A long day was drawing to a close and Constance was having trouble arranging her make-up. The sun was dipping far out in the Pacific Ocean.

"I'm going to miss an anniversary dinner with my wife," murmured a minor player, ruefully.

"You are *not*!" said Constance. "Come on; we'll get through with this scene immediately. Let's go!"

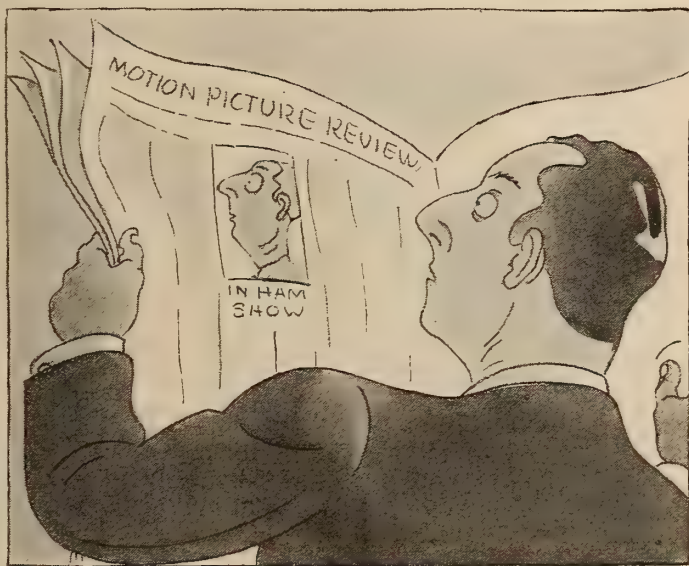
Her make-up might not have been all that Pathe desired, but that made no difference. She was keeping a young man from a home where an anniversary dinner was in waiting. Which wasn't right.

"Shoot!" said Constance.

It was shot—and satisfactorily, too.



Will Rogers: Can't get over dislike of dress suits. Never owned a tuxedo and his home has no phone.



All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Joan Crawford: She spends all her time between scenes knitting rugs for her home.

Strut," from the Harriet Henry novel. Her ten weeks' work in the two pictures will net her exactly \$300,000, from which the following may be deduced:

\$300,000 for ten weeks.

\$30,000 per week.

\$5000 per day.

\$833.33 per hour.

\$13.80 per minute.

23 cents per second.

If Miss Bennett "throws a button" which will take five minutes to replace, she will use \$69 worth of Warner Brothers' time. If she develops a "run" in a stocking, or misplaces a lipstick, the company is out just so much money at the rate of \$13.80 per minute.

* * *

"Let's go up on top of the theater and play tennis!" Ann Harding will be saying that to her husband, Harry Bannister, before long. No, not goofy nor out of her senses in the least.

The two are completing a private theater on their estate in the Hollywood hills and its roof is being fitted up as a tennis court.

* * *

A MOST beautiful friendship has grown up between little Gloria Lloyd and "Peggy," the little girl recently adopted by Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis. The two are inseparable and outside of school hours are seen with their arms about each other or playing around the beautiful Lloyd estate. They attend a private school together.

A few days ago Gloria had to remain in bed because of an abscess in her ear. And "Peggy" hung around with a suspicion of a tear in each eye.

"Peggy?" Mrs. Lloyd called. "Get your things. It's schooltime. The car's waiting. Hurry along!"

The little girl went to her new mother's side and pillowed her head upon her breast.

"I don't want to go to

In a friendly conference, Pathe and Warner Brothers - First National have agreed, with the consent of Miss Bennett, that she will make only one picture this year for the latter organization, and one next year, instead of two this summer, as had been planned. Pathe also announced that hereafter Miss Bennett will be loaned to no other companies under any circumstances.

The first picture "Connie" will make under her Warner Brothers deal will be "Jack Daw's

school without Gloria," she said.

"O, but you must!" Mrs. Lloyd replied. "She will be all right."

"Peggy" thought it over a minute and reluctantly prepared to depart.

"But, when she gets well, I'm going to bed too!" she declared.

And that shows just how hard "Peggy" is trying to be a good girl and win her place in the Harold Lloyd home. To use a slang expression, the Lloyds are crazy about her.

So is everybody else who talks to her. "Peggy" has made good.

* * *

Mary Pickford is going into business manufacturing cosmetics and beauty preparations.

* * *

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S only regret when he left Hollywood for his trip abroad was that he couldn't take his tennis court and a few of his favorite players with him. Charlie has in the past year become a most ardent devotee of this sport, and now swings a mean racket, to say nothing of his backhand smash.

* * *

THE Assistance League tea room, a charity organization in Hollywood, holds the distinction of having the highest priced waitresses in the world. Many of our best known stars donate one day a week waiting on table. Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackaill, Catherine Dale Owen, Eleanor Boardman, Loretta Young, are fast becoming proficient in the art of juggling a tray.

* * *

CORINNE GRIFFITH is living a life of ease. She says she doesn't know when she will do another picture, if ever, and just wants to enjoy her beach house and her vacation. Corinne is one girl who has saved her money, made good investments and can sit back now without worrying about the wolf at the front door.

* * *

We have had numerous letters asking for Marie Dressler's age and when asked about this question her answer was, "Use your own judgment. Sometimes I look 108, but I never feel older than the person whose presence I am in."

* * *

IF Will Rogers really takes up politics seriously he will get over his dislike for telephones and dress suits. At present his beautiful home in the heart of Beverly Hills has no telephone connection and Will does not and never has owned a tuxedo or dress suit.

* * *

TO most people a black cat generally is accepted as an omen of ill-luck. But not Joseph von



Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

Sternberg, Paramount director. The black cat is his mascot and appears for an important moment in every picture he directs. It started with "The Salvation Hunter," the first picture he made, and one which brought him recognition. Now the cat has eleven pictures to his credit.

* * *

JOSEPH CAWTHORN, the grand old veteran of stage and more recently screen fame, was signed to a long term contract by Radio Pictures on the day of his fifty-seventh anniversary in the acting profession and his golden wedding anniversary. Mr. Cawthorn will be seen shortly with Mary Pickford in "Kiki."

* * *

Hollywood has an altitude of from 270 to 1800 feet above sea level. It is twelve miles from the nearest ocean, the Pacific.

* * *

MAE MURRAY is sitting in an oil well! Not literally but figuratively speaking. Her third well has just come in, and she tells me it will bring her income up to seven or eight thousand dollars per month, without counting her picture earnings. About a year ago oil was discovered on property adjoining some owned by Mae. She at once started drilling and now has three wells going full blast. Her home is surrounded by derricks, and in time the house, too, will go to make way for the flowing black gold.

* * *

IN walking through the Warner Brothers Studio the other day I noticed a new building under construction that will house the new contingent of stars, Ruth Chatterton, William Powell and Kay Francis. Some wit had tacked a sign up "Paramount Building."

* * *

DICK ARLEN and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary last week with an informal dinner at their home. Dick and Joby had just returned from Honolulu and said that everybody is so lazy on the island that the newspapers have to print everything on the front page.

* * *

Cigars are a sure killer of romance, according to hundreds of movie fans who have written to the Paramount studio asking those in charge to please not allow their new found screen idol, Fredric March, to ever again appear in a picture with his favorite stogy. So March is taking up cigarettes in a serious way.

* * *

MARY BRIAN'S fans failed to be impressed with her

first emotional rôle in "The Royal Family of Broadway." They want to see Mary as the sweet leading lady to Richard Arlen or Jack Oakie. So you will get the sugar-coated Mary from now on.

* * *

COLLEEN MOORE has finally done it. In other words the famous Dutch bob as worn for so many years by Colleen and which had become more or less of a trade mark, has at last been converted into a very stylish and ultra modern bob. It is a decided change and most becoming and has brought considerable interest and admiration from the opposite sex.

* * *

IVAN LEBEDEFF, one of Radio's featured players, was trained for military service in the court of Emperor Nicholas, where, it is said, he made quite a war record. At the start of the World War he joined the Third Regiment of Dragoons, later serving as a member of the flying corps on the Rumanian front, where he was wounded and taken to Odessa. In time he was captured by the Bolsheviki, was arrested, but escaped from prison. When he left Russia he went to Berlin, Constantinople, Vienna and Paris, where he met D. W. Griffith, who brought him to this country for a part in "The Sorrows of Satan."

* * *

One thing is sure; Joan Crawford's home is well supplied with rugs. In between scenes at the studio her hands are never idle—always you will see her working on a hook, cross-stitch or hand-woven tapestry rug.

* * *



RICHARD DIX has finally come to realize that you can't engineer a locomotive and coal it too—and has put the direction of his next starring vehicle "Big Brother" in the capable hands of Fred Niblo. Dix, you know, was going to direct his own films.

* * *

WHEN Ramon Novarro finishes the Spanish version of "Daybreak" he will go to Europe to study French. In future Ramon will be able to make Spanish and French versions as well as English.



A glimpse of Beverly Hills, which creates more gossip than any other town in the world.

The WHISPERING

It Destroys Happiness in Hollywood, Where the Movie Stars Live in Glass Houses, Watched Day and Night By the Whole World

THEY say—what do they say—let them say. You can't do anything else, in and around and about Hollywood.

Get famous and get talked about. That is an axiom no one can escape. The whispering chorus takes each name, as soon as it's big enough to be mentioned on the billboards, and begins its everlasting gossip. Some of it is funny—some of it is tragic. Some of it is true and some of it is false as Chaplin's mustache.

But it isn't only in Hollywood itself that gossip of the stars pursues its way.

It has been my misfortune to spend days on the witness stand, being cross-examined by irate legal lights. Those things happen to reporters who get mixed up in all sorts of things. But never in any courtroom have I been subjected to the ruthless questioning that a group of non-picture people will hand me. In New York, San Francisco, Chicago, or Oshkosh, it's always the same. The tales of Hollywood's great and near-great are told, re-told and discussed until one grows dizzy and limp.

ONE night in New York not long ago my husband and I were invited to dine at the home of a famous writer. Knowing the guest list, we looked forward to the occasion with delight. My favorite illustrator and her distinguished husband were to be there. An internationally known painter and his beautiful wife. A novelist who writes gangland best sellers. A noted playwright and his wife, a stage star. We said, "Now we will hear some real conversation for a change."

Do you know what we talked about?

Movie stars! They had heard all the latest gossip and they wanted to know any additional high lights and whether what they had already heard was true or not.

I have just gotten out of a hospital where I added my appendix to the collection. As soon as I could hold my head up, every nurse, interne, etc., etc., came in to pay their respects—and talk about folks in the movies.

Not even royalty has ever been forced to exist under such a barrage of talk—and such talk!

Honestly, it is appalling. You can only wonder where, how and by whom some of these wild Arabian Nights imaginings get started.

"**I**T'S interest," Gloria Swanson once said to me, when I had repeated to her a wild talk about myself which I had heard two women discussing in a beauty parlor. "I suppose we shouldn't mind. They are interested in us, and they think of us impersonally. So they talk. I have learned not to let it concern me."

And Gloria has had more than her share. No one in the business has been so much talked about.

For instance, take this last wave of gossip concerning Gloria, Constance Bennett, and Gloria's recently divorced husband, the Marquis de la Falaise. Talk made a great and glittering triangle of that combination. "They said" Constance had stolen the Marquis away from Gloria. Now, in all due fairness to everybody, nothing sillier was ever discussed. Connie couldn't have taken Henri away from Gloria, even if she'd wanted to, which she probably didn't. Gloria and her husband



More of Beverly Hills, which owns more "They say" rumors per square foot than any other town.

CHORUS

BY
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

had come to the parting of the ways before he ever saw Constance Bennett. When Henri went to Paris, he and Swanson knew the end had come. And it wasn't until he had been in Paris some time that he met Miss Bennett.

Yet I have heard—and probably you have—all sorts of wild tales about the battle between these two famous stars over the dashing Frenchman.

Perhaps the strangest part of the whole thing is the way that stories are accepted, told as gospel, and become part of the tradition, without any foundation at all. Or with very little foundation. Or how a wisecrack, made carelessly, will be repeated seriously and become a great topic of conversation.

For instance, I once heard a well-known young leading man say kiddingly to his wife, "I'll give you a good beating for that when I get you home." A week later someone drew me aside and said, "Did you hear the latest? So and So gave his wife a terrible beating the other night because she made a mistake in a bridge game. I hear she is going to divorce him."

ONE of the most constant sources of gossip is divorce and engagements. If a husband and wife are seen apart twice, it's all over town that they are separated. Hollywood is naturally dramatic.

A well-known scenario writer who is married to a pretty leading lady told me one on himself the other day.

They were living at the beach for the Summer. Their town house was rented and they decided to take a couple of rooms at a Hollywood hotel, where they could stay if the drive seemed too long, or change

clothes after work. The husband went to the hotel alone and looked at rooms. Two hours later three reporters were on his trail, demanding to know if there was a rift in the matrimonial lute.

You have to be careful. As poor little Janet Gaynor says, "You can't be natural. People talk about such simple things."

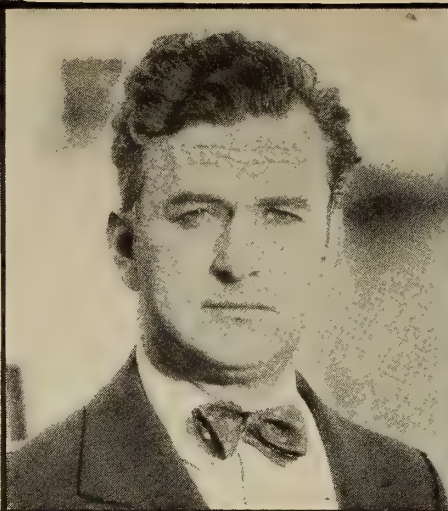
When Janet married Lydell Peck instead of Charlie Farrell, the whole town talked. On a certain night—just before the wedding—when Charlie was, to my positive knowledge, at home with his mother and sister, the rumor went around like wildfire at a large party that Charlie had tried to drown himself in the vast Pacific. Nothing could have been further from the truth. Charlie and Janet never did want to marry each other. They understood each other

perfectly. Yet for weeks they were overwhelmed with gossip and talk. And if Janet went to a theater without her husband, it was discussed in every nook and corner as an immediate divorce.

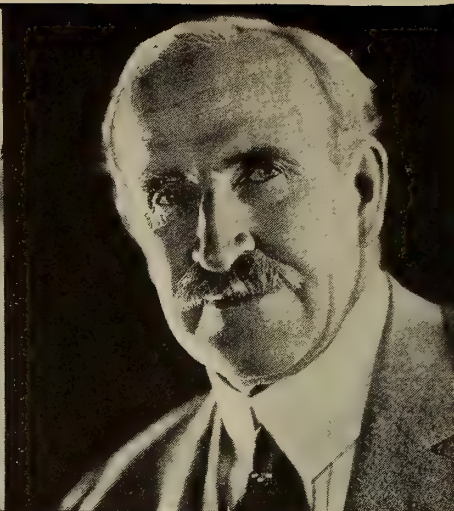
HAVING nothing real about Garbo to discuss, fancy paints many pictures. Not long ago I heard a positive statement that Garbo was a devotee of some East Indian religion, and that she had living in her house various priests and priestesses of the cult. Her spare time, it was averred, was spent in dark and unknown rites. I expected any moment to hear that cages of boa constrictors were kept in the parlor. As a matter of fact, Greta has friends in Hollywood and she wouldn't know an East Indian religion if she met one. Not that the great religions of the East aren't all right, but Garbo doesn't (Continued on page 90)



Earle Williams: His will enmeshes his widow in a baffling maze of financial difficulties.



Tom Ince: His will was carefully designed to protect his wife and his children.



Theodore Roberts: His "spite will" expressed, in a scathing manner, much family bitterness.

I Hereby Bequeath—

Hollywood Has Its Amazing Last Documents and Here Are the Facts About Them, Told for the First Time

BY ROSALIND SHAFFER

WILLS are the most revealing of all human documents, and the most interesting. Shakespeare died and left the world a legacy of vehicles for the Barrymores, and his wife, the second best bed. Not above every-day ambition, the Bard of Avon left entailed property to found a family tree, even as Harold Lloyd.

Modern minds are not different from the minds of Shakespeare's day, and the same human emotions of love for kin, ambition, and spites, as proved by the Hollywood wills of the past, animate the Hollywood will-makers of today. Wills of the past few years in Hollywood have contained all sorts of surprises, and have had most amazingly complicated results. Law-suits, attempted suicides, poignant personal tragedies, have followed in the train of some of Hollywood's wills. While it is impossible to know the details of wills being made today in the film colony, due to natural reticence and causes that would make it inadvisable to reveal the secrets of these documents in their entirety, some of them have been told for the purposes of this article.

These wills reveal the personalities and the ambitions of their makers in a way that nothing else does. There is something so terribly final about making a will, that the real person emerges in making one, stripped of sham. While most of the wills being made consist of formal bequests to the logical heirs, others do not do this, and explain why.

Another angle on this will business is it reveals the personalities and ambitions of the writers, relates to the various collections, valuable and unique, that represent the hobbies of the stars. What will become of some of these most valuable and unique collections is revealed in this story of the wills of Hollywood. Things gathered during long and colorful careers on the stage and screen, and often related to work in films, represent the most interesting of these collections.

Personal photographs from
the Albert Davis Collection

MODERN Hollywood folk are making much better provision for their loved ones, and are managing their affairs in a more business-like manner than did the earlier generation of stars. Barbara LaMarr and Wallace Reid, it will be remembered, died with no wills, and of all they earned little was left for the loved ones dependent upon them.

Cecil De Mille has made a will in which his keen studies of human nature are applied to every one of his four children. Bequests to them are governed by arrangements that vary with the temperament of each child as so far expressed, and with their ambitions in life. Money is held in trust with cash payments calculated to take care of the probable needs and welfare and pleasure of the children, with the terms of the payments and the trusts adapted to each child individually. The money of the widow is left in trust similarly. The will is planned like a carefully played game of chess, with every contingency studied, and, he hopes, provided for. Charities, though Mr. DeMille would make no statement on this point, are known to be along the lines of his interests in life; the Motion Picture Relief Fund, and the Universal Religious Conference at U. C. L. A. (University of California at Los Angeles), which is a clubhouse for members of all religions.

All charities and bequests apart from those to his family, are cared for under a separate trust, so that no errors of litigation in regard to these things will affect the validity of the will providing for his family. Strangely enough, some time after De Mille had made this will, he found in the family archives an old will made by one Antonius DeMilt in Haarlem, in 1633; the will is an amazing parallel to De Mille's own, even down to the number of children in the family and the careful ways the trust interest and cash were disposed of differently for each child, and for the widow.

"To make a really good will," says De Mille, "it would be necessary to try the children for five

The Will Is the Most Revealing of All Human Documents— and Hollywood Wills Disclose a Lot

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF RUDOLPH GUGLIELMI.

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IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN: I, RUDOLPH GUGLIELMI, of the city of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, being of sound and disposing mind and memory and not acting under the duress, fraud or undue influence of any person or persons whatsoever, do hereby make and publish this my LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT in the manner following, that is to say:

FIRST: I hereby revoke all former wills by me made and I hereby nominate and appoint S. George Ullman of the city of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, the executor of this my LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, without bonds, either upon qualifying or in any stage of the settlement of my said estate.

SECOND: I direct that my Executor pay all of my just debts and funeral expenses, as soon as may be practicable after my death.

THIRD: I give, devise and bequeath unto my wife, Natscha Rambova, also known as Natscha Guglielmi, the sum of One Dollar (\$1.00), it being my intention, desire and will that she receive this sum and no more.

FOURTH: All the residue and remainder of my estate, both real and personal, I give, devise and bequeath unto S. George Ullman, of the city of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, to have and to hold the same in trust and for the use of Alberto Guglielmi, Maria Guglielmi and Teresa Werner, the purposes of the aforesaid trust are as follows: to hold, manage, and control the said trust property and estate; to keep the same invested and productive as far as possible; to receive the rents and profits therefrom, and to pay over the net income derived therefrom to the said Alberto Guglielmi, Maria Guglielmi and Teresa Werner, as I have this day instructed him; to finally distribute the said trust estate according to my wish and will, as I have this day instructed him.

-1-

FIFTH: Should any other person after my death be able to establish in any Court of competent jurisdiction by proper judgment and decree therein, that he or she is entitled as an heir-in-law, or otherwise, to any share or portion of my estate, I give, devise and bequeath to such person, and each of them, the sum of \$1.00 and such person shall take no other or further share in my estate.

SIXTH: In case any person or persons, to whom any legacy, gift, devise or benefit out of, from or by reason of this my will, shall come, shall commence suit in any Court whatsoever, or by any ways or means sue and disturb or cause to be sued or disturbed by Administrator, my Executor, Administratrix or Executrix, or any other person or persons whatsoever to whom anything is by me given in this my Will, from the recovery, quiet-enjoying and possession of what is by me herein given as aforesaid, and in such manner as is therein mentioned, then my Will and meaning is that all and every, the legacy and legacies, gift and gifts, benefit or benefits herein by me given to any such person or persons whatsoever, who shall so sue and disturb, as aforesaid, shall cease, determine and be utterly void, and to such person or persons, so suing or disturbing I hereby give, devise and bequeath in the place and stead of such legacy, gift, devise or benefit, the sum of \$1.00 each, and no more.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 1st day of September, 1925.

Rudolph Guglielmi

The foregoing Instrument consisting of three pages, including the page signed by the Testator, was at the date hereof by the said Rudolph Guglielmi, signed, sealed and published and declared to be his last Will and Testament in the presence of us, who at his request and in his presence, and the presence of each other

-2-

The famous Valentino will, reproduced for publication for the first time. This will, which caused a great deal of litigation, was drawn up in September, 1925. Valentino had just eleven months to live when he made this will. He died in New York on August 23, 1926.

years with no money. I have often thought, if it were practical, what an interesting experiment it would be to go home some day and say, 'Children, I am penniless; my health is gone and it is up to you to support me.' . . . This leaving of money is a dangerous thing; it should be studied carefully because it is a responsibility. The principle of modern charity is good; the teaching of an individual to be self-sustaining, rather than leaving him alms. A will, in my belief, should protect the beneficiaries against the dangers of money. It would be wrong to leave money under similar terms to individuals with different temperaments and traits. Then, too, a will should not create jealousies; the home so carefully built must not be destroyed. My will makes arrangements for every new piece of property, according to every foreseen contingency.

"In the matter of collections; it has been my observa-

have subscribed our names as witness thereto.

Raymond A. Lager
Residing at 38 St. James Park, Los Angeles, Cal.
Margaret Neff Waters
Residing at 835 Mc Cadden Place
Los Angeles, Calif.

tion that the hobbies of parents are rarely carried out by children. I wonder if it is wise for parents to leave collections to children who perhaps will lose interest and dispose of a collection that the parent has spent years gathering together. My opinion is that in most cases it is better to leave valuable collections to museums where they will be kept intact for general appreciation.

"If one could leave one's experience along with the money, that would be of real value to them. On the other hand, it is dangerous for a dead man to tie the hands of the living."

De Mille has collected many relics dear to the heart of the picture fan; the suit of armor worn by Wallace Reid in "Joan the Woman" stands in his study; the Crown of Thorns, from "The King of Kings," is resting on a red velvet cushion on his table; these and many other similar things from his film career, he plans to leave to the museum in project by the Motion Picture Academy. A collection of armor, of great value, another of arms, still another of rare and curious gems, including an exhibit showing by specimens the growth of the pearl in the oyster shell, and a pearl formed in the shape of a tiny fish, which was coated with the nacreous substance (Continued on page 83)



SKIPPY

Skippy, Percy Crosby's lovable comic strip character, is in the movies. Skippy, in the person of young Jackie Cooper, is making a picture in Hollywood. Wait until Sooky, who is always belittlin', Cuthbert and the others of Skippy's gang hear about this. And what will Aunt Gussie and Uncle Louis the glassblower say?

THINGS I Know to be TRUE

A Motion Picture Publicity Man Gives the
Low Down on Some of the Film Famous

By WARREN NOLAN

FIVE years ago, after four years on the staff of *The New York Times* and two years as motion picture editor of *The New York Telegram*, I took over the job of publicizing motion pictures; during these years I have made some random notations so that one day I might set down unrelated observations that might aid in illumination of characters that come to the public only as synthetic concoctions of preconceived impressions: constructed images wrought out of trained imaginations and concentrated emphasis. Call it the Low Down, call it the Real Stuff, you name it. These are merely some of the things I know to be true.

1.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO, arrived at Harmon, N. Y., en route to New York City on what proved to be his final visit, sat in a Pullman drawing room of the Twentieth Century with his manager, George Ullman, Charles Moyer of United Artists, and myself. "Dorothy Herzog of *The Daily Mirror* bet me five dollars you wouldn't contribute anything new on the Pola Negri business, that you'd say, 'Ask the lady.' Anything new?" I asked. "What else can I say?" he replied. "If I say I don't love her I'm a cad. If I say I love her she'll want to marry me and God knows I don't want to marry her." I thought of this when I stood at the door of St. Malachi's Church, handling the press at Valentino's funeral, and saw George Ullman and his wife support the shuddering Pola into the services. "Her best performance!" whispered Regina Cannon of *The New York American*.

2.

THE truest thing ever said about publicity was uttered by the late Mrs. Pickford. "Don't worry about them writing things about you," consoled Ma Pickford. "The time to worry is when they write nothing about you."



In Charlie Chaplin the genius and the citizen have now become interwoven in one personality.

"You must know, Miss Gish, that the public no longer wants the old fashioned fluttering lass who chases a canary."



3.

I HAVE seen a good deal of Harry Richman, traveled over the Alleghanies in an airplane with him, a rough trip during which the pilot lost his bearings. Richman kept his nerve, located our position, and finally took the stick himself. I have seen him in Hollywood, New York, Cleveland, Philadelphia and other places and know him better than anybody in the picture business. He told me the absolute facts on the Clara Bow business, told them in such honesty and detail that the recital even ceased to be humorous. Insofar as such people, people of wide and full experience, are capable of love, Richman and Clara were deeply in love. His jealousy broke up the romance, which was frankly instigated for publicity but turned into such a real thing that both parties were hurt. Richman will never really get over it; it was probably, when the romance was soaring, the one genuine emotion in his life. And Clara was crazy about Richman, no matter what anybody tells you; I have seen them together. . . .



The Harry Richman-Clara Bow romance was started for publicity—but both fell deeply in love and both were hurt.

4.

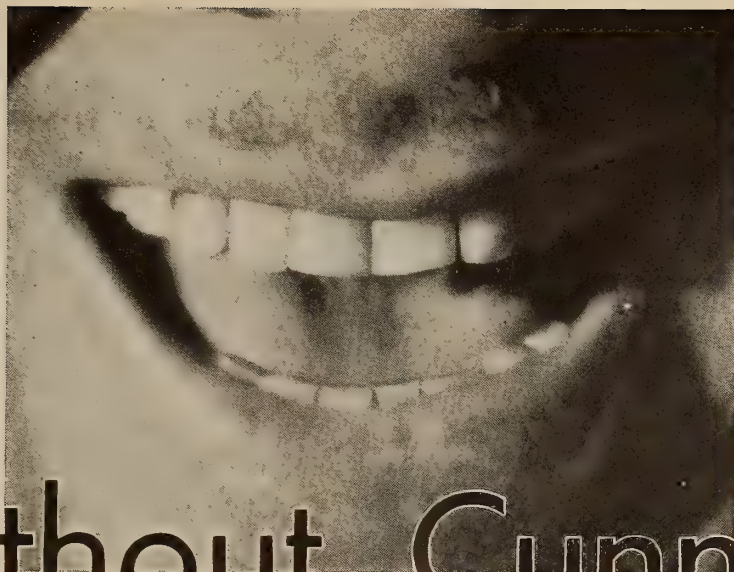
LILLIAN GISH, from the time I was a high school boy, has been my favorite screen actress and my ideal of a woman. Well, we were going to have "The Swan" as a picture and so I had to call on my heroine and talk to her, talk to a star whose name, however great it once was, recently had not been a box office magnet because of changing styles in screen stars and because of several inferior films that had hurt her. "May I be honest?" "Yes, please." "Well, then, Miss Gish, you've got to know that the public no longer wants the kind of screen character you played, the fluttering lass who chased a canary or was chased by John Gilbert around a rose bush. It's hard for me to say this but it's true and it's only because I would do more for you than any star I know that I say it. Will you tell interviewers, 'I've caught that canary!'" I didn't speak to myself for a week after that: it was like telling Paderewski he'd have to play in Macy's window.

(Continued on page 124)



George Bancroft is direct and innately honest, says Jim Tully. He says the first thing that comes into his mind. This is so unconventional that in Hollywood social circles it is considered dishonest. All screen players take themselves seriously. They hide, with subterfuge, an all consuming ego. When Bancroft's name is mentioned they murmur, "A terrible egotist," and resume talking about themselves.

BY
JIM
TULLY



In "The Mighty," George Bancroft's first talkie, the actor's laugh was used to splendid effect. Now, if writers, directors or supervisors find their bag empty of tricks, they put in a sequence where the jovial Bancroft laughs.

Without Cunning

George Bancroft, the Thunderer of Hollywood, is a Simple Soul and a Superb Example of What the Movie Capital Can Do to a Man Without Duplicity

THERE is in his eyes the look of a hunted man. He is as one fleeing from his own success. Maligned by every little word weaver, and confused and persecuted by those who are envious, he is a supreme example of what Hollywood can do to a man who lacks duplicity. George Bancroft is a simple and a kindly man. He is without cunning. As direct as a railroad engine with full steam ahead, he flounders through the mazes of intrigue and becomes blinded by his own steam.

No more genuine person ever wondered what it was all about in Hollywood. One of the most popular men on earth, he is a lonely and troubled individual.

He has been accused of ingratitude. In touch with him from the beginning, I know a great deal of his film career. Too much is said about what successful men owe to others. As a rule they owe very little. Philanthropists waste much more time on dubs than they do on first-rate men. Bancroft was Bancroft the minute he put his strong mug on the screen.

YEARS ago Walter Wanger, Paramount's keenest diplomat and most cultivated man, said to me in New York:

"I want you to see George Bancroft. There's millions of dollars in him. Let me have your honest opinion."

The film was shown in New York. Bancroft was the only thing in it. Shortly afterward he came to Hollywood.

Within a few months many men claimed credit for his discovery.

James Cruze was given first credit as his discoverer. Those who knew Hollywood smiled. Cruze put Bancroft in his film because he was told to do so by the Paramount officials. He did not discover him. The film was "The Pony Express," one of the worst films made up to that time. Bancroft carried the film. He next appeared under Cruze in the much publicized "Old Ironsides."

Even this film did not hurt the career of the coming man.

His big chance came in "Underworld," instigated and made an entertaining film by B. P. Schulberg and Josef von Sternberg. With respect to official and director—Bancroft *did* make "Underworld" famous.

The most highly successful film, financially, in which Bancroft has appeared in recent months was "The Wolf of Wall Street." It had much of the usual balderdash. But it also had Bancroft and Baclanova—and the adroit direction of a man whose work is too much overlooked, Roland V. Lee.

ONE realizes the power of Bancroft after watching him in "The Wolf of Wall Street." It invites comparison with Jannings. Baclanova, a strong type, was veered from her characterization when opposite the heavy German. Bancroft, similar physically to the

German, and, though it be considered treason in Berlin, as fine an actor, played much better opposite Baclanova. In "The Wolf of Wall Street" she gave the most finished performance in her woefully mismanaged film career. Bancroft imbued her. Jannings crushed her. No one on the set need to play down to Bancroft. Wallace Beery, his rival for screen honors, found in him

a generous co-worker in that "epic" of the sea, made ten miles from land, "Old Ironsides."

Properly managed, Bancroft and Baclanova might have made an excellent starring team. It would be interesting to know why this idea was not carried out.

Sergei Eisenstein admired Bancroft's work. The big actor would have been an ideal protagonist for the sociological and artistic views of the brilliant Russian. The tragedy of American working men—the farmer, the factory laborer, even the tragedy of the underworld—the interpretation of all these lie within the scope of Bancroft's dramatic potentialities. These two men might have made a series of (Continued on page 106)

**George Bancroft hates interviews.
His chief interest in life is his daughter.
He likes to travel—on ships.
His favorite food is sirloin steak, rare.
He never uses make-up. He was the
first actor to insist upon going before
the camera without it. He loves realism.**



Constance Bennett entered motion pictures over the objections of her parents, particularly her father, Richard Bennett, the stage star. She was but seventeen when she tried her luck first. Her success was immediate and surprising—but she tossed it all aside to marry Philip Plant. Love is like that. "If I fell in love today—and the man wanted me to leave pictures, I'd do it without a moment's hesitation," Miss Bennett admits. "If I married outside my profession, I'm not sure I wouldn't want to give it all up again. The chances for happiness would be greater."

The Romance of the COMET GIRL

How Love and a Career Fought for Supremacy in Constance Bennett's Life

By S. R. MOOK

CONSTANCE BENNETT'S picturesque career touches its high points in New York, Paris and Hollywood.

Last month NEW MOVIE told how both her father and mother came of distinguished stage families. Her father is Richard Bennett, the footlight star. Her mother is Adrienne Morrison, whose father, Lewis Morrison, was a celebrated stage star of his day.

Miss Bennett, with her sisters, Joan and Barbara, was raised in the ever changing household of a theatrical family. As she grew up, Constance Bennett attended several New York finishing schools. She was sent to Mrs. Balsan's School in Paris and—at sixteen—was presented to society in Washington.

The Bennetts planned to keep Constance from a stage career. Miss Bennett became a familiar figure at college proms—and she met Chester Moorehead, a student at the University of Virginia. There was a runaway marriage—but her family had the ceremony annulled. Constance was sent to Europe to forget. She took up drawing and planned to follow art and designing as a career.

PART II

IT was about this time Constance Bennett met Philip Plant. She was going up to New Haven to a football game and dance with a friend and young Plant drove up with them. He fell and fell hard.

His mother was married for the third time to the then District Attorney of New York—Colonel Hayward, the father of Leland Hayward. And Leland, in turn, was married to Connie's best friend, Lola Gibbs. So Mr. Plant had things pretty much his own way. He became extremely intimate with his stepbrother and wife and was constantly suggesting that Mrs. Hayward invite Constance Bennett to join them on a party.

Two or three months of that and he and Constance were engaged. It was shortly after Mr. Plant had been in an automobile accident and involved in an unpleasant suit for damages.

MR. BENNETT was no more enthused over his daughter's engagement to Mr. Plant than he had been over her marriage to Mr. Moorehead. So the family proceeded to Europe a second time.



Back in 1924 Constance Bennett had a brief—but flashing—taste of screen success. One of her hits at that time was scored in "Cytherea." She is shown above in a scene from that film with Lewis Stone.

But young Mr. Plant was in earnest and promptly followed them. In Europe he succeeded in convincing Mr. Bennett of his eligibility and the engagement was announced, with plans for an October wedding. Obstacles and objections having been removed, Constance returned to this country with her parents. She and her fiancé immediately began to make themselves miserable by quarreling and the engagement was broken.

Partly to forget and partly as a gesture towards independence, she accepted an offer to play the lead opposite her father in "The Dancers."

Her first engagement the lead in a Broadway production opposite a famous star! Much it mattered to Connie. She found out she would have to sign a "run

How Constance Bennett Gave Up SUCCESS for LOVE

of the play" contract which meant that she must continue with the show as long as it was in New York and then go on tour with it indefinitely—or until her father tired of it and the producers shelved it. Connie declined to leave New York. Intuitively she knew that the romance between herself and Philip Plant was not ended—nowhere near it and she wanted to remain in New York.

Then another engagement was offered her. She accepted it and walked out of the cast while the play was still in rehearsal. The leading man had insisted upon making love to her when they weren't rehearsing. "I didn't object to being made love to," she explained, "I merely objected to being made love to by that man."

IT was about this time she attended the Equity Ball with her father. Samuel Goldwyn was there. There has never been anything the matter with Sam's eyesight and Connie's beauty seared him like a white flame. He offered her the lead in Joseph Hergesheimer's "Cytharea"—a best seller of that period.

Long arguments characterized the conversation in the Bennett household at that time. Mrs. Bennett was bitterly opposed to the idea of Constance entering pictures. Her father saw no harm in it.

Constance put an end to the discussions herself. "I'm seventeen now—almost eighteen. When I'm eighteen I'll be of age and free to do as I please. You can stop me now, but you'll only be postponing matters, because when I'm of age I'll go into pictures, anyhow. The only thing you'll do is knock me out of this opportunity."

Mrs. Bennett capitulated and Constance signed for the picture which was to be made in the East.

Then she and Philip Plant became reconciled and life took on a roseate glow again. But happiness, at best, is transitory and nothing lasts.

She and Plant quarreled again—violently this time, and the engagement was broken a second time.

As if to aggravate matters, Mr. Goldwyn decided to film "Cytharea" in Hollywood and Mrs. Bennett renewed her objections. This time it was Constance who was adamant. She wept, stormed, pleaded, cajoled, threat-



One of Constance Bennett's early hits was made in "Sally, Irene and Mary." This, oddly enough, also marked one of Joan Crawford's earliest big hits. At that time Sally O'Neil, the third of the trio, was looked upon as one of the most promising of the younger screen actresses. Left to right: Misses Bennett, Crawford and O'Neil.

ened and finally had her way after promising faithfully that she would return as soon as the picture was finished and not ask to stay on the West Coast alone. She wanted to get away from New York—away from Philip Plant and everything that reminded her of him.

JUST before she left New York Paramount made a test of her and wanted to sign her on a contract to start when she finished "Cytharea." Her father was all for signing. "Oh, no," said the logical Constance. "They wouldn't want me at that figure unless they were satisfied I was going to be good. If I'm good they'll make a lot of money on me. Well, I say if I'm good, I'll make the money myself. I'll take my chances free-lancing."

She came West and made "Cytharea."

Plant phoned her by long distance, apologized and asked her to come back to New York. Connie hung up the phone. A short time later he phoned again, this

time that unless she came back he was going to marry someone else. "It's your privilege," said Constance, and added sweetly, "I certainly wish you happiness. Good-bye."

A few days later he phoned again to announce his engagement. The maid who was working for Connie almost wrecked the romance for keeps that time.

Connie, with a fiendish sense of humor and always with a flair for the unusual, had engaged a maid who was largely a mixture of Japanese and Irish, but in whom there was also a goodly portion of Scotch and West Indian—with a trace of Russian thrown in for good measure. If your imagination can encompass such a heterogeneous mixture, you may have some idea of what she looked like—to say nothing of her mentality.

Connie kept a small bungalow in Beverly Hills and this one maid, who was a general factotum. Her life in those days was one mad whirl. She used to go home at night so tired she could hardly drag one foot after the other. Throwing herself across the bed, she would tell the maid not to disturb her for an hour. The phone would ring and Mr. Blank would ask to speak to Connie. The maid would ask for his name and then carefully explain that (Continued on page 112)



Photograph by Hurrell

Constance Bennett's marriage to Philip Plant marks a romantic chapter in her life story. For several years they maintained a home in Paris, one on the Riviera and another at Cannes. They were familiar figures at Deauville and other famous watering places. Constance's salon became celebrated in Paris. Yet their romance grew cold. They tried desperately to make things right, but failed. Then Miss Bennett turned back to Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD'S



Rudolph Valentino was one of the greatest personalities off the screen as well as on, says Herbert Howe. From the screen he suggested warmth and wickedness. In reality he had the Italian warmth and earth-heartiness.

He loved, most of all, the convivial contact of good companionship.

IN attempting to pick the ten greatest personalities of screen history I concluded last month that there weren't ten, there were only four. (Why should the Greatest always be served up in bundles of ten, anyhow?)

My Big Four are: Mabel Normand, Pola Negri, Rudolph Valentino, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. . . .

This month I dodge missiles by admitting I have overlooked at least one, perhaps the Big One—Will Rogers. In my previous dissertation I made plain that I was choosing my cast for off-screen personality. Will is great in so many ways that it seems unfair to confine him to the screen great, but we have the right . . . he gets our money.

BUT ladies first. . . .

Mabel Normand led off my review last month. This month Pola Negri is the leading lady.

To appreciate Pola you must not judge her as you would your neighbor but as you would a character of fiction. Pola as a neighbor would be as disquieting

The Boulevardier Tells of the Temperamental Gypsy, Pola Negri, and the Flashing and Magnetic Rudolph Valentino, With a Few Comments Upon the Brisk Senior Douglas Fairbanks

as Lady Macbeth. I am in a position to know since I neighbored Pola in Beverly Hills the night she opened artillery fire from her bedroom window. A burglar had made the fatal error of calling on Pola. Beverly Hills remembers that night as Moscow remembers the Ten Days that Shook the World. Pola should be returned to Hollywood if only to drive back the current crime wave.

Pola sets up drama wherever she goes. "In Poland we kill!" was a familiar cry at the Paramount studio when she first arrived in Hollywood. It was sometimes accompanied with a biff-boom-ah of hurtling props.

Pola's hair would be red if she didn't prefer it black. Her eyes have the changing hues of the ocean misnamed Pacific. They storm from gray to green to dilated black. Humor shimmers in them during the calms. They give pictorial reason for "That tiger cat!" an expression blurted out by a German officer when I asked Pola's whereabouts in Berlin.

Europe seethes with stories about Pola, just as Hollywood does. She is a lady of many versions. She is not quite clear as to the true one herself.

Ernst Lubitsch declares that if Pola's true story—as he knows it—were set down it would be the greatest

prima donna romance ever written.

In Berlin Pola had a maid with whom she quarrelled as violently as Cavalini did with hers in "Romance." The maid would come hurtling out of the dressing-room pursued by epithets and winged bric-a-brac. An hour later Pola would totter forth in tears declaring she couldn't go on unless her faithful servant was recovered. Usually the maid was to be found playing pinochle with the boys on the set, calmly awaiting the summons to return.

When Pola learned that Jim Abbe, the American photographer, was in Paris she declared he must photograph her. No one knew his address. "He must be found at once!" cried Pola. Two hours later Jim was seized by a couple of gendarmes as he sat over a cinzano at a café table. Pola had telephoned M. Chiappe, the prefect of police, to "get Abbe."

The trouble with casting Pola in pictures is that there are few characters in fiction as great as herself. She was triumphant in "The Czarina" because she and Catherine the Great are at one. Norma Talmadge

HALL of FAME

By
HERBERT HOWE

has said that the greatest piece of acting she ever saw was performed by Pola in "Carmen." Pola is a gypsy queen. It is impossible to sympathize with her in one of those more-sinned-against-than-sinning characters. Pola is so capable, you figure it must be a frame-up.

Lubitsch says that if Greta Garbo had come to this country when Pola came she, too, would have had difficulty. Pola came in the glucose era when Polyanna rode with Santa Claus. "If Pola came now it would be different," says Lubitsch. "The American public has changed tremendously. It has become sophisticated. It wants the truth, not fairy tales."

STILL I think Pola would have her difficulties. She would be unhappy without them. She was born amid revolution and Polish intrigue. Her father was marched off to Siberia when she was a child, and one of her early memories is hiding under the bed when the Cossacks called for her and mama. Her father, she says, was a Hungarian gypsy.

"My God, how handsome he was!" she says. "I look just like him."

She played on the stage during the siege of Warsaw. Here again she suffered personal tragedy. The Germans captured the city and the Poles took flight. Among the fleeing was a handsome Polish officer to whom Pola bid a heart-rending adieu. This may be untrue, but anyhow Pola was soon on her way to Berlin, there to achieve what she terms a "tremendous sensation" on the stage in "Sumurun."

The outstanding feature of Pola's personality is her superb egotism. Compared with the garden conceits of Hollywood, hers is a passion flower among dandelions. With such self-assurance she does not feel the necessity of talking about herself and so is free to discuss many things. Brutally forthright she scorns the feints which most of the Hollywood folk employ to disguise their self-esteem. Much was made of the rivalry between Pola and Gloria Swanson.

"There is no rivalry," said Pola. "She is clever. But it has always been my policy to be first wherever I am."

Gloria soon left Paramount to join United Artists.

Pola in turn left Para-

Acme-P & A Photos

Pola Negri as she looks today. This picture was made in London and shows her studying the playlet in which she appeared in the speaking theaters of that city.



Albert Davis Collection

Pola Negri was born amid Russian revolution and Polish intrigue. She always has been a storm center. She sets up drama wherever she goes. Europe seethes with stories about Pola, just as Hollywood did. Pola, says Herb Howe, was one of the movie capital's four vividest personalities.



mount for Europe when Clara Bow's star transcended.

I WENT to Berlin to interview Pola soon after the war. She had just stormed this country in "Passion." The Paramount officials in Berlin were preparing her for entrance to our Pollyanna realm. An English lady had been engaged to tutor her. Everyone realized that Pola was dynamite, and she was being carefully safeguarded. The chief executive asked me to stand at a distance while he rapped gently on her dressing-room (Continued on page 128)



SQUAWKIN' With SUSIE

BY STEWART ROBERTSON

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

"Sluff—Wuff—Wuff!" Sang the Blues Singer from Broadway—and She Surprised Even Herself When She Turned Hollywood Upon Its Head

DRAMA was blazing its passionate path across the garish night club set at Epictures, Incorporated, to the accompaniment of terrified scrambling among the pseudo-customers, most of whom were far too handsome and perpendicular to be entirely real. Action flashed like the flying hoofs in the Kentucky Derby. A woman's scream . . . a denatured curse . . . the bark of a .44 . . . shuddering groans. The crash of glass . . . the hurried exit of a waxen-featured villain . . . then silence.

But not for long, seeing that the plot was built upon that grand old lopsided foundation that "the show must go on." Like a jeweled cloak spread mercifully across a Highlander's knees came a gush of golden melody as Jazz, in the person of Miss Susie McCue, strutted pertly into a pool of apricot light followed by a dozen high voltage damsels whose insulation was of the thinnest. The patrons beamed approval, for Miss McCue, besides being one of those luscious ladies who bulged in the proper places, was offering a stamping rendition of the



Susie McCue was a dynamic little bundle of energy in the center of the cabaret floor, while movie cameras and microphones recorded results. Eyes flashed, elbows and shoulders jerked to the off-beat rhythm, as she waded through her syncopated repertoire with a softly slurred sultriness that mesmerized her hard-boiled observers.

latest collection of notes carrying universal interest.

*"Ja-hazz baby, sweeter to me
Than the sweet puh-tato or a chicken fricassee,"*

sang Susie, who possessed hair the color of cinnabar, lilac eyes and a miserable memory,

*"Ja-hazz babee, 'possum am sweet,
So's—uh—so's—"*

And for one dreadful moment her huskily provocative voice wavered, then crackled on triumphantly:

*"So's the watermelon, but you've got 'em all beat a mile.
Ja-hazz baby, talk about eyes!
You can make 'em sparkle like the starlit skies."*

And so on through a triple chorus, recorded by camera and sound crews that twitched in gleeful unison, ending with a shoulder shaking close-up climax that scattered rhinestones to all points of the compass. Then, the fires of art banked for a while, Miss McCue sank gasping into a camp chair, while the monitor man emerged from his control room.

"You certainly rang the bell," he applauded.

"As per usual," said the lady airily, "and in my opinion, entirely too much value for the money. I——"

"Wait a moment, sister. What about fumbling those lyrics? You've given us plenty of anxious moments and some time you're going to trip hard. If you could recite 'Mother Goose' when you were a kid, surely you can master song poems."

"Are you casting slurs at my mentality?"

"Far from it," said the monitor man earnestly. "Any blues singer that can duplicate her Broadway success in Hollywood gets the sweeping salute from me. I merely stated that you never seem too sure of your lines."

"Well," said Susie confusedly, "a girl can have worries, can't she? Here I am on the Fascination payroll and yet they keep loaning me to other studios, which makes me feel like a slave in the market place. Besides, I should get a rakeoff, because I'll bet they're making at least two hundred a week on me."

"What odds that the sun will come up?" cut in the ivory-featured villain, sauntering into view.

MISS McCUE simpered in his direction. "Then I'm dizzy over a joke somebody told me last night. It seems a skinny star says to her director after a scene, 'How do you like my articulation,' she says. 'Just fair,' says he, looking directly at all her visible joints, 'I always did say you were put together with malice aforethought.' Well, I don't get that one at all, so it must be some left-handed stuff by Eugene O'Neill. I hate things I can't grasp."

"Myself, for instance?" suggested the menace, who was the type that made writing-paper manufacturers leer with joy. Mr. Franklin Rittenhouse, his willow-leaf mustache trained to a satanical angle, provided a nation-wide thrill to discontented females, and now he smirked patronizingly at the little singer.

"Oh, you iceberg," pouted Susie, drawing him to a quiet corner. "You know I'm cuh-razy about you, and yet you stand there giving me the mackerel eye." Her voice sank to a pleading whisper. "Won't you take me out to dinner, Frankie, as I've been asking you to? It's my last day here."

"My child," drawled Mr. Rittenhouse, "I'm tangled up with three women at the present writing, and you'd be surprised how that wrinkles the old brow. Besides, aren't you aiming a trifle high? After all, you're only a warbler; you lack that spark of genius that stamps one as different, and therefore you fail to stimulate me."

"Anything else?" asked Miss McCue, still too enthralled to blow out a fuse.

"Nothing except that you're suffering from retarded intelligence. That means dumbness, my child."

"You just prove it!"

"Very well. How much does Fascination pay you?"

"Six hundred," said Susie uneasily, eyes downcast.

"And you thought they *might* be making a couple of hundred on you! Well, I'm not supposed to know this, but they're renting you for twice your salary."

"Twelve hundred dollars!" screeched the little singer, doing arithmetic on her fingers. "Oh, that Atlas Nerts, I'll make a wreck out of him! No wonder he's been out every time I've tried to see him, the general managing shrimp."

"And now," grinned Mr. Rittenhouse with relish, "do you admit that you're a bit squiffy to be working for half your worth?"

"Sort of. But in a big way, Frankie, like everything I do. And how huge a surprise," gloated Susie, her lilac eyes aflame as she hurried to her dressing room, "will Atlas get when I give him the works this afternoon. Thanks for the tip, Frankie, and I'll soon show you that I'm really not dumb at all."

Mr. Rittenhouse registered polite disbelief at such a miracle and later watched her drive away, promptly forgetting her the moment she disappeared. Not so the dazzled Miss McCue, whose goal in life was to advance herself in his estimation, and when she finally cornered Fascination's unfortunate general manager in the studio barber shop she was tuned to concert pitch.

"You snake in the grass!" she hissed, charging at chair number three.

MR. ATLAS NERTS was a jumpy individual with the wary eyes of a ferret, and, shrugging off the epithet, he tried to regard his employee with the bland assurance of a man whose wife kept track of him. "If you've got a complaint, see a doctor," he advised. "In my office is where I transact business."

"I'll bet you do. Business like making a fortune out of a poor girl while you're paying her starvation wages. Business like giving her the run-around when she tried

to see you. Listen, Mr. Nerts, I've heard all about your deal with Epictures, and I suppose that has been going on every time you loaned me. I want at least nine hundred dollars! I want——"

"Be reasonable," begged the general manager, unable to resist the lure of bargaining. "If we double our money in you, Susie, that's business. We'll have some yarns for you later on, but don't forget that renting you to other studios keeps you before the public."

"I want ni——"

"Baby," said Mr. Nerts, feeling strangely impotent when unprotected by the bulwark of his desk, "suppose you were idle? Look at all those Broadway sanitary sopranos who could sing only in shower baths, where are they now? Your contract has eight months to run, and you should be glad of it, seeing that maybe I'll renew it at seventy-fifty."

"You horrible old miser!" throbbed Susie. "How can I give my best to my art with this injustice hanging over me when I could practically knock your eyes out for nine hun——"

"Never mind the chorus, baby; those three little words aren't hot enough to melt my resolution."

"All right, then; I'll get asthma."

"Try it," countered Mr. Nerts, "and I'll get even. How? Why, when you're hiding behind a fake certificate that you can't talk, I'll dredge me up another blues singer, and in two months you'll be forgotten. You want to remember that gals like you are as plentiful as 'I's' in the Roosevelt lobby."

MISS McCUE'S dainty figure grew taut as a bow string. Down in her heart, which was sending up little flutters of dismay, she knew she could be re-

placed with very little trouble, and the uncertainties of Broadway held no appeal for her. But what was wrong? Here she was, stressing her femininity until her eyeballs clicked in their sockets, yet Mr. Nerts remained as cagily impassive as the villainous Rittenhouse. Was it really possible that her brain was not twenty-two carat? She decided to be pathetic.

"Is that the way the great Atlas Nerts treats the people who stagger home exhausted after having wrung the last drop of creativeness from their souls for him?" she inquired in an infantile voice. "Oh, Atlas, you brag about belonging to the intelligentsia, and even though you semi-sophisticates don't know enough to keep out of bathing suits, I thought you'd appreciate how a girl feels. Just think, only a measly——"

"If I were you," said a jaunty gentleman, rising from an adjoining chair, "I'd practice that tremolo a bit before you expect us to break down. You're a rotten actress, Susie, so you'd better go into your dance."

"Absolutely," wheezed Mr. Nerts, salvaging the remnant of his dignity. "Take her out of here, Marty, and stifle her with a raspberry sundae or something similar."

Miss McCue abandoned pathos and looked daggers at Mr. Marty Stretcher, director of publicity and her tolerated admirer when her thoughts were not dwelling on a higher plane, seethed, "but you can't stop me! More money, Mr. Nerts, or your cabaret scene will be as flat as the ginger ale that's served in them."

"Take a bow and beat it," snapped the harassed executive, "before I forget I'm——"

"Tighter than the new waistline!" cried Susie, exiting in the middle distance as Mr. Stretcher propelled her to the door. "Big-hearted Atlas! You'd trade a canoe for a battleship any old time."

"You'll report to the Celestial studio next week—or else," ordered Mr. Nerts, "and (Continued on page 100)

Behind the Screen Dramas

The Real Life Story of the Stenographer Who Took Her Christmas Bonus of \$500 and Went to Hollywood in Quest of Glory and Fortune

As told to
VIRGINIA MAXWELL



I snapped on the switch of our radio and caught a program from New York. Suddenly I heard Jimmy's voice, crooning to the orchestra's music. The song was "Sweetheart, Won't You Please Come Back to Me?" I could hear Jimmy saying, "This little song is straight from my heart. It's a plea—a very personal plea."

BELIEVING that the real stories of the most famous town in the world, Hollywood, have never been told, NEW MOVIE has set out to catch these tragedies and comedies. Each month NEW MOVIE will present the vital and very real story of an actual Hollywood adventurer. The subjects of these stories will not be the stars or the famous players of studioland. They will be the unknowns, the extras and the minor workers who are struggling for success and for fame. Every story will be GENUINE. It will present an actual adventure, as it was told to our investigator, Miss Maxwell.

If you contemplate trying your luck in Hollywood, you should read these stories. They may have a vital effect upon your future. At least they will teach you what you must do, if you dare to face the tremendous odds stacked against you in movieland. If you read them as a lover of motion pictures, you will find them to be tremendously interesting cross-sections of life behind the screen.

The stories are illustrated with actual pictures of actual people made on the spot by Stagg, the famous Hollywood photographer.

I WAS mad about Jimmy. Couldn't see another chap in the world like him. At least, that is the way things stood the first year I went to work for Crawford & Co.

I was a stenographer and Jimmy worked in the cashier's cage. It started one day when the boss sent me in to deliver a sheaf of reports. I glanced up at the clean-cut, good-looking chap and something in our eyes spoke. Jimmy knew, for he told me, later, that he felt the same spark that day. From then on he called me June and I called him Jimmy.

I'm just as much a vamp as the next girl, but our

romance seemed to blossom naturally in church because Jimmy sang in the choir at weddings and earned extra money that way.

With this, he bought the diamond ring he slipped on my finger in September. We planned to marry at some vague, future date, when Jim's salary would permit it.

But that was long before the memorable Christmas bonus came around and I found five crisp one hundred dollar bills in a little green envelope—a bonus gift from the firm to each employee.

My first impulse was *not*, as you might think, to furnish a cozy apartment and get married. Jim wanted me to pool my five hundred with his and buy a little

house somewhere in the suburbs.

LITTLE did he know that this bonus money meant the key to a dream I had long carried locked in my heart; a dream I had often thought about as I lay awake in my shabby room at night thinking what the world held in store for my future. Jimmy was so nice, really. And yet the temptation to marry him was not nearly so tormenting in my heart as the thing I'd always wanted to try. Laugh if you will, but I, too,

True life stories of Hollywood's unknowns, revealing the most famous town in the world in all its glamour and all its ruthlessness

Should She Take a Five-Year Movie Contract or Go Back



If you hope to get a job as a Hollywood extra, you have to file your application for work with the Central Casting Bureau, for it is to the Bureau that the studios go when they need certain types. Learning this, I went to the Casting Bureau.

like hundreds of other girls, wanted to be a movie actress.

Just seeing myself on the screen at all would have been the most marvelous thrill. Hollywood, studios, beauty, luxury, grease-paint, the adulation of millions of people all over the world! It was breath-taking, stupendous in the very thought of such an adventure. I might make good. You never could tell. Movie magazines were my favorite reading and often I had read the stories of girls who had risked everything, taken a gamble and finally arrived at success in pictures.

I'll skip by the fireworks which ensued when I broke the news to Jimmy. At first he was stunned, then he was angry and dashed out of the room, calling me all kinds of a fool; warning me that no good would come of such nonsensical ideas.

Even that didn't deter me. Mr. Crawford, the boss, laughed in my face when I told him. Then he grew serious when he saw I was hurt.

"Why, June, there are thousands of people in Hollywood trying to get into pictures," he explained, as if I didn't know that already.

"I admit you're very attractive—fact is, I always

thought you were too darn attractive to make a good secretary," he chuckled.

Then he went into a long lecture on love and marriage, claiming that women were made for these things and that every girl should think of marrying and settling down with a nice young husband before she thought of a career.

SECRETLY I snickered. I just couldn't imagine myself breaking my precious fingernails on cook pots or working over a skillet of steak and onions. No, not even for Jimmy. And he was awfully cute at that. Not for me! I was Hollywood bound!

Jimmy forgave me, grudgingly, and was down to the station to see me off. Fortunately, perhaps, I had no family ties, as I was an orphan. And that saved a lot of weeping and advice.

Mr. Crawford's brother-in-law was a movie director, he told me, just before I left the office. And when old Mr. Crawford realized I was serious about the thing, he actually gave me a letter of introduction to Sam Pearlman, who had married into the staid old Crawford family.

I'll never forget my first day in Hollywood. The train trip across country was just a blur in my memory. Desert and mountains and more desert and then we rolled right straight into Los Angeles.

Taxi fares were high, but I had a few hundred dollars in my pocket, so I jumped into a cab and told the driver to take me to the least expensive hotel in Hollywood where a girl needn't be afraid to stay alone. He grinned at that. But you couldn't blame me, not after all the wild stories I'd read about Hollywood night life.

It was early evening when I arrived in the city of fame and fortune. A string of sparkling lights against the velvet blue background of mountains—that was my first impression of Hollywood. Up Hollywood Boulevard before we swung off to a row of small stucco buildings, one of which I learned was a family hotel.

Of course, I couldn't stay indoors that first evening. I walked all over town. And it was then I discovered the Warner

Brothers' long, white, two-story building, like an old Colonial fortress, on Sunset Boulevard.

I BOUGHT a copy of *The Hollywood Citizen* and found the "ad" of a girl who wanted to share her apartment with another girl. It proved to be a darling place, right off the Boulevard, with a wall-bed living-room, a real kitchen and private bath. All furnished, for the modest sum of \$40 a month. We split the rent, so my share was only \$20, and then we each put a few dollars into a kitchen envelope and whoever was home first for dinner did the shopping. I hated cooking, so Vera attended to that and I did all the lingerie laundering and mending to make up for it. It worked out grand, and with expenses cut to the bone, I was able to remain in Hollywood longer than I expected. Vera worked in a beauty parlor and had a steady salary.

With all Mr. Crawford's bragging about the big movie magnate his brother-in-law was, in a certain studio, when I asked for Mr. Pearlman, the information clerk looked me over as if I were very dumb and informed me Mr. Pearlman hadn't been directing pictures since talkies came in. They didn't know where he

to the Man She Loved? Read What June Decided

could be located now.

I felt disappointed. Every morning I was at the studios before 9 o'clock. So were many other beautiful girls. The big studio gates were like a menacing giant's hand, reaching out to crush me down. Most days there was no work for anybody. I left my photos everywhere with casting directors. They're probably reposing in dusty files to this day.

Then I learned that it isn't done that way. You have to file your application for movie work with the Central Casting Bureau and it is to them the studios call when they need certain types. Three days after I'd given them all the facts a mortician might care to know about my body, my weight, my height, coloring, ancestry, etc., I got a call from the bureau.

"Are you working in any picture at present?" a business-like voice asked me. I almost swallowed my tongue trying to appear indifferent when I told them I was quite unengaged at present—like that I said it—and they told me to call at First National Studio in Burbank next morning at 8 o'clock.

Vera told me how to get out there by bus. I worked that first day as a dance-hall girl in a picture with Alice White. Handsome chaps there were to dance with. Extras, all of them, some with terribly empty stomachs beneath their carefully tailored clothes.

The chap with whom I was to dance kept asking me if the mascara on his eyelashes was all right. He was awful afraid it might have got smeary while we were going through the many rehearsals under those hot studio lights.

A LUCKY break for me and just dumb luck that paired me off with this fellow because of my height and build. He was such an excellent dancer, we were singled out to dance closer to the camera, while Alice White, from another angle, was bawling out Neil Hamilton. You may have seen this picture since that memorable day. It was called "The Widow From Chicago."

It was during work on this picture I met Dudley Melbourne, the most independent director in all Hollywood. He was not working just then and he sat around, watching the various types in the crowd. He



My lucky break came when Alice White, sitting off stage, smudged her gray frock with dirt. I had an art-gum eraser in my bag and it came in handy then, since the close-up could not be taken while Alice's dress was soiled. The eraser removed the spot and Alice thanked me with a cute smile. The director smiled his thanks, too.

didn't single me out for any attention. That is rarely done because directors can usually have the attentions of almost any girl who wants to get ahead in pictures. I singled him out. And deliberately tried to attract his attention.

It happened when little Alice White, sitting off stage, smudged her gray frock with dirt. I had an art gum eraser in my bag (I always used it to clean white kid gloves) and it came in handy just then, since the close-ups could not be taken while Alice's frock was soiled. She thanked me with a cute smile and the director, who had been chatting with her, smiled his thanks, also. I was about to retreat when Alice introduced the director, to my utter amazement. Alice White is like that, as democratic a girl as I've ever known and not a bit of snobbishness about her dainty (Continued on page 84)

Taurus Rules the

The Guiding Planet of May Dominates the Throat, Bringing Talkie Success to Many Born Under Its Influence



people. How could she tell whether this one's voice would retain its remarkable qualities? Well, she thought herself of her friend, and my friend, Oliver Ames Gould, a member of the old Boston family of that name, who was an expert amateur astrologer. Mr. Gould read the child's horoscope, observed that she had the favorable planets in Taurus which were a guarantee of success in an operatic career, and told his wealthy friend to back her to the limit. The result, as we all know, was one of the most glamorous careers in the history of American music.

IT would be wonderful, wouldn't it, if we could have our own children so accurately measured to find out whether or not they would be successful in the talkies? Or whether we ourselves would be? Of course, we *can*—but that isn't what I started out to talk about. I started out to tell you why there are so many successful talking picture actors born between April 21st and May 21st, the period over which the sign Taurus presides.

The list is a long one. Here are a few: Richard Barthelmess, Robert Montgomery, Josephine Dunn, Tom Moore, Leila Hymans, Alla Nazimova, Norma Talmadge, Mary Astor, Mae Murray, Billie Dove, Maureen O'Sullivan, Estelle Taylor, William Bakewell, Armida, Gary Cooper and—although he didn't live to try his voice in the talkies—Rudolph Valentino.

The first thing that strikes you, upon reading this list, is that some of these people are good in the talkies and some are not. "Aha!" exclaims the skeptic. "I guess that proves there isn't much in this here astrology!" Well, it proves nothing of the kind. The fact that you are born strongly under the influence of the sign governing the throat does not prove that you will be able to use that throat to advantage. Physically,

it does indicate that you will have a good strong organ between your head and your shoulders, but it doesn't prove that that organ may not be cut by a knife or strangled by a rope. I said Geraldine Farrar had favorable planets in Taurus. A good many of our worst criminals, who met death by hanging, had unfavorable ones!

Let me show you what I mean. I have in my studio five letters from the woman friend

Jupiter, the planet ruling honor, glory, wealth and success, was in the midheavens when Dick Barthelmess was born. It also was friendly to Saturn, a combination which is often found in the charts of great financiers, indicating not only the ability to make money, but to make it work. Barthelmess faces a remarkably friendly planetary condition within the next two years.

TAURUS for talkies! It couldn't be otherwise. For Taurus is the sign of the Zodiac which rules the throat. Therefore, it rules the voice; therefore, success with the voice; therefore, the talkies; therefore, success in the talkies.

Each sign of the Zodiac rules one part of the human body. Aries rules the head; Cancer, the stomach; Pisces, the feet. I told you a month or so ago of the girl baby whose horoscope I read and predicted that she would win "success through the feet." She is now one of our most famous dancers. And she, of course, was a Pisces child. There have been innumerable similar cases involving Taurus and the throat. Geraldine Farrar's is the most notable. I may have mentioned that before, too; but I am going to tell you the story here because it so apropos.

When "Jerry" was a small girl a rich woman in Boston became very much interested in her voice. She knew, however, the perils of backing child prodigies who often grow up to be very ordinary



Evangeline Adams' horoscope for Richard Barthelmess, born in New York City on May 9, 1895, within three days of the ill-fated Rudolph Valentino.

TALKIES

BY
EVANGELINE
ADAMS

of a man who had been tried and condemned in the State of Oregon for murder in the first degree. The first inquired what I must know to help her. I wrote and asked the usual questions as to when and where he was born—the year, the month, the day, if possible the hour and place. The second gave me this information and more details about the crime. I replied, saying that the man's horoscope indicated that he might be guilty, but that he would not pay the death penalty at the hands of the law. The third was frankly hopeful. The fourth answered a question which I had asked in a special letter. "Yes," the woman wrote, "the death penalty in Oregon is hanging."

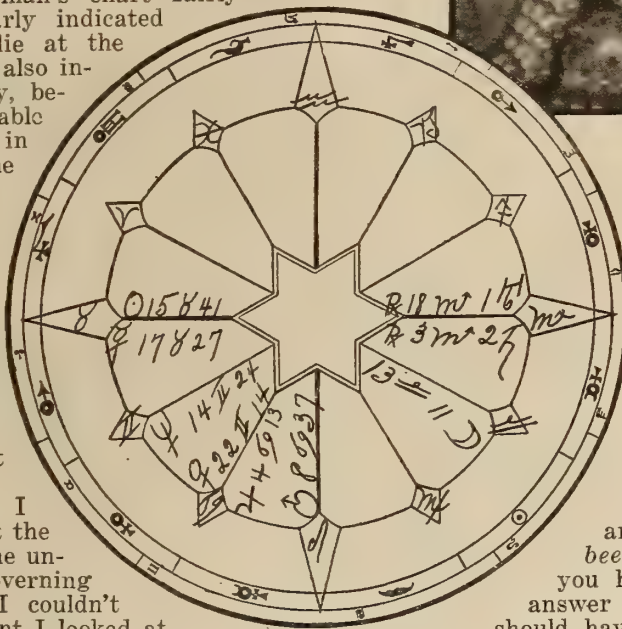
I had asked her the question that brought that last answer because the man's chart fairly haunted me. It clearly indicated that he would not die at the hands of the law, but also indicated just as clearly, because of the unfavorable planets which he had in the sign Taurus, that he would die a violent death by an injury to his throat.

The fifth letter, which came some time later, was brief: "Suicide by hanging! Such is the end of the story. I rather think from your question about the Oregon law that you saw it."

Of course, I saw it. I couldn't help seeing it the moment I looked at the unfavorable planets governing his throat—just as I couldn't help seeing the moment I looked at the horoscope of the late Lon Chaney that he was destined to die—as, indeed, he did die—of an affliction of his throat!

NOW, don't misunderstand me. If there are any of the delightful artists whose names appear in this list, whose voices squawk a bit in the talkies, don't think they are going to be hanged or that they are going to die of some ailment affecting their larynxes. Not at all. They simply fail to get the benefit of their Taurus vibrations so far as their throats are concerned because the planets which they have in that sign are unfavorable or, being favorable, are so afflicted by other planets that they cannot exercise to the full their beneficent influences.

Let us take the case of the dear lamented Valentino, who is beyond the point where any unfavorable aspects in his horoscope can do him harm. The question naturally



Rudolph Valentino and his tragic horoscope. This horoscope indicates great physical beauty and wide success with the public; that Rudie was a symbol of romance, more successful as a shadow than in real life; that he would reach the height of his career in 1924 and that he would come to a sudden, mysterious and tragic end. Valentino was born on May 6, 1895, at 3 A. M.

arises: *Would Rudolph Valentino have been a success in the talkies?* Well, I'll tell you how he was fixed—and then you can answer for yourself. In the first place, he should have had a strong, healthy throat. The Sun, which is the giver of life and strength, was in the throat sign Taurus at the moment he was born. So was Mercury, which rules the mind and therefore has much to do with the work in which a person is engaged and his aptitude for that work. So far, so good. Richard Barthelmess, whose horoscope we shall look at a little later, has these same aspects in his chart—and look at what he has done in the talkies!

But Valentino also had certain unfavorable aspects in his horoscope, which Barthelmess does not have, and which complicate the situation. The two favorable

planets which both men have in Taurus, the Sun and the Moon, are afflicted in Richard Barthelmess' chart; they are afflicted by Uranus in Rudolph Valentino's. This *might* make all the difference in the world. Uranus is the erratic planet, the unexpected planet, the wholly unreliable planet. It makes people very, very

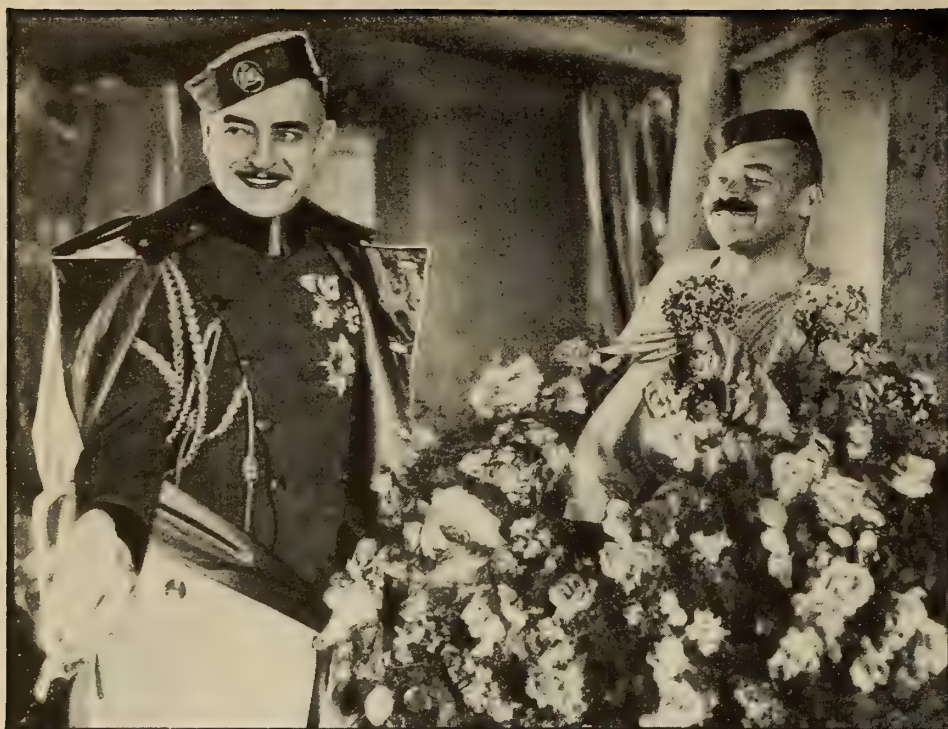
(Continued on page 118)

Would Rudolph Valentino, child of Taurus, have been a success in the talkies?

Would Valentino have had new successes?

Evangeline Adams says Valentino's career had already set when he met his death. Even had his life lasted until the talkies were invented, the probability of any sustained success for him was extremely small. Rudie was a comet, and he had shot his course long before the talkies came.





Remember Jack Gilbert's gorgeous performance of the dashing Prince Danilo in Erich Von Stroheim's superb silent version of "The Merry Widow"? No matter what the sound films do to our Jack, we shall always hold the gay and debonair prince in a niche all his own in the screen's gallery of fame. And, no matter how noisy the films become, you'll never see a better Prince Danilo. The date of release was 1925.



Of course, you have pleasant recollections of Vivian Martin, one of the charming silent films stars. Miss Martin, who is now the wife of the well known magazine editor, Arthur Samuels, was one of the loveliest of the celluloid ingenues. Above, you see her in "The Stronger Call," produced by Oliver Morosco. The bucolic youth is murmuring in her ear: "Honey, I reckon you-all need perfectin'." The date was 1916. At the right, one of the best of Wallie Reid's Paramount films, "The Dictator," based on Richard Harding Davis' yarn. Lila Lee is the damsel in distress. The year was 1922.

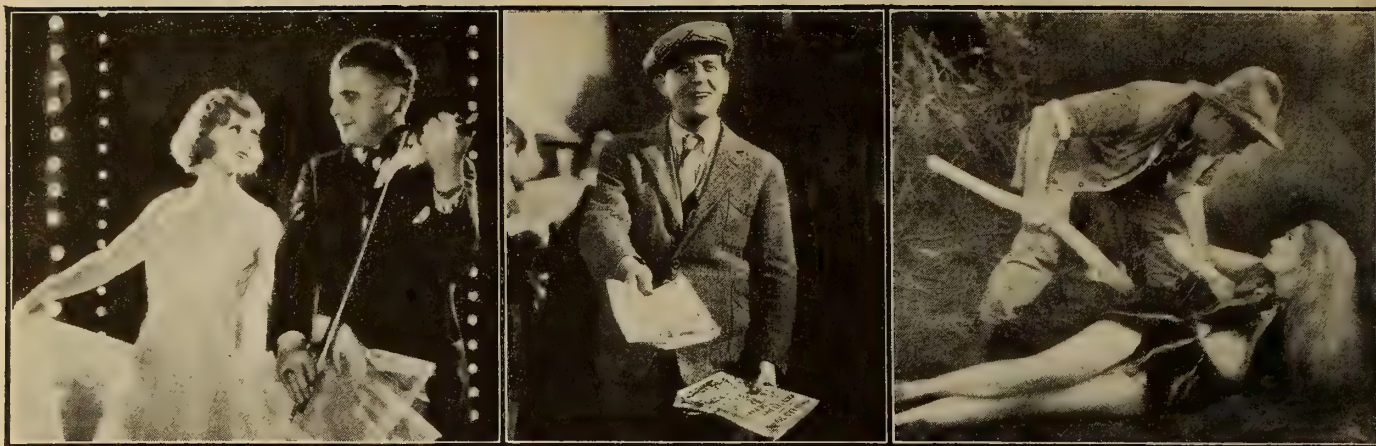


Turning the CLOCK Backward

No matter what success Ramon Novarro achieves in the singing films, fans will always remember him best for his Ben-Hur. This film is still playing Europe with great success and it is still making a lot of money. The premiere of "Ben-Hur" took place in New York in 1926.



You are now seeing a new Tom Sawyer, but maybe you remember Jack Pickford's playing of Mark Twain's immortal character back in 1917. Popular Louise Huff was the Becky Thatcher. There is a scene from this "Tom Sawyer" in the center of the page. At the left is a dramatic moment of "Tillie," produced by Realart and starring Mary Miles Minter. Noah Beery is the fatherly old fellow with the whiskers. The date was 1922.



Scenes from "Two Hearts in Waltz Time," "Under the Roofs of Paris" and "Trader Horn."

REVIEWS

Chaplin's "City Lights" Scores—Comments Upon the Important New Motion Pictures and Film Personalities

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

WILL Charlie Chaplin's voiceless comedy, "City Lights," have any effect upon the talkies? There is just one answer. *No!* This superb mingling of the laugh and the tear, it seems to me, is the exception that proves the rule. Chaplin is the only star who can make silent pictures.

"City Lights" Isn't Silent

NOT that "City Lights" is really silent. Chaplin calls sound to his assistance all through the action. With the aid of musical instruments, he at once burlesques the talkies and satirizes the bunkum of the civic ceremony of a statue's unveiling. Later on he swallows a whistle at a party and surprising results accompany every hiccough. Then, in a gorgeous prize-fight, he gets tangled in the cord attached to the timer's gong.

So "City Lights" isn't really silent. But, in workmanship and perfect timing, it easily is Chaplin's best comedy. And that is saying much, when you pause to consider your memories of his best—"The Kid" and "Shoulder Arms."

Here Chaplin has shadowed his immortal clown with just a little more of the tear. There is more of the pathetic aspiration. Not that the same wistful fellow—with his jaunty cane and his timidly brave front

in the face of adversity—isn't involved in the old hilarious adventures. But there are pauses, notably at the end, for tragedy.

The late William Bolitho called Chaplin "the living legend of the proletariat." In simple words, he meant that Chaplin's forlorn clown personifies all downtrodden humanity in revolt against efficiency, society and the law, exemplified by silk hats, lorgnettes and night sticks—and not getting very far with the battle.

In "City Lights" the little tramp known the world over befriends a blind flower girl, falls in love and in trying to help her, steals. His pathetic pose of wealth stands revealed in the end, when the girl, her sight restored, thanks to his money, sees her noble hero for the first time as a dilapidated clown. There the comedy ends.

Through the serio-comic romance run the clown's adventures with a drunken millionaire. This chap makes the tramp his bosom pal when he is drunk but, in the heavy-headed sobriety of the morning after, he never recognizes his boon companion. The tramp is the life of the party at night, while regularly every morning he is tossed out upon the front steps.



Charlie Chaplin is superb as the homeless little tramp of "City Lights" and Virginia Cherrill is a sympathetic heroine. The picture is a big hit.

HARRY MYERS, the unforgettable Mark Twain hero of the old silent "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," is the alcoholic millionaire—and he is priceless. He is a faultless foil for Chaplin. Virginia Cherrill is tender and sympathetic as the flower girl. But "City Lights" is all Chaplin.

You owe it to yourself to see this Chaplin masterpiece.



Scenes from "Scandal Sheet," "Rango" and "Millie."

Two Foreign Film Hits

WHEN the motion-picture critics of the world voted recently upon the ten best pictures of 1930, "Zwei Herzen Im ¾ Takt," a German-made film, and "Sous les Toits de Paris," a French picture, landed at the top of the chosen few. Both of these pictures are in this country now and you may be able to see them in the little film theaters of your city.

"Sous les Toits de Paris" (Under the Roofs of Paris) was made by Rene Claire with a minimum of dialogue. The story is told pictorially—and with a clarity that makes it understandable to everyone, whether or not one speaks French. Its background is the real Paris, not the ornate Paris with which Hollywood concerns itself, but the Paris of the back streets, the lazy little cafés and garret rooms. There is a simple story—of Pola and the emotion she arouses in three men, Albert and Louis, who are pals, and a street bully, Fred. This story is told with superb directness and a rare spontaneous gayety, minus all the conventional hokum of Hollywood. You will like it—and you will be won by Albert Prejean (an un-music hall Chevalier) as Albert and Pola Illery as the girl of the garrets.

"Zwei Herzen Im ¾ Takt" (Two Hearts in Waltz Time) has a genuine charm and is as racially Austrian as "Under the Roofs of Paris" is Parisian. This concerns a Viennese composer, who is at work upon an operetta and who can not hit upon a waltz melody. He is helpless until he sees Hedi and then he writes his waltz, which, of course, is "Two Hearts in Waltz Time." Walter Janssen makes a distinguished composer and Gretl Theimer is an attractive inspiration, but it is Robert Stoltz's waltz, most of all, that puts over "Two Hearts in Waltz Time." Doubtless you have heard this lovely waltz on the radio.

Two new films with a jungle background have reached

Broadway. One is Metro-Goldwyn's long delayed visualization of the best seller of several years ago, "Trader Horn." In book form these recollections of the old South African tinware peddler, Aloysius Horn, were a literary sensation. For the film the Hollywood moguls naturally selected the most highly colored of Mr. Horn's highly colored recollections. That is, the quest of the white tribal goddess, who, in reality, was a missionary's daughter stolen in infancy by the savages.

Drama of the Jungle

IN the film, the Trader, accompanied by his young friend, Peru, indulges in an African travelogue, after which they find—and save—the goddess, Nina, who wears just a bit of monkey fur here and there and has been raised on a diet of cruelty. Indeed, she is as difficult to save as a civilized deb.

I liked the scenes on the African plains—of wild beasts, antelopes and giraffes in timid close-up. The scenes of animal killing are not for such as I. I might shoot a charging lion or rhinoceros, if I happened to be cornered, but pictures of these animals in dying agony (with accompanying sound) do not constitute entertainment for me.

Still "Trader Horn" is an effective thriller for those who like this sort of thing. If the story is a little difficult to believe, remember that Mr. Horn's memories were, too. I will not go into how the individual scenes were made in Africa and in Hollywood but many of the moments involved considerable risk.

Harry Carey is excellent as the old Trader. Edwina Booth does well as the blonde savage, the toughest rôle, for sheer physical tribulations, ever handed a Hollywood cutie. Duncan Renaldo is pretty bad as Peru. A swell bit is Mutia Omoolu's fearless gun-bearer. Mutia is a real native. He (Continued on page 92)

Interesting dramatic moments of "Dracula," "The Royal Bed" and "Girls Demand Excitement."



The HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood, Cal.

HOLLYWOOD is a glittering mirage. To those outside it looms a paradisaical oasis in a sage-brush world. Those within find it a high-pressure area from which,

at one time or another, each seeks escape, only to be lured back. Gloria Swanson swears she is going to fly to a South Sea isle where a lady is as free of worries as she is of Lanvins and even Stepins. Doug Fairbanks has broken the leash and bounded off to Siam to spank tiger cats. Chaplin after two years' servitude on "City Lights" is going on a long trek through Europe. Norma Talmadge is yearning toward Biarritz and Juanles-Pins where she good-timed last summer. Marlene Dietrich fled to Germany after "Dishonored" declaring the Hollywood sun dried up her brains. Is it any wonder then that a lighter-brained mortal like myself should find the excitement of the Clara Bow-Daisy DeVoe battle too much for him and fly off into the Arizona deserts? After that trial I felt I needed not only a change of air but a change of profession. I was lured to Arizona by Mr. Brisbane's description of a rattlesnake pit at the University. The snakes are milked of their venom, which is used as an antidote. I thought some of it was needed in Hollywood. With my Hollywood experience I found I could win the rattlesnake milking championship with one hand tied. Everything is tame after the excitement of the movie colony. And so here I am back among the picture pythons.

A Voice From The Bed: I just talked to Leslie Fenton

Herb Howe fled to the Arizona desert to forget Hollywood—and a mirage of the golden town promptly appeared to annoy him. So Herb deserted the sage brush for the old town again. Can you blame him?

Hollywood is a Glittering Mirage— Problems of a Blonde in Africa— Screen Youths Are Taking Themselves Too Seriously — Garbo vs. Dietrich

on the telephone. Les immortalized himself in Hollywood history by turning down a million-dollar contract in order to go vagabonding. A wild Byronic Irishman with the divine restlessness he adventured

around Europe last year. I tried to catch him there but he was always in a biergarten when I was in a bistro or vice versa. He returned to Hollywood romantically penniless to restock himself for a round-the-world jaunt. He was cast in "The Man Who Came Back." You may have heard his voice issuing from a bunk in the hop joint.

"I only appear vocally," Les says. "I am a voice from the bed."

In "The Public Enemy," his next, I trust he will be sufficiently rested to get up.

Screen Slaves: Les Fenton declares that actors who stick too close to Hollywood become imitations of themselves. He is right. Some become mere ghosts. A man who gazes upon his reflection day after day in the "rushes" is liable to suffer the same fate as Narcissus. The camera captures their real selves and leaves them actors.

Escape By Proxy: Hollywood is just a close-up of the world. Nearly everyone wants to get away from himself and the complications he has forged. Civilization has fallen into a goose-step with most of the world moving to the lugubrious measure of a Marche Slave. We would like to go native but not having the Houdini agility of Doug Fairbanks we flock to such pictures as



BOULEVARDIER

By
HERB HOWE

"Africa Speaks," "Rango," "Trader Horn." . . . They offer an escape by proxy.

Africa Falls For Blondes: Trader Horn turns out to be Thomas Cook in Africa. He shows you more animals than you could see at the zoo and some prove as good actors as any in Hollywood. I particularly like the near-sighted hippopotamus who, rather than use a lorgnette, maneuvers herself into the wind to recognize you by smell. What a field for the listerine advertisers! ("halitosis in Africa proves fatal") The film is travel propaganda for Africa. Blondes who may have been deterred from an African tour through fear of the distances between beauty shoppes will be reassured by the appearance of Edwina Booth. Although Miss Booth dresses in the height of African fashion she isn't tanned anywhere, and her hair is a stunning testimonial to the tinting and waving experts of the dark continent. The clean feather headdresses and smart pearl anklets of the natives likewise indicate that their costume department is in every way equal to that of the M.-G.-M. Studio. The way in which the Miss Booth holds the men in submission should be particularly elating to blondes. Even when she beats them up they remain gentlemen. Indeed the picture shows the African brunettes to be much less savage than our blondes.

The Life of a Missionary's Daughter: According to Trader Horn and all jungle pictures, missionaries are so busy converting the heathen they invariably mislay their daughters, who, consequently, are reared by unconverted, though kind-hearted, chimpanzees or natives. A lot of thanks the chimps and heathens get, judging by Edwina's conduct. Maybe the missionaries lose them on purpose. Anyhow, these daughters always carve out fine careers for themselves. They become queens and rule with high hand until some heir to American millions has the misfortune to be shipwrecked within their reach. The fate of a missionary's daughter appears to be a lot sweeter than that of the daughter of an American millionaire.

Savage Disillusionment: I don't know why so much fuss was made over the faking of "Inagagi," which purported to be an African thriller but was filmed in the vicinity of Hollywood. The only difference between "Inagagi" and many another picture is that "Inagagi" was Hollywood-made in its entirety whereas others use the "Dunning process," glass shots and other tricks only in part. This is no insinuation toward "Trader Horn," for M.-G.-M. courageously sent its company to Africa. The film is authentic in background—a lot more authentic, I suspect, than the story from which it was taken. Even though it were not, I should never expose it. I shall never forget the expression of complete disillusionment on the face of a Christian lady when, in reply to her question, I was compelled to say that I did not think the little colored boy was actually eaten by the lion in "Africa Speaks."

"It just seems you can't believe anything you see in pictures," sighed the lady.

Rest For The Ears: "It's kind of a rest for the ears," said the gentlemen behind me at a showing of Chaplin's "City Lights."

"Yeah," said his lady friend, who proceeded to unloose the tongue.

Rest for audience ears and chance for the tongue long-silenced by talkies.

The silent little Chaplin is welcomed sentimentally like a long-lost friend. His familiar gags are a happy reminiscence. It's something of an old home week.

As a pantomimist Charlie is as great as



Blondes who have been deterred from an African tour through fear of the distances between beauty shoppes will be reassured by the appearance of Edwina Booth in "Trader Horn." She never acquires a tan and her hair is always a stunning testimonial to the waving experts of the dark continent.

ever but as an author he seems a trifle weary, a little repetitious.

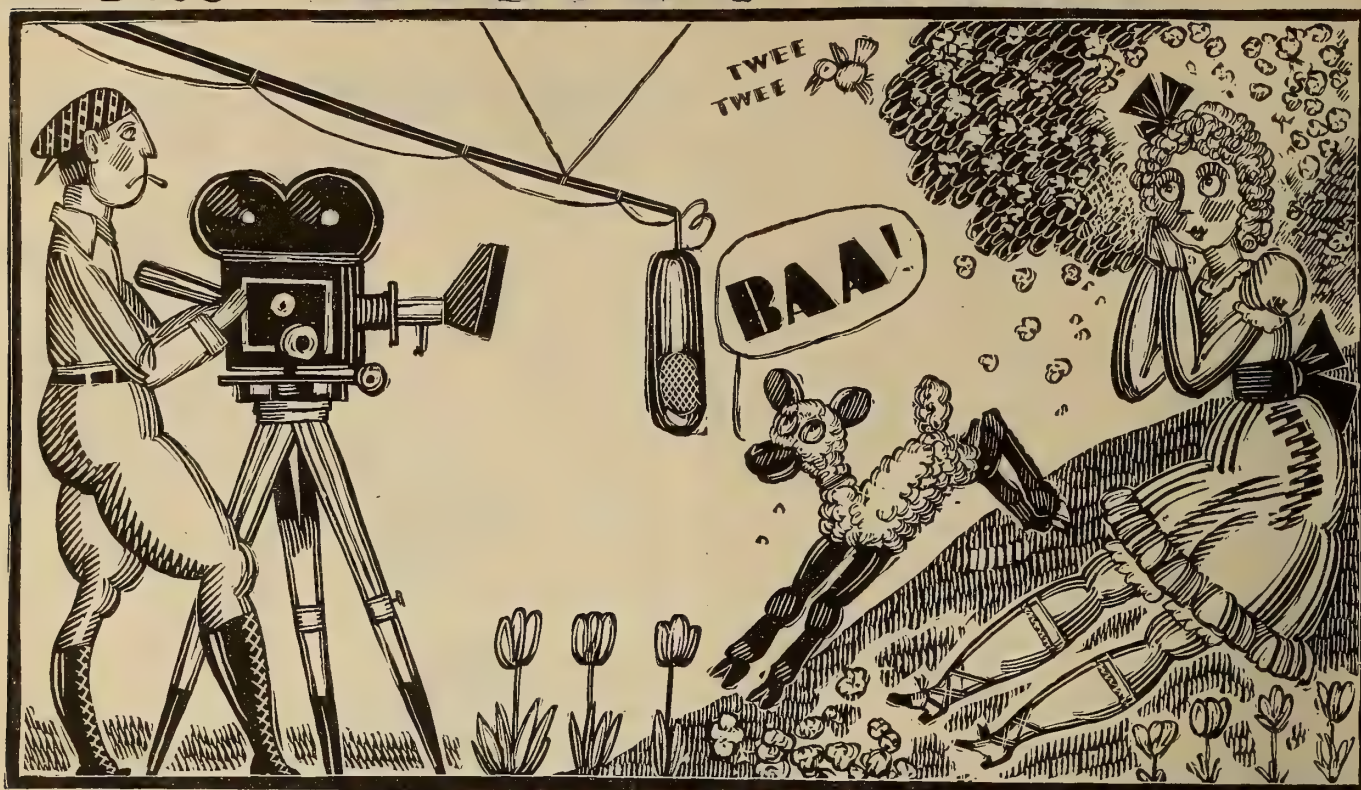
We will always love this little fellow and perhaps that love is heightened by the sadness one feels in seeing him mute in the age of talkies, just as veneration of Bernhardt increased when she was compelled to act from a sitting position, her leg amputated.

Hollywood Genius: I wonder how much will be said of the genius of Chaplin a few years from now. There was a time when it was heretical not to place Mary Pickford at the head of the screen's greatest actresses. Mary is now considering a plunge into the cosmetic business, which she has found will yield eighteen million a year.

Mary should have graduated from the screen to a higher position. Few names have been so idealized as that of Mary Pickford. It has opportunities without limitation. It might
(Cont. on page 122)

DRAWINGS BY KEN CHAMBERLAIN

✿ The MONTH of MAY ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿



ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR.

M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.	M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
1	Fri.	1887: Tom Moore born in Ireland. 1898: Battle of Manila Bay. 1904: St. Louis Exposition opens.	17	Sun.	1899: Rolf Harold born at Pittsburgh, Pa. 1911: Maureen O'Sullivan born in Ireland. New moon tonight.
2	Sat.	1881: Alla Nazimova born in the Crimea, Russia. 1897: Norma Talmadge born at Niagara Falls. Full moon tonight.	18	Mon.	1804: Napoleon proclaims himself Emperor of France.
3	Sun.	1906: Mary Astor (Lucille Langhanke) born at Quincy, Ill.	19	Tues.	1906: Natalie Kingston born at Sonoma, Cal.
4	Mon.	1921: The Fox Studio makes "A Connecticut Yankee" with Harry Myers starred. Ten years destined to elapse before Myers gets another big chance in Chaplin's "City Lights."	20	Wed.	1903: Estelle Taylor born at Wilmington, Del. 1927: Lindbergh starts from Mineola for Paris and undying fame.
5	Tues.	1821: Napoleon dies at St. Helena. 1891: Wallace MacDonald born at Mulgrave, Nova Scotia.	21	Thurs.	1904: Robert Montgomery born at Beacon, N. Y. 1911: Armida born at Sonora, Mexico.
6	Wed.	1895: Rudolph Valentino born at Castellaneta, Italy, at 3 A. M.	22	Fri.	1991: First author approves of motion picture produced from his story.
7	Thurs.	1901: Gary Cooper born at Helena, Montana	23	Sat.	1883: Doug Fairbanks, Sr., born at Denver, Col. 1911: Dorothy Lee born at Los Angeles, Cal.
8	Fri.	1890: George Archainbaud, director, born at Paris, France.	24	Sun.	1701: Captain William Kidd and nine of his men hanged at London. Origin of phrase: Crime doesn't pay. 1883: Brooklyn Bridge opened. Moon in first quarter tonight.
9	Sat.	1895: Richard Barthelmess born at New York. 1929: Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire married. Moon in last quarter tonight.	25	Mon.	1946: Gloria Lloyd, daughter of retired millionaire star, makes sensational television debut.
10	Sun.	1775: Fort Ticonderoga captured. 1893: Mae Murray born at Portsmouth, Va.	26	Tues.	1886: Al Jolson born at Kovno, Russia. 1897: Paul Lukas born at Budapest, Hungary.
11	Mon.	1921: David Powell, who died some years ago, was one of the first four leading men in popularity.	27	Wed.	1930: Producers decide that talkies mean the end of the screen stars.
12	Tues.	2031: Pretty girl comes to Hollywood and doesn't want to enter motion pictures.	28	Thurs.	1931: Producers bidding against each other to get stars.
13	Wed.	1607: Jamestown, Va., settled by Capt. John Smith and 105 cavaliers. 1919: Griffith presents "Broken Blossoms" in New York.	29	Fri.	1907: Zelma O'Neal born at Rock Falls, Ill.
14	Thurs.	1903: Billie Dove born at New York. 1927: Pola Negri and Prince Midivani married.	30	Sat.	1889: Thomas Edison buys a \$25 Eastman Kodak and uses it in making his first motion picture experiments.
15	Fri.	1920: German menace terrifies Hollywood.	31	Sun.	1888: Jack Holt born at Winchester, Va. 1889: Johnstown, Pa., flood. 1909: Ann Christy born at Logansport, Ill. Full moon tonight.
16	Sat.	1927: Russian menace terrifies Hollywood.	Watch for This Feature Every Month		

The month of May derives its name from the ancients, dating back to the Roman Maia, the goddess of growth. The birthstone for May—Ancient, agate; modern, emerald. The emerald is said to bring happiness to wearers born in the month of May.



CLARA BOW

Photograph by Gene Robert Richee



Photograph by Bredell

RUTH CHATTERTON



Louise Brooks is returning to the screen as the Russian charmer in the Fox production, "God's Gift to Women." Here Miss Brooks is wearing a delft blue crêpe de chine evening costume lavishly studded with rhinestones and crystal beads, ending in a giant flounce of vertical plaited net ruffles. The wrap is of deep blue Salome velvet with circular cape bordered in white fox. The costume was designed by Earle Luick.



Photograph by Lewis F. Nathan

The romance of Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis is such a sweet and simple story that it is often overlooked in the midst of Hollywood's tragic and sensational and unusual amours. It is the boy and girl love story that eternally walks hand in hand with beauty. And—best of all—it ends with a "They lived happily ever after." For Harold is a sane, kind and understanding husband. And Mildred has given him a happy and peaceful home, arranged for his comfort and inspiration.

Great Love Stories of HOLLYWOOD

IV

THE HAPPY ROMANCE OF THE BOY AND THE GIRL

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THE story we love best.

That is the romance of Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis.

Because it is such a sweet and simple story, we sometimes overlook it amidst the tragic and sensational and unusual amours of Hollywood.

Yet it is the boy and girl love story that eternally walks hand in hand with beauty. A brave and gay and adorable story, full of tears and laughter—and with such a happy ending. In these days of "ex" This and That, of distorted values and cynical comment on all that has to do with marriage, it is like a breath of Spring.

Once upon a time, in Hollywood, there was a young man named Harold Lloyd. He had been poor, discouraged, but with that dogged determination that won't believe defeat, he had battled his way up to the first rung of the ladder. For surely one-reel comedies rate almost at the bottom.

ABUSY, energetic, determined youth, with a pugnacious jaw, clear, deep gray eyes. On the screen he resembled any other young American go-getter. He knew he didn't amount to much, but he intended to, some day.

If he thought about love at all he thought himself rather in love with a dark eyed Spanish beauty named Bebe Daniels. When he had a few dollars to spare he took her out in his uncertain Ford. But love was not as important as pictures. They were, in time, to become the greatest of friends, with a friendship that lasted and kept them close through good and bad alike.

Bebe had played with him in his early one-reelers, but she left to go with Cecil de Mille, and Harold found himself without a leading lady.

"Well, here we are," he said to his producer and sidekick, Hal Roach. "What'll we do for a gal?"

The two young men cogitated for a while.

A prophetic scene from an early comedy made by Harold Lloyd, when the blond and unknown Mildred Davis was his leading woman. The picture was "Haunted Spooks," made in 1920.

"Look," said Harold. "We ought to get somebody that's a direct contrast to Bebe in looks. Have to be a blonde. Little blonde with blue eyes and curls, see? Maybe it'd be better if she was somebody new."

The search went on; then one day Hal Roach came leaping into Harold's far from palatial dressing room. "Come take a look."

In Bryant Washburn's picture was a pretty little blonde named Mildred Davis. The two young men looked at each other and nodded wisely. That was it.

But the question of finding Mildred Davis proved to be something else again.

AT that moment Mildred Davis, her lovely blonde curls tied with a big blue bow, was going to high school in Tacoma, her books being carried back and forth by a whole coterie of devoted youths. Motion pictures and Hollywood were far, far from her thoughts. She didn't like Hollywood and pictures made her tired, and besides her father and mother said she should finish her schooling sensibly before they heard any more about her being an actress. After all she was only sixteen. So Mildred returned from her brief experience and was happily studying French (Continued on page 108)







NO CASTING TODAY

The extra girl is turned down at another studio

The first of a series of special motion picture
drawings by Everett Shinn, the famous artist



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Lots of interest will center in Marian Marsh's selection to play Trilby opposite Mr. Barrymore's Svengali. Miss Marsh was born in Trinidad, British West Indies, in 1913, and was attending Hollywood High School when her sister, known to films as Jean Morgan, got a job in pictures. Marian went around and took a screen test herself. That led to a Warner Brothers contract and a rôle in "Young Sinners."

TRILBY



SVENGALI

George Du Maurier made famous the Latin Quarter of Paris with his celebrated novel, "Trilby." This is now being made into a talkie to bear the title, "Svengali," after the bizarre hypnotist who transformed the voiceless model into a great singer. Mr. Barrymore will be the strange and sinister hypnotist. This picture shows him on a moving camera truck used to get unusual angle shots.

The Problems of a Hollywood WIFE

BY EVELYN GRAY

IT'S strange that the actor's wife has been neglected in song and story the way she has. There is the old classic, "Oh, What a Foolish Girl Was She, to be a Bartender's Bride"; then, "The Gambling Man" and "Casey Jones" pointed out the sad lot of the gambler's wife and the gal who loved a brave engineer; "Father, Dear Father" chants the dirge of the drunkard's wife; "The Girl I Left Behind Me" tells what happened to the soldier's sweetheart, and "Poor Butterfly" shows what a meanie a sailor can be. To date the actor's wife is unsung.

Many a girl who would like to settle down into comfortable arch preserver shoes, eat hot biscuit, and let her hair get gray, is condemned to four-inch heels, no lunch, bleached hair that she knows darned well is unbecoming, and the general strain of trying to look half her age in order to keep home and husband safe against the perennial onslaught of the new crop of seventeen-year-old leading ladies at the studios. She must sparkle and scintillate when she's worried half crazy that the baby, who must not even be mentioned, is having another spasm of croup.

Mentioning the baby recalls Madame Glyn. Madame is the proponent of the theory that all actors should be single men, preserved in the acid of their thwarted natures, as it were, a sort of perennial and unbelievable youth like the figures on Keats' Grecian Urn. If he commits the unspeakable vulgarity of marrying, so be it, he dooms himself with his audiences. If he is so utterly lost to his own future as to perpetuate his kind, he must keep this assiduously concealed.

Unfortunately, this theory still exists to darken the

lives of actors and their wives and children. If you do not believe it still exists, try as I have tried to interview these mysterious creatures that live in the half light, the wives of the stars. You will find every obstacle put in your way to keep you from speaking to these cloistered souls, these inhabitants of the Hollywood harem, condemned to the outer darkness behind the brilliant spotlight on the husband and father. The wives of Richard Barthelmess, Conrad Nagel and Robert Montgomery are among those positively forbidden to give interviews, statements or opinions, by the exigencies of their husbands' careers as male idols. As this is so often the case in Hollywood, one wonders what mental adjustment the wives make to this situation. The airy remarks of Mrs. Joe E. Brown, which come a bit later in this article, speak one woman's attitude toward this problem.

"TO be the wife of an actor," says Mrs. Edmund Breese, who has been just that for twenty years, "one must start out with plenty of common sense." Now common sense is that peculiar trait which everyone believes he has, but can never discover in anyone else. Just what common sense is, as applied to being the wife of an actor, is hard to say; but why it is particularly needed by an actor's wife is easy to understand. It is so necessary for the wife because the actor husband is bound to have so little of it.

Whoa, there, we don't mean what you mean. Actors are simply grand, we like a lot of them. But the type of personality that makes a good actor would be ruined if bogged down with too much common sense. An actor must be emotional, he must be full of imagination, temperament, a fair share of conceit, a passion for freedom, love of applause, and a great many other qualities that do not make for happy home life for any ordinary woman.

By temperament, then, an actor is very likely to be a husband that needs understanding from his wife, more than any other sort of husband in the world. If he does not get it, not only marital unhappiness results, but frequently his career is spoiled with the stress and publicity attendant on his divorce. Even if there is no divorce, how can a man put real fervor into love scenes that mean his pay check, if he knows that his wife is going to criticize his fervor because of her own jealousy?

Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, are an interesting Hollywood couple. Both are players—and they manage to make a success of their marriage. They are shown at the left with their little daughter, Jane.



They're Many, Because Actors, Hemmed in by Adulation and Emotionalism, Make the Toughest Sort of Husbands

If he has been wrangling at home, he may be so overwrought that he cannot remember his lines. He may fly off the handle and wrangle with his director because his wife served soggy hotcakes and Junior upset the cream pitcher. Of course, other husbands have this happen and carry a grouch to the office. The actor's wife realizes that her husband's possible tantrum may hold up production and cost thousands of dollars to his company.

THE actor's temperament is pretty well exemplified in Jack Gilbert. He was divorced by his former wife, Leatrice Joy, several years ago. Leatrice said, at the time, "Jack was too temperamental. He was always either up on the heights, full of enthusiasm and energy and pep, enough to exhaust one, or down in the depths, despairing, full of gloom, and the world was all wrong. I could not stand it. I am a simple sort of person, really a Pollyanna type, I guess. I could not keep up with Jack's tremendous moods." Then, too, witness the separation of Jack and Ina Claire.

Betty Compson married Jim Cruze, famous as an actor before he became a director; after several trial separations she divorced Jim. He loved to give big parties all the time. Day and night their home was an open house, and over the week-end it was a mad-house. Jim, who likes to imagine himself the lord of the manor dispensing largess, has guests that he doesn't know himself, that just "came" along with the regulars. Hollywood is a great town for this sort of thing; and Jim himself realizes that he is victimized—but doesn't seem to mind it, so it goes on happening.



The hurried marriage of Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire has ended in a separation. Temperaments clashed—and love flew out the window. One of Hollywood's big problems is the adjustment of temperaments.

This grandeur complex, with the manifestation of giving big parties, is one of the most frequently observed things in Hollywood. Men buy big houses they can't afford, and proceed to give parties that they can't afford, and buy cars they can't afford, wear clothes they can't afford, buy their wives clothes they can't afford, buy expensive gifts they can't afford, to give to anybody at all because it flatters their own vanity to give such gifts; perhaps the whole round of Hollywood "Can't Affords" has its inception in the desire to magnify themselves in their own estimation. Doing Big Things in a Big Way is Hollywood's motto. An actor can't send a girl a dozen roses; he must send her three thousand, in two trucks. Generosity? Maybe. Maybe megalomania. Terribly dramatic and exciting, of course, for the recipient, as well as for the sender. But no one could ascribe it to common sense.

HOW does a wife deal with this problem? Perhaps she stands it until her strength begins to break, and then gets a divorce. Perhaps she gets her husband guided in the channel of buying real estate or some other sort of thing that can be used on a rainy day. Perhaps she throws up her hands in glee and enjoys it all as much as he does. It takes a strong and steady hand to drive this sort of a horse, if disaster is not to follow.

Foolish investments are as much of a menace to the happiness and prosperity of Hollywood home life as the megalomania of spending.

Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown, shown at the left with her daughter, Jane Harriet, always is pointed out as one of the model non-professional wives of Hollywood.

Actors, like artists and musicians, are rarely business men. You hear a lot of talk about what business interests Hollywood stars have; but compare their actual sound holdings of savings with the money they have squandered or had taken away from them (Continued on page 109)

Come Into the Garden

The Romance of the Old Spanish Pioneers Still Hovers
Over the Gardens of the Hollywood Famous

BY ROSALIND SHAFFER

HOLLYWOOD homes and Hollywood hospitality have become proverbial to those lucky enough to have visited this magic capital of films and frivolity. The romantic aura of the old Spanish settlers—with their haciendas comprising broad acres, their vine-grown patios and pools, their lace-like wrought-iron gateways, grilles and balconies hung with brilliantly blooming pots of flowers, their gay open air feasting in walled gardens beneath spreading pepper trees—is still a part of the polyglot village that is Hollywood.

The influx of New Yorkers brought here by talking pictures, who knew Nature mainly through city parks and penthouse gardens atop skyscrapers, have been among the most enthusiastic gardeners to build up estates in the ideal, all-year-round climate of Hollywood.

While many of the stars have brought the gardens of their native climates to Hollywood, and adapted them here insofar as is possible, the greatest number have accepted with open arms the graceful spaciousness, vivid colorings and picturesque detail of the old Spanish gardens native to the soil and climate of California.

If you wish to shape your garden after the famous ones of Hollywood and would like to know if any of the flowers described here are suitable for your climate, write to The Garden Editor, NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE formal Italian garden flourishes well in the Hollywood climate, and there are many examples of it here. There are the old fashioned gardens of the East and the Middle West, and the stately formality of the Virginia country places; there are the frankly Western cactus gardens, and wild flower gardens of plants native to this district.

All of them represent a wholesome instinct, the desire to have a place to refresh the nerves drawn taut in the high tension work of the studios, a place to entertain friends delightfully outdoors in the European style. Fannie Hurst made fun of the French pastry architecture of Hollywood; such places represent a past era. Hollywood has grown up; all the architectural and landscaping art of the world has been centered in the building

of beautiful estates. Small homes are as perfect in their gardens as the large estates; stars come home from travels abroad and from trips to Mexico and Hawaii eager to imitate and adapt the lovely things they have seen.

Francis Bacon once said: "A garden is man's purest

Jack Gilbert believes that the cactus garden is the ideal man's garden. Here is an interesting view of Mr. Gilbert's prize cacti.



On this page three striking views of Harold Lloyd's beautiful estate may be found. At the right: the lily pool and the suntrap at the end of the estate.



At the left, the picturesque old mill that forces the stream through the Lloyd estate. Below: the cascades in front of the Lloyd residence, with the comedian himself crouching in the foreground.



Formal French and Italian Gardens Vie With Those



Ramon Novarro finds moments for reflection in this lovely garden with its huge sycamores and rose plots overlooking the restless Pacific below.

of feet, runs an undulating stretch of greensward with a golf course, and a stream that goes the length of the grounds ending in a quiet lily-grown lagoon with row-boats. Entering the grounds by the road one finds a long wall of brick and stone protecting the lower stretch of grounds from the eye of the passerby. Plantings of trees, shrubs and flowers between the road and the wall make a pleasing screen.

Entering the gates, the visitor passes across the lawn of the golf course for a hundred feet, across a quaint stone bridge over the stream, and up the winding road to the house.

The terrace in front of the house is ornamented with dwarf orange trees in urns, and looks down into the vista of the Garden of Cascades. Rising in a round fountain bowl between two semi-circular staircases at the front of the house, the water falls through a series of cement basins shaped like sea shells, extending for a distance of one hundred and

pleasure"; and Hollywood sophisticates have found surcease from care in lovely gardens.

All Hollywood estates are to be judged in comparison with the Harold Lloyd estate, for, in its seventeen acres, is comprised the most beautiful and varied gardening in the whole vicinity. Nature has been encouraged with a knowing hand to bloom according to her mood within these magic confines, and art has added its graceful touch to the ideal sites provided by the natural topography of the grounds.

THE Lloyd property was acquired some years ago from the old estate of the Benedicts, for which Benedict Canyon, in which many beautiful sites and estates lie, was named. The purchase was made by Lloyd's uncle, William R. Fraser, who had been a district supervisor in the United States Forest Service in Denver, Colorado, and who fully appreciated the value of the grand old trees which today are a feature of the estate.

The varied topography makes for an ideal variety in the grounds. The house, of admirable and restrained Italian type, is placed at the top of a hill that is approached with a winding road from one side, but drops in a sheer rocky declivity from the other. At the foot of the declivity, and along its base for some hundreds

Ann Harding and her little daughter, Jane Bannister, enjoy their rock garden and pool together.



of the Far West and of New England and Dixie

seventy-five feet. A walk on each side of the cascades is lined with beds of petunias, Shasta daisies, delphinium, stock and other annuals. This Garden of Cascades is enclosed on each side by a hedge of Pruner's Carolina cherry, and a spaced row of Italian cypress. Huge peppers from beyond the garden stretch large leafy drooping arms of ferny foliage overhead.

THE waterfall discharges its crystal burden into a large pool on the terrace below the Cascade Garden; there a wide flag-paved circular terrace widens out to invite one to quietude and enjoyment of the vistas beyond. Then a wide shallow stepped stairway, balustraded, descends to the next level, to the mirror pool where pond lilies grow in profusion. Beds of variegated flowers surround the walks about the pool, and a sanded terrace at the end of the pool with a suntrap, where tables and chairs add coziness, affords a view extending to the mountains and sea. If one looks on the grounds below, there is a rose garden stretching down to the terrace on one side full of ragged robins, with their wide red rosepetals. Orange and lemon groves, old as the Benedict Rancho, are neatly terraced down the slopes which end in the golf green below.

Approaching the house by another path, one passes massed beds of loristina, a dark green shrub with white fragrant blooms looking not unlike tiny cherry blossoms, and heavily fragrant. Through a romantic side stairway cut out of the rock, and overshadowed with tall cypress, one passes a quaintly wrought iron gateway, which unexpectedly opens on a hushed unreal spot, where time stops, there is no sound, and only heavenly beauty and fragrance. This is the French Garden.

A small plot, surrounded by a high hedge of English boxwood and the towering whispering tops of a tall eucalyptus, the French Garden is planted entirely in paper white narcissus, with violas—a heliotrope-colored pansy—which cover the black earth with their rich color, while the heavily fragrant clusters of the white

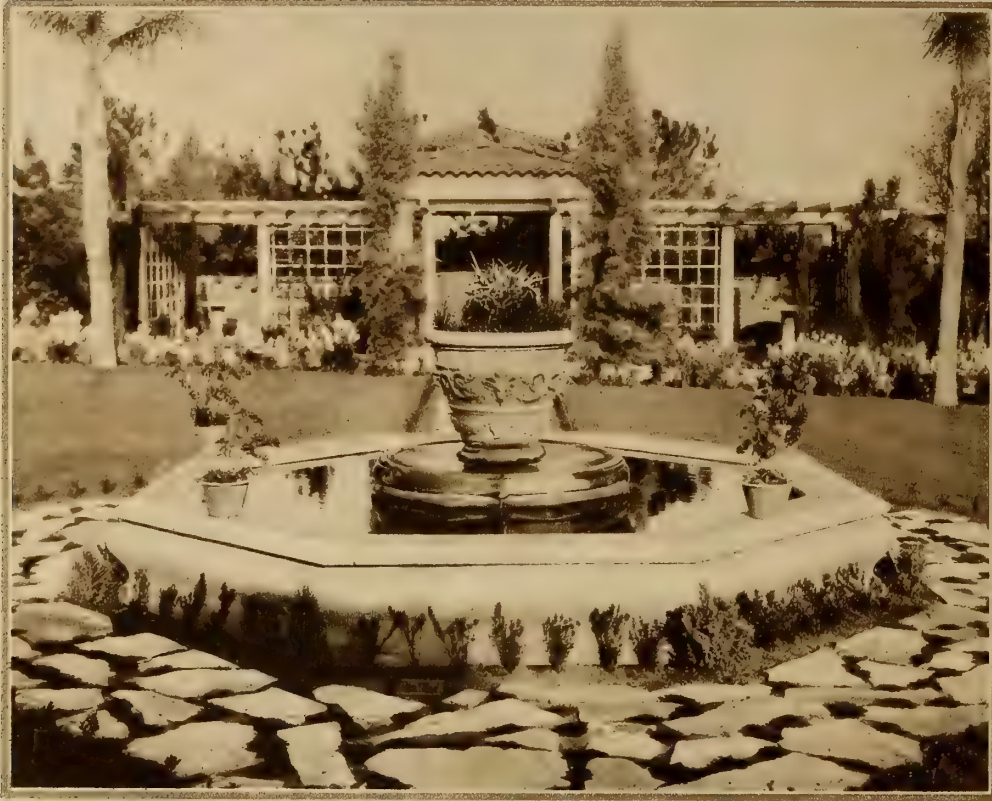


Another view of Jack Gilbert's garden. Mr. Gilbert likes the strong primitive coloring of his hillside cactus garden.



Constance Bennett standing close by a nook in her walled garden. This little rocky grotto invites quiet thought, even here in Beverly Hills.

Hollywood Temperament Relaxes in the Lovely



Norma Shearer loves the pleasant relaxation she can enjoy in this charming garden, with its lovely pool, arbor and flowering borders.

narcissus emit an incense-like odor. Here it is that Harold Lloyd likes to come, in the morning, and again in the evening, for a few moments alone. The gardeners understand that not one flower is to be plucked in this spot. This is Lloyd's own personal part of the garden.

All the paths hereabouts are lined with violets which raise their sturdy ruddy stems to hold aloft their large purple faces above the cool green leaves. These violets are the favorites of the mistress of the house, Mildred Davis Lloyd.

BELOW the Narcissus Garden, called the French Garden, is

A path at Pickfair, leading towards "Arizona." This shows many lovely, decorative trees and an ivy lawn beneath, with tall marguerites blooming on the left.



the Dutchman's Garden, so called by Harold because it is set off in square plots, containing annuals which are changed square by square as the flowers pass out of season, without disturbing those in other plots still blooming. There are always homely colorful garden favorites rioting their robust blooms here.

On the other side of the house, across wide stretches of tree-grown lawns, there is the formal garden laid out in geometric beds lined with small box hedges; this opens off the dining room. Descending a wide winding flagged stairway, one enters the spacious confines of the Poplar Garden. Three sides are surrounded with tall Lombardy poplars; shrubs are in front of these, and then beds of bloom. As this is written huge masses of colorful and fragrant stock lift their conelike heads of bloom. The paths are lined with the same dwarf orange and tangerine trees that in their urns decorate the large terraces about the house. This is the largest single garden plot about the grounds and contains almost everything

that can bloom in the Southern California climate. Slopes below are planted with the large flat-faced yellow and orange calendulas, which because of their brilliant

Surroundings of Perfect Sub-Tropical Gardens

colors are great favorites with Lloyd.

There are paths leading from all the upper terraces about the house, down to the stream and greensward below, first mentioned in this description. One stairway, the most picturesque, starts with Observation Point, a small wrought iron fenced spot where one may stand and view the distant panorama, and the more immediate prospect of a beautiful cataract that falls over the face of the rocky declivity in three cascades, a distance of over sixty feet. Down the stairway, of flagged rocks set in cement, one goes down by gradual slopes over the face of the declivity, which is grown with huge old trees, live oaks, sycamores, eucalyptus, peppers, under which flourish fern, wild-flowers, native blooming shrubs, in a wild and picturesque confusion. Many other paths form a network across the face of this charming cliff, which extends for several hundred feet along and above the stream below.

A barbecue pit, with tables and chairs and all conveniences, is beside a picturesque old stone mill, the ponderous wooden wheel of which furnishes the force to the water flowing through the little stream and lagoon. Beyond this, on the same level stretch at the base of the cliff, is the Phoebe Garden, built formally about a center mirror pool at which four paths converge. A picturesque shrine at the end of one path shelters a statue of Phoebe. Roses grow in the geometric enclosures, set off from the lawns about by low stone walls on which one may sit comfortably, secure in the knowledge



Sue Carol provides synthetic raindrops for her pot-tery garden, one of the prettiest of the many Hollywood gardens



that the bronze sundial will warn of passing time.

THE estate of Carl Laemmle, next to the Lloyd estate, is perhaps the most romantic as well as one of the oldest in the Hollywood district. Bought and developed some years ago by the late Tom Ince, a devoted lover of beauty in all forms, the property was laid out as the most beautiful Spanish hacienda in all California, with buildings and grounds second to none in the southwest. In addition to making the ranch a vision of beauty, with rambling stone walls, picturesque old wells, and other such things, Ince planted many acres of the property in oranges, avocados, walnuts and other profitable crops, with the idea that eventually the property would pay for itself. At present it belongs to the Carl Laemmle family and under them the estate has blossomed and fulfilled the dreams of its original owner.

Louise Fazenda has specialized on Shasta daisies in her garden. They are ideal for a California garden.

Sixty kinds of
(Continued on
page 86)



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

LORETTA YOUNG

Recognized as one of the really beautiful young actresses of Hollywood, Miss Young has been getting some choice rôles. In one year she played opposite such stars as Jack Barrymore and Ronald Colman. You next will see her in "Big Business Girl," another story of a pretty girl in the business world, written by N. H. Swanson, editor of *College Humor*, and by Patricia Reilly. Hollywood is going in strongly for the problems of the modern stenographer.



Admiral Byrd was entertained at the Warner Brothers Studios. Above, a glimpse of the table with Miss Daniels, Admiral Byrd and George Arliss.

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY
EVELYN GRAY

Admiral Richard Byrd is the Guest of Honor at a Lovely Party
Given by Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels

HOLLYWOOD knows how to entertain celebrities, and we thought that you would like to know how Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd, the explorer, was entertained when he recently visited in the movie capital.

Everyone in pictures has joined in the nation's admiration of Admiral Byrd, so of course it was a gala occasion when he arrived and everyone hoped to be on the very exclusive guest list when it became known that he would be the guest of honor at a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels) at their beautiful home in Santa Monica. Of course you know that Bebe is an Honorary Colonel in the Flying Corps and Ben is a pilot of distinction, so they were exactly the ones to give such a party. Besides, no one in Hollywood can equal Bebe as a hostess.

The house was full of baskets of spring flowers. The dinner was served in buffet style, and small tables were set with silver, flowers and exquisite linen in the drawing room, and the big sun porch.

After dinner there was bridge, much delightful conversation and some very good music.

Among the guests were Lieut. Commander George O. Norville, U. S. N., and Mrs. Norville, and Lieutenant Sweely, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sweely.

Bebe wore a lace frock of coral, and her mother, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, who assisted her in receiving, wore beige satin. Mrs. A. W. Lyon, Ben's mother, was in

a very lovely gown of lavender and silver lace.

There certainly couldn't be gathered together anywhere prettier girls than those who came to meet Admiral Byrd that evening. And they all wore their loveliest frocks and jewels.

As for the menu—well, there was just everything to eat that you could imagine.

Roast turkey, baked ham, delicious chicken a la king in chafing dishes, and bowls of every kind of salad. One thing that Bebe's dinners are always noted for is great silver dishes of the most perfectly cooked vegetables, and bowls of sliced carrots and celery, served raw.

I'm going to give you the recipe for that ham:

One eight-pound ham; 2 quarts Brussels sprouts; 1 bunch watercress; $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped chives; 2 bunches of shallots; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper; 1 tablespoon mixed pickle spices; dry bread crumbs; whole cloves; 1 teaspoon salt.

Parboil ham 30 minutes and drain. Chop all vegetables as fine as possible and add a little water. Enough to make a paste. Season with salt and pepper. With a sharp knife make incisions through the ham, about two inches apart. Stuff these with the vegetable mixture, pushing it in as far as possible with the end of a spoon. Roll the ham tightly in cheese cloth, plunge into boiling water, add the pickle spice and boil gently for four or five hours. Let it cool in the liquid, then remove the skin and dust the fat with dry bread crumbs. Stud the whole with cloves and brown in the oven.

In the New MODE



Above, Dorothy Christy and Sally Eilers demonstrate that Spring's fancies in fashions turn to organdies and eyelet embroideries in dress selections. Both dresses show the slenderizing body lines with flaring skirts now so popular. Miss Christy is wearing a velvet bolero with her all-over eyelet embroidery pattern, while Miss Eilers' dress reveals a youthful bertha collar. Right, the flowing lines of the twilight dinner gown of net embroidered with silver, with deep black chiffon godets and self-edged cape effect, is stunningly complimented by Evelyn Knapp. Howard Greer is the creator of this gown.



Organdies for
Afternoon and
Gayly Printed
Chiffons for the
Evenings Are Now
the Vogue



Above, Greta Garbo herself poses for NEW MOVIE costume picture. The casual air accentuated in sports clothes is preferred by Miss Garbo, who wears them with the right carefree manner. Her silk dress of wide belt and scarf collar lines, with button trim, carries out the lines she likes to adopt. The vagabond hat is chosen to set it off properly. Left, Mary Doran wears this charming gown of red taffeta, with stunning black lace mitts and a lovely necklace of cut rubies and diamonds.

HOLLYWOOD DEMONSTRATES NEW FROCKS, WITH



Trains, peplums and crystals are all an integral part of the Spring season's evening mode. Carole Lombard combines all three items in the gown of turquoise blue satin, shown at the left.

Summer evenings this year will be bright with gowns of gay printed chiffon and big picture hats. Miss Lombard appears at the right in a frock of black and yellow print and adds a hat of black tulle and straw, as well as black suède gloves.



SLENDERIZING LINE AND FLARED SKIRTS, FOR SPRING

At the right Claudette Colbert wears a gray tweed suit, designed for sports and street wear. The fur on the collar and the cuffs of the coat is gray Persian lamb. With it Miss Colbert is wearing a gray crêpe blouse, antelope hat, gunmetal stockings and black lizard shoes. The bag is of black lizard, also. Below, "Spring Rain" is the title of the frock of gray chiffon and atom-like crystal beads worn by Miss Carole Lombard.



The afternoon frock worn by Miss Lombard at the right shows the Russian influence, just now so much a part of the mode. The frock is of beige roma crêpe with three quarter sleeves bound in blue fox fur.





JEAN
HARLOW



Beech-Nut

FRUIT DROPS and MINTS

Plenty to satisfy your natural craving for fruits and sweets

Cool, tangy, refreshing fruit flavors of orange, lemon and lime—and always satisfying “mints” of peppermint, wintergreen and spearmint.

You can buy them everywhere—to have a package handy in your purse or pocket whenever you have

that normal healthy desire for a bit of sweet.

Solid drops of refreshment in all your favorite flavors—you'll find them satisfying and enjoyable, and just enough. The most complete candy enjoyment you can get, and only 5¢.

Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints are made by the makers of the famous Beech-Nut Gum.

Tourists motoring through the Mohawk Valley are invited to visit the plant of the Beech-Nut Packing Company at Canajoharie, N. Y., on Route 5, midway between Utica and Albany.



ALL
Candy
They're solid

Helps for the Home Dressmaker

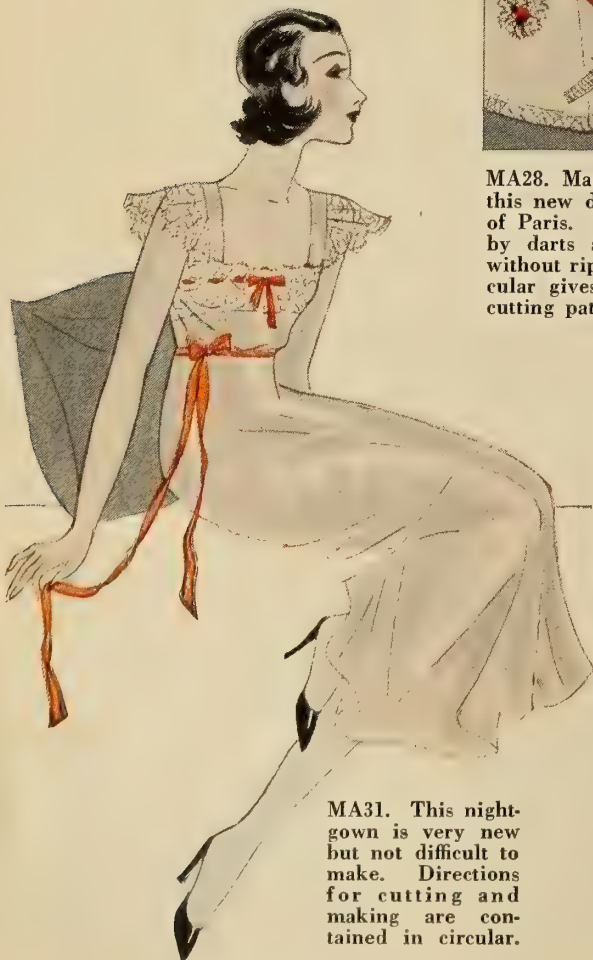
You can make any of the smart accessories shown on this page with the help of our New Method Circulars.



MA27. Made from printed silk and a bit of belting ribbon, this wisp of a hat can be made to fit any head and draped to become any type of face. The circular shows how to make both hat and matching bag.

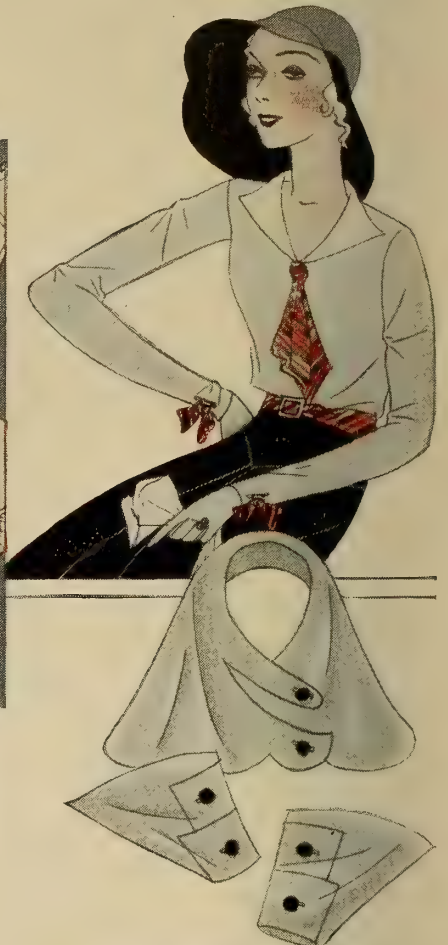


MA28. Made from crêpe de chine and lace, this new dance set has all the earmarks of Paris. The bandeau is nicely shaped by darts and tucks and the shorts fit without ripples at the waistline. The circular gives directions with diagram for cutting pattern.



MA31. This nightgown is very new but not difficult to make. Directions for cutting and making are contained in circular.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars or twelve cents for all five circulars. Be sure to indicate which circular you want by the number given beside the description.



MA29. From half a yard of silk you can make the tie and belt set shown above. Circular shows how to make this as well as the cavalier set below it and two other collar and cuff sets.



MA30. Schiaparelli originated this smartest of all new sweaters which you can crochet from a few balls of yarn. Circular gives full directions.

I Hereby Bequeath—

(Continued from page 33)

when it invaded the oyster's shell, a rare and famous gem which will go to the Smithsonian Institute; another collection of shawls, which is part of a fabric collection; many documents, books and manuscripts; objects of art, including Ming porcelains, a collection of Indian rugs, all antique, including one made from the ravellings of old Spanish uniforms; a collection of fifty-four knives, all taken from murderers by the Chief of Police at Manila, a gift from De Mille's old friend, Theodore Roberts; all of these things will find their way to museums. De Mille is considering the idea of willing a fund to install them all in one wing as a memorial at the Smithsonian or some similar museum.

THE will of Harold Lloyd is another carefully planned document, as well it may be, representing the final disposal of one of the largest single fortunes collected in films. The widow will be provided for generously both by trusts to safeguard her and by bequests of cash and other properties as well. The same is true of the little daughter, Mildred Gloria; and her adopted sister shares equally with the benefits that fall to Mildred Gloria, dollar for dollar. It is well known that Harold Lloyd's dream has always been of a family; the unfortunate circumstances that have hindered its fullest realization have turned him towards adopting a child, but he insists on regarding her as his own, in the way he is providing for her. His estate of seventeen acres, and his elaborate home, he has lavished money on, with the idea of providing for his children and their children forever, a Lloyd estate that will not end with him and his wife. His extensive library with many unique and expensive volumes, will be kept intact with the furnishings of the home, for the children.

Louise Fazenda, while she is not possessed of a huge fortune, has a very human sort of will. Louise makes a new one about every year or so, and while there is always the matter of a trust fund for her parents, the individual small bequests vary and increase. When she becomes aware that one of her treasures appeals particularly to some friend, down it goes in the will. She has a collection of various old pieces of china, Wedgwood, antique Dresden, and Colonial glass, as well as other odd and valuable pieces.

Some of her most valuable things which will be left to museums, include a collection of firearms, covering completely the history of California from the earliest days down to the present. Old blunderbusses of the Conquistador period, the pistols of bandits, of the Gold Rush era, of the Civil War, down to the present, are all represented. A collection of old theater programs, a letter of Edwin Booth, the actor; a collection of old land grants, and documents pertaining to California history, a fine group of mementoes of Lola Montez, the famous dancer, who came to the California gold fields from the courts of Europe, an old mail coach riddled with bandits' bullets from the early days, a collection of



Albert Davis Collection

Wallace Reid died without a will. He belonged to the old, improvident days of Hollywood. Now successful stars are good business men and women, as well as highly salaried.

daggers, and valuable miscellaneous articles, including old books, will be left to California museums. A collection of old "stills," made in her early Sennett days, which would set some stars squirming with embarrassment, will go to the Academy museum. All of her things have been collected personally by Louise, who loves to roam from one town to another in out-of-the-way places, to search for likely places to find things. She is also an avid second-hand store and auction fan; her buying is mostly personally done.

HOBART BOSWORTH has a unique contribution which his will leaves to the California State Historical Society. During his long career in films, beginning with the first one ever made in California in 1908, over a Chinese laundry at Eighth and Olive Streets in Los Angeles, he saved his "stills." Most of the films in his early career were made outdoors on locations now quite changed by the growth of the city and the developments and changes all through the state. He

claims he has been shot on every rock, swimming every river, and walking across every strip of desert and mountain in all California. He has saved at least ten "stills" from each of these hundreds of productions. Sometimes two a week were made in the early days, and they represent not only a complete history of motion pictures, but supply a display of all phases of California geography not obtainable now.

Mary Pickford, who is perhaps the best business woman in Hollywood, has taken ample care to protect her adopted daughter—niece in reality—fourteen-year-old Gwynne Pickford, with trust funds and other legacies. During the lifetime of Mary's mother, it was well known that Mary shared her income with her mother, share for share, and her will also made a like provision; at her mother's death the money came back to her. Mary, as always, is willing to make few statements about her money affairs. She did say, however, that she has made a bequest to the Motion Picture Relief Fund in the hope of encouraging others to do likewise. This is the charity nearest Mary's heart.

A collection of rare antique jade, of considerable value, she is willing to a museum, to keep the collection intact. Miss Pickford also owns all the old Biograph pictures in which she appeared, and these she is willing to the Academy museum.

Johnny Mack Brown is not in the big money as yet; but he is putting everything that is surplus into a trust fund so that his wife and child will be protected for life. There are no executors nor administrators, it passes directly to them in case of his death, and his ambition is to get the trust as large as possible as soon as possible so that it will be enough to care for them if unforeseen events should cut them off from his support.

Charles Bickford says that everything he owns is held jointly with his wife; there are no reservations nor strictures on it, and at (Continued on page 94)

Behind the Screen Dramas

(Continued from page 49)



I couldn't stay indoors that first evening. I walked all over town. And it was then I discovered the Warner Brothers' long, white two-story building, like an old Colonial fortress, on Sunset Boulevard.

little self. Maybe it's because she, too, had a hard climb to success.

Since this is a true story, I'll have to confess that Dudley Melbourne did not show me any marked attention that day at the studio. I was surprised and delighted when my apartment phone rang a few evenings later and Vera, with her hand over the receiver, told me in a hushed and awed whisper, that it was Melbourne.

I put on the high-hat, which he promptly told me to take off, because he'd only called me at the last minute to ask if I'd like to have a late hour tid-bit at Henry's with him. He disliked eating alone, he said casually,

and if I'd care to, he'd drop by and pick me up.

That was the beginning of a series of dates with the great Melbourne. Once, he told me he liked me because I was so darn natural and Hollywood was full of girls who were trying to be somebody they were not.

I made him admit he had gone to the trouble of looking up my home number through Central Casting. And, believe it or not, this pampered person actually blushed when he 'fessed up his interest to that extent.

MELBOURNE was a middle-aged man, careful to keep his weight down and his tailoring perfect. That gave him an attractive semblance of youthfulness. His hair was beginning to turn gray at the temples and he had the clearest eyes I've ever seen. When he looked at you, he seemed to look right through you as if he were mentally cataloging you for a part.

Perhaps if Jimmy had not written me so regularly and so appealingly asking me to come back home and forget pictures, I might have learned to care a lot for Melbourne. He was so brilliant, so absolutely familiar with every part of the world, so completely at ease no matter where he went, and surely he could display the perfect *savoir faire* in the face of all situations.

He had about everything a girl could wish and directors were sometimes known to marry extras. But when they did it was usually front-page news.

Gradually, Melbourne and I became inseparable friends. He said I was like an evening breeze, refreshing after a hot day of artificiality. We dined at the best places and occasionally at the little apartment Vera and I still shared. Work was pretty steady now, thanks to Melbourne's personal interest in me. He'd get on the

telephone, call a director friend and after they'd talked golf for a while, he'd tell him he was sending me over and wanted me fixed up with a place in his new picture. Once, when his prestige was heavy with a younger official to whom he had given a start toward success, Melbourne ordered a part written into the scenario for me. It was the first time I ever knew that could be done. I was a featured player now and because I proved popular with audiences, I was on my way to stardom.

The thrill I experienced the first night I witnessed myself on the screen in a featured rôle, was indescribable. My eyes showed up wonderfully, far larger than they really are. And I never (Continued on page 120)

A STAR OF THE STAGE
AND SCREEN DISCOVERS

.. "pink tooth brush!"

"I DON'T like it. I don't like it at *all!* I admit I've noticed it before—but then there was only a faint trace of 'pink'. I knew I should have done something about it, then, right at the beginning.

"And my teeth have gone dull. They don't sparkle any more. They're dull now—sort of gray. Probably nobody will ever say nice things about my teeth again. Perhaps 'pink

tooth brush' has something to do with *that*.

"But somewhere—somewhere—I've heard how to stop this 'pink tooth brush' business—I remember—massage of the gums—with Ipana. Yes, Ipana. Thank goodness I thought of it. Because I can get some Ipana and start today—before rehearsals begin. I'll start it right now saying goodbye to old 'pink tooth brush'!"



"I don't like it
—'pink tooth brush'
—I don't like it at *all!*"



Better do more than look *worried* when there's "pink" on your brush. If you ate coarse foods, your gums would get all the exercise they need. But you eat delicious foods which melt in your mouth, and which give your gums none of the stimulation they require for healthy firmness. Circulation flags—and day by day the gums become softer, lazier, more tender.

And while the first trace of "pink" on your brush is nothing to get excited about, gums which continue to bleed are very likely victims to various gum disorders, such as gingivitis, or Vincent's disease—or even the less frequent but dread pyorrhea.

"Pink tooth brush," neglected can be responsible for the loss of the teeth's natural brilliancy—and may even lead to infection at the roots of your teeth. *Then*, of course, the dentist may have to extract teeth which today are perfectly sound.

Yet there's a simple, inexpensive way to check "pink tooth brush." Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. Then—put some additional Ipana on your brush and *lightly massage it into those flabby, tender gums of yours*.

Ipana contains the important ziratol which so many modern dentists use for toning and stimulating unhealthy gums. Within a few days after you have begun to use Ipana with massage, your teeth will show a change. They're cleaner—and they have the brilliancy all healthy teeth should have. It may take longer before your gums show a difference. But within a month they will become firmer, harder, healthier than ever before.

IPANA tooth paste

DEFEATS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" · BRINGS BEAUTY TO THE MOUTH

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-51
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....



Buster Keaton utilizes the Italian cypress to give a formal note to the terraces and stairways around his typically Italian home. Stone staircases descend the balustraded terraces to the pool at the base of the slope. Variegated flower beds follow the staircases, while the rising terraces are planted in masses of purple creeper.

Come Into the Garden

(Continued from page 75)

fruit-bearing trees and shrubs adorn the Laemmle estate today.

Flowers are a great part of the beauty of the Laemmle estate. "Papa Carl," as the senior Laemmle is affectionately called by many of the old employees and the stars at Universal City, is especially fond of carnations, and huge beds of these fragrant blooms border the lawns and terraces. A special feature of the Laemmle estate is the pool around which is constructed a realistic beach, with tons of sea sand transported there, in which an extensive cactus garden is planted where the sands merge into the nearby mountain side. Several large palms make a picturesque oasis of the spot, which the canny Ince often rented as a location spot to motion picture companies in his time, calmly charging his own companies rentals when he used it for his pictures.

Large trees, live oaks and sycamores, acacias eucalyptus and poplars, and wide sweeping terraces of lawn surround the house, which tops the crest of the hill far from the road and at the end of a long beautiful mountainous drive through acres

of carefully gardened flowerbeds, and picturesquely careless rocky beds of bloom. The estate extends for thirty-two acres, through rich bottomlands planted in fruit orchards, and over picturesque hills and rocky heights, grown with hoary trees and cunningly coaxed

by gardeners in shady places with ferns and the large clustered colorful cinerarias and banks of violets, in more open stretches with informal mixed beds of petunias, delphinium, snapdragons and daisies; rocky ledges bloom with native mountain wildflowers and hardy-climbing nasturtiums, while at the large old Spanish gateway of time-stained stucco and hand-hewn timber there is a burst of sunset glory in the scarlet trumpet vines that mass themselves gracefully to shade the figure of the Spanish caballero in carved and

(Continued on page 114)



Betty Compson's house is sheltered from the road by the large old palms along the roadway. Lawns and clipped yew trees surround the front of the house.



She thought:

"We'd squeeze you in somehow—
if it weren't for 'B.O.'"

Yet, to be polite,

She said:

"We'd give you a lift if we weren't
so crowded."

Another invitation lost ...all because of 'B.O.'

(Body Odor)

PEOPLE all agreed he was a nice chap. But somehow they never had room for him. The car was already filled. The bridge table already arranged. A dance already promised.

Then one day he discovered his trouble. "B.O."—*body odor*. . . . At once he adopted a simple precaution. Now he's welcome everywhere. He knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

A risk we all run

People won't *tell* us when we're guilty. They merely avoid us. The "B.O." offender is the last to realize his fault because we so quickly become used to an ever-present odor. But remember, pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily—even in cool weather.

Why risk offending? Adopt this easy

pleasant way to be safe. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, anti-septic lather cleanses and *purifies* pores—ends every trace of "B.O."

Radiantly fresh complexions

"A wonderful complexion soap!" say thousands of delighted women. Lifebuoy's deep-cleansing lather gently frees clogged pores of impurities—makes dull skins bloom with healthy, radiant beauty. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*.

Try Lifebuoy Free

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try this delightful toilet soap, just send us your name and address. By return mail you will receive one full-sized cake of Lifebuoy *free*. Write today to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 485, Cambridge, Mass.



Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor



Mary Brian demonstrates one of the new coiffures, which displays rows of flat curls that are achieved by moistening the ends of the hair and twisting small sections of hair into circles around the fingers. When it is necessary for the hair to dry quickly, Miss Brian applies toilet water to the ends of the hair in place of water. Each section is moistened separately, then twisted over the fourth finger. When the curl is twisted to form a coil, it is held in place by two invisible hairpins, pinned so that the hair lies very flat. Spray the hair with a second application of toilet water to insure the firmness of the curls. Permit the hair to dry for ten minutes. Then remove the pins and press the curls flat.

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

Smart Coiffure Modes for Spring—The Long Isis Bob, Named After the Egyptian Goddess, Will Reign Supreme—How to Dress Your Hair

By ANN BOYD

BEAUTY draws us with a single hair," quoth the author of "The Rape of the Lock." The renowned tresses of Lady Godiva or the famous wigs of Marie Antoinette and the ladies at the court of Versailles, which towered three feet above their heads, would be nothing but a burden today.

A compromise has at last been effected—a truce called in the warring camps of the longs and shorts. The council of hair stylists has decreed that the long bob shall reign supreme this Spring. Not the long bob that appeared when women began to shear their locks a few years ago, but an Egyptian bob, closely resembling the figures of Isis, which appear to have their hair cut square around the neck, reaching to the shoulders.

A Garbo or a Dietrich can let her long bob fly to the seven winds, but for most of us the result of such non-chalance would be either a tragedy or a comedy. A permanent wave then is almost a necessity, if you yield to the dictates of the council of stylists and cut your hair or let it grow to the designated length. Permanent waves have been brought to a high degree of perfection in the last few years. No longer does *la femme* emerge from the beauty salon with a fuzzy, tousled head of hair but with a sleek-looking head with wide, wide waves.

SINCE femininity in the active as well as the passive mood is definitely something to be reckoned with in this year 1931, coiffures have also taken on new coquetties to harmonize with madam's costumes. Weep not! The coiffures of the eighteenth century, which took the form of bunches of fruit or vegetables pointed like pyramids, are not coming back. You will not be forced to sleep in a high-backed chair instead of going

to bed, as were these ladies of former days, in order not to disturb your headdress. While the general outline remains smooth and sleek, all sorts of little curls obtrude themselves in the most unexpected places.

Martin from Vienna, one of the leading coiffeurs in the United States, is sponsoring the long bob with slight variations. The hair is short at the sides and shoulder length in the back. It is waved vertically off the forehead and back at the sides. The long hair in the back becomes a cluster of curls which are brought to one side, depending on which side the hair is parted, and arranged deftly till they reach the crown of the head. This, of course, is only one style of headdress which may be affected if the hair is cut and waved as mentioned above. The curls may be pinned closely at the nape of the neck or arranged all over the back of the head if you are in a capricious mood. These coiffures would be especially appropriate for semi-dress or evening dress. For less formal occasions—active sports, spectator sports or business, the curls would be brushed out and drawn into a flat coil or narrow, horizontal rolls close at the back of the head, thus preserving the contour of the head.

IF you are considering a new coiffure this Spring, remember that the side part which slants a little looks best with irregular features; the center part or straight-back coiffure, with perhaps the ears showing, looks best with regular features and the oval type of face. If you have a round face, a flat arrangement would be the most becoming. Curls around the forehead help to shorten a long face or a high forehead. For older women, or women with thin faces, simple coiffures arranged softly (Continued on page 125)



What?

NO *Spring cleaning this year?*

There needn't be...as this free booklet explains

A house that is already clean shouldn't need Spring cleaning, should it? After all, isn't Spring cleaning merely doing now that which might well have been done sooner? Ideally we should keep every nook and corner of our houses clean throughout the year!

Impossible, you say? Impossible to get all the cleaning done day by day as you go along? No, not impossible! In fact, it's easier and more practical.

Adopt this time-saving plan

In our free booklet, *A Cleaner House by 12 O'clock*, we explain a simple easy way of doing this very thing . . . of definitely planning and scheduling your cleaning . . . of easily obtaining that indefinable charm and beauty which real cleanliness adds to a home.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

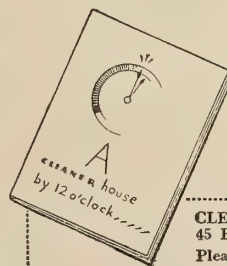
*Established to promote public welfare
by teaching the value of cleanliness*

In a helpful, understandable way this book tells you the two most important things to do to get housework done better, quicker, easier. One is the systematic use of time; the other is the efficient use of equipment, especially soap and water.

Send for this FREE booklet

Over 150,000 women have found this booklet helpful. First, because it tells exactly how to work out a time-saving plan. Secondly, because it gives many cleaning hints to make housework easier.

Would you like to receive this valuable book . . . to be able to make Spring cleaning unnecessary? Then fill in the coupon below. No cost; no obligation.



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45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free of all cost "A Cleaner House by 12 O'clock."

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

The Whispering Chorus

(Continued from page 31)

happen to be part of one of them.

One may speak frankly nowadays. And it is a positive fact that the whispering chorus attributes to Hollywood picture stars more illegitimate children than history allots to the French kings. You would actually expect to see the place overrun with unlicensed offspring. Did you ever stop to think how difficult it would be for a movie star, living in a glass house, in the glare of a giant spotlight, watched day in and day out by the eagle-eyed representatives of great press organizations, to go through the complicated business of unmarried motherhood without anyone knowing it? Yet, to listen to talk, you'd think it was as simple as picking a California orange.

I HAVE made it my business to run down two really dreadful gossip stories, started in Hollywood about people who were friends of mine. These tales had gained amazing credence and if you discussed them you were confronted with alleged statements of alleged eye-witnesses. I had a good many years of training as a reporter, and my city editor, Wesley M. Barr, taught me a thing or two about the difference between facts and fancies. Libel suits are not pretty.

I ran these stories back, step by step, from one "Well, I was told," to another, until I found the originators. The first one came from a girl who later spent some months in a state insane asylum, and the most vicious, filthy-minded male gossip who ever slaughtered a reputation to gain a few moments under the spotlight himself. The other was born of pure malice and jealousy, and broke down completely under direct attack.

Of course, the mere rumor of engagements does no real harm. But it's very amusing. And it does spoil some nice easy-going friendships. No girl in Hollywood can be seen twice with the same man without everyone trying to pin an engagement on them.

Hollywood is, in fact, a small town. Of itself, it is like every other small town. Everyone knows everyone else's business and then some. But this whispering chorus spreads itself until it takes in the millions of people who fill movie theaters everywhere.

Myself, I don't think gossip ever hurts anyone. I mean professionally. The glamour and excitement connected with all these things that are supposed to happen, thrill the average citizen just as fiction thrills him. But it does hurt personally sometimes.

A FEW years ago a well-known producer died suddenly of a heart complaint from which he had long suffered. He died in his own bed, with his devoted wife and family around him. His funeral was attended by most of the leading lights of the film industry.

To this day the story that he was murdered goes the rounds of the voice of the whispering chorus. The utter absurdity of it doesn't seem to impress any of the whisperers. The fact that nurses, doctors, undertakers, reporters, all had access to the body of this man—he was supposed to have been shot, by whom or for why isn't stated—and

that the slightest whisper would have brought the coroner down instantly, is passed over. A telephone call to a newspaper—just a bare suspicion of a neighbor—halted the funeral services of Ray Raymond, a relatively unimportant man—and put Paul Kelly and Dorothy Mackaye in the dock.

That rumor was thrashed out by even the wisest of wise guys in the picture colony. And finally laughed out of court by a few old-time newspaper men, now descended to executive and directorial positions in pictures.

The only real harm it did was to cause his widow many sleepless nights.

Do you remember by any chance when the story of Gloria Swanson's death swept around the globe four or five years ago? It went like wild fire. No argument could convince anyone. It was repeated everywhere. Gloria finally had to give an enormous party in New York, to which she invited writers and newspaper men from every paper and magazine in the country. Only then was the persistent story of her passing finally downed.

There can be no question that this report was "greatly exaggerated," as Mark Twain once remarked under similar circumstances.

THE whole trouble often comes from the fact that there are so darned many good story tellers in Hollywood. Trained story tellers, inimitable wits, dramatic actors and actresses, who can't resist a good yarn.

I'd love to have a dollar for every time I've heard this preface to a tale, "I don't know whether this is true or not, but it makes a swell story," and then will come forth something amusing as can be—to be repeated for the laugh, until the laugh is worn out and only the scandal remains.

In a business where competition is as hot, where rewards are as great, as they are in the film industry, there is bound to be a great amount of envy and jealousy. The guy that doesn't get the break, figures there must be some reason for the one who did. "He knows where the body's buried all right," says the young man who didn't get the job anent the one who did. Soon he goes even further and mentions whose body and where it is buried.

I admit that concerning some successes in pictures I sometimes incline to the above theory myself. But I usually find out that it is just luck.

Yet I have heard definite attacks on many people by the whispering chorus through jealousy or envy. One young film executive is supposed, for instance, to hold his job because his wife is friendly with the Big Boss. Yet that same executive seems to be talented, capable, and to be quite competent to hold the job on his own.

The most famous of the scandalous stories of recent years concerned a young man alleged to have come be-

tween a famous producer and his wife, one of the great stars. You couldn't go anywhere in Hollywood or out without being asked if it was true that this young man had been most brutally assaulted by the husband. I was at a party one evening when the young gentleman took a select group of men into the host's quarters and *proved* that nothing of the kind had happened. None of us, who knew any of the people concerned, had to have proof. We knew it couldn't be true. The husband and wife in this case have always remained friends—and he is a gentleman and a man.

When you hear the strains of the whispering chorus, remember this:

HOLLYWOOD is a house of glass. It is the toughest place in all the world to get away with anything. There are more newspaper reporters, writers for scandal sheets, gossips and professional and amateur dirt-diggers to the square inch in this town, than anywhere else in the known world.

Everything there is to know about Hollywood you know. Everything that is true, or half true—or even slightly tinged with the truth—is printed somewhere. Not everything that is printed is true, but believe me, boys and girls, everything that is true gets printed.

You know all about poor little Clara Bow and her love affairs. You've even read most of her love letters.

You know all about Gary and Lupe.

You know, or you can't help but infer, that Doug and Mary had a little flurry or domestic trouble (it comes in most households around the tenth anniversary) but that they've patched it all up. If anything else happens there, you'll know it.

None of the sorrow and tragedy of Mabel Normand's life was hidden from you.

Alma Rubens's ghastly slavery to drugs and her untimely death are all as well known to you as to anyone in Hollywood.

The testimony of Daisy DeVoe, the prize traitor of the movie colony, that Clara Bow's red hair isn't quite so red without a dash of henna, is now a matter of court record.

JACK GILBERT and Jim Tully got headlines for two punches in the Brown Derby.

Just remember that any big story about anyone in the movies gets into print sooner or later.

The whispering chorus is the news source of dozens of high-class and highly-paid news gatherers. Any of their whispers that are true come out either in head lines or in witty paragraphs in witty columns. Hollywood has few—very few—secrets. And such as they are, they're such ordinary little personal tittle-tattle that is of interest only to those who know each other well.

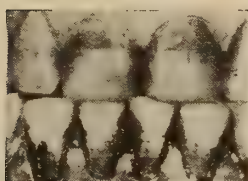
So the next time anybody tells you that Clara Bow is really Greta Garbo's illegitimate daughter, or that Marie Dressler is secretly married to Buddy Rogers, or that Rudolph Valentino is still alive and hiding in the South Seas, you tell them they're crazy.

Because I mean they really are!

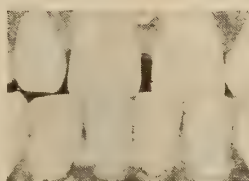
IN NEW MOVIE NEXT MONTH
Another Striking Human Interest
Story by Adela Rogers St. Johns

SOME ARRESTING FACTS *about ten* TOOTH PASTES

FROM UNIVERSITY LABORATORY TESTS



Before



After

NORMAL TEETH, CLEANED BY DR. WEST'S—pictures show same teeth stained both before and after brushing

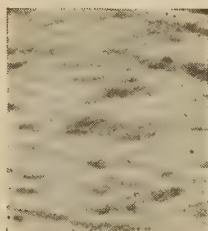


Before



After

DENTIFRICE "X" FAILS TO CLEAN THEM—normal teeth stained both before and after brushing with another dentifrice



NO SCRATCHING BY DR. WEST'S—the microscopic lens can find no scratches after brushing with Dr. WEST'S



THIS TOOTH PASTE LEAVES SCRATCHED ENAMEL: Note scratches plainly visible in micro-photograph taken after brushing with Dentifrice "X"

EVERY dentifrice user has a right, we believe, to know exactly what the product will actually do for teeth.

That is why we report the startling results of tests on 10 typical tooth pastes, by a great University laboratory.

DR. WEST'S and nine other tooth pastes were tested:

SEVEN DO NOT CLEAN TEETH—and two of these scratch enamel

TWO OTHERS CLEAN TEETH—but both of them scratch enamel

ONLY ONE OF THE 10—DR. WEST'S—CLEANS TEETH WITHOUT SCRATCHING ENAMEL!

Needless to say the tests were accurate and impartial. Normal teeth were stained (to show invisible as well as visible dirt) both *before* and *after* brushing with each dentifrice tested. Next the effect on enamel

was determined. Results were measured and recorded by delicate instruments and powerful camera lenses.

And now you know in advance, exactly what **DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste** will do for your teeth. So . . . why guess?

Two gentle polishing actions

This remarkable thoroughness comes from a combination of two gentle polishers with pure vegetable cleansers. As you see, these polishers cannot scratch enamel—yet they brighten teeth to new beauty. And always

cleanse every tooth thoroughly.

Every other good result you can safely expect from a dentifrice is provided by this modern tooth paste. It was perfected by the makers of famous **DR. WEST'S Tooth Brushes**—the product of modern experience and knowledge in oral hygiene.

You'll like it. Cooling and refreshing to the whole mouth. Millions have switched to **DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste**—giving it the most sensational success in dentifrice history.

Today quit guess-work in caring for your teeth. Get **DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste** at any good store. Your teeth are worth the best care you can give them: *see how they improve when you give it to them!*

WRITE FOR FREE test: Western Co., Dept. 125, 307 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

BIG 10c TUBE ON SALE AT MANY WOOLWORTH CO., 5c-10c STORES

Do you use
Dr. West's
Toothbrush?



Reviews

(Continued from page 55)

was brought to Hollywood for additional close-ups but he couldn't stand its lurking dangers. He has now returned to the safety of the jungle.

Monkey Tragedy in Sumatra

AFTER "Trader Horn," Paramount's jungle effort, "Rango" turned out to be pretty mild. Ernest Schoedsack, the ex-newsreel cameraman who helped make "Grass" in Persia and "Chang" in Siam, spent months in the Sumatra jungle filming this study of orang-utan life. Like Mr. Schoedsack's other efforts, this pictures primitive life in combat with nature. My difficulty with "Rango" lay in working up any personal interest in Tua, the elderly orang-utan, and in Rango, his son. The only other principals are an old native and his son, whose business seems to be killing tigers. The climax comes when dad (the native papa) is away at a business conference. A tiger sneaks up and the native boy sends his water buffalo after the big cat. Believe it or not, the buffalo wins with little effort.

The best moments of "Rango" depict the jungle in noisy awakening at dawn after a nervous tropical night with scores of hungry prowlers searching the underbrush for tasty bits.

Millie, the Redheaded Heartbreaker

MY old friend, Don Clarke, wrote "Millie," so I am prejudiced in its favor right at the start. But Radio Pictures' filming of this yarn of a restless and ruthless redhead is a box-office hit, anyway. Millie marries a wealthy chap, has a baby and then catches her husband cheating. With that she starts out to wreak vengeance upon the whole male sex. "Treat 'em like tramps," she declares, "they're all alike." Years later, her sixteen-year-old daughter is lured to a deserted house. Millie follows and shoots the villain dead. The male jury promptly acquits her. As you can see, the picture is not for little Willie, unless he is a veteran tabloid reader.

Helen Twelvetrees gives an oddly interesting quality to the rôle of Millie. She is not a good actress yet, she always seems about to burst into tears, and she never looks convincingly like the mother of a sixteen-year-old daughter.

He Printed the News

SPEAKING of tabloids reminds me of "Scandal Sheet," apparently George Bancroft's final picture for Paramount. Bancroft plays a hard-boiled editor whose motto is "get the news" and whose creed is "print the news." He says so himself but the editorial staff believes there is a limit somewhere. That is, until he discovers that his wife has been unfaithful with a banker. He prints the story and then shoots the banker, thereby getting still another beat. So he goes to jail for life—and there comes to edit the prison paper.

This yarn, remotely suggested by the tragedy of a New York editor who committed murder and later died in Sing

Sing, never gets very real, although Bancroft is effective, Clive Brook is excellent as the philandering banker and Kay Francis is attractive as the wife.

Probably all this is because it is hard to make newspaper plays interesting, even to newspaper men. The spirit of adventure, of faithfulness to one's paper, of camaraderie, is something that newspaper men seem to be ashamed of—and other people can't understand.

Palm Beach Becomes Heaven

THE New York reviewers sat pretty hard upon Paramount's "Stolen Heaven," but I do not agree with them. Based upon an original story by Dana Burnett, this is a moving little yarn of considerable daring, as pictures go. Two failures—one a boy who can't get a job, the other a cabaret charmer tired of things—start out to spend a stolen \$20,000. They plan one fling at the good things of life, then to kill themselves. In mellow and benevolent warmth at Palm Beach they find that life is worth living—and they give themselves up in order that they may face the music and start all over.

Here the screen dares to intimate that good may come of a honeymoon appropriated without the benefit of clergy and that stolen money may be spent enjoyably. The story is beautifully acted by Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes. Here are two great performances.

By LYNDE DENIG

The Bachelor Father—Metro-Goldwyn:—Marion Davies carries most of this comedy on her graceful shoulders. It is light and frothy enough not to become burdensome. Taken from a genuinely popular stage play, the picture is effective, in part, mainly because of adroit acting that may bring laughter, though the situations are less than convincing. The Bachelor Father, finely portrayed by that fine old actor, C. Aubrey Smith, summons three of his unrecognized offspring to cheer his waning years. They meet for the first time on the father's glorious English estate, from which the exuberance of youth has long since vanished. Tony Flagg (Miss Davies) turns out to be an imposter and is driven from her new-found home. But she comes back in time for a sentimental conclusion. Ralph Forbes makes a properly aristocratic lover.

Dracula—Universal:—For those who prefer to enjoy their nightmares in the theater, rather than in bed, this pictorial version of a play that set all New York to shuddering is a delectable repast. Director Tod Browning has gone the limit in supplying a ghostly, or a ghastly environment for the playground of the male vampire and his victims. Naturally, the picture is unhealthy: it could not be otherwise with such a theme; but it is rather well done, if that is sufficient justification. Bela Lugosi is politely fiendish as the blood-loving Count Dracula. Helen Chandler displays the eerie quality

requisite for the character of the unfortunate girl, whereas David Manners does very well as the normal youth. See "Dracula," if you must, but leave the children at home with Amos and Andy.

Bright Lights—Warners:—Dorothy Mackaill knows how to wear a grass skirt and her dancing improves with each of her tropical pictures. Frank Fay looks and acts the part of a musical comedy singer, which he is. Noah Beery presents a terrifying South Seas seducer. There you have the kindest comments that suggest themselves in connection with this melodramatic musical comedy, unless you still respond to intricate dance numbers, emblazoned in the bright lights of Technicolor.

Lonely Wives—Pathé:—A bedroom farce that obviously aims at being as suggestively naughty as the law allows and quite as obviously succeeds. The situations, embarrassing in themselves, are supplemented by double meaning dialogue that will make you laugh or squirm, perhaps both. Playing a dual role, Edward Everett Horton gives animation to a philandering husband and to a vaudeville impersonator who takes the place of the husband for one eventful night.

Finn and Hattie—Paramount:—Mitzi Green had better avoid personal appearances. Somebody might forget that she is only acting and reach an irate hand across the footlights, intent upon strangling the most aggravating incarnation of impudence now before the public. In Jackie Searl she has found a male chip of the same block. As a matter of fact these two outrageous children practically steal the picture from Leon Errol and Zazu Pitts, whose adult humor is less effective than might be expected. The story is an episodic affair, following the experiences of a newly rich family on a trip to Paris.

Going Wild—First National:—Joe E. Brown, First National's broad-mouthed comedian, succeeds in being amusing through the greater part of this somewhat conventional picture. It recalls "Top Speed," Brown's recent comedy, save that this time the thrills are staged in the air with the hero impersonating a renowned aviator performing hazardous stunts.

Aloha—Tiffany:—"Ilanu no marry native boy. Ilanu love white man." Well, you know the ways of these half-caste South Sea maids with their grass skirts and their undraped frankness. Ilanu, "she have her way," but unfortunately her way leads to the crater of a volcano, for white men, or, more particularly, white women, no like the beautiful half-caste. Aloha, as a grass-skirt picture, runs true to form, with Ben Lyon and Raquel Torres doing their darnedest to make the leading characters believable and sympathetic.

The Single Sin—Tiffany:—Melodrama, acted with intensity, as it should be. Once again we learn that

(Continued on page 101)

NOW A NEW

Freedom...

NEW Peace of Mind!

*Gone are the Shackles
of Fear, Discomfort,
and Uncertainty!*

THE shackle of womanhood is broken.
The shackle that has held them for ages,
in fear, discomfort, uncertainty!

Today all women can know *at all times* the
poise and the peace of mind that come from
perfect protection.

Active, athletic women, too, can be *free*
today to pursue their sports at any time.
Free, to wear filmy frocks on any occasion.

For there is now an *utterly new* and *totally*
different hygiene for women.

Not merely another sanitary pad, but an
immaculate and complete protection! A san-
itary napkin that is *New* in design; *New* in
material; *New* and remarkable in the results
it gives.

It is so unique that we want to send you a
sample free of charge (in plain wrapping, of
course). So you can examine it fully. Judge
for yourself its *two distinct advantages* that
have never before been offered to women.

***Ends All Chafing—
All Irritations!***

Made under rigid U. S. Patents, it is pure
RAYON cellulose filled. And you will find it
as gentle as fluffed silk.

This softness comes because of its totally
new construction—as well as its rayon cellu-
lose filler—as you will note the moment you
see it and compare it with any other pad.
You see *at once* why it is preferable. For it
is *not* made from *mere layers* of crepe paper
as in old-type sanitary methods.

Once the discriminating woman tries one,
she never goes back to old ways. Its name
is Veldown. Most stores can now supply you.

Effective Hours Longer

It also has another important feature. It is
absolutely protective for the reason that the



*outer side has been specially treated to make it
moisture-proof and impenetrable.*

This innovation makes Veldown 5 or more
times more absorbent than other sanitary
methods. And it gives COMPLETE SAFETY
and protection HOURS LONGER than other
ways. Hence a danger that every woman
carries in her mind is absolutely eliminated.
And *no other* protective garments are nec-
essary.

It is specially treated with a deodorant
—and thus ends even *slightest danger* of
embarrassment. Discards, of course, easily
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Accept Trial

Go today to any drug or department store.
Obtain a box of Veldown. You will find that
it is a *Vast and Great Improvement* on any
other pad you have ever worn.

Of, if you prefer to investigate before buy-
ing, send the coupon for a trial pad free.
For the sake of your own *comfort and safety*,
don't delay to learn the unique advantages
of this remarkable new invention.

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Street, New York City. *One of the Divisions
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FOR EVERY WOMAN



TG-5

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Please mail me, in plain wrapper, free of
charge, a sample of Veldown for my in-
spection.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....

State.....

(This offer good only in U. S. A.)

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I Hereby Bequeath

(Continued from page 83)

his death it passes unconditionally to her. "She knows my wishes, and surely the mother of my children will see that their best interests are served. It is only because of her and them that I care about accumulating money." His money is invested in various enterprises and her name appears with his on all papers as partner and his shares would pass directly to her if he should die.

JOHN GILBERT has willed the bulk of his estate to his little daughter Leatrice Joy II and pays into a trust fund for her as well.

Douglas Fairbanks is most reticent about his will; he is among those who are superstitious on the subject of wills and discussing them. Unless his will is one of the big surprises of Hollywood, it leaves the bulk of his estate to his son and heir Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as Mary Pickford is wealthy in her own name. Young Doug has made good, so very much so, and managed his own financial affairs so well that there should be no fear that he will be spoiled with inherited riches. Fairbanks, Senior, admits that he has followed the lead of Mary, his wife, in willing money to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. The diligent Mary has waged a campaign with personal entreaty among the wealthy of Hollywood, to remember this fund in their wills in order that it may become a self-sustaining endowed fund and not dependent on casual gifts.

Norma and Constance Talmadge have made the three sons of their sister Natalie, and Buster Keaton, their principal heirs. As the father of these three lively varnish removers is not a poor man himself, these children can look forward to being very wealthy young men some day. Norma is possessed of the most valuable jewels in all Hollywood, and the jewelry, which she rarely wears, but leaves in a bank vault, will be part of the property of the young Keatons. It will be a lucky girl indeed that marries the masculine owner of the sets of gems Norma will leave behind. She has three sets, consisting of bracelets, tiara, ring, necklace, and pin, in diamonds, rubies and emeralds, as well as many miscellaneous and very valuable single pieces. Constance too has many gems.

Carl Laemmle, another man superstitious about discussing his will, is one of the wealthiest single figures in Hollywood. He has matured plans for a Laemmle dynasty for some years; at present his son Junior, in spite of his youth, has taken over many of the reins at the Universal studio. The family home has been established for some years, as Laemmle bought the large and beautiful estate of Tom Ince, adjoining Harold Lloyd's estate, in Benedict Canyon. It is understood that when the day comes that the Laemmle will is read, after bequests to the various relatives, and to the daughter, Mrs. Stanley Bergerman, and her baby daughter, the first grandchild, that Junior will take over the bulk of the fortune and the responsibilities of the studio and will maintain the family home. Years of thought have gone into training Junior for this destiny.

Irene Rich, instead of retiring from her picture career after her marriage to a Pasadena millionaire, continued her career that she might provide from her own earnings three trust funds of \$100,000 each for her mother and two daughters, which will pass to them at her death.

ESTELLE TAYLOR has provided in her will for trust funds for her mother, her sister and her niece. The incomes from these funds go to the beneficiaries during their lives, and the principals of these funds will go to the niece, Frances Carter, at their deaths, provided that she is twenty-one. If not, the trusts will be held for her until she reaches her majority. All the estate goes to the niece, as Estelle's husband, Jack Dempsey, is wealthy. She has provided in her will that he may select any piece of her jewelry, which is quite extensive and contains some exquisite pieces, for a memento. The rest of the jewelry then goes to the niece. This collection includes, among other things, a long string of large real pearls, several diamond rings, diamond and emerald bracelets, and some exquisite rubies.

William S. Hart has provided for his boy in a trust fund that stands in his will, the income of which is being used for the care and education of the boy today. When he, William S. Hart, Jr., becomes twenty-one, the interest of the \$100,000 trust becomes payable to him instead of to his mother. At twenty-five, the boy receives the principal.

Other bequests in the will are interesting because they savor of the Old West. Hart has been a most diligent collector of fine Indian rugs and his beadwork collection of work by the plains Indians is the finest in the world. The beads are sewn with buffalo sinew. Ceremonial costumes, all beautifully designed and worked, are included in the beadwork collection.

Guns that belonged to Billy the Kid and Wild Bill Hickok, Kit Carson's gun and hatchet, the gun of Al Jennings in his bandit days, of George Pike, famous Wyoming bad man, and the gun of the last bandit hanged in Dodge City, together with several rare makes of guns used in the Old West, make up a thrilling bit of history in his collecting. Twenty buffalo coats used at Fort Lincoln, the fort from which Custer's men marched to the massacre, over sixty years old, were bought by Hart when the old fort was abandoned by the government. Soldiers of the early days used them in severe weather.

Documents, including a personal letter from Bob Ingersoll, another from President Roosevelt, both fan letters, a first printed account of the Custer massacre, and many other things will go with all Bill's Western treasures to the Smithsonian. A large library of unique volumes on Western history, also goes to the Smithsonian.

WHILE the wills of the present are most difficult to pry into, due to the reasons mentioned, wills already probated left by the stars of years gone by, are very absorbing, as with them, one can trace the interesting and sometimes totally unexpected results that

ensued. Perhaps the most elaborately worked out will so far probated in Hollywood is that of the late Thomas Ince, who died, as all the world knows, so unexpectedly in the midst of a most successful career as a producer. Ince loved life and lived luxuriously establishing the largest and most beautiful private estate in Hollywood. It is only rivalled at the present time by the adjoining one of Harold Lloyd. Unfortunately for Ince's plans, it was not kept in the family. On Ince's death it was sold to Carl Laemmle; it is said to be the most beautiful and perfectly worked out Spanish house in California.

The estate of Ince was considerable, estimates at his death varying from one to four millions of dollars. Mrs. Ince was named as executor with her attorney to control the estate for five years. They were directed in the will to lease the Ince studio "in such a way as to be profitable—and the good will built up by the Ince corporation shall be kept before the public." This desire to cling to life through his works is typical of the vital life-loving nature of the man. For the remainder of the year in which Ince died, his wife continued to carry out his projects at the studio and to complete contracts. At present the studio, after first being in the hands of Cecil De Mille, is the home of the Pathe company in California.

Ince forbade that the executors should invest any money in picture productions or anything "except investments allowed by law to savings banks." The second five years following his death, the income from the estate was to be paid to his widow monthly, unless the income from any quarter of a year exceeded \$10,000 in which case the surplus was to be added to the principal of the estate and re-invested. The estate was then to be held in trust, one fourth of the income to be paid to Mrs. Ince and three-fourths paid for the use of the children. The principal of the estate was to be disposed of as follows: at twenty-five, each child is to be paid the sum of \$10,000 provided he is engaged in a business or profession, and provided the mother agrees in writing. At thirty one half the balance of each child's share of the remaining estate "provided he has been engaged in business or a profession, and is industrious and sober," and his mother agrees in writing, will be paid. At forty, the remaining balance due shall be paid, under similar terms. If at any payment period, Mrs. Ince does not agree, the payment of the money is deferred until Mrs. Ince agrees to the payment in writing.

This appeals to one who knew Ince personally, as his guard for his children against his own love of life's good things which he feared might be disastrous if the children were left the money under no restraint. Life schooled him with poverty in his early days, but he preferred to set up his own safeguards for his children. The confidence he expressed in his wife's judgment has been justified, for Mrs. Ince has invested the money well, and increased the estate considerably.

(Continued on page 96)

WINNERS

of "YOU and YOUR HOME CONTEST"



1st PRIZE \$100.00

Mrs. Ruth Averda Smith
32 Union St.
Camden, Me.

The unusual night picture shown above wins first prize. Oval, Mrs. Smith. Inset, Mrs. Smith in her attractive kitchen.



2nd PRIZE \$50.00

Anna Frank Ringel
108 Paisley Ave., North
Hamilton, Ontario

THE three winning pictures shown here have been selected by the Judges of the Contest, from a most interesting array of pictures typifying representative American homes in all sections of the United States. In justice to the splendid amateur photographic efforts displayed in the remaining group of pictures received from the contest, TOWER MAGAZINES will devote a page in its June issue to the pictures that are awarded a prize of \$5.00 each by the Judges.

Winners of \$5.00 PRIZES

Miss Dorothy Faller
301 Lexington Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. Grace Evelyn Huston
1103 Lincoln Ave.
San Jose, Calif.

Mrs. Ruth Browning Sunderland
401 Montgomery St.
Fall River, Mass.

Mr. Charles Muller
1827 W. Plymouth St., West Oak Lane
Philadelphia, Pa.

Louise Irene Bouchard
Caribou, Me.



3rd PRIZE \$25.00

Miss Margaret Vezdos
319 Delaware Ave.
Lorain, Ohio

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.
55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

TANGEE



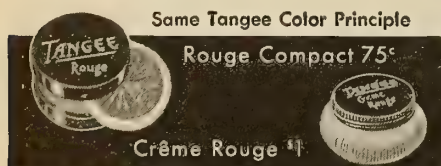
Color Magic for your Lips!

How innocent Tangee looks in its modest gun-metal case! But touch it to your lips, you Blonde one of great fame . . . you Beauty of the titian hair . . . you sparkling-eyed Brunette!

For *this* is the magic of Tangee . . . it changes when applied to your lips and blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, no matter what your complexion. Tangee never gives an artificial, greasy, make-up look. It never rubs off. And Tangee has a solidified cream base, one that actually soothes, heals and protects.

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Non-Greasy! Natural! Permanent!

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

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Name _____
Address _____

I Hereby Bequeath

(Continued from page 94)

In the case of Mrs. Ince's marrying again, before Ince was dead for seven years, the will provides that she shall not receive her share of the principal, but only the income till her death, after which the estate is to be the beneficiary, and the sum divided amongst the children equally. This was probably meant as a "keep off" for fortune hunters. However, Mrs. Ince married within a year of the seven year limit, but as it was claimed that one half of the estate was hers under the California community property law, her share became one half, instead of one quarter of the interest as the will awarded it. Mrs. Ince married Holmes Herbert.

CHARITIES were provided for in the Ince will in the event of the trust being in existence at the time of the children's deaths. If the trust fund for Mrs. Ince exists at her death, and the children are dead, the money shall be divided one fourth to the Actors' Fund of America; one fourth to the Orthopedic Hospital, and the remainder to a fund for establishing the Tom Ince Foundation for the Benefit of the Invalid Poor, to establish a farm or seaside resort for the convalescence of those who have received treatment of various charitable hospitals.

Provision was also made in the case of other children being born of the marriage; if the wife dies, the money goes to the children; if the children die, the money goes to the wife. The income and principal of the estate are also to be not subject to attachment, garnishment, sale, pledge or mortgage. The father-in-law of Ince was to be guardian in case of the death of the wife; the mother-in-law, if the father-in-law dies, and the children are still minors.

The will of Tom Ince was made October 3, 1921 and probated January 15, 1924; his death occurred December 19, 1924. At the time of his death, the children were William, 15, Tom, 11, and Dick, 9. Ince himself was forty-three. The widow and the children were about as thoroughly protected as is possible; and, even at that, Ince overlooked the provisions of the California law that allows the wife a half of her husband's property, if it has been accumulated since their marriage; this is the famous community property law.

THE most famous of all Hollywood wills is that of Rudolph Valentino; an impulsive document, it displayed absolute trust in his friend and manager, George Ullman, devotion to his sister and brother who were his legal heirs, and loyalty and gratitude to his wife's aunt, Mrs. Teresa Werner, who was named as the third beneficiary in the estate with his brother and sister. Because this will has been the subject of so much litigation, it is worth including almost in its entirety.

After a preamble, the will reads: "I hereby nominate and appoint S. George Ullman the executor without bonds—in the settlement of my said estate." The will turns over the property to Ullman for disposition as outlined in the document, and again provides for Ullman to "finally distribute the said trust estate according to my wish

and will as I have this day instructed him."

The three, the sister, Maria Strada, the brother, Alberto Guglielmi and the aunt, Teresa Werner, no blood kin to him, were to receive equal shares from the estate. Ullman was to hold the estate in trust for the heirs. The reason that the will was drawn up in such a vague and hasty manner, is that it was done shortly after his wife Natacha Rambova divorced him, to supersede a will in which he left everything to her.

Another clause in the will was to the effect that if any of the beneficiaries contested the will, he or she should receive nothing. Another clause provided that anyone who could prove to be an heir at law should be rewarded with \$1 as his share of the estate. His former wife, Natacha Rambova, was left with one dollar; his first wife, Jean Acker, received not even a mention. Pola Negri, who claimed frequently to be his fiancée, was not mentioned. The will was made in September, 1925; Valentino died in August 1926, and the will was probated in September, 1926.

Immediately Alberto refused to recognize the will unless the share of Mrs. Werner be invalidated, and he recognized as co-executor with Ullman. Alberto followed legal advice which declared the will a vague instrument, and illegal because of the outside instructions referred to twice.

The legacy left to Mrs. Teresa Werner, the aunt of Valentino's ex-wife, Natacha, was left her out of affection; she had lived with Valentino and Natacha, and when they separated, she stayed on with him, taking charge of his household for a time. After the objections of Alberto, she came from France where she was living and announced her intention of protecting her claim.

Another feature of the will pronounced illegal by legal talent is the provision that Ullman should hold the estate in trust, pay the bills, and give the net income to the heirs with no instructions in the will as to the final disposition of the estate. No trust is legal that runs for longer than the life of a beneficiary plus twenty-one years, and the phrasing of the will allows such an interpretation to be made.

Alberto and Maria Strada insisted on Ullman's furnishing a bond for \$100,000, in spite of the provisions of the will, which was finally done.

ROMANCES appeared in the bills submitted against the estate. Ghosts of romance; the estate was charged with all the bills for the ill-fated film, "What Price Beauty," made by Natacha Rambova, which was an elaborate artistic flop to the tune of \$48,500.00. This was made when the romance of Natacha and Rudy was beginning to fade, due to the objections of his backers that the spotlessly white gloved and be-turbaned wife interfered too much with her husband's work; "What Price Beauty" took her mind off Rudy for a bit and kept her happy. It was previous to this time that she and Rudy had been absorbed in the plans for "The Hooded Falcon," a medieval story, for the costumes of which they had bought fabrics all over

Europe, and for which Gilbert Adrian designed exotic costumes; some of these unbelievably expensive costumes and fabrics were part of the estate sold at auction by Ullman following Valentino's death.

Another ghost of dead love that walked during the settling of the estate was the claim presented by Pola Negri for \$15,000 for moneys loaned on a note by her to Valentino. She got it, with interest for one year at seven per cent, just like the butcher the baker and the candlestick maker.

Still further was the stripping of sentiment to proceed in the working out of the unlucky will of Valentino. In August 1928, Alberto and Maria filed suit against Ullman, petitioning for his removal as executor, and mentioning over sixty exceptions that they took to his conducting of the trust. They complained that Ullman had so mismanaged the estate that it had shrunk from over a million dollars to something approximating \$350,000, and that the estate was so impoverished that it was unable to meet tax liens. They charged that loans had been made to different individuals without security, one of which was \$50,000 and the other \$40,000; the list included, as we have said, over sixty such exceptions that they took to Ullman's management of affairs.

ON July 9, 1930, the Bank of Italy (California), petitioned for letters of administration to give it jurisdiction over the estate, following the resignation of S. George Ullman, who resigned "that discord might not cloud the memory of my dear friend." Maria and Alberto through their attorney claimed "mismanagement, misappropriation and fraud." The fraud referred to accusations that Ullman tried to escape liability of his bond as executor. Where Ullman is quoted at the death of Valentino as saying that the estate would value around \$500,000 at least, he declared at this later date that Valentino was \$160,000 in debt at his death.

"The Son of the Sheik" and "The Eagle" netted the estate \$500,000 after Valentino's death, according to Ullman. He further claims that he had "\$16,000 worth of hardware [this refers to the collection of armor, horse trappings, arms, bronzes, and such things collected abroad by Valentino, which he (Ullman)] advertised and fixed up legends for at a cost of \$35,000 and sold for \$97,000."

One might go on and on with this controversy which is not settled yet and may not be for some time. The will, made in love and affection, has left discord, and those whom Valentino loved most dearly are at odds with each other due to the hastily made will.

The will of Mabel Normand, made on February 26, 1927, and probated March 30, 1930, is short and sweet and to the point, a two hundred word will. Mabel left her estate entirely to her mother, Mary Drury Normand. A clause in the will explains that nothing is left to her husband Lew Cody because he has means of his own and is able to support himself. A trust fund of \$50,000; jewels to the amount of \$35,000; her home and its furnishings, stocks, bonds, and several bank accounts brought the estate up to \$94,000.

EARLE WILLIAMS, film idol, like Wallace Reid and Barbara La Marr, died intestate. His wife was

(Continued on page 98)



How to get rid of loose DANDRUFF

SOONER or later, everyone experiences the annoyance and humiliation of a case of loose dandruff. Contact with others, promiscuous use of towels, combs and brushes, the trying-on of hats, spread this common ailment.

When this dandruff appears don't let it become serious. At the first sign of it, use full strength Listerine. It has remedied this condition for thousands.

The treatment consists of dousing Listerine, full strength, on the scalp and massaging vigorously, repeating the treatment frequently for several days. This is important.

From the outset you will be conscious of a marvelously cool, clean and healthy sensation of the scalp, and within a few days, you will note that dandruff is disappearing.

Loose dandruff is thought by many to be a germ condition, and noted dermatologists declare that the successful method of combating it is by frequent massage and applications of antiseptic.

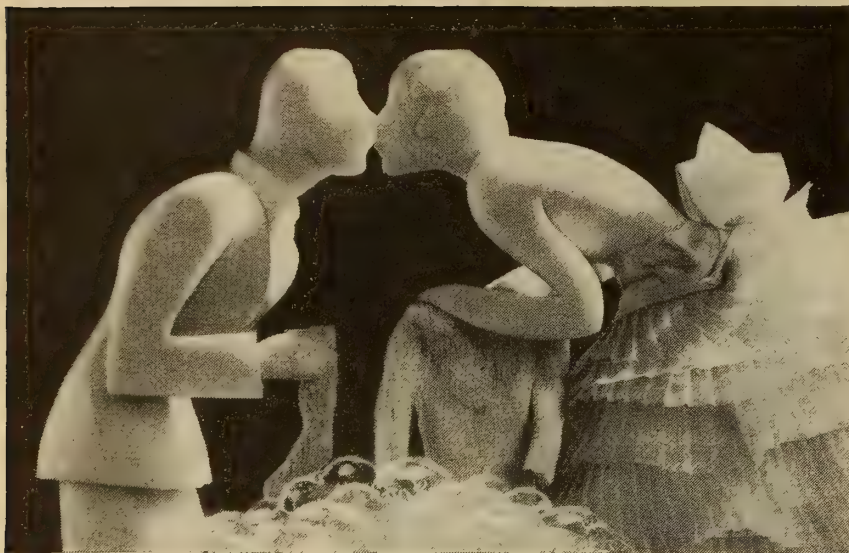
Full strength Listerine, as you know, is not only a safe antiseptic with a tendency to soothe and heal tissue, but also possesses great germicidal power. It kills germs in the fastest time science has been able to measure accurately.

If you have any evidence of loose dandruff or an irritated scalp, begin the Listerine treatment at once. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

*the safe antiseptic
soothes the scalp*

10¢ size on sale at all 5¢ and 10¢ stores



The Perfect Pair for washing woolens — IVORY SNOW and lukewarm water

Ivory Snow—tiny fairy-thin pearls of pure Ivory Soap—gives extra protection to all fine fabrics. Every tiny pearl is so very thin that it turns into gentle Ivory suds the moment water touches it. Even lukewarm water!

No waiting for hot water. No fussing with suds. No cooling to the safe faintly warm temperature. Now you start with lukewarm water, add Ivory Snow, and you'll have foamy suds in a single swish. No unmelted soap left to cling to woolens and silks.

So quick! So handy! So very, very gentle! A big box for 15¢.

New!

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**Silk
and woolen
manufacturers agree**

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mal-linson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Hand-woven Homespuns, the makers of the downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers.

I Hereby Bequeath

(Continued from page 97)

made administratrix of the estate, amounting to \$300,000, under a \$200,000 bond. The labyrinth of trouble into which the unfortunate widow, inexperienced in financial affairs, was led, is sufficient reason to spur any man into making a will to provide against such contingencies. The whole sad story came to light when Mrs. Williams was brought into court by claims of creditors two years after the death of her husband.

Sam Warner, husband of Lina Basquette, and one of the Warner Brothers, left a will that has been the cause of much bitterness and tragedy. Sam Warner died in 1927, leaving in his will two trust funds, one of \$100,000 to his baby daughter Lita, and another like sum to his wife, Lina Basquette, then under age. The residue of his estate was then divided amongst his three brothers.

Lina Basquette, according to the terms of the will, was never to receive the principal of her trust fund, only the income; and in case of marriage she was to lose this. She married Peveryl Marley, a cameraman, two years after Sam Warner's death, and lost her trust fund. Recently she lost her second husband, he suing her for divorce and mentioning cruelty.

Because of her feeling that Baby Lita was receiving only a share of the Warner millions that should be hers by birth, Lina Basquette listened to arrangements to make Harry Warner and his wife the legal guardians of the child, when they offered to settle a \$300,000 trust fund on the baby, the principal to be the baby's at her majority.

THE will of Theodore Roberts is Hollywood's most famous "spite will"; a man of great emotional capacity, sensitive in the extreme, and ill for some years before his death, he expressed much bitterness against his family and did it in such a scathing manner that it took those of his own flesh and blood to stand up under the accusations in it. In one part of the will, he says, "I hold that human qualities are most justly gauged by the manner in which rebuke or remonstrance is received." By this test, Roberts' kin came through with flying colors, for a niece wrote to a friend, following the death and publication of the will, "What he did was perfectly all right but it grieves us deeply that he did it in a way to cause any dimming of the beautiful reputation he bore of being a well loved and lovable

The Greatest Writers Tell You
About the Interesting Events of
Hollywood in

NEW MOVIE

Every Month

man. I thought it might be a comfort to you and to those that loved him to know these facts (this refers to her refutation of many charges made in the will of heartlessness, etc., on the part of relatives) that you may know his words were the creation of a phantom that grew out of his long physical suffering. We don't want his memory shadowed by a foible of his old age; he WAS a grand old man; people were right in loving him; nothing should be allowed to dim the brightness of his wonderful charm and the warmth and benevolence of his personality."

The text of the will is in part as follows: "I hereby state that a posthumous statement has one advantage in that it leaves no chance for a contravening reply or argument. I know that argument and the tendency there-to has been the curse of my family for three generations that my experience covers. In speaking back from the farther shore I wish that my words would convey to those of my blood a warning and an example. In my experience I remember neither affection nor sympathy for any member of my family until such accomplishment had been achieved by me that affection became a part of pride in relationship."

"During the darkest hours of my life, no word of sympathy or offer of help from any member of my family came to me, and I hungered for it as the wanderer in the desert thirsts for water. The pride that kept me silent as a neglected unwanted child stayed with me through life, through many vicissitudes, and kept me silent even while in a prison cell. Now that I am beyond the influence of all earthly things, I want these words said. If they leave an unpleasant atmosphere over my memory, so be it. I hold that human quality is most justly gauged by the manner in which rebuke or remonstrance is received. It is easy to be complacent under praise. Only one member of my family shares a kindred isolation from the family that I have always known, and that is my nephew Edward Roberts Higgins. If he survives me, I want him to know that I have suffered like him that exile from home and that disinheritance that has been the portion of both of us when those nearest to us passed out of this life. I want him to know and feel that sympathy filled my heart when he spoke with bitterness of the fact that nothing that his mother left, either jewels or mementoes, was allowed to reach him. I want to tell him that I have likewise been disinherited and that neither jewels nor mementoes from my mother's or my father's death ever reached me."

To this nephew Roberts willed everything. His first wife, Lucy Roberts,

from whom he had been divorced for some years, filed suit April 3, 1929, against the estate for support money at \$100 a month, which had been awarded to her at the time of the divorce. She was not mentioned in the will, and it is a fine point in law whether an estate can be made liable for alimony money. The suit was quashed. The second wife, Florence Smyth Roberts, was already dead, and Roberts in his will provided that he be buried "at the side of my well beloved wife."

WALLACE REID died, as did Earle Williams, intestate. No one expected at the beginning of his illness that it would end fatally. Of all the sums that Reid must have made, for himself and for the picture company for which he worked, nothing was left his widow and two children but an estate of \$58,500, composed of a home with two mortgages, valued at \$40,000, and his furniture and automobiles, valued at \$18,500. His widow, Dorothy Davenport, an astute business woman and a great artist, has made the family fortunes fare well, by her producing of independent pictures since his death. The two children are being well raised; one legacy their father left them is that of honor and courage, even unto death.

The wife carried out his wishes in devoting much money earned from pictures she made on the dope evil, to helping in the cause of saving addicts, and to educating those that might fall into its snares unknowingly, as did Wallie Reid. A man who, at his death, knew that life might be his if he would return to the habit which he was fighting, and deliberately chose a clean death rather than a return to slavery, has left perhaps the greatest legacy of all, the example of real courage.

Barbara LaMarr, who died January 30, 1926, left no will. Poor pitiful Barbara, enmeshed in debt and struggling with her marriages, her tangled business affairs and her health, left little to be disposed of. Her father, William W. Watson, and her mother, her brother, and her adopted son Ivan, aged three, were the heirs. The estate consisted of her home in Whitley Heights, not far from the old Valentino home; a few personal effects and furniture. Her baby was adopted by Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery. So much genius, beauty and love of life, poured out for nothing, and leaving nothing but the memory of beauty and ardent passion to roll on down the years.

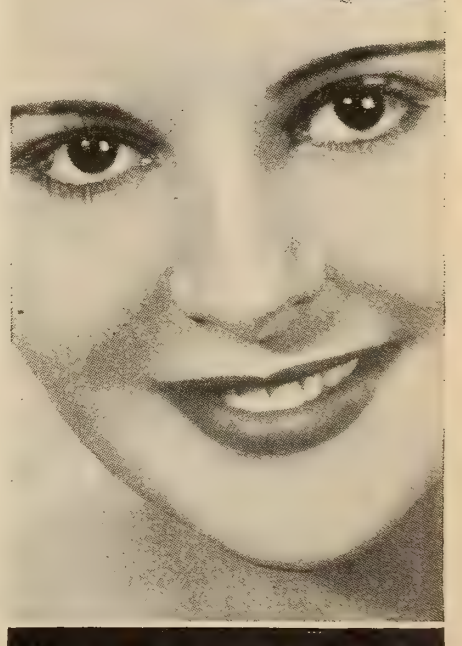
MILTON SILLS, in his will probated September 30, 1930, left an estate of \$250,000 for his wife and baby son Kenyon, from which Mrs. Doris Kenyon Sills is to receive \$1500 a month for the first three months, and thereafter, \$1000 a month. A trust fund, made at the time of his divorce from his first wife, provides for Gladys Sills his ex-wife, and their daughter.

Lon Chaney, recently deceased, left a will in which he made his wife, Hazel G. Chaney, "my beloved wife," his executrix and heir; his first wife, "Cleva Creighton Bush from whom I am divorced and to whom I am under no obligation" received no legacy. His son, he mentions, had been previously provided for. His brothers, George and John, and his sister Carrie, he had also provided for by his life insurance. John Jeske, his chauffeur and valet, "faithful friend and at all times a loyal and faithful servant" was left \$5,000.

IT'S THAT SMILE

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Squawkin' with Susie

(Continued from page 46)

I'll see you later concerning this outburst."

"Don't disappoint me, dearie," shrilled Miss McCue just before she vanished. "Come around the Fourth of July and I'll use you for punk."

BERET asked on her reddish curls, chubby knees functioning smoothly below the rim of a blue leather coat, Susie walked sulkily beside Mr. Stretcher as he lectured her with the candor of a gentleman whose real talent lay in appreciating the gifts of others. "It's okay to throw your arms around Opportunity's neck," he counselled, "but there's no sense in trying to strangle him."

"Meaning what?"

"That you made one seventy-five per week on dear old Broadway—some weeks—and that's where you'll finish if you don't stop trying to gouge Atlas. Unless, of course, you marry me."

"I've told you 'No' a hundred times," frowned Miss McCue, appraising his cheerful countenance. "You're too darn good tempered to be intriguing, Marty dear. You lack the spark of genius that stamps one as different, and therefore you fail to—to—oh, I can't remember the rest!"

"I'm not surprised, especially as I heard from Epictures that you'd been stuttering over your lyrics again. Can't keep your mind off that Rittenhouse hatrack, I suppose."

"I'm afraid he's beyond me," sighed Susie as she pictured the scornful Franklin, then she switched a melting gaze upon the dapper publicity man. "Marty, do you think I'm dumb?"

"Of course I do," said Mr. Stretcher with disconcerting promptness. "Not so bad for a blues singer, though. Your mind could be as empty as a stockbroker's office, and still I'd love you because I've got sense enough for two."

"Then think up some way for me to get nine hundred dollars."

"You aren't worth that much, sweetheart."

"For heaven's sake!" exploded Miss McCue. "Why be as disillusioning as an author's photograph? Look at the other stars—what have they got that I haven't?"

"But you're not a star," Marty reminded her gently. "When musicals go out, honey, so must you. All you're doing is hanging on the coat tails of a fad, and I wish it was over with."

"So you could snap the handcuffs on me, eh?" accused Susie. "Oh, Marty, if you had only a tenth of the romance that Franklin suggests, but there you stand, all tweeds and freckles and sterling quality, until I could scream. I'm fond of you, but if I ever weaken it'll be because I've come to the end of the trail, and don't forget that, please."

"I can wait," said Mr. Stretcher with exasperating assurance. "Go ahead and mix with the cream of the cinema; you'll find it's pretty thick, or vice versa."

They drove townward, wrangling amiably, dined and danced, and then, as he bade her goodnight in the lobby of the Musclebound Arms, the publicity director eyed her quizzically.

"Five to one," he offered, "that you haven't learned your songs for that Celestial picture."

"What of it?" asked Susie, chloroforming her conscience by remembering that she had always squeezed by somehow. "If I memorize them too soon I have too much trouble not to forget them. And that, my good man, is efficiency." But as the elevator whisked her skyward she grew a trifle panicky. Marty knew that she was a poor study, others suspected it; suppose the omnipotent Atlas should find it out? Two minutes after entering her apartment she was blinking sleepily at the three-tone poems which were destined to become favorites with bathroom baritones for the purpose of deafening their wives.

A FEW days later Miss McCue, driven by the cynical Marty to intensive rehearsing with an orchestra, was letter perfect in the numbers, and began to figure out saucy little interpolations and obligatos with which to astound the Celestial officials. And just as she was beginning to swagger like a person who never gets lost in Brooklyn, a summons arrived from Mr. Nerts.

It appeared that the general manager had decided to overlook her invitation for Independence Day, and he smiled reassuringly across his desk.

"Listen, sister," he chirped, "they been telling me that you're the niftiest little crooner that ever shook a spangle."

"Do you mean to say that you didn't know it already?"

"Baby," said Mr. Nerts bluntly, "if you had this menagerie to look after you'd understand why a guy can't know it all. It was only last month I found out that you couldn't have Bryn Mawr beat Harvard with one minute to play, and if somebody shipped us eleven dozen blues singers for a gross I'd never know the difference because I wouldn't be bothered counting 'em. Take you, for instance. The New York office told us you were a wow on Broadway, so we signed you just because we heard that Epictures was after you. Then, when we had no parts ready, we began pawning you to keep Fox from your door. On the level, sweetheart, how do you do your stuff?"

The request changed Miss McCue from a mournful maiden to a dynamic
(Continued on page 102)

WHAT MOTHERHOOD MEANS TO A STAR

Adela Rogers St. Johns has interviewed Norma Shearer and the popular star's comments will be of great interest to NEW MOVIE readers. This is Miss Shearer's first interview since her baby was born.

Reviews

(Continued from page 92)

the pathway to reform is lined with blackmailers, also that skeletons have an annoying habit of falling out of closets. This time the unfortunate victim is a young woman who took up bootlegging in partnership with a boy friend. For a while it appears that they drink too much of their stock themselves, thereby cutting down the profits.

Seas Beneath—Fox:—A modern submarine, as menacing a vessel as one need wish to see, is the center of interest in this dramatic suggestion of modern warfare. Some of the scenes taken on the rolling high seas, showing the submarine in action and the sinking of a ship, are thrilling, indeed, and the more impressive because they appear genuine. The story built around the submarine answers the purpose.

The Southerner—Metro-Goldwyn:—More of a story than generally is found in a picture cut to the measure of a star who is singing his way into the screen. Lawrence Tibbett plays *Jaffry*, scion of one of the first families of the Southland, who has become a hobo, rather than live in the same house as his caddish brother. The tramp, accompanied by two of his ragged cronies, returns to the family mansion where he falls in love with his brother's ill-treated wife, impersonated by Esther Ralston. The story is developed with considerable skill. Tibbett's devil-may-care manner, along with his splendid voice, reveals an attractive screen personality.

Girls Demand Excitement—Fox:—This is a bit more silly than most college life pictures, which is saying a lot. The plot in part parallels that of "Lysistrata," a rowdy Greek comedy that enjoyed quite a run on the Broadway stage this season. Instead of Spartan women withholding themselves from their husbands, as a protest against war, we have a group of college girls refusing to be necked, in retaliation for the efforts of Spartan boys to turn the college into an all-male institution.

Sit Tight—Warners:—Instead of boxing, long a stand-by of motion pictures, we are treated to a couple of wrestling bouts in this comedy and they are amusing. Joe E. Brown, as a boastful trainer at a health resort, is forced onto the mat at the last moment to hold the crowd until the champ arrives. He does not realize that his opponent is a wrestler of high repute until it is too late to withdraw. This is where the worthwhile part of the picture begins. Dodging his burly antagonist, squirming out of toe holds and scissor holds, expressing agony of mind and body, Brown is genuinely funny, funnier, perhaps, than in his previous pictures.

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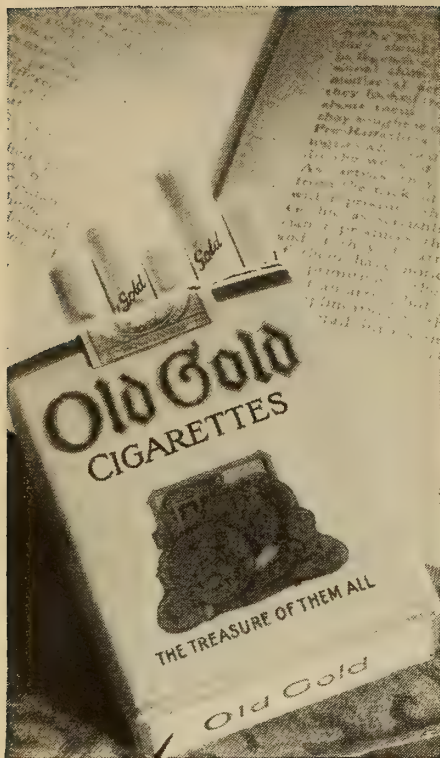
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Squawkin' with Susie

(Continued from page 100)



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little bundle of energy as she undulated into the center of the floor. Eyes flashing, elbows and shoulders jerking to the off-beat rhythm, she waded through her syncopated repertoire with a softly slurred sultriness that mesmerized her employer.

"Wheeee!" he exulted, his patent leather oxfords tapping briskly. "It makes me feel as loose as ashes!"

"Of course," panted Susie, who was sheltered from the elements by a singlet and two yards of flowered chiffon, "you understand that clothing kind of hampers me. My costumes for the Celestial picture aren't long enough to cramp my latitude, so—"

"Nothing cramps my imagination," announced Mr. Nerts, "and I'm satisfied that you're worth six hundred now and are due for a raise to seven-fifty. Why? Because I've just had the idea of slipping you into our new film with that bona fide opera singer that's costing us money every time she breathes. She has vocal volume, sure enough, and her hair is as golden as the foil on a quart of champagne, but the trouble is that the rest of her is shaped like the bottle itself. She needs contrast, so we'll write in a part for you."

"Oh, Atlas, you darling!"

"I'll have Stretcher cook up some new publicity about you," mumbled the general manager. "Chosen to play opposite opera queen because your alert mind enables you to absorb ideas that would cripple others, and et cetera."

"Marty's got an idea that I'm dumb," tinkled Susie.

"Who cares? But at that, baby, never ask a man for money when lather is drying on his face. Run along over to Celestial now, and don't give them all you've got."

Miss McCue ran along, pausing en route to hurl a few deckel-edged insults at the impassive Mr. Stretcher, and for the next week or so she swanked around the Celestial studios where the-show-must-go-on was taking additional punishment under the title of "Bums and Bouquets."

Gangsters, detectives, night clubs and unbelievably gullible lady entertainers being a sure fire quartet for the moment, Celestial had no intention of damaging its intellect by trying to be different, so a pleasant time was had by all cantering through a plot that would not have deceived even a Little Theatre audience. Production demands rested lightly upon the little blues singer, spacing her scenes and numbers at wide intervals, thereby giving her plenty of time for frenzied study of the slippery lyrics.

THE first two numbers whirled into the microphone with a lilt and crash that spelled success, and as the words were seldom of more than two syllables Miss McCue weathered the storm with barely an error. Like jugglers, contortionists and similar fauna, she was able to do two things at the same time, and as she warbled defiantly into space she saw, not the scrubby recording crew, but the skeptical countenance of Marty Stretcher.

"I'll show you!" she seemed to be challenging. "You hear that—every word perfect, and yet you've got the

nerve to say I'm stupid. I'll make you admit I'm different before I'm through!" Her eyes crackled victoriously and she registered with an almost bacchanalian intensity, for which the gratified director took credit in subsequent interviews.

Then came the day of "Incredible You," the super-song hit that was to be photographed in color, and along with it skulked the spirit of failure. Nothing went smoothly. High lights clashed, the traveling camera crane stripped its gears, the chorus chimed in raucously and were immediately censured for being too realistic; only the nonchalant Susie McCue was flawless. Over it all the director swung the lash of sarcasm until, by four in the afternoon, he had driven a frazzled cast to the point where it hovered on the verge of fame or a flop.

The actors watched him anxiously, all except Susie, who, slightly aloof as became a Broadwaywardite, was muttering, "Who-makes-me-idle-when-I'm-busy (gasp) Idolizin'-till-I'm-duh-izzy (gasp) Nobody-but-my-Louisiana Lizzie (gasp) Incredible-edible-weddable-YU-HOO!"

"Once more, please!" called the director, and a surge of chromatic harmony banished all signs of fatigue as Art re-hypnotized its devotees. Half a dozen vari-hued spotlights converged on a door cut in a huge banjo that served as a backdrop, and through it burst Susie at the apex of an arrow-head formation of chorines, clad in what appeared to be the remains of a gilt and scarlet lamp shade.

As she advanced Miss McCue's mind was buzzing with thoughts of future triumphs over the bulbous opera singer, of Franklin Rittenhouse's admiration, and from the corner of an eye she glimpsed no less a person than Mr. Nerts, more than ever resembling a prairie dog with his pink rimmed eyes and hands clasped across a comfortable paunch. It was now or never, with Atlas watching her!

DOWN the mirror-tiled floor she swayed, graceful as the swing of a scythe through wheat, blossoming like a peony, while the music, at a wave of the conductor's baton, zoomed from crescendo to a muted tantalizing throb as Susie began to sing. The verse flowed smoothly by, and she rounded the bend into the chorus with a quickened tempo rendered more insistent by an undercurrent of tom-toms.

Who makes me idle when I'm busy
Idolizin' till I'm duh-izzy
warbled Susie, and before she reached the end of the second line she was face to face with her family skeleton. What, or what, was the third, not to mention the fourth? She tried desperately to concentrate as the tune fox-trotted resistlessly ahead, but under the strain her scanty supply of gray matter deserted her and the unfortunate little blues singer's well-exposed back was against the wall. A clatter of xylophones heralded the next line, and Miss McCue heard herself gibbering:

Eefa-loffa-soffa, sluff-wuff-wuff
Incredible, edible, sluff-wuff YU-HOO!

On she stumbled through three more ghastly choruses, floundering deeper at

each one, but trying to conceal it with a series of devastating winks and pouts, strutting bravely to the bitter end. Finishing with a heavily blurred *YU-HOO!* punctuated by an impudent *sluff-wuff-wuff*, she ignored the startled glances of Mr. Nerts and the director, and ran quickly from the sound stage, but once in her dressing room her well-powdered shoulders shook with sobs instead of syncopation.

It was all over now, she told herself, scrubbing at the makeup with shaking fingers. Her chance to steal the opera singer's thunder was gone, to judge by the general manager's sagging jaw; perhaps she'd never even be loaned to rival companies. Retakes in the morning, then oblivion with Marty loomed ahead—what excuse could she offer to prevent that fate? Five-thirty saw her walking shame-facedly across the stage, a snappy comeback in readiness with which to stun the director in case he opened fire, and, sure enough, here he was blocking her path.

"You little devil!" he roared.

"Listen, you big tramp," commenced Susie, "I—" And then something she saw in the other's eye made her stop.

"So you've been holding out on us," he grinned. "You cute little rascal! I must say it didn't sound so well when you sprung it, but the playback—oh, boy, that playback will panic the industry!"

Miss McCue reeled into a chair and made a feeble noise that sounded like, "Huh?"

"Don't 'huh' me, sweetheart," shouted the delirious Mr. Nerts bustling up. "Say, that *sluff-wuff-wuff* business sure is squishy on the ears. It sounds like a high grade taffeta train being swooshed by a princess, and if it goes over the way I think it will, we'll talk business again."

"It was the *ee-fa loffa-soffa* that appealed to me," asserted the director. "The original words are sappy, anyhow, and it was mighty smart and sweet of you to break up the lines that way. Been rehearsing it for a week, too, I'll bet. Why, when you roll your eyes and gurgle that phrase a person can read any kind of meaning into it. Kind of broad but not too deep, get me?"

Spots shimmered like mosquitoes before the lilac McCue orbs. "Honestly," she quavered, "you won't want any retakes tomorrow morning?"

"I'll say I'll want 'em!" bellowed the director. "Do you think I'm nuts? Those two earlier numbers—we'll do 'em all over again, baby, so you can sprinkle 'em with this new paprika—and if you make it hot enough you'll have your name in lights!"

"WELL, sweetheart," said Mr. Nerts, tilting his chair to a dangerous angle, "it's over a month since the reports began to come in on 'Bums and Bouquets,' and although Celestial won't give me any inside dope on the figures, the newspaper clippings show that you've goaled the country. It's come to a point where, when a wife says to her so-called master, 'Where were you last Wednesday night—answer me!' he comes back with, 'Ee-fa-loffa-soffa,' and laughs it off like that."

"So I've heard," cooed Miss McCue, regarding her employer with a speculative gaze. The thirty days elapsing since the Hollywood premiere had transformed her into a personage to be singled out in restaurants, and she had



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Squawkin' with Susie

(Continued from page 103)

decided that if laurels were to be thrust upon her the best thing to do was to wear them as if they had always been part of her wardrobe. Fan mail was rolling in, and the only flaw was that Mr. Stretcher, temporarily transferred to New York, could not be present to rub his forehead in the dust.

"Already a millionaire has been sued because he wrote letters calling some dame a stuff-wuff baby!" beamed Atlas. "There's front page publicity free for nothing. Tomorrow you start in on our new picture that's been created just for you—all about gunmen, night clubs and you, the innocent hostess. Money in the bank already, Susie, and so I'm happy to tell you that you're to get seven-fifty at once with a hundred raise on each new picture."

"And a cuppa coffee?" yawned Susie. "All right, all right," croaked Mr. Nerts, diagnosing the symptoms. "I'm prepared to give you that nine hundred you squawked for, but I just wanted to work up to it gradually. Sign on the line below."

"It's colder in Winter than it is in Summer, Atlas."

"If you think I'll say a grand, you're crazy!"

"Very well, dearie, I'll say it for you. A grand, or must I be going?"

"A grand it is," said Atlas helplessly. "After all, round figures suit you better, and—"

"And five hundred more."

"Do you think I'm subnormal?"

"No," said Miss McCue sweetly, "but don't you think you would be if you let me go over to Celestial for the twelve-fifty they offered? They want me to break my contract and they'll stand all the costs. Come on, Atlas, fifteen hundred won't damage you. You've got to admit I'm different."

"That's just it," nodded Mr. Nerts ruefully. "And while you're the rage the other producers will be trying to slip tacks into my caviar. Well, maybe I'm a crackpot not to haggle, but aside from the commercial aspect, sweetheart, I got to consider the artistic angle. It's that *stuff-wuff-wuff* that tickles me, so it's fifteen hundred and buy your own cough drops."

Susie hastily bent her head over the contract to conceal a blush. "You're a prince," she murmured.

"I'm just a square shooter, that's all," chortled the general manager, who had been ready to soar as high as two thousand, "and I haven't yet recovered from the surprise you gave me. It was sheer genius, Susie, and brains can always write their own ticket."

MISS McCUE tottered dazedly into the outer air, pinched herself a few times, and departed wondering how long the spirit of insanity had been tampering with the males. Later in the evening she had additional cause for amazement when an insinuating voice sifted through the telephone.

"I'm coming over at nine," fluted Mr. Franklin Rittenhouse. "Yes, my child, an appearance in the flesh. Beg pardon? Oh, really now, you're much too flattering!"

The stimulated Susie dived madly into a floor sweeping creation of dull gold fishnet, rushed the maid out for a

couple of orchids, and still managed to look drooping with languor when the menace arrived. She greeted him effusively, but Mr. Rittenhouse eyed her with the same glassy admiration he would have bestowed upon a new pair of lavender spats, and after half an hour of shadow boxing he came to the point.

"Charmed to have you for tea at the Beverly-Wilshire tomorrow," he drawled. "And dinner the evening after, and later to a thawtaw." The latter was Londonese for "theater" and had been acquired only after hours of practice.

"That'll be perfectly gorgeous," gushed Miss McCue, at the same time marveling that the hungrily awaited invitation caused no ripples of delight.

"I thought you'd think so. And please allow me to retract my statement about your mentality. You have shone of late with the fire of genius."

"No kidding?"

"None whatever, and I'm proud to number you among my friends."

"But what number am I?" inquired Susie, suddenly suspicious. "What about those three girls you were interested in?"

"I'm still talking to two of them," said Mr. Rittenhouse with the cool detachment of the connoisseur, "but the third one, an outsize opera singer, I've discarded for you. After all, she was out here for only one picture, while you—ahhhh, why gild the lily!"

"But Frankie, you talk as though it were business!"

"It is, and excellent publicity for both of us. Can't you understand that to be seen with me as an escort will give you added luster, while it marks me as being in tune with the times. Very decent of me to make the offer, I think."

"I suppose it is," said the little singer wistfully, "but it doesn't sound very romantic."

"Oh, there will be a kiss or two," promised Franklin, "and I'll help you off with your wraps and be there with all the little elegancies so people will know we're not married. In short, the perfect courtier."

"B-but don't you really care?"

"Good heavens!" said the villain irritably. "Why is it that women must get sentimental about me? Do I give them any encouragement? NO! Most of them start after the third date, but here you are in full sail already, and I don't like it. Be a sensible girl, now, and realize that your brains attract me more than your face. It may seem bittersweet, but that's Hollywood, my child. Er—shall we say tomorrow at five?"

"We'll say tonight at ten!" sizzled Susie, bouncing upright. "And that's the time you make your exit, you merry-go-rounder, you fattener upon fame, you—oh, get out of here before I trademark you!"

"Sorry, old thing," said Mr. Rittenhouse, who apparently had extricated himself from similar situations, "but I thought you were too clever to confuse the artist with the man. Cheerio, my child, and here's hoping you don't fade within a year, like most of the freak attractions."

HE made a graceful exit before Miss McCue's intellect could assemble an adequate retort, so the frustrated lady spreadeagled herself on a chaise longue and devoted five minutes to a little serious screaming. She was considering the ripping of the golden net to shreds when a ring at the doorbell galvanized her into tearful alertness. Victory! He was coming back, his chiseled profile etched with concern, an understanding smile upon his lips! He was—a queer little thrill ran through her as Mr. Marty Stretcher was ushered in.

"Th-there's something in my eye," she quavered.

"Sure there is," said Mr. Stretcher, looking yearningly into the lilac depths. "Beauty. The same old Susie—a little lovelier than ever."

"Not quite the same," piped Miss McCue feebly. "Look again—what about the spark of genius?"

A slow grin spread over Marty's countenance. "That must be the new name for it," he chuckled. "You found a new way to make a noise, so you call it singing, eh? Genius me ankle! Gosh, but those red gold glints in your hair are gorgeous, honey. And your lips are—"

"But what about my success? Don't you admit I'm clever?"

"No," said Mr. Stretcher with emphasis, "I certainly don't. Why, when I saw the New York showing of 'Bums and Bouquets' I almost got cramps from laughing at you. 'There goes her memory,' I told myself when I recognized the signs, and when you covered up with all that boloney I thought I'd need oxygen. You may fool these superior minds, honey, but down in your heart you know that I know you're dumb—and adorable."

"You say that as though you meant it," said Miss McCue coming closer and trying to speak calmly.

"Of course I do. Why not, especially as you'll never give me a tumble now that you're so famous. No hard feelings?"

"Not unless you don't ask me what I'm longing to hear," crooned Susie. "Oh, Marty, even if you do think I'm dumb, you say it so sincerely! You're the only one who's been honest with me since I enriched the American language. Remember your favorite question—ask me again, will you?"

The publicity director crimsoned, then held tightly to the hundred and ten pounds of eagerness that had snuggled into his arms. "I-I will," he stammered, "if you'll agree to only one thing, honey. After we're married you'll never babble that senseless baby talk around the house—promise?"

"I'm not as stupid as all that," laughed Susie, lifting up her bright little face, "and I hate it just as much as you do, darling."

Mr. Stretcher smiled beatifically and began pressing pleasantly unprofessional kisses upon the famous lips. "Then," he said, unconsciously falling in step with the rest of the world, "I'll buy the ring tomorrow, for everything is eefa-loffa-soffa with me!"

The first thing you do at home for emergency relief for burns and scalds is to reach for the "Vaseline" Jelly. In this thrilling fire story, Russell Owen tells you how those who fight fire on a big scale depend on the same sure method of soothing wounds acquired in the line of duty.

Russell Owen, the New York Times reporter who accompanied the Byrd Expedition to the South Pole. He is the winner of the Pulitzer Prize for the best reporting job of the year.



TO THE RESCUE!

FIRE. The clang of bells, the rush of trucks down the street to where a building shoots up a monolith of brick and stone above its neighbors. Flames lick out the upper windows, creep up the walls. On top of the small, tower-like structure people cluster. A ladder is run up from an adjoining roof, and two of them go down. The third—a girl—is left.

She does not dare attempt the ladder. Its frailty, the flames beneath, appall her. While she hesitates, escape is cut off. A black figure starts up from below. Quickly he runs up the first floors, lifting his scaling ladder from the sill beneath, swinging it overhead to smash through glass, and hook into the window sill above. He comes to the window where the flames shoot out, even with the roof of the adjoining building, and pauses a moment.

A look upward, a final clutch, and he swings his ladder up and through the window above, clambers quickly up and is lost in smoke, where flames shoot out and lick quickly at him. Sometimes he is hidden in the shifting curtain of smoke, then is outlined against the red background of fire. In a few moments he reaches the roof.

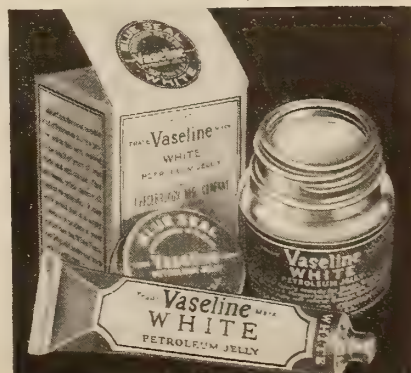
He gathers the girl in his arms, slips down the swinging ladder. At the window below he grips the side of the frame, flames touching his hands, his face, and, detaching the ladder, drops it to his feet and over the sill. Then, holding the girl

on his shoulder, he drops down, floor by floor, until opposite the adjoining roof. The flames are still around him and below. No escape that way. He swings the ladder, farther and farther, and then with a quick heave of his arm and body throws the girl to those waiting for her on the next roof. Another swing and he follows.

His hands and face are blistered by fire. Down below they are coated with soothing "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly while his fellow firemen pat him on the back. It wasn't much of a fire, just a brilliant rescue which took a lot of nerve and a little skin. "Vaseline" Jelly did the rest.

Russell Owen

©Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons d, 1931



More Amusing Yarns of Hollywood, by Stewart Robertson, are Coming in

NEW MOVIE



Her husband spoiled the party by pulling down the shades . . .

Only a woman knows how embarrassing it is to have guests see window shades pulled down past the "dirt line."

But the best housekeeper in the world can't keep window shades spotless. And until now good shades were too costly to replace as often as you would like.

But now, when shades are soiled, tear them down! Replace them with smart new

CLOPAY Window Shades only 10¢ EACH

Sun-Proof . . . Fray-Proof
Crack-Proof

Modern science now gives us Clopay, a light-proof, durable fabric made from wood fibre, the same foundation from which many of the smartest modern dress and drapery fabrics are created. Clopay Shades are as good looking and practical as old-fashioned shades that cost ten times as much.

Smart colors . . . green or golden tan, or tan faced with colorful chintz patterns.

Clopay Shades attach to your old rollers in a jiffy, without tacks or tools. Every shade is perfect and FULL SIZE . . . 36 inches wide and 6 feet long. America's greatest housekeeping value for 10¢!

Super-Clopay Shades in heavier weights, mounted on rollers and complete with brackets ready to hang, 25 to 50¢ at Department Stores.

Look for the words
"GENUINE CLOPAY"

If you have trouble finding genuine Clopay Shades, write to us for the name of your nearest dealer. Clopay Corporation, Division of The Seinsheimer Paper Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

(Manufactured under Patent No. 1,508,759.
Other Patents Pending.)

At Most Department Stores and 5 and 10¢ Stores

Without Cunning

(Continued from page 37)

pictures that would bring to a focus the tremendous drama of modern social inequalities.

Instead, Eisenstein, defeated here, now seeks to make a film in Mexico while Bancroft wends his way through a continuous recurrence of stereotyped melodramas.

MANY vehicles given to Emil Jannings would have been ideally suitable for Bancroft. Jannings' untimely expulsion from American pictures through linguistic difficulties might have opened for Bancroft the opportunity to easy rôles more worthy of his ability. He is forced to offset the burden of faulty stories, bad direction and worse supervision of his vastly magnetic personality.

In "Street of Sin," Jannings was assigned the rôle of an underworld character whose eventual reformation was effected by the influence of a pure love and so forth.

Despite his great cleverness, Jannings could not touch the faultless delineation of a Bancroft crook characterization. He is unsurpassed in the modern cinema for faithfulness to detail in voice and gesture. He endows his crook characters with the quality possessed by so many underworld types—a rather dangerous charm.

In "The Mighty," Bancroft's infectious laugh was used throughout the film. The success of this production undoubtedly caused the producers to use the Bancroft laughter to the point of exhaustion. If writer, director, or supervisor found their own bag empty of tricks, they would put in a sequence where Bancroft laughed. The "Bancroft laugh" is now so sad that it may eventually be used at the funeral of a producer.

Bancroft, around fifty years of age, has the strength of an ox and the agility of a cat. His muscular two-hundred-and-ten-pound body is made of springs. He does not know his own strength. He can lift an average sized man above his head with one arm.

He possesses great charm for the ladies. He brings them back to the early cave days when there were no dishes to wash and no gossip at bridge tables about Einstein and his work.

BANCROFT does not have the same allure for them as had Valentino, who often forced the exhibitors to run bad comedies as "chasers" to clear the theaters of the ladies who had brought their lunch, prepared to call it a day. Nor had he any part of the cruel quality possessed by Erich Von Stroheim. But he does appeal greatly to the frustrated among women the wide world over.

The possessor of the best masculine voice developed by the microphone, he is also a master of silence. With no facial grimace and no verbal support he can build a scene in silence until it trembles on the edge of terror.

There are those who say that the big actor is in love with himself and quote him as having said that "the world has gone Bancroft." They accuse him of being brusque. Women interviewers have been particularly harsh to him. It is merely the kittens meowing at the

lion which roars from the hurts of life.

Bancroft, being an actor, has no gift for analysis. Living on volcanic emotions, he has no idea from whence they come. If he were a shrewder and less simple man he would find it as easy to charm a lady in life as on the screen. He is direct and innately honest. He says the first thing that comes into his mind. This is so unconventional that in Hollywood social circles it is considered dishonest.

All screen players take themselves far too seriously. They hide, with subterfuge, an all consuming ego. When Bancroft's name is mentioned they say, "A terrible egotist," and resume talking about themselves.

His brusqueness is so obvious that even a director should be able to understand it. He is like an immense collicie. He would make up to a director who carried poisoned meat in his hand. He would thank him in dying agony for the meat. He praises highly the two men who have directed him with kindness and understanding—Josef Von Sternberg and Rowland V. Lee.

BANCROFT is amazed at duplicity and cunning. He cannot understand it. He has no method by which to safeguard himself against it. So all he can do is imitate the turtle and keep his head and heart under a shell. Superficial interviewers and producers see the shell and judge the hurt turtle accordingly.

Bancroft is a product of the United States Navy. He served under Admiral Dewey in the Spanish-American War. He is said to have been a cadet at Annapolis. Why he did not go on and become an admiral is shrouded in darkness.

He came up the usual back-stage stairs. First, amateur theatricals which sailors either had to witness or commit treason by deserting, then vaudeville, then such sob stage pieces as "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly."

His first film was called "Driven." It had a spark, though its truth and realism were over-estimated in its early day. Bancroft played a brutal pioneer. It was the first of his laughing villain rôles. It made him talked about.

The Paramount officials at first tried to develop him as a comedian. They gave it up after nine pictures. Then B. P. Schulberg had a great hunch. He put him in "Underworld."

For years he told all who would listen that some day he would be the biggest drawing card in films. Fellow players laughed. They thought they were going to be. Bancroft is.

BANCROFT is by nature a very gentle man with a hot temper. His mind runs on one track. It is not very smooth. He is of the stuff of which fanatics are made, but the rough liberalism of the United States Navy broadened him early.

Having a one-track mind he makes a greater effort at concentrating than others who have more tracks in their heads.

If anyone attempts to get him off

the track he is apt to find him brusque and curt.

His constant companion is a woodsman named Jim Davis, who knows his master.

"I leave George alone when he's thinkin' about his work. If I see him readin' the script of his next picture, I fight shy of him like he was a graveyard."

George loves goldfish. He owns scores of them.

When moving into his new home he spent an entire day going back and forth between the old house and the new. His automobiles were full of tin cans which contained goldfish.

His gardener is said to have put six choice specimens in a heavy, selected can, not wanting the jar of the machine to hurt them. It was quite thoughtful. George discovered at the end of the journey that he had forgotten to put water in the can.

He acts out everything he talks about. He sees and does everything dramatically. When being interviewed, he will get up from his chair, pace the room, and re-enact the rôles about which he is talking.

This, of course, is not a popular procedure with interviewers, who wish to talk about themselves.

BANCROFT is in one respect a miracle—an actor who does not like publicity. For fear that newspapers will report his sending flowers to people in the hospital—he sends them without his name attached.

Well past middle life, and the most popular star on the screen, he has proven that if youth will be served, so also will George Bancroft.

By accident he became known as "the he-man of the screen". A small exhibitor used the words in electric lights to advertise, "The Drag Net." The words caught on.

He realizes that he has not the resiliency of youth. He will shirk neither danger nor combat if handled tactfully and with consideration.

When ten men are fighting, he might consider it dangerous, as a man of fifty, to trade wallops with them. But, as there is no face like Bancroft's, he rises with diffidence and is soon in the midst of the battle. And when Bancroft fights—he fights. At thirty he might have whipped any man in the world. At fifty—he can still whip any screen actor. But I would write of men. . . .

His chief interest in life is his young daughter, Georgette.

He likes to travel. An ex-sailor, he prefers ships to trains.

His favorite food is sirloin steak, cooked over charcoal—rare. . . .

He never uses make-up. He was the first actor to insist that he be allowed to appear before the camera without it. He hesitates before granting interviews to writers. He claims they do not understand him.

He will talk to me by the hour. As he has no pretense, I always treat him kindly.

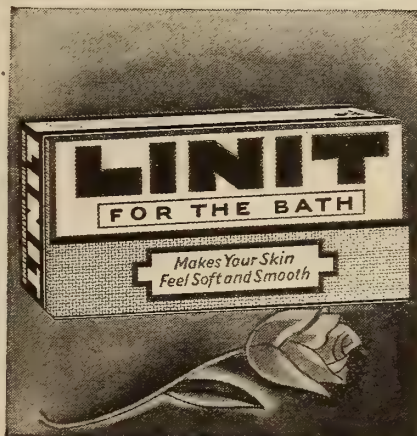
A one-time eccentric dancer in burlesque, Bancroft is still light on his feet.

Henry Fink is one of his closest Hollywood friends and confidant. He is the author of the gutter-wail song:

"You made me what I am today—
I hope you're satisfied."

The song is not very popular with producers.

They do not sing it while signing new contracts with Bancroft.



Instantly A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN

A Linit Beauty Bath is sensational in immediate results — delightful — no waiting — and trifling expense!

Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub — bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap — and then feel your skin! In texture it will be soft and smooth as velvet — as well as perfect in elasticity and suppleness.

Linit gives the skin just the right amount of lubrication. It neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, which often makes it chafed and inflamed, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

THIS TEST PROVES IT TO YOU!

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream — and after you dry your hands, your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced — INSTANTLY!

LINIT

is sold by your Grocer

THE BATHWAY TO A
SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 63)



Are Discovering Greater Comfort in the Soft, Fine Cotton of Dixie Belle

DIXIE BELLE SANITARY NAPKINS are made of fine, absorbent cotton, for greater comfort as well as complete protection. They are wrapped, not in plain gauze, but in a round-mesh, flexible net that is never harsh, has no edges to slip or twist and cannot ravel.

The Dixie Belle cotton filler is self-adjusting — it assures form-fitting, invisible protection at all times.

Ask for Dixie Belle, in the sanitary, sealed envelope, and know the greater comfort of this fine cotton pad. You will appreciate Dixie Belle economy also.

ACME COTTON PRODUCTS CO., Inc.,
245 Fifth Ave., New York
(Makers of high-grade surgical cotton)

SOLD AT 5-AND-10-CENT STORES



irregular verbs and being the belle of Tacoma, when over the wires sped a message that upset everything.

Would Mildred Davis come back to Hollywood and accept a contract as leading lady for Harold Lloyd?

"Who's Harold Lloyd?" said Mildred's father, a newspaper man who's supposed to know about things.

Mildred turned innocent and exquisite blue eyes upon her parent.

"Why, Daddy," said she, "he's a great comedy star—like Chaplin."

The thrill was that she hadn't the faintest idea *who* Harold Lloyd was until her small brother informed her.

There was a pitched battle in the Davis household. Mildred resorted to tears, hysterics, coaxing, martyred silence. She was her father's idol and of course in the end she won.

"But I thought you hated Hollywood and didn't want to go back," said the poor man.

"I know," said his beautiful blond daughter, "but I didn't know they would send clear to Tacoma for me."

The next day Mildred, Mrs. Davis and Mildred's small brother left for Hollywood. On the train they held a council of war.

"We got to have some new clothes," said the young lady.

"Why, darling, you've plenty of clothes," said mama. "There's your new blue suit and your white dress, and—"

"They're all wrong," said Mildred. "You know everyone thought I was too young. We got to have some grown-up clothes."

Thus the hour of their first meeting was sad and terrible.

HAROLD had been dreaming of the little blond girl who looked like every boy's first sweetheart.

Mildred had built up a Harold Lloyd who was a romantic leading man, an ideal screen hero.

Face to face, Harold saw a severe, dignified black plume topping a black dress which might well have been worn by a tragedienne of the old school. Between the two was a grave and tragic little countenance suggesting to Harold's horrified brain that since he saw her on the screen, Mildred had lost her entire family in a calamity.

Mildred saw a shabby young man in big horn-rimmed glasses who looked bewildered and slightly demented.

She cried—at parting.

He swore.

"Now look what you've got us into," said Harold to Hal Roach.

But Hal wasn't discouraged. "It's that damned ostrich feather," he said. It was.

Dressed in frilly white, her curls flowing, the sweet and mischievous girl of their first vision appeared. And Mildred saw Harold minus his screen make-up and his bewilderment and decided he was a very nice boy.

For three years, they worked together. And played together. There was no love-making in these years. Yet they were seldom apart.

The Mildred of those days was the gayest, sweetest, prettiest little imp you ever saw. She was as full of mischief as a robin. She teased Harold, bossed him and kept him continually busy. The thing everyone in the studio adored was her bubbling enthusiasm. It was miraculous and contagious. She got more pleasure out of little things than any girl Harold had ever seen. Her faith in his future and her own boundless. She never walked—her feet were always skipping, dancing, running about the lot, and her pretty curls danced, too.

Beaux came her way, of course, and she flirted and teased them and told Harold about the flowers they sent her. But usually it was Harold who took her breathless with excitement, to football games, Harold who took her to dance at the Ambassador or Sunset Inn. They were always the best dancers on the floor, always laughing.

BUT there was another side to the imperious young thing who was the studio pet.

During the first part of their time together, tragedy overtook Harold. While he was posing for a publicity picture, a bomb, supposed to be harmless, went off in his hand.

Dark days came. Harold lay motionless, his eyes bandaged. Doctors came and went silently. The boy, suffering tortures in his burned face and torn hand, dared not ask the fatal question. Would he ever see again? He feared the answer too greatly. Something hammering in his heart told him that they believed the bright and beautiful world was shut away from him forever. And he fought the demons of despair. Just as ambition was becoming

(Continued on page 110)

J. P. McEVOY

The famous humorist and author of "Show Girl" and "Show Girl in Hollywood"

Returns to NEW MOVIE Next Month

with another amusing story

Problems of a Hollywood Wife

(Continued from page 69)

by silly stock gambling, phoney oil investments, and all sorts of slickers' propositions, and you will see that they are sadly unwise. Lucky, indeed, is the actor with a wife who has sound business sense and cooperates with him in saving and budgeting the money. If she doesn't have business sense—well!

Neil Hamilton's wife is one woman blessed with great financial acumen; she handles all the family money, budgeting Neil's expenditures, making investments, and seeing that money is saved.

Johnny Mack Brown and his wife, Constance, go over all their bills together, work out their budget, and cooperate in savings and plannings for the future.

Jack Mulhall's wife is an excellent manager and does her share towards their happiness in a material way by planning ways and means to save and to invest his money. So far she has been very successful.

THE problems of professional and non-professional wives merge when it comes to one very sinister aspect of life in Hollywood. Blackmailers thrive in this city, where reputations are so fragile and so valuable. Not by ability does an actor endure, but by reputation. There have been a few stars whose hold was so great that the storms of scandal left them relatively untouched. Many others have found to their grief that unproved accusations have wrecked their careers. With these unfortunates in mind, it is small wonder that the actor or actress falls an easy prey to blackmailers. One payment clinches the deal; then the blood money can be collected indefinitely.

Another difficult situation for a Hollywood wife is the moonstruck girl who adores the husband. Some of these situations are amazing. As long as these admirers confine themselves to mail, it is easily enough handled; but when they arrive in town personally, and climb in the bedroom of the star, as happened with Valentino on two occasions, it indeed gets rather hectic for the wife.

THE "other woman" looms much larger on the horizon of the Hollywood wife than anywhere else in the country. A male star is constantly playing roles opposite some young and beautiful woman. He goes through fervent love scenes with her, must murmur sweet nothings to her, caress her, and register passion in a convincing manner. It is a well known psychological fact that if you set your face in a frown or a smile, and keep it so for a few minutes, you begin to undergo the emotion depicted on your face. Why should it be different with love? Perhaps the response of the leading lady is simulated, perhaps it is real. Nature is working against the wife under such circumstances.

A professional wife must make personal sacrifices to keep her home and husband. In her own case, she would like to go back to New York to the stage; but her husband is established in pictures and so she remains here.

YOU SAY IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO YOU



... COULDN'T IT ?

EVERY once in a while you have an evening spoiled. Perhaps it's by a good looking woman who sits beside you at the theatre. Instantly you know that her toilet did not include the use of a perspiration deodorant. You think with assurance, "That could never happen with me." . . . Couldn't it? Are you *sure*?

Unless your assurance is based on *the regular use of a dependable deodorant*, you can't always be sure!

For underarm odor is a mean, tricky thing. If you forget to use precautions, even on a single occasion, it is liable to creep in.

The simplest way to make sure of yourself is just to use Mum when you dress.

That's the wonderful thing about Mum, you know. You can use it any time, anywhere. A minute is all you need!

No directions to follow, no tedious delay. Just apply a little bit of this snowy cream with your finger-tip, and slip on your dress. That's all there is to it!

For there's nothing in Mum that hurts fabrics. And nothing that irritates the skin. You can use Mum right after shaving!

Women have found Mum invaluable in another way, too. Rub it on your hands after you've prepared onions or fish for dinner, or have used gasoline or dry cleaner. It kills every whiff of clinging odor! It soothes and softens the hands, too.

Mum doesn't interfere with healthful perspiration. It simply destroys disagreeable odor. Use it regularly every day—be sure of yourself. 35c and 60c at all toilet goods counters. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y.—907 Elliott St., Windsor, Ontario.



MUM

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS
This is a special use which careful women appreciate. Mum gives protection from embarrassment.

Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 108)

ing a reality, just as his hard work was bearing fruit, was he to be out of the race? Success, the result of honest, inspired, concentrated work, was his at last. Already the name of Harold Lloyd was beginning to be famous. How could he face life—he who was so young and full of dreams and the energy to make them come true—if he was to be blind?

He bore it silently, bravely, comforted his mother and father, reassured his heart-broken business associates.

But there was one comrade who cheered and comforted him always.

Mildred never faltered. There was no pity in her happy voice, no fear in the strong little hand that held his. She wasn't afraid to laugh and be natural and tease him and call him an old mummy. Fear, panic, retreated before her naturalness, her gaiety, her complete conviction that he would soon be quite all right again. Not for one moment did she ever accept any other outcome. Day after day she sat in the darkened room and cheered his heart and strengthened his soul. So that when he could see again, the first thing he wanted his eyes to rest upon was the exquisite little face of his best friend.

Only when he looked into her blue eyes, did he realize by their new depths, by the first tears he had ever seen, that it had taken all her faith, all her cour-

age to go through without faltering.

Mildred's father had come to Los Angeles to live and Harold had a second home in the Davis household. He and "Mid" roughhoused, he scolded her big-brother fashion, and as money began to roll in from "The Sailor Made Man" and "Grandma's Boy," gave her such gifts as Mrs. Davis would permit.

But toward the end of 1922, when Mildred's three-year contract with Harold was up, a new situation arose.

Harold Lloyd's beautiful and talented leading lady hadn't gone unnoticed by an industry always keenly alert to both beauty and talent. Offers from other companies began to pour in. Money and dramatic roles, opportunities to star on her own, were presented to her.

Mid took them all to Harold.

"What'll I do?" she asked.

Harold studied them carefully.

"Well, look," he said, and stopped, frowning.

"Gee, Mid, we can meet any of their offers for money," he said. "We'll give you any salary they name. But, honey, we can't possibly give you the chances they can. We can't give you good dramatic roles. You've gone just about as far with me as you'll ever get. I realize that."

He knew that Mildred, like every girl, was ambitious. She wanted to be

a star. In Hollywood, that idea is in every girl's mind. Bebe had left, and soon become a star in her own right. And he was convinced that Mildred Davis had every bit as good a chance. She was the Pickford type, then so popular. Did he have any right to hold her back?

He knew he didn't and he advised her as to what she should do, which offer to take, which contract to sign.

WHEN he was alone, he felt himself overcome with a sudden, inexplicable sadness. Mildred would go. Then the old happy, carefree days would be over. She'd be working at another studio. She'd be a star, busy with interests of her own. What in the world would he do without her? Why, he couldn't. He simply couldn't do without her. The very idea was absurd. Mildred was part of his life.

He dashed out—ran to her dressing room. She'd gone home. He followed her. He knew that he loved her—had loved her always. It broke on him with a sweep that sent him breathless to her side.

An hour later Mildred Davis had agreed to give up her own promising career, had agreed to become Mrs. Harold Lloyd and had admitted that she loved him.

On February 10, 1923, in St. John's

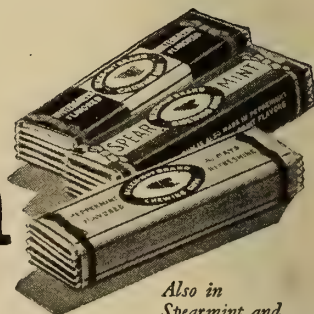


*After every
cigarette*

Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

How good your smoke tastes after dinner! It's the same way after you chew Beech-Nut Gum. It stimulates your *taste sense*—makes the next smoke taste better, more enjoyable. Remember, always, there's no gum quite so *good* as Beech-Nut.



*Also in
Spearmint and
Wintergreen flavors.*

Made by the makers of
Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints—
In the United States and Canada.

Church, Los Angeles, they were married by the Rev. Dr. Davidson, with no one but the families present. They slipped away to San Diego for a two weeks' honeymoon and then rushed back to the studio to finish "Why Worry." Harold had quit right in the middle of it to get married.

I have always remembered one thing that Harold said to me about Mildred, soon after they were married. It comes into my thoughts often when I have watched other marriages go on the rocks.

"I never knew anyone," Harold said, "that got so much joy out of life. It's such fun to do things for Mid because she's so happy over them. It's the greatest thing in the world to give her something, because she appreciates it so. It's the greatest thrill to tell her about anything you've accomplished because she gets such a kick out of it."

Perhaps that's one reason Harold Lloyd has been such an outstanding success.

"AND they lived happily ever after."

They have, too.

The Lloyd home is by far the most beautiful in Hollywood. The acres of rolling woods and gardens, the fairy palace atop the green hills, the pool and tennis court and golf course, the playhouses and old mill, are all marvelous. Inside the house are collected beauties from many countries, and from many centuries—paintings, rugs, books, silver, furniture—all from the hands of artists.

But it is little Mildred Lloyd who makes all this loveliness into a home. It is Mildred who gives it that gaiety and joy, whose personal touch brings that indefinable something without which a palace doesn't mean a darn thing, and with which one room becomes the center of a man's life.

There is a simplicity, a gentleness and yet an exuberant delight in everything that Harold has done for her that makes Mrs. Harold Lloyd exceptional.

Much has been said about Harold and his fine, sane, decent life. His character has been applauded by his public. Here is one man who has survived Hollywood and its madness and trials and temptations and remained just as he was before millions and world fame came to him.

All that is true. But Harold has been lucky. Back of him has been a happy and peaceful home, perfectly arranged to give him comfort and inspiration. Beside him has been a young and beautiful and devoted wife, whose every thought has been for him, whose belief in him has been a staff, and whose appreciation has been a spur and a reward.

In May, 1924, Gloria Lloyd came to take up her abode with the young Lloyds. A fair haired child who is the image of her father. The wait for another baby was long, and little Peggy was adopted so that Gloria should not be alone.

Now the final touch has been added—Harold Lloyd II is doing beautifully in his incubator, and will soon be ready to go home to the big house on the hill.

Many evenings Harold and Mildred spend alone in their home, playing their favorite music on the big organ, listening to the radio—happy, contented married folk.

And they lived happily ever after.

Even the *oiliest* skin becomes smooth with LIGHTTEX



A new, exquisite blend of OUTDOOR GIRL FACE POWDER of fluffy, *unusual* dryness!

LIGHTTEX, the delicate new blend of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, imparts to the "shiniest" complexion, the petal-smoothness of youth. This enchanting new texture owes its marvelous fluffiness to an unusual base which is fifteen per cent lighter by specific gravity than any other known. Soft, satiny . . . free from lime or mica . . . Lighttex films the face with a fresh loveliness that clings for hours . . . But skins which are normal yield best to the mellow richness of OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder. Its luxurious quality soothes and animates the tissues, protecting sensitive skin against the

ravages of wind, sun and whirling dust.

If you have not already used OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder in either the Lighttex or Olive Oil blend, by all means try it today. Its seven enchanting shades include *Everglades*, a glorious "duo-tone" for all types of complexions and *Lido*, a radiant "gypsy" tint.

Regular size packages of this unusual powder at 35c and \$1.00 are available at the better drug and department stores.

For trial purposes, generous introductory packages also may be had at the toilet goods counters of leading 10c stores (15 cents in Canada). Crystal Laboratories, 138 Willis Ave., N. Y. C.



OUTDOOR GIRL *Face Powder*

LIGHTTEX for Oily Skins in the Red Box . . . With
OLIVE OIL for Normal Skins in the Purple Box

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Romance of The Comet Girl

(Continued from page 40)

Miss Bennett was resting and could not be disturbed for an hour. In half an hour or forty-five minutes, Mr. Blank's impatience getting the best of him, he would call again. The maid would ask who was calling and on getting Mr. Blank's name would fly into a rage that would have done credit to any one of the six nations whose blood coursed in her veins—to say nothing of the mixture. "You so-and-so," she would scream, "didn't I tell you she couldn't be disturbed?"

ONE of Mr. Plant's calls came during such a period. "Long distance" meant nothing in the life of this maid. She calmly told the operator Connie couldn't be disturbed. A short time later the operator rang again and the maid flew into one of her customary rages. Mr. Plant was already on the other end of the wire and, not hearing clearly or understanding the ungodly dialect the maid spoke, jumped to the conclusion that Connie was refusing to speak to him.

The telephone operator eventually put the call through and Constance received the momentous news of his engagement. She ought to make an excellent poker player. She can't be bluffed.

She went right on with the picture and presently it was finished. She returned to New York and the film was released—a smash hit and Connie was something of a sensation.

Then the offers began pouring in and she went back to the West Coast. She was out here nine months this time—and made nine pictures: "Into the Net," "Code of the West," "The Goose Hangs High," "My Son," "My Wife and I," "The Goose Woman," "Wandering Fires," "Marriage" and "Sally, Irene and Mary." It was in the last-named picture that Joan Crawford got her first real break and Sally O'Neil was also prominently among those present.

These pictures were all made as a free lance player and at a constantly mounting salary. Only those of you who can remember back five or six years ago can have any idea of the fan following and popularity she developed in those few months. After each picture she was deluged with new offers of contracts, but it was not until after "Sally, Irene and Mary" that M.-G.-M. finally talked her into affixing her signature to a contract. The document stated she was to have a six weeks' vacation every year. She started her new contract by taking the first year's

vacation at the beginning instead of the end.

WHEN Plant saw that his newly announced engagement was having no effect on Constance, he broke it and came West himself. He arrived during the latter part of her stay.

Connie loved him. She had never tried to kid herself that she didn't. She has always had a good head and usually she keeps it clear. Young as she was, she realized that marriage is a serious business and she had tried to reason whether she and Plant could be happy together. It was when she decided they couldn't that she had broken the engagement.

When Plant came West, it seemed good to her to see him again after nine months and, when they sat down and chatted, the things they had quarreled about seemed trivial.

So they became engaged for the third time and made plans to be married in January. Then Constance signed her M.-G.-M. contract and they returned to the East together. She still had two pictures to make for another company which she had contracted to do before signing with M.-G.-M. One of them—the first—was to have been made in New York. But no sooner had she and Plant arrived there than the officials told her she would have to leave for Palm Beach.

Plant objected. They had been separated for nine months, had just become reconciled and now they would have to be separated again. "I don't want it that way," he pleaded. "Let's be married now. I've more money than we need and there's no sense to your working yourself to death this way."

CONNIE agreed. They were married in November. The head of the company for whom she was to make those two pictures gave her a release from her contract as a wedding present and M.-G.-M. waived the contract with the understanding that, if she ever returned to pictures, she would come back to them and finish it out.

Then, perversely enough, although Plant had objected to her going to Palm Beach to make a picture he took her there on their honeymoon.

People have tried to make much of the fact that Constance is selfish; yet, on her honeymoon, she did one of the most unselfish things I have ever encountered.

Barbara, her sister, had gotten herself into the headlines—quite accidentally—but the newspapers were

Next Month NEW MOVIE Offers Another
TRUE LIFE STORY OF HOLLYWOOD
Presenting another fact adventure in movieland,
it is called—

"WHAT I LEARNED AT A HOLLYWOOD PARTY"

Be sure to read the first of this series on Page 47 of this issue.

making much of it. Connie received a wire from her father: "Barbara in trouble. I am appearing in a play and cannot leave. Will you go?"

And Connie wired back: "Tonight." She threw her things into some bags, cut short her honeymoon and left that night as she had promised, explaining to friends, "The papers are trying to put Barbara in a mess. I've got to go and straighten it out and bring her back."

She brought Barbara back to New York with her and then she and her husband left for Europe. They maintained a house in Paris, a home on the Riviera and another at Cannes, and the two became familiar figures at Biarritz, Deauville and the other famous watering places.

HER salon became quite celebrated. Visiting there, one almost invariably met the Who's Who of the French capital as well as celebrated and important visitors in town.

"How could you be satisfied without your career?" I asked Miss Bennett the other day.

Connie's blue eyes widened and she regarded me levelly: "My boy, if you ever fall as deeply in love as I was, you'll know that there is nothing in the world that matters so much as being with the person you love. No price you can pay is too high, if it brings you happiness. I don't regret it."

And yet there are those who have said her heart never rules her head!

"Right now," she continued, "I think I'm getting a lot more important breaks than I ever did before I married, yet if I fell in love today with a man and he wanted me to leave pictures, I'd do it without a moment's hesitation."

"I think a man would have to be pretty selfish to ask you to leave pictures now," I interjected.

She turned that over in her mind for a moment and regarded me with an amused expression. "Not at all. People who are not directly concerned with the making of pictures simply cannot understand the business. Your time isn't your own; you never know when you may have to break an engagement you had planned on for days simply to attend a conference of some sort at the studio. Neither can they understand why you have to establish social relations with people you work with in this business more than any other. If I married outside my profession, I'm not sure I wouldn't want to give it up again. I think the chances for happiness would be greater."

Her eyes took on a faraway look and it was easy to guess she was living over those years abroad again.

She and Plant were happy for a time—a rather long time as happiness goes—and then the old differences began cropping up again; the same things that had caused them to break their engagement twice before they married. They tried, but it was no use.

Four years had written "Finis" to the chapter in Connie's existence called "Marriage." She secured a divorce, picked up the broken skeins of her life and faced the future.

Next month the most colorful chapters of Miss Bennett's meteoric career will be told in NEW MOVIE. This covers her return to the screen, following her divorce from Philip Plant. It relates her recent adventures in Hollywood and tells how she came to meet with her great film success.

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Come Into the Garden

(Continued from page 86)



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painted wood, with his sombrero and serape of bright wool, that stands by the gate.

Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, devoted themselves to the business of making a home and garden for their little two-year-old daughter Jane, when they became Hollywood folks and left the changeableness of a stage home behind them. Their hilltop home, with a view to the sea and mountains, is surrounded by terraces of grounds, with little room for much level gardening, but with plenty of range for an imaginative couple to transform into a pleasing yard. Terraces of lawn drop gracefully one into the other, dotted with big old trees. Because the rocky formation of the under-soil prevents deep-rooted plants, Ann and Harry decided to utilize the natural conformation of the soil to its best advantage, and constructed an old-fashioned rockery. Beautifully colored slabs of volcanic rock were piled up in graceful groups, and at the top of the incline, a shallow lily pool was built, fed from the overflow from the big swimming pool near the house. The lily pool trickles gently down over flat slabs of mossy rock, and spreads socially into several small pools bordered with iris, daisies, violets, mignonette, sweet alyssum and nasturtiums, which ramble informally over the rocks. Ann's favorite flower is the daisy, and these pretty white blooms figure largely in her yard.

Constance Bennett learned the charms of an enclosed garden from her residence abroad, and her Beverly Hills home is surrounded by a walled garden where Constance and her friends may enjoy themselves in perfect freedom far from curious eyes. A stucco wall, with gracious arches surmounting the delicate tracery of the wrought iron gates, is half concealed by a row of towering weeping willow trees, and a back planting of shrubs which are faced in turn by flower beds along the lawn. Climbing roses drape the high walls of the house. A sylvan grotto with overhanging fern and creeping jasmine has a dark shadowed pool where glinting fish flash in reflected light. A large fountain, built up in a high basin of flat stones, modeled after the fountains of the California Missions, lends the enchantment of its cool plashing to this quiet retreat.

JACK GILBERT has perched him a home like the mountain eyrie of an eagle, up amongst the lofty rock-ribbed hills of Beverly Crest. The road hangs along the edge of the sheer mountain-side like a ribbon flung carelessly down from the summit. The approach to the home is very precipitous; a cactus garden, with a bull's skull, defies the hot rocks and the glaring sun of the mountainside. Century plants with their white-edged leaves, firebushes with their slender crimson candles rising from the prickly tangle along the wall, prickly pear cactus with their scarlet and yellow tulip-like flowers growing on the edges of the fleshy pin prickled leaves, are combined with the clumps of the desert-blooming verbenas with their uniform purple blooms. Hardy scarlet geraniums grow here too.

The home of Buster Keaton is one of

the most imposing in Beverly Hills; the grounds are built around the house with little elaboration, mainly as a setting for the far flung Italian mansion with its stone staircases descending down the balustraded terraces to the pool at the base of the slope. Tall Italian cypresses stand sentry like in a row on each side of the staircase, and about the semi-circular flagged terrace in front of the house. An unimpeded sweep of broad lawn extends from the road with its line of concealing shrubs to the base of the terraces. Variegated flower beds follow the staircases at the sides, while the rising terraces are planted in masses of purple creeper surmounted by shrubs of many varieties, rising tier by tier to the high hedge of the house terrace, and ending in the towering tips of several pine trees grouped at each end of the house. Tall poplars line the entrance to the house from the street.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., take pride in the beauty of their patio, in their Brentwood Heights home. Like thrifty young folk, they feel they cannot afford the luxury of large elaborate grounds, so they have contented themselves with well kept lawns and shrubs and concentrated their gardening efforts on their delightfully picturesque patio. Choice irises bloom on the side of the lovely symmetrical pool, copied from an Arabian drawing. A stone statue of a woman is the fountain in the center of the pool. Giant ferns with an underplanting of narcissi and daffodils are grouped against the house wall. A mass of English ivy covers a romantic looking old tree stump, and reaches over to the rosy tiles of the huseroof.

PICKFAIR, the estate of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, is Hollywood's Foreign Embassy, for here have been entertained practically every European notable to visit these shores, from Prince George of England to the Dutchess of Sermonetta, of Italy. The estate comprises fifteen acres of gardens and lawns, laid out between two hills, and including them. This has all been planted and laid out since the estate was begun in 1919, with the exception of the large old trees one sees here and there about the estate.

The house is approached by a semi-circular driveway, swinging up over lawns, broadly bordered with pansies. Lawns stretch away to the swimming pool with flowering shrubs sparsely set along the edge. One hill, cut through with a deep canyon, is dubbed "Arizona" because of the miniature Grand Canyon effect; it is beautifully grown with large trees and informal patches of annuals, with crocuses, narcissi, daffodils, and hyacinths providing spring cheeriness beneath the shade of cypress, cedars and sycamores.

At the foot of the hill, there is a broad stretch along the lower road, carefully gardened to supply cut flowers for the house. The master of the house, Douglas Fairbanks, is very fond of roses, and all sorts grow in these gardens, from the simple loose-leaved ragged robins to the more choice Madame Cochet and Souvenir de Clau-

dius Pernet, a yellow favorite. Mary Pickford has luxurious taste, she prefers orchids and gardenias which must come from the florist, for there is no greenhouse on the estate. The keynote to Pickfair is the simplicity and informality of a country house; no attempt at formal gardening has been made.

Over on "Arizona" there is a sizeable grove of citrus trees, oranges, grapefruits, and avocados, with plums, pears and quinces in scattered plantings. The Pickfair estate has its own water works, drawing all water with pumps from a deep well sunk in the grounds.

The lovely English house of Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey is set back from the road by almost two hundred feet of smooth lawns which rise in a smooth terrace to the road level. A stretch of red brick wall, chest high, is concealed by a tall hedge from the road; the side towards the house is lined with tall plants of double stock, with myriad tints of lavender, pink, yellow and white, sending forth their carnation-like scent to the passerby. A friendly wrought iron gate breaks the center of the wall, and leads down a flight of twenty red brick steps to the long walk of brick that approaches the house.

LIKE herself, the garden of Louise Fazenda is natural and charming. Beside her front door, on each side of the walk, is a rock garden formed between huge colored boulders. These represent real personal effort; many of the plants have been brought home by her from location trips with the aid of men of her company. Ferns, violets, bluebells, and wildflowers bloom here in profusion. Some of the odd wild flower plants are the result of Louise's trip to Alaska. Her last summer's trip to Oregon resulted in still further additions to the rock garden's variety of blooms.

Her back garden is planted willy nilly with native California wild flowers, including golden poppies, rhododendron, Indian paint brush, daisies, mountain lupin with its purple stalks, brodiaea, mariposa lilies, tiger lilies, scarlet larkspur, mountain lilac with its midget clusters of purple pungent bloom, baby blue eyes, with their fragile blue stars on long slender stems, heliotrope monkey flowers, and blue curls. About the tennis court, huge Shasta daisies form a formal border, against a background of climbing roses that cover the high wire fence. The daisies are Louise's favorite flowers.

BETTY COMPSON owns one of the old showplaces of Hollywood, along Hollywood Boulevard, where she lived in the early days before her marriage to Jim Cruze. There she is thoroughly enjoying her old garden now, after some years away from it. Lawns stretch up to her front door in smooth velvety expanse, with a punctuating planting of Japanese yew trees, clipped conically, and two huge pine trees in front of the house, and large old palms in the parkway. At the back of the house stretches a huge sunken garden in easy view of the long verandah that faces it. Paths, flagged and rock-bordered, wander informally through the masses of luxuriant bloom, down to the center sunken pool. Huge trees form a lovely background for this sylvan scene.

Betty's pride is a young orange tree
(Continued on page 116)

YOU can have hair as lovely as this*

*easily—
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*Laura La Plante, radiant film star, appearing in the Pathe' feature, "Lonely Wives".

LOVELY hair is not the exclusive privilege of screen and stage stars, or of women who have unlimited money to spend on beauty treatments. Millions of women who are trying to keep within a budget—or supporting themselves on a moderate salary—find they can save from \$25 to \$50 a year—caring for their hair the Jo-cur' Way—at home! YOU can do it too! It's easy! And you can keep your hair looking its best—always.

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for the Hair



Come Into the Garden

(Continued from page 115)



"brittle" lashes...
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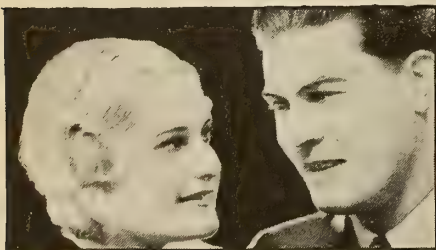
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that this year is producing a first crop, a single orange that Betty inspects carefully every morning before starting for the studio. Orange blossoms are her favorite flower, and she says this in spite of their having fooled her once.

Nick Stuart and Sue Carol possess a new home in the Los Feliz district, near the Dempseys, overlooking the city, and the base of the mountains that overlook Los Angeles proper. Built of brick and shingle in Dutch Colonial style, the house is beautifully and appropriately set off with lawns and neat bricked terraces and walks, which are bordered with every sort of blooming shrub and plant. Sue is particularly proud of her tall prize pentstemon, and several pots of odd cactus which with vividly colored cinerarias decorate the stone-edged stairway leading into the house from the garden. Tall trimmed yew trees provide a bit of formality for the tangled blooms bordering the sides of the lawn. English ivy rambles informally up the walls and over the quaint house shutters. A shallow lily pool built round with neat brick shelters some vari-colored pond lilies, Sue's favorite flowers.

ANITA PAGE loves her garden for the relaxation it gives her after the day's work at the studio. Her garden is laid out primly, with a wide

strip of lawn which extends back to a charming pergola with a wall fountain in it. Arched lattices extend across the farther end of the yard each way from the pergola, shutting off the farther end of the yard from the flower garden proper, which is in neat wide beds on each side of the lawn. Gravel paths set off with conically trimmed dwarf privet hedge bushes, traverse the rectangular flower pots, which contain pentstemon in lavender, rose, white and pink, double flowering fragrant stock, gladioli, purple irises, narcissi, hyacinths, daisies, and tall vivid-colored snapdragon. Some of Anita's favorite flowers, reminiscent of her Eastern home, lilies of the valley, are planted under the sheltering shade of the tall trees that border the garden, acacias, just bursting into their feathery yellow blooms, and eucalyptus with heavy heads of scarlet flowers just opening to the spring rains and air.

Norma Shearer chose a home with a conventional stretch of lawn surrounding it, with a more personal garden at one side. Stepping-stone paths traverse the lawn approaching a hexagonal raised lily pool, with a large Greek urn in the center from which water spouts through several side ornaments. Pots of cinerarias, begonias and other blooms by the season, are placed at intervals about the rim of the fountain base.

Although Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli have been friends for a long time, they surprised everyone when they were secretly married in Yonkers, N.Y., recently. They promptly sailed away for a three months' honeymoon in Italy.



Acme-P & A Photo

The brick wall at the back of the grounds is utilized for one side of a delightful arbor of white lattice overgrown with roses, where tea can be enjoyed amidst the fragrance of the blooming border beds of carnations, double flowering stock, snapdragon, iris and ageratum. Tall rising palms, cedars with their heavy dark foliage, young white-barked birches and slender eucalyptus mark the end of the estate. Norma is particularly fond of camelias, though she has no conveniences for raising these delicate blooms.

Irene Rich has a charming home and garden in the Wilshire district of Los Angeles, with a broad stretch of lawn in front, with bushes against the house and a wide stretching sycamore tree beside the walk. At the back of the house begins the garden proper, with a flagged terrace opening out from the dining room. The rectangular yard is centered about a long pool, sunken below a wide terrace of lawn. The pool at the far end is fed by a wall fountain emerging from a gray stone slab and dropping into a semi-circular basin which in turn cascades into the pool. About the sides of the long pool, flagstones make a walk, which is bordered by a luxuriant bed of varied blooms, from tall delphinium and hollyhocks at the back to snowy Shasta daisies with golden hearts, gay gaillardias with crimson petals edged and splashed in yellow, petunias with their soft fragrance, clove pinks and sweet williams, just the sort of thing that makes a perfect background for the charming mistress of the home. At the near end of the pool, a wide bird bath with a small jet of water attracts many songsters to the garden.

CLIVE BROOK lives in the old Wallace Reid home, in Hollywood, and takes great pleasure in working about the estate. Its fruit trees come in for spraying in season, and the present season finds Brook busy with work and plans for his English rock garden which he is putting in this year. The cactus beds along the house are most picturesque, with many varieties represented from the diminutive Hen and Chickens cactus, whose small rosettes of tightly packed fleshy leaves border the end and edges of the bed, to the towering stalk of a Century plant getting ready to put forth blooms beside the snowy waxen bells of the yucca on their spire-like stem. Still another cluster of desert growth fills the corner of the yard beside the aquamarine-tinted tile pool. Tall pines lend a pleasing barrier at the end of the yard.

Ramon Novarro has an ideal site for his home on the bluffs overlooking Santa Monica canyon and bay. Impressive widespreading live oaks shield the house from view from the road, and frame the vista of ocean seen from the yard. Many hundreds of rare plants grow about in his yard, for it formerly belonged to a famous botanical expert who spent a lifetime developing the estate. Many rare cactus, brought from Ramon's native Mexico, are in one part of the garden, including an odd specimen known as Old Man's Head, a cactus resembling the partly bald head of a man, grown over on the sides with what looks like long white hair and a long beard.

FAY WRAY and her husband, John Monk Saunders, the writer, bought the old home of King and Florence Vidor in Hollywood. The English house
(Continued on page 119)

Read How Helen Carey Made Her Old Shoes



Look New



"THERE'S a lot of wear in these shoes yet," said Helen Carey, as she took several old light colored pairs out of the closet. "I wonder what I can do to make them look new again."

Then she thought of ColorShine—a remarkable line of polishes for renewing old shoes and keeping them fresh and smart looking. Down to the 10c store she went and came back with a bottle of ColorShine Neutral Creme.

Soiled and shabby as they appeared, in a few minutes ColorShine Neutral Creme made her last spring's tan sport shoes as well as her beige dress pumps look like new. It was so easy to do—and there was enough left to

polish them many more times.

Try ColorShine. It's real economy—only 10c a bottle. It keeps shoes looking bright and smart, and special ingredients soften, protect and preserve the leather. ColorShine Polishes are for all smooth leathers and you can get all kinds—Neutral Creme for brown, tan and colored shoes, White Kid, Black Creme and Black Dye.

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The ColorShine Shoe Polisher—fits the hand, you won't drop it—cleans around the soles. Ask to see it today—at 10c. stores.

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CORNS



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Put one on and in *one minute* the pain is gone! That's how quickly Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end pain from corns and sore toes. The secret of this magic relief is the soothing and healing medication Zino-pads contain. Their cushioning, corrective feature removes the cause—friction and pressure of shoes. Try them!

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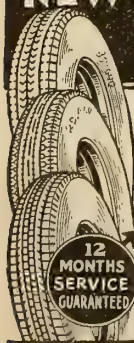
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Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Absorb all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin flake off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

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Taurus Rules the Talkies

(Continued from page 51)

good, or it makes them flops. Several singers, possessing basically beautiful voices, but with planetary aspects similar to Valentino's, have been listed in the latter category. One day they were Carusos. The next day they were busts.

THE unfriendly influence of Uranus in Valentino's chart is not conclusive evidence that he would have failed in the talkies. But there were other signs in Valentino's horoscope which indicated that his career would reach its peak, in fact that it would end, long before the talkie era began. I never read for Valentino himself. He was one of the few outstanding figures of the stage and screen who never came to me. But I became familiar with his horoscope in a curious way. A few years before he died, a certain editor sent me a series of dates, and asked me to draw the horoscopes and send them to him for publication in his journal. I didn't know whose dates they were—only the sex—until the results appeared in print. And then, I discovered, much to my regret, that by far the saddest of the lot was Rudie Valentino's!

I wish I had space to repeat that entire prediction here. Nothing, I think, would show you more convincingly *why I believe in astrology!* Anyhow, I said that this person born May 6th, whose name I did not know, had the Moon in Libra, signifying great physical beauty and wide success with the public, and that he had Venus in Gemini in conjunction with Neptune, which made him a symbol of romance, more successful as a shadow lover than in the flesh-and-blood. I also said that this person unknown to me would reach the height of his career in 1924, which he did; that he would shoot through the theatrical heavens like a comet, which he did; and that he might come to a sudden, mysterious and tragic end, *which he did.*

I promised to leave the answer to the question of Rudolph Valentino's probable success in the talkies to you—but I am quite willing to give my own opinion. Rudie had one of the most favorable horoscopes for the movies that any man could have. His Moon, ruling the public, was friendly to Neptune, ruling the movies. But, in spite of this favorable aspect, his Moon was so afflicted that it was wholly improbable that he could have maintained longer than he did the heights which he had already reached. Rudolph Valentino's Moon was setting when he was born. His career had already set when he met his death! In the same way, he had a most favorable horoscope for success in the talkies—except that here again his favorable planets were so afflicted that even if his popularity and his life had lasted until the talkies were invented, the probability of any long-sustained success in the new medium was extremely small. Rudie Valentino, delightful creature that he was, was not a fixed star. He was—as I said when I didn't know about whom I was talking—a comet. And long before the talkies were invented, he had shot his course.

THERE is, on the other hand, something very durable about Richard

Barthelmess. He was born within three days of the great Valentino in the very same year. They have many astrological aspects in common, notably the one I have told you about! the Sun and Mercury in Taurus. Barthelmess' Moon, which rules his career, is also in aspect to Neptune, which rules the motion picture industry—a very strong Moon, because it is in Sagittarius, Jupiter's sign. In fact, Jupiter, the planet which rules honor, glory, wealth and success, was in the midheaven when Dick Barthelmess was born. It was also friendly to Saturn, a combination which is often found in the charts of great financiers, indicating not only the ability to make money, but to make it work. Like Valentino, Barthelmess has Venus in Gemini in aspect to Neptune, which helps in playing the lover on the screen, but sometimes brings unusual experiences in love affairs in real life.

As to what the future holds for Dick Barthelmess, he should know that he is coming under a remarkable friendly planetary condition within the next two years, a conjunction of the Sun and Venus, which occurs only once in a lifetime. With such a favoring aspect, combined with his always friendly Jupiter vibrations, he should make a great deal of money these next few years. He should, however, look out for injuries to his health or through jealousy in 1934 and too great confidence in himself—over-confidence might be a better word—during 1932 and 1933. In short, he must so rule his stars during these vitally important years that he may get all the benefits and avoid the dangers of the unusual vibrations which will be coming to him.

That advice would have been good for Valentino in 1923 and 1924. It would be good for all of us, any time, regardless of the sign under which we were born!

IF you were born between April 21st and May 21st, you may not be destined for a successful career in the talkies, but you are blessed with tremendous vitality which should carry you a long way in some successful career. You should be practical. You should have persistence, tenacity, dominant will power. You are inclined to be headstrong. You resent coercion. But you respond to emotions and affections. You are a doer, not a dreamer. You are strongly domestic, but you have a splendid equipment for success in business if you use it properly. Your vitality, plus your tenacity of purpose and strong will, give you a first-rate combination for success. Choose carefully the thing you wish to do; then put these great natural forces to work.

You can greatly increase your chances of reaching the top by curbing your inclination to be headstrong and unyielding.

Come Into the Garden

(Continued from page 117)

is set simply in a yard which boasts as its main attraction some of the oldest eucalyptus in the locality. Their fern-like fronds stretch over the house, dropping down from a great height from the bare peeling trunks of the great trees. Informal grouping of flowering shrubs against the house, is embellished by planting of tulips, narcissi, hyacinths and primroses. Tulips in all colors are Fay's preference among flowers. A quaint brick wall overgrown with ivy surrounds the back yard and separates the front lawn from the tennis courts and flowering borders of the back yard.

Dick Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, have the distinction of having built and planted their entire grounds with the rocky fern beds and fountains and the neatly flagged paths about their Spanish home at Toluca Lake, near Hollywood. They selected a site with large walnut trees to supply the shade that is so desirable in this land of molten sunshine. Dick is something of a tree surgeon himself, and what he and Joby did not know about gardens, they discovered for themselves out of garden books. Large ferns form a shelter for the delicate primroses and tiny English daisies about the house, and small varieties of wood fern shelter the timid eyes of the violets set among the rocks. Sturdy rose climbers and bushes grow against the house walls, and the African jasmine, with its tiny white starlike fragrant blooms winds about the hand-hewn oak up-rights of the patio roof. The jasmine is Dick's favorite among his flowers.

Lilyan Tashman, whose home is one of the most charming small places of Beverly Hills, has carried the sophistication of her house into the garden. There is a wide flagged space under a huge pepper tree, where a large Spanish table that will seat fifty is set with quaint chairs of carved and colored wood like the table, and with thong seats. A large plot of brilliantly colored zinnias borders this space, their strong primitive colors fitting most effectively into the Spanish scene under the pepper tree. This sophisticated simplicity extends to the old well in the patio, and the quaint rows of colored pots lining the edge of the balcony above and the stairway that with its wrought iron grillework, ascends to the balcony.

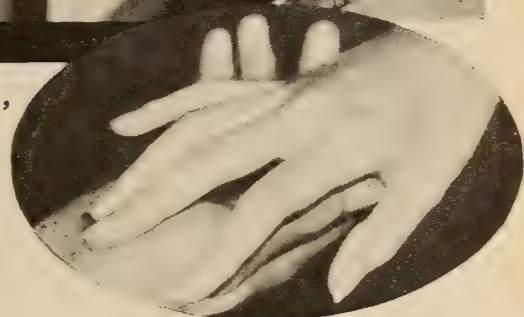
Jose Mojica, member of the Mexican Hollywood colony, has gone in for gardening in a big way at his Santa Monica Canyon hacienda. The noted tenor who sings for Fox in films, was an honor student in agriculture in Mexico City, before he went in for voice culture, and now he has returned to his early love for a recreation. To him the business of producing superior tomatoes is just as æsthetic as opera, and his orange groves are a pleasure to the eye in their neat rows and their carefully plowed rich soil beneath. He has the typical Mexican hacienda, with stucco walls, tile topped, and spreading patio with its wealth of semi-tropical blooms and fountain, huge barns and stables beyond, and all the picturesque wagons and implements belonging to the old time farm.

There's more *Allure* in fingertips that wear this radiant Nail Make-up



"More brilliant and enduring,"
say women in the 8 fashion
centers of the world

"Irresistible" . . . says leading
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FROM cosmopolitan Buenos Aires to romantic old Vienna . . . from Paris to Madrid . . . lovely ladies pay eager tribute to Cutex Liquid Polish.

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Tips the fingers with romance

KNOW THESE FAMOUS EYES?



You should for she's one of Universal Pictures' greatest stars. This brown-eyed actress, who wears 14 year size clothes, is now appearing in a dramatic picture of Russian life. See below*.

refreshes eyes after motoring

Motoring causes eyes to tire and burn; often makes them bloodshot. Relieve these annoying after-effects by applying a few drops of harmless *Murine*. In a jiffy your eyes will feel fresh and rested; soon the bloodshot condition will disappear. Also use *Murine* after golf and other outdoor sports to offset eye irritation. 60c buys 60 applications at drug and dept. stores.

*Lupe Velez in "Resurrection"

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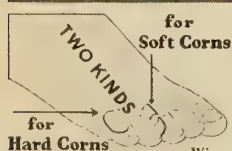
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Behind the Screen Dramas

(Continued from page 84)

dreamed I'd look so slender and willowy. Melbourne told me it was the camera that did it, though I suspected he didn't want me to succumb to the well-known Hollywood ailment called "enlargement of the cranium."

Dudley was one of the few exclusive guests invited to a big party at Beverly Hills one evening and he chose me as his partner. I dolled myself up in a new white satin and crystal gown I had invested in. Vera did my hair as only she could. I knew the other picture players would be wearing lots of jewelry, so I wore none. I looked beautiful, if I have to admit that myself, as I gazed into the mirror. The production chief would be present. And if he saw me at my best, Melbourne had hinted, I might be offered a starring contract.

THE party did not begin until 10 P. M. And according to Hollywood standards, it was a howling success. By 11 o'clock the most snobbish of the film celebrities had begun to discard their pose.

Always there was shop talk. Who was doing certain pictures and why. Who was having contracts renewed and if not, what then? There was gossip and chatter about situations and people, but I dare say most of these film favorites were too clever to knock one another. That, most assuredly, would be an evidence of inferiority complex. Such a complex is disastrous in Hollywood.

Drinks of every variety being constantly served; a luxurious buffet supper with delicacies from every part of the world. Whether you were Spanish and liked tamales or whether you were German and preferred cheese, it was there, as was Russian caviar and English beef.

I noticed Sol Weinberg, the production chief, eyeing me carefully all evening. Before the night was over he showed me the contract, all drawn up, ready for me to sign, at a salary I've never dreamed of. I was to agree to stay five years with their company.

I was delighted. In my wildest fancies of film success I never dared think that I could reach such heights. It was a dizzying reality, at last. Over the entire world my features would be flashed to millions of admirers. It was a supreme moment in my life when I told the production chief I would be into his office Friday—the one and only day he saw anyone on business.

Five glorious years! Five years of money, of luxury, of being able to buy anything I wanted. Things I had longed for, a gorgeous car all my own, a big house in Beverly Hills, trips to Europe. They all flashed before me like the unwinding of a reel.

Upstairs, where the ladies retired occasionally to powder their noses, everyone chatted gayly. The smartest shops in Hollywood had sent their newest cosmetics; boxes and boxes of powder, variously tinted rouges, new eye shadow, lip pencils—all donated so that ladies of the screen might try them and perhaps like them.

A LONG gold mirror was hung across the top of a blue taffeta-draped table like the shelf in a chorus

girls' theater dressing room. And there, in the mirror, a few chairs down from mine, my eyes met those of a famous film beauty of another day. She had been trying to make a come-back since talkies began and she had been given a few minor parts lately. Struggling to hold on against the inevitable Fate, she managed to get herself invited everywhere that directors might see her and perhaps remember that she was once a fine actress.

Our eyes held each other for a moment, then she smiled at me through the mirror. I smiled back. The next moment we were chatting about the new rouge colorings. Her face, at close range, was a masterpiece of the plastic surgeon's knife. Tiny scars, carefully covered on the screen by grease paint make-up, revealed themselves to me with a sickening dread.

Age. Inevitable. What had this faded, middle-aged woman got out of her film fame? Money, a fine home, cars, two divorces. And now she was alone in that big house in Beverly Hills. Her name had been a byword only fifteen years back. Every High School girl carried pictures of her as their movie idol. I know that, for I too, had been one of her ardent admirers.

I think she must have felt what I was thinking. For she smiled, a bit pathetically, and turned away. As she made her way downstairs I could see that she was trying to be as light and buoyant as a school girl. Directors were looking in her direction. The illusion of youth must be maintained.

Something struck fear to my heart. Something I could not quite understand or analyze. This woman had had her day of fame. Surely, she should be ready to retire now. Room for new stars to come into their own. My brain kept repeating this to me as Melbourne and I drove home a little after midnight. He shrugged indifferently when I tried to ask him more about the woman who had suddenly made me stop and think.

"IT'S not the need of money that keeps her hanging around," he said, a bit disrespectfully I thought, "It's the old bug vanity. She doesn't want to realize she's through. She's tasted the sweet nectar of adulation and she can't give it up."

The car stopped before my house and Melbourne said he was too tired to drop in. I was thankful for that for I wanted to be alone. His attitude was typical of Hollywood men, where feminine charm is no rarity.

I tip-toed into the living room where Vera and I slept together. And to my surprise I found Vera was not yet home. A note pinned on the lampshade told me she had gone to a party.

I sat down and tried to read. I couldn't. I wondered if anything might be wrong back home. Deep within me something kept stirring me to restlessness—I who had never had a nerve in my life. I was twenty-five years old now. In five years I would be thirty. But I'd be rich. I'd be famous. And I—from across the patio I heard soft, lilting music coming over the radio.

I needed cheering up, so I snapped on the switch of our own little set and sat listening to the Columbia program

coming across the continent from New York. It was whoopee time on Broadway. Out here it was three hours earlier.

Suddenly I thought the evening's excitement had been too much for me. I was probably in a daze. Though I was certain, after a moment, that I was right the first time. It was Jimmy's voice I heard in that room, crooning a beautiful melody to the orchestra's music. The Jimmy who used to sing at weddings, who always claimed to adore me, who'd never marry another girl while I was living, who—what was that he was saying?

"Folks, I hope you like this little song which I wrote straight from my heart. This is the first time it has been played over the air. I called it 'Sweetheart, Won't You Please Come Back to Me' because it's a plea, a very personal plea, that I'm sending out to a certain girl, somewhere, tonight, before it's too late."

In another moment, the orchestra was playing again. But I wasn't listening now. I was opening drawers and closets and quickly packing all my pretty new lingerie into a grip. A few sports dresses I slipped off hangers and folded them into my small location valise. It would have taken a week to pack all the things I had; negligees, evening gowns, dozens of pairs of slippers, hats, perfumes, cosmetics of every kind. I left them all and went to the phone to call a taxi.

I scribbled a brief note to Vera and another to Melbourne with an apology to Sol Weinberg. With all my heart I suddenly wanted to go home. I wanted Jimmy—Jimmy with his dumb jokes and awkward compliments. I wanted, most of all, the good old-fashioned simple things he represented. Somehow, I wanted dishes to wash and steak and onions to fry, and most of all I wanted to be able to grow old without becoming panicked! Age was a horror in Hollywood. Back home, among Jimmy's and my set, age was the tender compensation of love and lifelong devotion. It was the glorious reward for having given youth to a houseful of growing youngsters.

Something had suddenly awakened within me. Something which made me see life from a new angle. I think it must have been the haunted expression of that woman's eyes—the star of a few years back who had outlived her fame.

I took any train I could get early that morning—anywhere, just to get away from the glamorous spell of Hollywood before I could change my mind. I found myself in San Francisco next day. From there I proceeded East.

Jimmy and I are married now. And I'm preparing the basinette. And, oh yes, I'm making it just like the one Norma Shearer had for her baby, because I just don't seem somehow to get away from the spell of Hollywood after all, no matter where I am.

Now! Lovely Lips for 8 Hours!

New 8-hour lip coloring discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Formulated on entirely new principle. Waterproof . . . Wearproof . . . Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type, different from any other you have ever tried . . . *Kissproof or any other kind.*

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever



You apply when you go out

done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quicken loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

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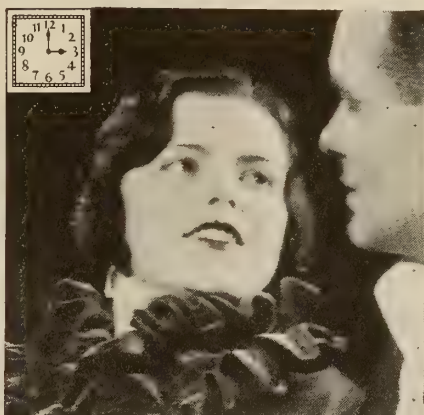
To obtain, ask for the New Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid \$2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

Lipsticks—Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c. Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c. Newest Parisian Shades: Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.

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F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10¢ STORES

Every motion picture star treasures some little memento of a screen hit. Dick Barthelmess has the musket from "Tol'able David." Other stars are superstitious, too. Read all about it in next month's
NEW MOVIE

The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 57)



Nestle
SUPERSET
*adds new beauty
to every wave*

-K NOW how to finger wave your hair with new loveliness. SuperSet is the finest lotion you ever used for glorious, lustrous wavy hair. It sets the hair after finger waving or water waving, leaving it soft, fluffy, and lustrous. It is greaseless and dries remarkably fast.

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have been glorified perpetually like that of Jane Addams.

Guilty Clara: The most horrifying evidence against Clara Bow, in my opinion, was that she spent \$175 for whiskey. No one in Hollywood will care to associate with Clara if that's all she has to offer. One hundred and seventy-five dollars worth of whiskey wouldn't check a cold at current prices. Other Hollywood stars spend as much as a thousand for a tea party. Any star's secretary has grounds for complaint against such teetotaling stinginess.

Dyed For Love: I couldn't account for half the male population of Hollywood having dyed hair until Daisy apprised us that Clara invariably insists that her admirers tint their topknots. Now I recall that on meeting Clara, just before I sailed for Europe, she gave my hair a studied scrutiny. Oh why did I rush away! I might be a big blond now.

Hamlet Fairbanks: There ought to be a law preventing adolescent actors from seeing John Barrymore. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., gave promise as an actor, but of late he plays every part as though it were Hamlet. Everything he does he does with tremendous significance. Methinks he thinks too much. He should pattern a little more after his pappy who bounces around thoughtlessly and apparently has a good time.

The Sennett School: Doug, Jr., is not the only young actor who is haunted by the Barrymore ghost. Screen youths are taking themselves too seriously. Perhaps it is the restraining microphone that affects them. The youngsters of the silent days had the advantage in one respect. Nearly all of them had training in the old slapstick school of Maestro Sennett. There is nothing so nourishing to screen art as a good custard pie. Spare the slapstick and spoil the actor.

Educated Voices: "Heah ah ahm, paw," says Ruth Chatterton in "The Right To Love," mixing colloquialisms. And Miss Crawford as the shop-girl Mary Turner in "Paid" says "suffahd all yuh life," meaning, "suffered all

your life" though she didn't say so.

One of two things: either these girls are suffahing from too much education or they are trying to show that, though they are playing peasant puhsons, they themselves know how to speak propahly.

Even the males find it difficult to shake off the elegance of the Hollywood salon language. In hearing "Little Caesar" you have the feeling that gangsters Collier and Fairbanks must come of good families while Mr. Robinson never had no bringing up.

Prof. Janney Speaking: Observing Master Leon Janney introducing celebrities to the microphone at the opening of "City Lights" I felt he should open a school for our public men most of whom cannot remember their own names unless they have a paper stuck in front of them.

Example of Master Janney's ad-lib diplomacy: "Marion Davies, star of stars!"

Star of Stars: Marion Davies is unquestionably the star of Hollywood. Her Georgian beach palace with the flag floating above holds a prestige unmatched even by Pickfair. She dances with the governor, entertains war vets and presides at dinners for visiting nobles and local orphans. The foundation for her popularity, however, is composed of secret charities, of which I happen to know. In this respect she comes closer to filling Mabel Normand's place than anyone in the colony I know. And Mabel certainly was the star of stars.

Novarro vs. Chevalier: That beautiful dancer Pothoula Canouta writes from New York to say I was mistaken in saying Chevalier is the favorite of Paris. La Canouta declares that Novarro wins the popularity contests and offers quotations to prove it. According to *Pour Vous*, Ramon is, "successeur de Rudolph Valentino dans le coeur des femmes." Moreover, he is, according to *Cinemonde*: "L'ami intime d'un scenariste, Herbert Howe."

I hope the magazines are nearer right about Novarro's rating than about mine. I never wrote a scenario in my life, and that's my epitaph. It takes character to resist the temptation

The Real Story of Marlene Dietrich

Next month NEW MOVIE will tell you all about the mysterious star from Germany, giving all the colorful details of her life. How she came to go on the stage, how she happened to try motion pictures. All about her marriage and her little daughter. This feature was written in Berlin by a well-known German writer and friend of Miss Dietrich.

in Hollywood—that and the virtuous gift of laziness.

Some of the French are sore at Chevalier because he makes so much money over here. I guess they don't know how much Ramon makes. Anyhow, as *l'ami* both of Ramon and Paris, I appreciate Canouta's correction. Evidently I got my information from the wrong Parisiennes. I'm always getting in with the wrong sort—they're so *charmant*.

Garbo vs. Dietrich: "I hate you," cries Miss Marie Kromis of Detroit. "The very idea of returning to Hollywood to join the Foreign Legion just because of that dumb dizzy female of 'Morocco' who tries to copy the Golden Garbo."

It looks as though I were *successeur de Von Stroheim*—the man you love to hate.

The Garbo-Dietrich controversy makes good copy for us starving writers. But I have been through too many wars to take this one seriously. For instance, the Valentino-Novarro issue. Besides, Greta doesn't mind me seeing Marlene. So there!

Actor Under Protest: Little Robert Coogan is following in the footsteps of elder brother Jackie much against his wishes. At first he flatly declined to play in "Skippy."

"Don't want to be an actor," said Robert. "I don't like actors. I would rather play with my dog."

"What do you want to be?" asked one of the Paramount officials.

"A banker," said Robert promptly.

Those who have seen him at work say it will be only a few years before Robert will be able to realize his true ambition.

Just A Waster: Movie stars are not all spenders by any means. Chester Conklin is said to be as conservative as Rockefeller. Arthur Caesar and a friend drove up to Chester's house one night to call.

"I see a light," said the friend. "If there is a light," said Caesar, "Chester must be giving a party."

New Sheik and Shebas: Stars are rising and falling with greater speed than at any time in screen history. Marlene Dietrich broke all records with her first two pictures. Young Richard Cromwell bounds instantly into place with one picture, "Tol'able David," causing my most sophisticated girl friend to sigh as she once sighed over the Latin lovers. As for me, the names that sheba me into the jaws of a theater are Marie Dressler and Marjorie Rambeau. All ages are having their fling.

Herb's Favorites: Ever since a fan wrote that I knew nothing about art if I approved of Dietrich I have been conning over my favorites. I find that these are the players who draw me out nights: Will Rogers, Marie Dressler, Marjorie Rambeau, Walter Huston, Jack Oakie, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, Beryl Mercer, and Harold Lloyd, when he chooses to appear. Given good stories and direction, Gary Cooper and Clara Bow can also lure me. Chevalier, too, in a Lubitsch picture, but any Lubitsch picture is champagne to me. I favor Novarro in such characters as "The Pagan." I am enchanted by Jeanette MacDonald singing. And I will go to any theater that offers Mussolini in a news reel, and so if you say I don't like art you had better apologize to Benito.



Oh, why did I forget?

Not her week to entertain the bridge club... but she'd volunteered to substitute for Sally! Oh, why hadn't she remembered the awful state of the living-room curtains? So faded, dull and dirty. And no time now to send them to the cleaners. She could manage the food and the fun... but think of her friends and their tactful silence! They had called her the prize housekeeper of them all. What a blow to her pride. What in the world *could* she do!

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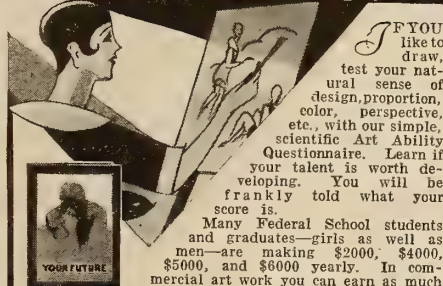
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THE
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

Things I Know to Be True

(Continued from page 35)

6.

THEODORE DREISER and I sat in a projection room and looked at Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris." I don't know Dreiser, never met him before or since; he had a package that looked like a bundle of soiled laundry under his arm. Paramount had just bought "An American Tragedy." "I don't think that Lasky even read the book before he bought it," Dreiser said. "They're not much at reading in the movies, and they're trying to put this and that director on my picture but they know they've got to give me the last word or they'll never get anything else of mine to do. Von Stroheim is too hard, Griffith is—ugh!—but this Chaplin, say, is he going to do any more serious pictures? He's the man to make 'An American Tragedy'." I thought. Jed Harris once saw "A Woman of Paris." He told me he had sat down and written Chaplin a letter in which he had offered to go to work for him for nothing, but self-consciousness had overcome him and he had put the letter in a trunk. I tried to arrange to have Chaplin do "Broadway" on the screen, because Harris wanted him to, but it was impossible to bring it about. Chaplin saw "Broadway" four times.

When Max Reinhardt, the greatest figure in the world theatre, landed in New York to make a picture, his first, he was welcomed by a throng of two people, Rudolph Kommer and myself.

7.

I FIRST met Chaplin about seven years ago, when I was a movie critic. Bent on shattering the myth of the Supreme Artist, the Great Man, I jabbered questions at him for three hours at the Ritz in New York, and he countered with convincing discussion of the poetry of Keats and Shelley, the dancing of Pavlova (that quality of rhythm she expressed he was seeking in his pictures, he said) and the Limehouse tales of his friend, Thomas Burke. I still don't know whether he read the books about himself, read about the Genius business, and then believed it, or whether he was always aware of himself; it's too late now to figure it out because the Genius and the citizen have become hopelessly interwoven in one personality. I do know there's less bunk in Chaplin than anyone suspects and that he is a strange mixture of ruthlessness and sentimentality.

8.

TWO of the most charming men I ever met were Alastair Mackintosh and the Marquis de la Falaise, husbands, respectively, of Constance Talmadge and Gloria Swanson when I met them. Both humorous, both affable and personable, they were in no sense shadows of their wives but definitely personalities themselves. Mackintosh made the most gracious speech I ever heard, at a luncheon at which he was chatting about a Rex Ingram picture in which he and Vincent Astor were interested. And when I spoke with Henri just before he went to the coast, when the papers were after him for statements about his impending divorce from Gloria, he actually seemed more

considerate of Gloria's position in the matter than of his own.

9.

WALTER HUSTON is not only the best actor in pictures but the sanest mind in Hollywood. Eugene O'Neill, Arthur Hopkins, George M. Cohan—such men in the theatre—consider him the finest actor in America. My chief difficulty with him is to make him realize that he is too natural, that the public and the press don't consider a movie star sufficiently important unless he strikes a slight attitude, poses a bit. Huston is so debunked that he drops weighty announcements casually; unlike college football, he suffers from under emphasis in his off-screen contacts. It has seemed to me a wonderful thing that so fine an actor has earned such general acclaim, through "Abraham Lincoln," "The Lady Lies" (his best, I think), "The Criminal Code" and other films, without standing on his ear or smacking any directors in the nose for publicity purposes. He has a grand sense of humor, actually has read some books, and is more a student of acting than anyone I've met. His son, John, writes, and his sister is so cultured a lady that one hopes she will never move to Hollywood. In this connection, it's a fine thing for the movies that such good performers as Huston, Ruth Chatterton, Claudette

(Continued on page 126)



Harry G. Wright, Hollywood chauffeur, is intimately acquainted with many world famous personages. During the Boer War he was Lord Kitchen-er's personal body-guard. Later he served as chauffeur for the late Lord Northcliff, noted British publisher; and for Albert, King of the Belgians, during one of King Albert's London stays. Wright formerly was chauffeur for Bebe Daniels and now is serving in like capacity for Marlene Dietrich.

First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 88)

around the face are the most flattering. If you have a long neck or a large nose, a knot of hair placed properly in the back will give perfect balance. The short, thick neck is aided by a flat arrangement at the back with vertical waves or a French twist. The girl who must wear glasses looks well with hair parted on the side, brushed back from the cheeks and waved softly.

MISS ERMA R., of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has great difficulty in keeping her nails in good condition, for they break off and become very uneven. I suggest that you soak your nails two or three times a week in the following solution:

Myrrh—One ounce
Lanoline—Ounce
Oil of sweet almonds—One ounce
Spermacetti—Four ounces

After a month or two of this treatment, a soaking once a week should be sufficient to keep your nails from becoming brittle.

Betty S., of Dayton, Ohio, wants to know what to do about rough, pimply legs and arms. The best way to get rid of the pimply condition of the skin is to take a cold shower after each bath. Take it just as cold as you can possibly stand it. In time you will have formed the cold shower habit and will never be able to get along without them. A good hand lotion will keep the skin on your legs and arms soft and smooth. Apply the lotion after your shower.

A double chin! **Helen** is a young married woman of Houston, Texas, but she has that dreaded thing—a double chin. You need not be unduly alarmed however, for exercises for reducing the chin are very simple. For example, merely rolling the head in a circle from front to side, to back and round to the front again, is a splendid exercise. Another simple exercise is as follows: Bow the head forward, stretching vigorously the muscles at the back of the neck; then bend slowly to the right side, making an effort to touch the shoulder with the tip of the ear; then bend slowly to the left in the same way, and finally backward as far as you can. Do this ten times and be sure that you do not raise your shoulders as you bend your head. Don't slight your chin and neck. They need cold cream, astringent lotions and cold water just as much as does your face.

NANCY, of Hamilton, Ontario, has not succeeded in getting rid of her last year's sunburn. You cannot remove a heavy tan or a severe crop of freckles overnight. Severe bleaches often contain corrosive sublimate or other dangerous substances that may make the skin even more sensitive to freckles. Mild bleaches are the best and safest method. I recommend the use of mild whitening creams, lemon juice, or a mixture of lemon juice and glycerine. Another excellent bleach consists of sponging the face with hydrogen peroxide. If you are faithful in using these bleaches the result will be a gradual whitening of the skin.

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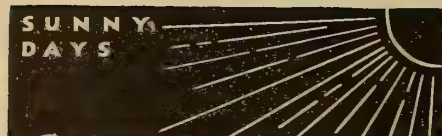
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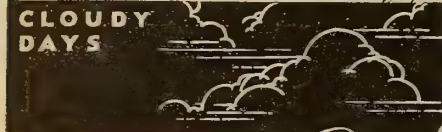
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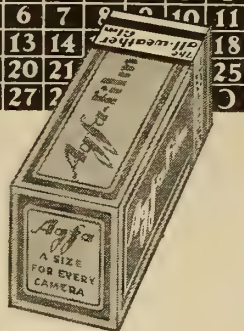
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Things I Know to Be True

(Continued from page 124)

Colbert, Chester Morris, and a handful of other newcomers have big followings.

10.

MOVIE stars are uniformly ungrateful, interesting, self-centered, intellectually honest.

11.

GLORIA SWANSON has a phobia that very few people really like her for herself; she suspects most of them are out to wheedle favors from her. Consequently she opens up to three or four people, Virginia Bowker, Lois Wilson, Lance Heath—a trusted few. The rest sit in at an act consistently better than the one on the screen because it is tremendously and gratifyingly effective. She never kids herself and no one else ever kids her. She saw Shelley plain when she worked for Mack Sennett and there are no cobwebs over her eyes now. Her only fault is that she is headstrong and reacts instinctively instead of rationally to people and things.



12.

DOLORES DEL RIO has had more hard luck than anybody in the

history of pictures. The death of her husband, Jaime, shortly after their divorce, was a terrible blow to her popularity, especially as it followed the stupid and blundering attempt of a press agent to get over some business about a possible duel in Paris between Director Edwin Carewe and Ex-husband Jaime, at a time when Dolores was going to the opera every night with Jaime and when Jaime owed Carewe some money and they were good friends. The fact is that Dolores was married to Jaime when she was fifteen and just out of a convent; life came late to her. She is a charming, intelligent, honest, sincere person and altogether the most congenial and regular movie actress I have met. Example: I went to Venice, California—the Coney Island of Hollywood—one night last year with Chester Morris, whose family know my family and who is a good personal friend, with a New York newspaper woman named Dixie Tighe, and with Dolores. We all wore old clothes, all rode the dippers and the boats and scooters, and nobody recognized either of the stars—Dolores was then at the height of her fame—until one little girl exclaimed, as



Dolores, a frankfurter covered with mustard between her lips, emerged from an airplane swing, "Why, that's Dolores—Dolores Costello!" The laughter was led by the lady herself. The importance of sound advice is emphasized in the fall of Dolores Del Rio from the heights; her voice is all right, she has the added advantage of speaking French and Spanish fluently for foreign versions, and she looks better than ever. But bad publicity and unfortunate circumstances hurt her, even though I think she will score one of the greatest comebacks in pictures when she gets a good part. It is permissible to say this, for she no longer works for my employers.

13.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is really a gentleman. Not only in his manners, but in his mind, in his attitude toward others.

14.

CO-STARRING and team players usually are professionally jealous of each other because of their fight for honors. I once heard Vilma Banky laugh happily as she scanned New York reviews panning Ronald Colman's performance in a picture they had made together. And Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen really aren't pals, I learned in Hollywood last December, when I put both of them on the radio nationally.

15.

THE trouble with most movie stars is that they want to do everything, such as Chaplin does. So when they begin to be important they insist on picking their own stories, doing their own directing, etc. This killed off Harry Langdon. It hurt Corinne Griffith. Mary Pickford, shrewd, lets Sam Taylor do the worrying about story and directing; she sticks to the acting now. After all, Philip Barry and Maxwell Anderson don't insist on acting in their plays, do they?

16.

LEWIS MILESTONE is the best director of pictures and has been since "The Racket" and "Two Arabian Knights," while Edmund Goulding is the most expert craftsman.

I have seen Chester Morris imitate Ronald Colman, Lupe Velez imitate Gloria Swanson, Conrad Veidt imitate John Barrymore. And it's a book in itself what Mary Garden said about John Barrymore's pictures, what Gloria Swanson said when they tried to sell her an airplane, what Eugene O'Neill said when offered a big movie contract.

17.

THE sheer fact of the matter is that the public wouldn't believe you if you tried to tell them exactly what movie stars are like; and most newspapers, knowing the public insists on preserving its illusions, wouldn't print the facts. The synthetic character, the idea in the public mind, moves on blithely and prosperously, while the real person is known usually to half a dozen intimate friends.

Men Who Make The Movies

(Continued from page 16)

into consideration the Motion Picture Patents Company, commonly known as the film trust. Either you were one of the "ins," or you were numbered among the "outs," in which event, getting films to show was difficult. Mr. Laemmle, along with other independents of his day, found himself in something of a predicament: theaters he had, but no reliable service of pictures. Realizing that other showmen without the fold of the trust must be in a similar position, he lined up a few unattached producers and established the Laemmle Film Service. The success of this exchange in Chicago encouraged the establishment of similar offices in other cities.

Again confronted by a shortage of pictures, Messrs. Laemmle and Cochran took stock of their resources, which were considerable by this time, and decided to risk a production company of their own. In May, 1909, the famous Imp Company came into existence, officially, the Independent Motion Picture Company.

Imp pictures, as they were called, must revive sentimental memories in those who remember the screen of an earlier day. Many players and directors who have since risen to fame made their first appearances at the old Imp Studios. It was there that Mary Pickford and Owen Moore met and loved and married. James Kirkwood was among those present; also Lillian and Dorothy Gish and many other young actors and actresses. They worked for small pay on the old stock company plan, but they had a lot of fun. This little band, sponsored by Mr. Laemmle, was credited with considerable daring when it produced "Hiawatha" in 989 feet: 1000 feet later became the standard length of one-reel pictures.

In 1912, in preparation for a fight to the finish with the film trust, Mr. Laemmle enlisted the support of a number of prominent picture men of that period; among them, P. A. Powers and David Horsely, organizing the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, which, from that day to this, has thrived and preserved its independence. This preservation of independence is particularly noteworthy in consideration of the epidemic of mergers during the past few years.

Always modest and unassuming, Mr. Laemmle is essentially a family man, and he carries the family spirit throughout his organization. From the time Carl Laemmle, Jr., was old enough to comprehend the rudiments of the always complex picture business, his father has been preparing him to carry on the vast enterprises under the Universal banner. When the time comes to shift the burden to younger shoulders, Carl, Jr., will be waiting to receive it and to carry it forward.

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Hollywood's Hall of Fame

(Continued from page 43)

door. He was refused admittance, and he advised me to conceal myself for my own good if I remained on the set. I concealed myself as best I could but she eventually espied me. Lubitsch, then directing her, was summoned. She nodded, and I was presented.

In her dressing room where she received me there was an "interpreter." Miss Negri, he explained, could not speak English very well. Miss Negri assented to that. Somehow the talk turned to love. Pola turned to the interpreter, "You may go," she said. "I understand him very well." The interpreter hesitated. Pola turned to him again, and he fled.

There was a report that she had fallen in love with Chaplin, who had been in Berlin a short time before. Pola shrieked with laughter when I spoke of this. Charlie was a funny little man, she said; he amused her.

WHEN I returned from Europe Pola had already written several chapters into the history of Hollywood. Tony Moreno was working with her on the Paramount stage and informed me that she was eager to see me.

"My good friend!" cried Pola, rushing off the set when I appeared. "Have you heard of my tr-oobles?"

"Plenty," I said.

"You hear about me and Chaplin?"

"Yes," I said. "Does he still amuse you?"

"No," she said. "I love him. The tr-rooble is I love him more than he loves me. But don't print that. It would make him more conceited."

Pola was keeping pretty much aloof from Hollywood society. Like all for-

eigners coming to Hollywood she was astonished by the way in which our press gets personal. She wanted to talk about Art and the reporters wanted to know about the Love-Life. Instead of shutting up in her shell as Garbo has, Pola grabbed her gat and let drive. Then she retired sulkily. But she couldn't restrain her interest in the Hollywood people. Being her "good friend" I had access to her colonial mansion with its Italian interior. She would question me by the hour about each of the celebrities. To most of my delineations she would nod her head. She knew them all without meeting them. When eventually she did emerge she made several loyal friends. The best of them was that lovely and gracious woman, Kathlyn Williams. She did not meet Mabel Normand until a few months before leaving Hollywood. They became devoted friends. At the housewarming party which Mabel gave in Beverly Hills, Pola threw her arms around Mabel.

"Why didn't you tell me about Mabel before?" she demanded, turning wrathfully on me.

All I could squeak was that I didn't know I was Her Majesty's master of ceremonies.

The next day Mabel telephoned me and endorsed Pola characteristically. "I love her," said Mabel, "I don't care if she is a genius."

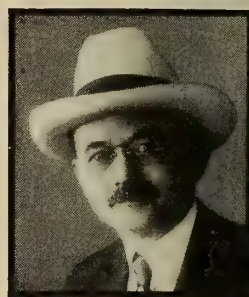
WHEN I was in Paris last Summer I heard that Pola was flat broke; her magnificent jewels had gone, and her estate was about to go. Pola is always the subject of stories. Anyhow, she received me in the historic splendor

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of her chateau, served rich viands and priceless brandy and chatted of her ambition to establish homes for old people in Warsaw. She maintains an apartment in Paris and recently secured a villa at Cap Ferrat on the Mediterranean. Pola has a way of commanding her desires to crouch at her feet like dogs. Even without much gold reserve she would still be the Empress. When I called on her she looked extremely well but the doctor had recommended the Riviera for her in Winter.

"My lungs," she said calmly. "I came up so quickly, I burned myself out. The doctor forbids me to smoke."

She tapped a cigarette, and I lit it for her.

"And I must not drink," she said sadly as she sipped the Napoleon brandy.

She was divorcing her prince, Serge Midivani, a charming boy but too inexperienced for her, she said. Her first husband, Count Dombiski, had proved, on the other hand, too old. I suggested that her third would probably be just right. But, ah, *non!* . . . the doctor advises against love too. . . .

ON her last visit to Hollywood Pola secluded herself. She resents the facetiousness with which writers treated her grief over Valentino's death.

"They do not understand me," she says, adding dolorously, "I am a child of my race. I am Slav. I cannot help that I have not the restraint of the Anglo-Saxon. My emotion seems to them exaggerated, but I am not acting."

The skeptics doubted Pola's word of her engagement to Valentino. I happen to know that Rudie thought a great deal of her, that he purchased extravagant gifts for her on his last trip abroad. An amusing note in their romance has never been told: Rudie wrote Pola a fan letter before she came to this country. The two had a great deal in common. Both had had experiences which made them "sophisticated," as we Americans say. That is to say, they were wise in worldly matters. And they shared a genuine appreciation of art and literature. Pola, moreover, was the autocratic, keen-minded woman that appealed to Rudie. Her love for him was genuine. Pola's feelings are always genuine, but, as she says, she burns herself out—and swiftly.

I HAVE written so much about Valentino that it is hardly necessary to explain why I think he was one of the greatest personalities off screen as well as on. From the screen he suggested warmth and wickedness. After a long line of Anglo-Saxon heroes with marcelled hair and virginal manners he came as the answer to a suppressed prayer for unhallowed romance. As a sheik he routed the saintly impostors. He was, as I have said, *simpatico*. He had the Italian warmth and earthheartiness. He loved good food, good wine, beautiful women and fast horses. He would have liked to have been a knight in medieval times—and succeeded pretty well in these. Most of all he loved the convivial contact of good companionship.

Because he had strong feeling, combined with Italian expressiveness, he was a great emotional actor. You always knew how Rudie felt. He was unhappily sensitive. The slightest criticism set him brooding—or challenging.

(Continued on page 130)

What A Spree!



Dear Sue—

Over here in Paris I'm strutting around in swell \$1,000 gowns. How do I do it? Listen! At a masked ball the other night, a handsome Frenchman, a fashion designer, was searching for someone with enough *personality* to wear his gowns and give the big U. S. A. buyers a thrill. He asked me to exhibit his latest models. This child sure grabbed the chance!

I'm having the time of my life stepping out almost every night with Francois (that's his name). He says he doesn't know why my charm captivates him. Of course, it's the Blue Waltz Perfume and Brilliantine. The combination sure gives a girl *personality*—and the men don't understand it, but, Sue, they can't resist it.

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Isn't it about time for Rudy Vallee to make another picture? Here is Rudy and some of his band on the sands at Palm Beach. Rudy has been making a tour of the South, as you probably know, if you follow his radio broadcasts.

Hollywood's Hall of Fame

(Continued from page 129)

Like Pola he suffered ridicule for his deviation from the American standard. He wanted to fight a writer who ridiculed his bracelet and said something about the possibility of a powder puff. You may recall that before the war a man was thought effeminate if he wore a wrist watch. Lacking the Anglo-Saxon cautiousness (is that the word?) Rudie wore a wrist watch, bracelet and rings because he liked them, as most Italians do. I know a virile American star who loves perfume but only allows himself to sniff it in the privacy of his chamber. We have a lot of tribal taboos when you come to think of it.

The greatest charm of Valentino was his sympathy; his open liking of people and the desire to be liked. In this respect he was as irresistible as an affectionate child.

I think Rudie was the most companionable fellow I have encountered in Hollywood. He had no sense of practicality and so would sit up all night talking if he found the companionship. Most actors have to be in bed by eleven; they have to think of their art—that is to say, their appearance.

When Rudie made his triumph in "The Four Horsemen" he was not of Hollywood society. He had been a professional dancer and had been enmeshed in gossip. Hollywood, as you know, is Puritanical outwardly. The local seers considered his success as just one of those passing flukes. I interviewed him in his small apartment in the Formosa and found him a boy of sincerity and unusual mind.

A few months after my story appeared I had occasion to request another interview. The publicity men of the Paramount studio, where Rudie was doing "The Sheik," were astonished when his reply came back:

"Tell Mr. Howe I am at his command any time

anywhere," said Rudie, who by that time was an acknowledged success.

But a little later when I made a slight criticism of his work he wrote me sadly, asking if I had thought him a dumb-bell all along and if our friendship had been only a passing illusion. My reply was such as to reinstate his sense of humor. He liked a hearty laugh. When he and Natacha were broke in New York, battling Paramount for better stories, he sent me a bottle of Benedictine for Christmas. Around the neck of the bottle an Ingersoll watch was tied with a note: "I hope I can stud this with diamonds next Christmas." When I returned from Europe he and Natacha entertained me in their apartment for a real Italian dinner with Rudie acting as the spaghetti chef. For all his love of princely show Rudie never lost that simplicity of nature that goes with greatness. Always he was the magnetic Italian peasant boy with high aspirations.

BEFORE I can be accused of being un-American in sympathies I advance Doug Fairbanks, Sr., among the greatest, chiefly because he is as typically American as Valentino was Italian. In such pictures as "The Americano" he portrayed a better American than Babbitt, brash, go-getting, a little cocksure but with the saving sense of humor which is a national attribute.

Doug is more like his screen self than any player I know. Brisk, vital, debonair. He transmits an enormous vitality. On coming forth from one of his pictures I feel as though I had had vigorous exercise, a cold shower and a

hard rub-down on top of that.

Doug once told me he despised actors, adding quickly, "I'm not an actor." It was that day we visited Los Angeles' Chinatown. Everyone recognized Doug, and he accepted the recognition good-humoredly. As we were about to step into his car there was a mighty roar. A huge Mexican with gold teeth rushed forward and grasped Doug's hand. They embraced like long-lost brothers.

"I gave him those gold teeth," said Doug when we had settled in the car. "I knocked out his originals inadvertently when he sparred with me for a picture. He has never ceased being grateful."

Doug has fits of melancholy. He doesn't like the business intrigues of the picture game, yet he led the crusade of stars for independence some years ago when the corporations became high-handed. Having achieved his limit as star and producer he is restless for a new field.

"I'd like to be a veranda walker," he grins. "You know, visit the resorts, dress up in my best clothes and strut the verandas. When I had shown them all my suits I'd move on to another spot."

Doug likes travel. He took huge enjoyment in visiting the royal courts of Europe, pacing the verandas. He would like to be an ambassador or some sort of plenipotentiary.

Doug's resemblance in personality to Roosevelt was noted in his first pictures. Doug didn't mind the comparison and neither did Roosevelt, who was a Fairbanks fan. Now Doug is rounding out the likeness by going on a big game hunt in the jungles of Asia.

When he has subdued the animals as effectively as he has the fans he will be sighing again for new worlds. Veranda walking will never satisfy his dynamic spirit. Porch climbing would be more in his line.

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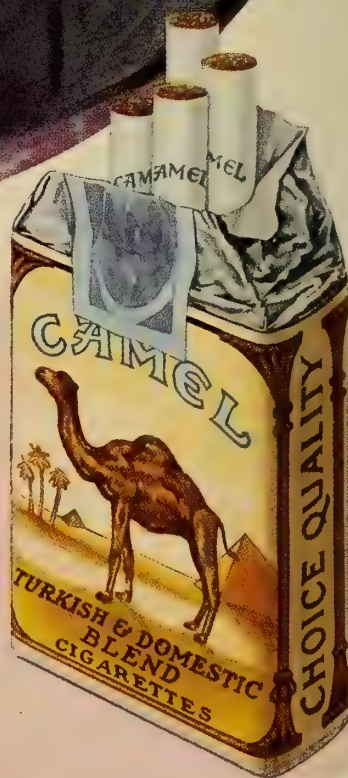
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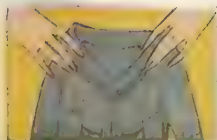
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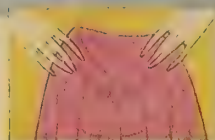
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Vol. III, No. 6

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

Published Monthly by TOWER MAGAZINES, INC., Jamaica, N. Y.

Executive and Editorial Offices, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Home Office: 22 North Franklin St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

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GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

see "City Lights." It is Charlie's masterpiece. *United Artists*. Class AA.

Sous les Toits de Paris. (Under the Roofs of Paris.) This French production made by Rene Claire affords an interesting treatment of a mild little story concerning the very Parisian Pola and her relationships with three men. The action as developed shows a keen sense of dramatic values. Named as one of the ten best films made in 1930. Class A.

Zwei Herzen im 3/4 Takt. (Two Hearts in Waltz Time.) Truly Austrian in treatment and feeling, this romantic story of a Viennese composer who writes an immortal waltz melody creates a distinctly pleasing atmosphere. Walter Janssen and Jretl Theimer are finely suited to the leading rôles. This production was recently given a place among the ten best pictures of 1930. Class A.

Trader Horn. Based on the famous book and of necessity confined to the more dramatic incidents of the wandering story, this picture should satisfy those with a taste for unusual adventure. The intimate pictures of animal life in South (Continued on page 8)

Millie, that dangerous red-head who broke every man's heart, is the heroine of the Radio Pictures film of that name. Helen Twelvetrees gives an absorbing performance of the dangerous Millie. John Halliday is the scoundrel who died at the point of Millie's revolver.

AA indicates a motion picture of extraordinary merit. A is used to mark a film that is excellent in every way. B means a good picture. C is fairly good and D is just fair. You won't waste your time or money on motion pictures carrying NEW MOVIE'S AA or A award of merit.

City Lights. In this superbly fine comedy, Charlie Chaplin again demonstrates his pre-eminence as a film comedian. Others may require dialogue, but Charlie expresses about everything that need be expressed without resorting to words. Pathos and humor, so closely allied that it is difficult to say where one begins and the other ends, give the thrill of life to this production. You must

Edwina Booth plays the beautiful white Nina who rules the African blacks in "Trader Horn." Harry Carey is admirable as the old trader himself. A most exciting wild animal film.



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GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 6)



Charlie Chaplin touches another high point of his brilliant career in his newest comedy, "City Lights." Also he sounds a deeper and truer note of pathos. "City Lights" will bring new glory to the king of comedy. Virginia Cherrill is sympathetic as the little blind flower girl.

dialogue is frankly suggestive. *Pathe*. Class C.

Finn and Hattie. If you enjoy that disconcertingly clever and impudent youngster, Mitzi Green, you will find her enjoying full sway in this frothy comedy, dealing with the behavior of an American family stimulated by the heady air of Paris. Mitzi and an equally aggressive boy, Jackie Searl, steal the picture from Leon Errol and Zazu Pitts. *Paramount*. Class C.

Going Wild. Hazardous flying with Joe E. Brown as the terrified pilot of an airplane on the loose provides the best moments of an extravagant farce. Brown gets most of the laughs in a production suggesting his earlier comedy "Top Speed". *First National*. Class B.

Aloha. One of those perplexing situations in which a South Sea Island girl marries a white man and finds out that it would have been better if she hadn't. Ben Lyon is the man in question and Raquel Torres is the dusky maiden. Love and heartbreaks to the soft tune of a ukulele, if you like that sort of thing. *Tiffany*. Class D.

The Single Sin. "From bootlegger to millionaire's wife" might do for a subtitle explaining the career of an unfortunate young woman who was not so bad as the liquor she handled. Kay Johnson runs away from her evil city companions and tries going straight in South America. She returns a perfect lady, subject, however, to blackmailers. Death, conveniently enough, opens her pathway to happiness. *Tiffany*. Class D.

Seas Beneath. A story staged in a modern submarine and making its chief appeal through finely photographed sea scenes, revealing the marvelous efficiency of new under-the-water craft. *Fox*. Class B.

The Southerner. Lawrence Tibbett has screen personality as well as a voice. In this romantic tale of the individualistic son of an aristocratic Southern family he acts and sings with ease and assurance. In addition to the intelligent handling of a diverting story, the picture profits by several negro spirituals sung by a negro chorus. *Metro-Goldwyn*. Class B.

Girls Demand Excitement. An unbelievable childish story of a feud between the boys and girls of a co-ed college, evidently suggested by the recent stage success "Lysistrata". Instead of being funny this picture is for the most part just plain foolish. *Fox*. Class D.

A Happy Little Honeymoon. Glenn Tryon is the chief comedian in this rough-and-tumble story of a bridal couple pursued by their too devoted friends. *Educational*. Class B.

Strange Birds. An interesting novelty presenting rare birds at the Catalina Aviaries. The brilliant plumage shows very well in colored films. *Educational*. Class B.

The Royal Bed. Lowell Sherman appears in his suavest mood as the whimsical king of a mythical European principality. The satire is skillfully handled by an able company of players. *Radio*. Class C.

Sit Tight. This time Joe E. Brown appears as a trainer at a health institute in (Continued on page 87)

Africa are especially diverting. *Metro-Goldwyn*. Class A.

The Bachelor Father. Honors go to Marion Davies for her clever handling of a character without which this comedy might become a bit dreary for, after all, the story is thin. Miss Davies fills in the laughs when they are most needed. *Metro-Goldwyn*. Class B.

Dracula. Not quite as creepy as the original stage play but still calculated to set chills running up and down your spine, this morbid drama is reasonably well handled with Bela Lugosi as the male vampire and Helen Chandler as one of the victims. *Universal*. Class B.

Bright Lights. Low life, or high life if you prefer, as it is experienced in South Sea Island haunts not included in a Cook's tour itinerary. Dorothy Mackaill goes native in a grass skirt, whereas Noah Beery persists in his ungentlemanly conduct. *Warners*. Class C.

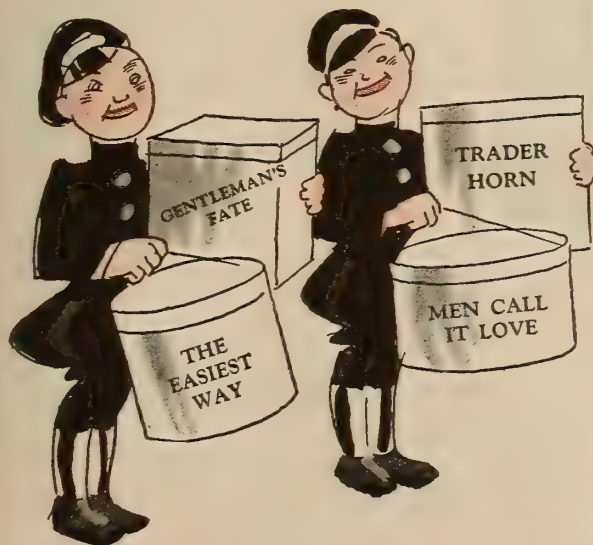
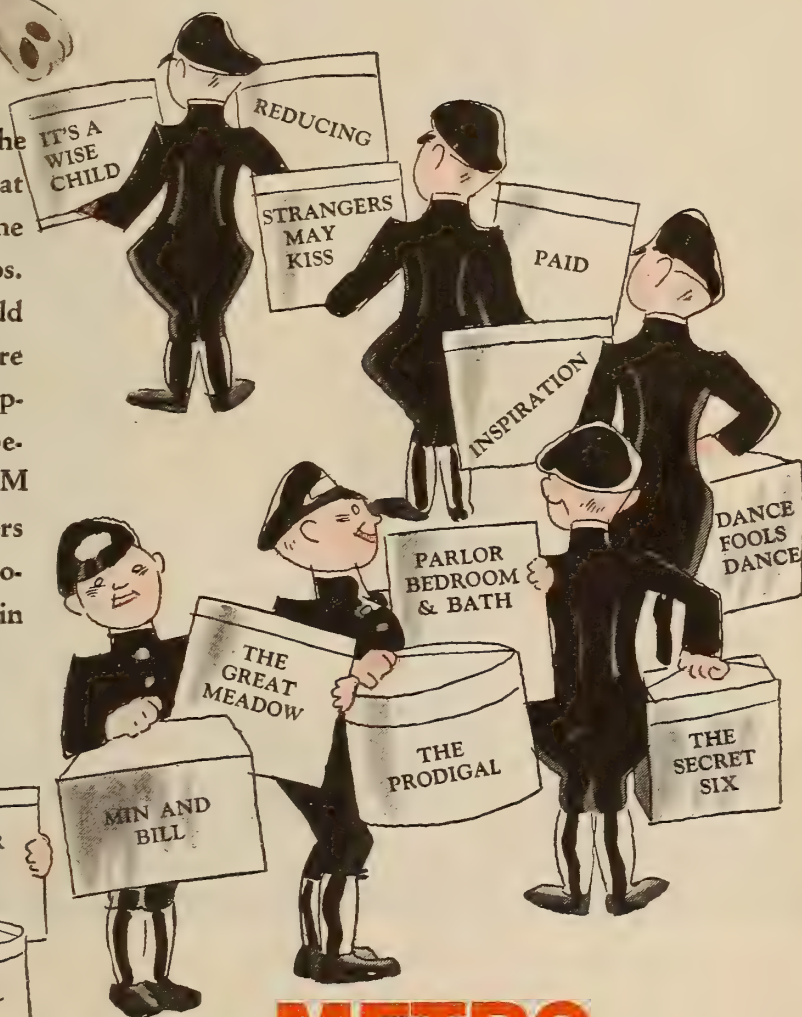
Lonely Wives. As naughty as the censors will allow. Edward Everett Horton plays the dual rôle of a promiscuous husband and a lawyer. There is much darting around from bedroom to bedroom and the

Miss
1931



**"I'LL GIVE YOU
SOMETHING TO
REMEMBER
ME BY!"**

ANOTHER sure victory for Leo, the M-G-M lion! Take a look at these great pictures which have recently come out of the marvelous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Even if we stopped right here, Metro would walk off with 1931 honors. But there are many, many more marvelous dramas, uproarious comedies, sensational hits now being made, not only on the busy M-G-M lot, but "on location" in many odd corners of the world. You can always look to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for real entertainment in pictures that you will never forget!



**METRO
GOLDWYN
MAYER**

Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE



Lew Cody's French blood makes him take his soup seriously. Soup, you know, is an institution without which French home life would not be possible. Here Cody tells you all about his favorite soups.

economy is not necessary the French cook chooses first-class ingredients for the soup pot.

Vegetable Soup *à la* Cody—which is nothing more or less than the bouillon and vegetables from French *pot au feu*—calls for a marrow beef bone weighing at least two pounds, and two pounds of good beef. The bone should be cracked so as to expose the marrow and as much as possible of the fat trimmed from the beef. Put the bone and meat in a soup pot, cover with three quarts of water and after it has come to a boil let simmer twenty minutes. Skim the soup and let simmer twenty minutes more. Skim a second time and let cook slowly three to four hours. Then add the following ingredients:

- 2 tablespoons barley
- 1 large onion or 2 small onions, chopped fine
- 1 small can of tomatoes or 1 cup crushed fresh tomatoes
- 1 bouquet garni, consisting of one or two sprays of parsley, and one leaf each of bay and thyme
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon celery seed or a small stalk of celery
- 2 teaspoons salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, preferably fresh ground from a French pepper grinder. Any fresh vegetables cut into dice may be added.

Let simmer again just long enough to cook the vegetables, skim and allow to cool. Remove any fat that congeals on the surface. Reheat and serve with the vegetables.

THIS is the recipe that Mr. Cody gives for his favorite soup, referring to his French cook for further suggestions about making soup in the true French fashion.

"Do not let us forget," says the French cook with solemnity, "that without good soup, good dinner is impossible. In France one often has soup for luncheon as well as dinner—but it is perhaps better to serve hors d'oeuvre for the first course at luncheon with soup only for dinner.

"There are, of course, many sorts of soup in France," the cook continues, "some made with meat, some with fish and some entirely with" (Continued on page 93)

ALL true Frenchmen take their soup seriously, and Lew Cody bears out the fact of his French ancestry by naming French *pot au feu* as his favorite viand.

Pot au feu is not just soup. It is an institution, without which home life in France would be all but impossible. Don't imagine for a minute that it is a cheap dish made from any old odds and ends of meat and vegetable parings. To be sure, the humble French housewife can contrive to make good soup for her family at amazingly small cost, but where strict

Movieland's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife

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DOLLAR THOUGHTS

They Like Richard Dix

Terre Haute, Ind.

"Cimarron" is the ultimate achievement of the so-called talking western picture. Richard Dix has given his all to a splendid rôle and is to be congratulated upon his stirring performance as Yancey Cravat.

*Julia A. Lee,
2315 S. 8th Street.*

Cohoes, N. Y.

Richard Dix has always seemed to me to be suited to something a great deal better than his usual type of picture. At last, I am satisfied! He has been taken out of silly school-boy rôles. His portrayal of Yancy Cravat in "Cimarron," that great American epic, calls for hearty applause. At last Mr. Dix has been cast in something worthy of his unusual talent.



*Dorothy E. Trimble,
80 Central Avenue.*

Romance Has No Age

Chicago, Ill.

Why must we have women of thirty continually cast as young girls? In an effort to prove her versatility many a star makes herself ridiculous. Ruth Chatterton, Mary Pickford, Marion Davies and Norma Talmadge all give me the fidgets as young girls. They would be much more charming as sophisticated women of the world, and acting their age. It is foolish to assume there is not romance for every age. My lovely mother of fifty-two, my sister of twenty-seven, and young sister of seventeen all married last year; and in each case, after the most thrilling and romantic courtship.

*Irene Furrer,
3339 No. Ozanam Avenue.*

Likes Our Reviews

Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Nine-tenths of the value of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, my favorite, would be lost were it not for the picture reviews of Frederick James Smith, whose opinions I have always found reliable. I used to read his reviews in *Liberty*, too. They are, in the estimation of this reader, honest, fair, discriminating, and where players are concerned he plays no favorites and takes no smart cracks at those he may not like. The average fan with a limited budget who can afford but one or two shows a week, say, will spend his or her entertainment money most intelligently who follows the reviews by this editor. Personally, he has never let me down and for that, quite apart from the

You have some interesting opinions about motion pictures. Sit down and write them in a letter to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City. If the opinion is published, you will receive a dollar bill.

Here Our Readers Express Themselves About the Stars

pleasure I get reading such a splendid magazine, I owe him a debt of gratitude. His criticism always is constructive, moreover, and I am sure the players themselves realize his value.

*Allan W. Free,
Hotel Ford.*

Movie Mad Malta

Cospicua, Malta.

Do you know that Malta has now five cinemas wired with talking pictures, and that three more are in the making? Do you know that "The Love Parade" made the greatest hit of all talkies exhibited here, running for two weeks, which means much, when one considers that less than ten per cent are true film-goers, and that Malta is a small island of a quarter of a million inhabitants.

*Joseph Farrugia,
65 Ida Toro.*

Likes Joan Better Than Connie

Worcester, Mass.

One of the unexplainable things about public opinion is the rise of Constance Bennett in popularity and the apparent decline of Joan Bennett's fan following. In my estimation, Joan Bennett is by far the more attractive and better actress of the two.

This must be the opinion of others too or why has she been chosen to play opposite so many really veteran actors in the best pictures of the last two years?

*Eleanor M. McCarthy,
33 Pleasant Street.*



Ain't Love Grand

St. Louis, Missouri.

Anyway, ain't love grand in the movies? When a man tires of the not too virtuous lady, she unselfishly fades away and lets him marry the nice pure girl he has known since his boyhood days. And every day we read in the papers where a woman sued a man for a hundred thousand or so because he married the other woman. Ain't love awful in real life?

*Genevieve Mitchell,
3706 Delmar Boulevard.*

Applause from Nottingham

Long Eaton, Nottingham, England.

Both I and my friends are very enthusiastic about THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. It is far in front of anything we can get over here. In these parts we seem to favor Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Janet Gaynor, and Marie Dressler—not to forget Laurel and Hardy.

*C. W. Dakin,
27, Olive Avenue.
(Continued on page 14)*

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Play
Find Success
Make Friends
Hold Love

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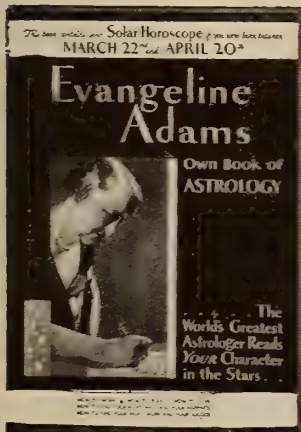
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| April 21 and May 21—Taurus <input type="checkbox"/> | Sept. 24 and Oct. 23—Libra <input type="checkbox"/> | |
| May 22 and June 21—Gemini <input type="checkbox"/> | Oct. 24 and Nov. 22—Scorpio <input type="checkbox"/> | Jan. 21 and Feb. 19—Aquarius <input type="checkbox"/> |
| June 22 and July 23—Cancer <input type="checkbox"/> | Nov. 23 and Dec. 22—Sagittarius <input type="checkbox"/> | Feb. 20 and March 21—Pisces <input type="checkbox"/> |
| July 24 and Aug. 23—Leo <input type="checkbox"/> | | |

Name

Address..... City..... State.....

Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 12)

Movies in the Schools

St. Louis, Mo.

A letter in NEW MOVIE some time ago suggested using moving pictures in the schools. This is an excellent idea, and, in fact, has been tried in numerous localities. Here in St. Louis, for example, they are being used with admirable results. Movies make great "teachers" and, as such, will probably be used universally to make schools more interesting and instructive, and to make longer lasting impressions than any number of books or lengthy explanations by the teacher.

Edward Mead, Jr.,
6313 Waterman Avenue.

Cheers for Jim Tully

Chicago, Ill.

How I enjoy the writings of Jim Tully! A master of the interview, he reads human nature like a book and reveals his subject in terse sentences almost pugilistic in power and punch. Virtues and faults alike are shown, but always with a human touch of understanding. Plenty of living, a broad viewpoint, and a sense of humor give Tully's work an aliveness that is stimulating, and at times even startling in its blunt force and emotion—but always interesting, at least to me.

Congratulations, NEW MOVIE. I believe not a little of your phenomenal success is due to your good judgment in picking such writers as Tully, McIntyre, St. Johns and Herb Howe!

F. L. Stoutimore,
2550 Washington Blvd.

Admires Joan Crawford

Daytona Beach, Fla.

Herb Howe's prediction for 1931 left out the most charming of them all—Joan Crawford. With more pictures like "Dance Fools Dance" and "Paid" she would be a riot. When Mary Pickford made the remark that she would have thrilled the ancient Greek sculptors she certainly told the truth. I admire Joan because she is all that is lovely and spontaneous in feminine youth.



Jane H. Usher.

France Likes NEW MOVIE

Milhouse (Ht-Rhin), France.

I read your magazine every month with great interest, and this owing to the kindness of my cousin, who sends them to me from Mexico. When reading NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, I believe to be for some moments in Hollywood, near the greatest stars of the world, such like the lovely Marion Davies, the frolicsome Clara Bow, the impenetrable Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, and our careless and turbulent Maurice Chevalier.

Jacques Ducas,
53 rue des Vergers.

To Which We Agree

Liberty, N. Y.

I've just discovered a gorgeous blonde newcomer in Doug Fairbanks' "Reaching for the Moon."

Thoughts and Opinions About the Movies

Her name is, I think, June MacCloy. I think she shows a great deal of promise and ought to be given leading parts and not be allowed to fade into oblivion like so many others. I'll even bet that she'll be a star in the not-too-distant future!

E. I. Hale.

Against Revivals

Cheyenne, Wyoming.

They have a maddening habit of recasting old productions and putting them over on an unsuspecting public for new ones. It isn't that we need new authors and playwrights. There are hundreds of plots filled with intrigue, action, stirring romance, fairly crying to be screened. The libraries are full of them. I have read dozens that I've longed to see in film. Then with all of this accessible material, why must there be so many repetitions of one play? The latest example of this is "Kiki" in which Mary Pickford plays. Then why drag it up again? They will be bringing "Peter Pan" back next.



Mrs. E. A. Patchen,
Strand Theater.

Attention, Ray Griffith!

Oakland, California.

After seeing "All Quiet on the Western Front", in my judgment, the most outstanding character in the picture with no exception is the "bit" played by Raymond Griffith. Now I read that he has been signed with Warners to write gags. I think it would be a good idea for the producers or directors, who don't seem to recognize this man's talent and ability, to write their own gags, if they could think of any, which I doubt very much.

Margaret Tuttle,
13800 Washington Avenue.

Well, We're for Rudy

Jenkintown, Pa.

Why does everyone pick on Rudy Vallee? Just because people do not like him is no reason why they should throw fruit at him as they did in Boston. Personally, I cannot see much the matter with him. Hasn't he introduced big hits such as "Maine Stein Song" and "Betty Co-Ed"? Didn't he start the idea of slow rhythm? What's the matter with Rudy Vallee?

Theodore Huston Jr.,
Cloverly and Runnymede Avenues.

Nancy Carroll's Baby

New York City, N. Y.

What is all this fuss about the stars who are afraid of disillusion if they show the public their babies? It was Nancy Carroll who said this. I happened to be in the museum one day when Nancy and her daughter came in. What a daughter! She is the cutest and sweetest little girl that I have ever seen of the stars. She hasn't Nancy's beautiful red hair, but she really has her mother's sweetness and beauty.

Jean Palmer,
360 W. 119th Street.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYER
COLUMBIA STUDIO				
Barbara Stanwyck	The Miracle Woman	Frank Capra	Drama	David Manners
Buck Jones	Red River Rogues	Louis King	Western	Loretta Sayers
Laura La Plante	Meet the Wife	A. Leslie Pearce	Comedy	Lew Cody
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Dorothy Mackaill	The Reckless Hour	John F. Dillon	Drama	{ Conrad Nagel
Ben Lyon	We Three	John Adolfi	Drama	{ H. B. Warner
Walter Huston	Upper Underworld	Rowland V. Lee	Underworld drama	{ Rose Hobart
				{ Loretta Young
				{ Doris Kenyon
FOX STUDIO				
Will Rogers	Cure for the Blues	Frank Borzage	Comedy	Fifi Dorsay
Spencer Tracy	Riding for a Fall	Thornton Freeland	Comedy	Sidney Fox
Thomas Meighan	Young Sinners	John Blystone	Drama	Dorothy Jordan
Elissa Landi	Always Goodbye	Menzies—MacKenna	Drama	Lewis Stone
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
Marion Davies	Five and Ten	Robert Z. Leonard	Comedy drama	{ Leslie Howard
Joan Crawford	Girls Together	Nick Grinde	Comedy drama	{ Irene Rich
William Haines	Dancing Partners	Jack Conway	Comedy romance	{ Monroe Owsley
				{ Irene Purcell
				{ Lillian Bond
All Star	The Squaw Man	Cecil B. DeMille	Drama	{ Warner Baxter
				{ Lupe Velez
Norma Shearer	A Free Soul	Clarence Brown	Drama	{ Eleanor Boardman
				{ Leslie Howard
PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO				
Gary Cooper	City Streets	Rouben Mamoulian	Melodrama	Sylvia Sidney
Jack Oakie	Dude Ranch	Frank Tuttle	Western comedy	{ June Collyer
Clara Bow	Kick In	Richard Wallace	Drama	{ Stuart Erwin
Phillips Holmes	An American Tragedy	Josef von Sternberg	Romantic melodrama	{ Regis Toomey
Kay Francis	The Vice Squad	John Cromwell	Romantic drama	{ Sylvia Sidney
Carole Lombard	Up Pops the Devil	Edward Sutherland	Comedy	{ Frances Dee
				{ Paul Lukas
				{ Norman Foster
				{ Lilyan Tashman
PARAMOUNT EAST COAST STUDIO				
Maurice Chevalier	The Smiling Lieutenant	Ernst Lubitsch	Comedy drama	{ Claudette Colbert
Nancy Carroll	Scarlet Hours	Edmund Goulding	Drama	{ Miriam Hopkins
				{ Fredric March
PATHE STUDIO				
Constance Bennett	Common Law	Paul L. Stein	Drama	Joel McCrea
Eddie Quillan	Whoop-te-de Kid	Al Rogell	Comedy	Not chosen yet
Ina Claire	Rebound	Edward H. Griffith	Drama	{ Robert Ames
				{ Myrna Loy
R K O STUDIO				
Richard Dix	Big Brother	Fred Niblo	Underworld drama	Marion Shilling
Lily Damita	The Woman Between	Victor Schertzinger	Drama	Lester Vail
Evelyn Brent	Traveling Husbands	Paul Sloane	Comedy drama	Frank Albertson
Mary Brian	Waiting at the Church	William Craft	Comedy drama	Geoffrey Kerr
Bert Wheeler	Too Many Crooks	William Seiter	Comedy	Dorothy Lee
Mary Astor	White Shoulders	Melville Brown	Drama	{ Jack Holt
				{ Ricardo Cortez
UNIVERSAL STUDIO				
Rose Hobart	Waterloo Bridge	James Whale	Drama	Not chosen yet
WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO				
John Barrymore	The Genius	Michael Curtiz	Russian drama	Marian Marsh
Edward G. Robinson	The Idol	Alfred Green	Gambling story	Evelyn Knapp
Dolores Costello	The Passionate Sonata	Hobart Henley	Melodrama	{ Warren William
				{ Anthony Bushell
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO				
Eddie Cantor	Palmy Days	Not chosen yet	Comedy drama	Not chosen yet
Ronald Colman	The Unholy Garden	Not chosen yet	Comedy drama	Not chosen yet

MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

"FALLING in Love Again" from the Paramount picture, "The Blue Angel," seems to head the list this month. Johnny Hamp's Orchestra does the honors, and if my information is correct, it is the first record Johnny has made since his European tour. The waltz has a nice swing and good lyric, and the vocal chorus by Carl Graub fits very nicely into the whole scheme.

The other side of this record is the popular "Two Hearts" from the German talkie, "Two Hearts in ¾ Time." As you probably know by this time this is a typical Continental waltz, and if you like this type of music, you will approve of this record by Johnny Hamp. It also has a vocal refrain by Carl Graub. (This is a Victor record.)

THE "Hit-of-the-Week" records, pioneers in the expensive phonograph record field, have sent me their latest recording, "Reaching for the Moon," Irving Berlin's popular tune done up in fox-trot time. If you haven't heard these new discs I am quite sure you will have a very agreeable surprise. The tone reproduction is astounding, and you will be surprised at the volume of these little records. This particular release is recorded by Sam Lanin and his dance ensemble. (This is a Hit-of-the-Week record.)

"Sweet and Hot," played by the High Hatters, is the next on the list. This is from the musical comedy, "You Said It." You should like the swing of this one.

The reverse, also by the High Hatters, from the same show, is the title song, "You Said It." I don't think this is up to the other side, however. Both of these numbers carry vocal refrains by Frank Luther. (This is a Victor record.)

From the new show, "America's Sweetheart," we get the tune "I've Got Five Dollars," played by Emil Coleman and his orchestra. This is something of a new bit in popular recording and you'll find it quite entertaining.

The other side, also by Emil Coleman and his orchestra, is from the same show, and is called "We'll Be the Same." Although this isn't quite up to the "Five Dollar" number, you'll find it acceptable. (This is a Brunswick record.)

HERE are some news-bits and gossip of music and musicians for some of the new offerings of the sound screen:

Victor Schertzinger is to direct a new picture written around his song "Marcheta." He is under contract to do two more productions for R. K. O.

De Sylva, Brown and Henderson are hard at work on the music for Gloria Swanson's new production, tentatively called "Obey That Impulse."

Oscar Straus is to write the music for Maurice

THE HITS OF THE MONTH

"Falling in Love Again," waltz—played by Johnny Hamp and his orchestra (Victor)

"Reaching for the Moon," fox trot—played by Sam Lanin and his Dance Ensemble (Hit-of-the-Week)

"Sweet and Hot," fox trot—played by The High Hatters (Victor)

"I've Got Five Dollars," fox trot—played by Emil Coleman and his orchestra (Brunswick)

Chevalier's new picture at present entitled "The Smiling Lieutenant." Clifford Grey will write the lyrics. Jesse Lasky, the producer, says the public demands more music.

Al Jolson, according to latest reports, is to do several musical pictures for United Artists in 1932 on a basis that

should yield him \$2,000,000.

Maria Grever, Spanish composer, has been placed under contract by Paramount to write the lyrics for "Arriba Le Telon." She is the author of "Jurami," "Una Ola" and other celebrated Spanish songs.

"Manhattan Musketeers," a new Paramount production, tells of the rise and fall of a jazz band leader in which Charles Rogers will be featured.

Lee Zahler, musical director and song-writer, is preparing all the music for "Joaquin Murietta," a Columbia picture, as well as for Mascot Productions and Hutchinson pictures at the Tec-Art Studios.

Abe Meyer, head of the Meyer Synchronizing Service, is supplying the music for "Meet the Wife," a Christie picture; "Mother's Millions" and "Women Like Men," Liberty Productions; "The Beloved Enemy," an Al Rogell picture, and several comedy and travel pictures.

PICTURE producers still continue to cast longing glances toward the musical talkies, no less than three prominent members of the industry having recently expressed themselves in favor of the return of the melodic snapshots.

Jesse Lasky admits that his firm made an error in releasing Maurice Chevalier's "Playboy of Paris," with little music. The next picture of the famous French star will be distinguished by several numbers.

Then there is Roy Del Ruth, prominent director for Warners, who is quoted as saying: "Musical drama of a high order will be one of the predominating features of screen entertainment."

"But as in all types of theater attractions, the vehicle itself must have merit and its music must be of a quality that will be sure to please whether it is heard from a motion-picture screen or from a concert platform."

Max Steiner, musical director general for Radio Pictures, in a recent interview, said apropos of musical pictures: "Music has a distinct place in motion pictures and I feel that this is truer than ever despite the position in which motion-picture music now finds itself."

"Music will some day elevate the screen as it elevated the legitimate drama. I can not say when that will be, but I would like to prophesy that it will be sometime in the very near future."

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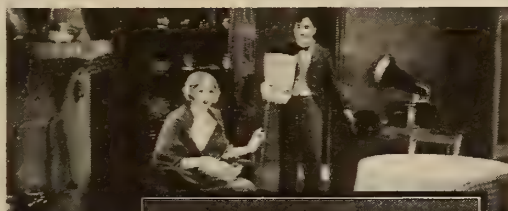
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liked best. There is interesting information, too, about your favorite stars and how they started on the road to stardom. Get your copy! This latest edition of the NEW MOVIE Album will sell fast . . . and the issue is limited. If

you do not find it in your Woolworth store, send us ten cents, plus three cents for mailing and we will mail it to you promptly.



Virginia Cherrill with Charlie Chaplin in a scene from "City Lights," Mr. Chaplin's newest silent production.

THE NEW MOVIE ALBUM

Virginia Cherrill had no other experience before the camera except a small part in "The Air Circus" with Sue Carol, when Charlie Chaplin selected her to play the feminine lead in his new picture, "City Lights." It all happened because Chaplin sat next to Virginia at a dinner party one night. Impressed with her beauty and charm he asked her to come to his studio the following day to take a test. The test resulted in her being given the role in his picture. Virginia had long been ambitious to become an actress but had never had any dramatic school or stage experience. She is five feet five inches tall and weighs 117 pounds. Her hair is blonde and her eyes blue.



VIRGINIA CHERILL



A scene from "The Love Parade." Maurice Chevalier, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald.

THE NEW MOVIE ALBUM

Maurice Chevalier tried trade after trade, carpenter, plumber, electrician, and pointer of dolls, before he found his métier, that of singer and actor. At nineteen he was the partner of Mistinguette of the Folies Bergères. The war intervened and of its close Maurice joined Mistinguette, to become a star known all over the continent and in America. When Jesse L. Lasky saw him perform he signed him to come to Hollywood to make pictures. His first assignment was "The Innocent of Paris." He was an immediate hit and with "The Love Parade" became one of the outstanding stars of the movie world. Maurice is just under six feet and weighs 160 pounds. He is fair, blue eyed and has medium brown hair.



MAURICE CHEVALIER

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Fall River, Mass.

Mr. Charles Muller
1827 W. Plymouth St.,
West Oak Lane
Philadelphia, Pa.



Miss Dorothy Faller
301 Lexington Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



IF Tower Magazines had offered a larger number of prizes in the amateur photographic contest, the work of the judges would have been very much easier. Many interesting photographs were received, necessitating close and careful decisions. Last month we reproduced the photographs taking first, second, and third prizes: First prize, \$100, won by Mrs. Ruth Arveda Smith, 32 Union Street, Camden, Me.; second prize, \$50, won by Anna Frank Ringel, 108 Paisley Avenue, Hamilton, Ontario; third prize, \$25, won by Miss Margaret Vezdos, 319 Delaware Avenue, Lorain, Ohio. Shown above, are those awarded the five prizes of \$5.00 each. We take this opportunity to congratulate the winners on their splendid success with the camera, and to thank all contestants for their interest in Tower Magazines' "You and Your Home" Photo Contest.



ELISSA LANDI

Gallery
of
Famous
Film Folk

The
New Movie
Magazine



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

YOLA D'AVRIL



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

PHILLIPS HOLMES



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

MARIAN MARSH



ANITA PAGE

Photograph by Hurrell



VIRGINIA CHERRILL

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. III

JUNE, 1931

No. 6



Gossip of the Studios

CHARLIE CHAPLIN knocked dear old London and the rest of Europe right off its feet. His recent trip over there started with such a bang that it was necessary for him to have police



Buddy Rogers: Used to ride about in an old Ford but now sports five flashy and expensive cars.

escort whenever he moved out of a house or hotel. And the list of names of those who called on him, entertained him, or were entertained by him reads like an extract of famous people from Who's Who. Seats sold for the London opening of "City Lights" for fifty-five dollars per each — and none to be bought at that price. And fifty dollars in London can be compared to one hundred and fifty in New York or Hollywood. Charlie entertained one hundred guests at the opening and at a dinner-

dance afterwards. Among them were: Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George, Lord and Lady Astor, Elinor Glyn, the George Bernard Shaws, Lord Lee of Farnham, Sir Phillip Sassoon, Alistair MacDonald, son of the Prime Minister—and many, many others.

* * *

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., and his wife, Joan Crawford, both work for different companies, but have an arrangement whereby they are both working on pictures at the same time. Doug works at First National, a distance of ten miles from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer where Joan labors, but can be seen always at the noon hour burning up the road between these two studios, to lunch with Joan.

* * *

Bobby Jones, golf champion, looked at the grease paint, rouge, eyebrow pencil and hair "slickum" which an employee in Warner Brothers make-up department set before him. Bobby was preparing to start work in his twelve one reels titled "How I Play Golf."



"What's that for?" he asked.

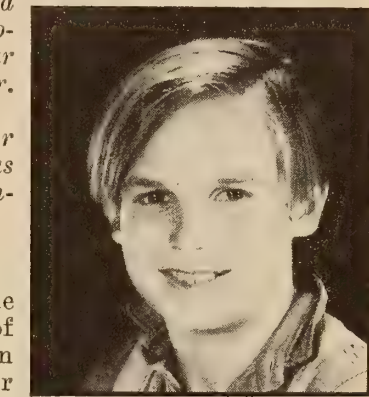
"Your make-up, sir," the employee replied.

"Not for mine!" said Bobby. "I'll play my role 'as is.' You can't make a gigolo out of me. Pretty soon you'll be handing me a powder puff and a lip-stick then a lace collar and I'll commit murder. Take 'em away!"

The great club wielder went before the cameras with no artificial touching-up whatever.

* * *

BOBBOY JONES made the longest speech of his life at a luncheon Jack Warner gave for sports and magazine writers at the First National eats emporium. He talked for eleven minutes, telling all about and why the shorts he is making for First National. O. B. Keeler, Bobby's pal and press agent, amused the guests by doing sleight-of-hand tricks with collar buttons. O. B., a great favorite in Atlanta, can lose more collar buttons in one day than most men can in a lifetime. He discovered one was missing during a



Jackie Coogan: Draws down \$60,000 for eight weeks' work, or \$1250 a day, at Paramount Studios.

dinner one time and lived in terror for twenty-four hours. He thought it might have fallen into his plate and disappeared with some food on his fork.

* * *

A DIRECTOR told Catherine Dale Owen he had a great part she could play in his picture if she only had dark hair. Whereupon Catherine had her golden locks dyed, then went to see the director who informed her the producers insisted on him using a blonde. So Catherine dyed in vain, and is once more a blonde.

* * *

Lila Lee is still in Arizona. So is Renee Adoree.

* * *

CORINNE GRIFFITH says she has no thought of returning to the screen, she is

All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Leila Hyams: The young actress is a real fisherlady, having hooked a fifty-pound halibut off Catalina.

having much too good a time going about places and seeing things. What's this about the smell of grease paint?

* * *

MARIE DRESSLER went to Honolulu for a rest but upon her arrival she found that her many friends had planned a series of dinners, breakfasts, and sight seeing tours for her. Not wanting to disappoint them she went through with their plans. Then had to come back home and rest up from her vacation.

* * *

Polly Moran has a new contract from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD should now be the style center of the world. Some of the most famous modistes are giving the movie capital as their home address. And now one of the most famous of all is in our midst, Mme. Chanel, who will design exclusively for Sam Goldwyn's leading ladies.

* * *

IF you are a brunette, use red perfume; if a blonde, blue perfume! Whatever that means. Anyway, Mlle. Chanel, the greatest of the designers of women's clothes, says that is proper. She also says that for daytime use your skirt should be fourteen inches above the ground.

Gabrielle Chanel has just arrived in Hollywood to design clothes for United Artists stars. She will predict the styles six months ahead so that Gloria Swanson and her girl friends will be right up to the minute when their pictures are finally released.

And the vivacious Gabrielle has knocked Hollywood for a loop. Don't be surprised if she herself appears upon the screen. She's pretty enough in real life, and if the camera is kind to her—as it isn't to so many beauties and is to so many not beauties—she may become a star herself.

* * *

Our own Adela Rogers St. Johns is doing the story for Elissa Landi's next picture. Allan Dwan will direct it.

* * *

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS wrote the novel, "A Free Soul," from which is being made Norma Shearer's next picture. In the book is a character, a great lawyer, who was the Beau Brummel of his day. Clarence Brown, directing the picture, wanted Lionel Barrymore, who is to play the lawyer, to be correctly dressed. He telephoned Miss St. Johns to ask about the character and the clothes he should wear.

"I took that part of the character from my father," (the late Earl Rogers, one of the greatest criminal lawyers in the United States), said Miss St. Johns. "He was the fussiest dresser I ever knew."

"What will I do with Barrymore to make him dress as your father did?"

"Why don't you get Eddie Schmidt to make his clothes? He made father's for twenty years?"

"Wow!" yelled Brown. "Perfect! It's done. I should worry about it from now on. Thanks, Adela."

So Eddie Schmidt, rated as the best tailor in Los Angeles and Hollywood, now has a novel distinction: He made the clothes for the man from whom the character was drawn, and is now making them for the actor who will portray that character on the screen.

* * *

FOR years a young man named Allan Lane went from studio to studio playing small parts and bits, hoping that some director or producer might recognize his talents and give him an opportunity. After many futile attempts he decided to try the stage. He made good and all of the Hollywood producers are now clamoring for his services. You'll see him in "The Reckless Hour" with Dorothy Mackaill.

* * *

JOHN McCORMACK, Ireland's renowned tenor, arrived in town a short time ago to join his wife and daughter, who are now occupying their new home in the hills just back of Hollywood. Tommie Meighan was at the station to meet his friend.

* * *

ALL of the who's who of filmdom attend the Mayfair dances given monthly at the local Biltmore Hotel. The last one brought forth the movie colony in their

best bib and tucker. This is the one night of the month when each and every shining star tries to outshine the other. No feminine player would think of appearing at one of these affairs without a new gown, and most of them patronize the same "exclusive" shop—you can tell that by the gown, three stars had on identically the same dress.

* * *

Clara Bow lost weight at the rate of a pound a day during the trial of Daisy De Voe, her private secretary. Worry, following the



Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

trial, continued to sap her strength until she got down to 106. But she looked like the proverbial "million dollars." Normally, she weighs around 115.

* * *

A YEAR ago Edna Purviance was robbed of \$12,000 worth of jewelry in Honolulu. San Francisco police recently recovered \$4,500 worth of it in a pawnshop in that city. It had been pawned for seventy-eight dollars.

* * *

THE death of Frederick W. Murnau, famous director, which came as the result of an automobile accident, has shocked and saddened not only his friends in Hollywood but the picture industry as a whole. Murnau, who directed "Four Devils," "The Last Laugh" and "Sunrise," was a reserved German much liked by those who worked for him but not well known to the movie colony as a whole. However, he was regarded as a great artist and a pioneer in new methods on the screen. For the past year he had been living in the South Seas, making "Tabu," and resting and preparing for further work before the camera. At the time of the fatal collision, he was driving to Santa Barbara to visit friends and expected to leave shortly for New York for the opening of "Tabu." A memorial service was held at the Fox studios, where he had made his American pictures.

* * *

Leila Hyams is waiting for someone to present her with the bronze medal.

Leila is a seafaring maid on Sunday and any other day when off duty. Trolling in the vicinity of Catalina Island recently, she hooked into a fifty-pound halibut. And she landed it after a long battle.

"I didn't have any help either!" she boasted as she proudly exhibited the "monster of the deep." There was enough fish for the entire neighborhood.

* * *

AN evening with Dick and Jessica Barthelmess is always most interesting—they have that nice faculty of making one and all welcome. One evening recently found a very large gathering of celebrities at their home, among them Gloria Swanson looking unusually lovely in a black velvet gown with short red velvet jacket. Corinne Griffith in a black crepe dress with white wrap around jacket. Eileen Percy overheard challenging Dick to a tennis match to take place the following day—for a new racket.

* * *

IT won't be El Brendel's fault if "Women of All Nations" is

minus laughs. Between scenes on the set El can be seen studying his gag book much to the chagrin of Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe, stars of the picture. This gag book is arranged alphabetically: A for automobile gags; B for baby; G for gowns, etc.

* * *

FOR years Lew Cody's corned beef and cabbage dinners have been famous with his many friends in the film colony. Here's the menu: A thick slice of onion on a lettuce leaf, a thick slice of orange on top of that, with a garlic dressing. The corned beef is cooked for four hours, slowly. With this you serve potatoes, turnips, cabbage and carrots, mustard hot or cold or medium. No dessert, but a variety of cheese and crackers, also coffee. After that—a box of bicarbonate of soda to each guest as a favor.

* * *

POLLY MORAN, the wholesale laugh provoker, was recently given a brand new long term contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Polly is an asset to any picture, not alone for her splendid work, but for the general good spirit of friendliness she has for all fellow workers. Everyone from star to property boy is happy when Polly is on the set.

* * *

Marie Dressler, Adolphe Menjou, Dorothy Lee, Wallace Beery, and Fredric March have refused stardom within the last six months.

* * *

WHILE Corinne Griffith and her husband Walter Morosco are spending the summer months in Europe, Constance Bennett will occupy their Malibu Beach home.

* * *



A CERTAIN well known star recently entertained with a formal dinner and in place of the customary place cards and favors she conceived a novel idea of putting a popular novel at each place. The idea was that each guest should find the book whose title best described or fitted them. The first to find what he thought to be his place was a well known executive who went all around the table until he

The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



Catherine Dale Owen: Her golden hair dyed to get a big rôle—and then doesn't land it after all.

came upon "The Genius" by Dreiser and then sat down. Wilson Mizner was the last to be seated, he got "You Can't Win."

* * *

RECENTLY three directors, one actress and two actors who a very short time ago were known to picture fans the world over, were seen canvassing the studios for a day's work as extras or bit players. It's a hard struggle up the ladder to success but such a short fall down.

* * *

KING VIDOR is a keen devotee of tennis and would like very much to have the opportunity of directing Big Bill Tilden in his Metro-Goldwyn short on technical points of the game. King would have an opportunity of receiving instructions from the King of the Court that money couldn't buy.

* * *

That medium-sized young man seen industriously pedalling around on a bicycle at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer plant is Cliff Edwards, better known as "Ukulele Ike."

Cliff was working in four pictures at once, some of the stages being a city block or two apart. The bike helped conserve his sole leather and temper.

* * *

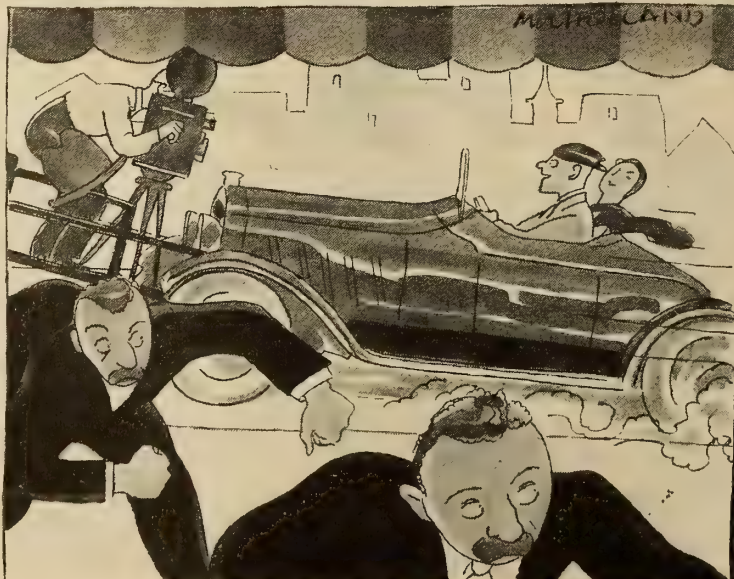
STRANGE as it may seem—believe it or not—there are some people who don't know Rudolph Valentino is dead. The post office at the Paramount studio is still getting mail addressed to the former idol and requests for photographs personally autographed.

* * *

Fritzi Ridgeway smoked the pipe of peace with the Kaw Indians when she was adopted into the tribe a few weeks ago. She promptly became sick. The doctors said it was the "flu," not the pipe which upset her.

* * *

VICTOR McLAGLEN has added boxing instructions to his other accomplishments, and is very proud of the record just established by his first and only pupil. His son, Andrew, age ten years, has just won the boxing championship for the third consecutive time at the John Curtis school.



THERE was a reunion of former New York City Police and Fire Officials recently at Fox Movietone City. Grover Whalen, former New York Police Commissioner, was the guest of Winfield Sheehan, former New York Fire Commissioner, at luncheon. Mr. Whalen gave a brief talk and told of having been guest at the breakfast club where a thousand men had gathered together at eight o'clock in the morning. A feast, he says, which would be impossible in New York.

* * *

GEORGE O'BRIEN and Director John Ford are on the first lap of their vacation trip which is to take them on a tour of the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, China and Japan.

* * *

A TRANS-CONTINENTAL limited train streaked with the desert's dust, rolled slowly into the Los Angeles terminal station and came to a stop. Camera-men, press agents, reporters scanned the alighting passengers.

"There he is!" exclaimed one.

"Tommy Meighan!" shouted another and the old welkin rang for all that welkins are worth.

From the steps of another car, a neatly dressed, nice-looking man alighted, shook hands with Forrest Monroe, his business manager, and a friend or two, then directed that his bags, all covered with European stickers, be placed in a car. He quietly left the station, virtually unobserved.

The man was Walter Huston, one of the most outstanding actors in pictures today. The ballyhoo was missing.

"I like it that way," he said, quite modestly.

Mr. Huston was returning from a trip to Paris, London, Monte Carlo and Milan. At Tunis, he visited Eugene O'Neill in whose plays "The Fountain" and "Desire Under the Elms" he took the leads. O'Neill, he said, has prepared screen versions of "The Hairy Ape" and "Desire Under the Elms."

* * *

They heard Lupe Velez uttering strange sounds on the set of "The Squawman," at the M-G-M studio. She would go into a huddle with herself and croak the sounds over and over again.

"Is that Mexican profanity," a camera-man asked, "or is your throat sore?"

But it was neither. Lupe had to learn some words in Apache for her role in "Naturich" and she was doing her best to make them sound like Indian. The redman who tutored her finally gave his approval and Lupe recorded the words in the film.

* * *

WHEN the late Louis Wolheim went to Metro-Gold-

film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

wyn to make (what turned out to be his last picture) "A Gentleman's Fate," starring Jack Gilbert, he was assigned the dressing room formerly occupied by Lon Chaney, but like most stage actors his superstition would not permit him to take it, so he occupied the one next to it.

* *

LITTLE Wallace Reid, Jr., now thirteen years of age, has no hankering to become a screen star, his mother, Dorothy Davenport Reid, says. The lad is in school and takes small interest in the "movies."

"If he ever enacted a role," Mrs. Reid said, "it would be with 'Bill' Hart and 'Bill' only. He, you know, was Wally's best friend. But I don't suppose Mr. Hart will do any more pictures. He's happy on his ranch near Saugus."

A New York producer wrote Mrs. Reid some time ago asking if the boy might work in a film. She replied that he was disinterested.

* * *

Gloria Swanson possesses the smallest feet among the female stars, wearing size two—Garbo the largest, with a seven.

* * *

THE film colony looked on with regret as Lew Brown, Ray Henderson and Buddy De Sylva, noted song writers, dissolved their organization and Brown and Henderson headed back to New York. The "Three Musketeers of Music" seemed part and parcel of screen entertainment.

"We're breaking up a partnership of five years because Brown and Henderson don't like Hollywood and miss the atmosphere of the theater," De Sylva explained.

"We're checking out and leaving our shares of more than \$1,000,000 to Bud because we don't intend to let Hollywood break our hearts," Brown and Henderson chorused later. "It's too much like grinding out sausage," Brown added. "One picture right after another, without a chance to get a sandwich and a drink of water in between. That's not ART. They don't want good song writers out here. I've seen many a good 'book' man get the air because he didn't 'fit in,' as they say.

"Everything's all right between us three," they went on. "We're still good friends, but Bud can have Hollywood."

* * *

JOHN BARRYMORE has made a discovery. Dolores Costello, his beautiful blonde wife can cook ham and eggs!

"And cook 'em like nobody's business!" John explains, proudly.

The two have returned from a brief yachting trip into Mexican water, during which they went ashore and spent a night in sleeping bags. Next morning, Dolores turned

cook and over a campfire prepared coffee, ham and eggs. Then they spent hours studying the brightly plumed birds which abound in the Southern Republic. The Barrymores' private aviary is one of the most extensively stocked in all California.

As soon as Dolores completes "The Passionate Sonata" and John finishes "The Genius," for Warner Brothers-First National, the two will go on another extended cruise into the South Seas. Dolores Ethel, their baby, will be taken on this trip.

* * *

Wallace Beery recently piloted a twelve-passenger plane from Los Angeles to San Francisco and was not recognized by any one of the passengers—such is fame. Wally is the only actor who holds a transport license.

* * *

THE "flu" which laid Gary Cooper low while he was making "City Streets," reduced his weight twelve pounds in five days. Never any too husky at his best, he said he had to stand twice in the same place to make a shadow. When the "flu" was done, he went to a hospital with yellow jaundice.

* * *

MACK SENNETT stared. The stranger began rising to greet him.

Up he went, and up and up and up. The comedy producer lifted his chin and watched the ascent. When the man's stature had reached 8 feet 7 inches and there stopped, Mr. Mack was satisfied he was looking at the biggest man in the world.

"I'd like to get into the movies in a big way," the caller said.

"That's the only way you could do it," Mr. Sennett replied.

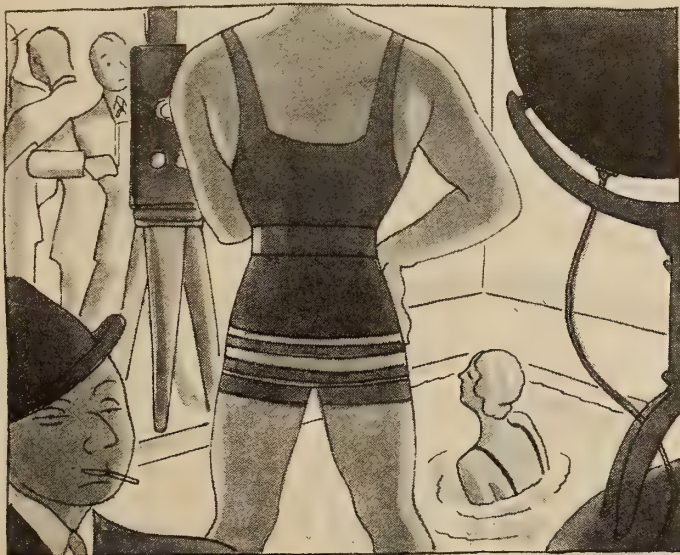
The man was Clifford Thompson of Stevens Point, Wis. He is twenty-five years old, weighs 325 pounds, has a chest measurement of 52 inches and wears size 16 shoes. A 50-cent piece easily will slip through the finger ring he wears on his left hand. By the side of Marjorie Beebe, 5 feet 3½, he looked something like the Empire Building. Hitherto, the tallest man in the world was eight feet four inches.

Mr. Sennett may use Thompson in a few two-reel pictures.

(Continued on page 77)



Gary Cooper: Laid low by the flu and jaundice, he loses twelve pounds in only five days.



The ROMANCE of Marlene Dietrich

BY
DR. HANS
WOLLENBERG
of
The Berlin Licht
Bild Bühne



Marlene Dietrich in one of her earlier German-made films, "Schiffe der Verlorenen Menschen" ("Ships of Lost Men"), which was filmed in Berlin by Maurice Tourneur, who used to make pictures in this country. This was Miss Dietrich's first leading rôle.

ONE does not ask any woman—and above all an artist—how old she is. At the utmost one may guess and with Marlene Dietrich one does not go wrong, if one assigns her birthday, which she celebrates on December 27, to the year 1905.

Marlene Dietrich is not her right name; she was born the daughter of a German nobleman and army

officer and was baptized as Marlene von Losch. Her mother was not of the nobility, but was a member of a well-known and respected family by the name of Felsing.

In the formerly imperial Germany it was against tradition for a member of a family of nobility to go on the stage; perhaps it was this consideration which decided her, after the War, to drop her parental name and call herself Marlene Dietrich, a name which also belonged to her family.

SHE lost her father quite early; her mother is still living and has her home in Berlin on the same street as her daughter. They are devoted to each other.

Marlene Dietrich grew up in Berlin, where she received a careful education. Besides attending the Auguste Victoria Lyceum (one of the foremost schools for young girls in Berlin), she had many private tutors at home, especially for languages, and thus it happened that she learned to master English and French, as well as her mother tongue. At that time no one guessed what wonderful help this knowledge of languages would be for her career as a star of the talking films. The fact that her only sister, slightly older, is a student of philosophy proves that the von Loschs were strong for culture and education.

It is customary in Germany's best families for the daughters to attend a finishing school (Pensionat) after graduating from the Lyceum. And so we find Marlene finishing her education and taking up the study of music at Weimar, the city of Goethe, ancient culture and artistic impressions.

This was her first step toward Art.

Marlene von Losch had natural musical talent. She plays the piano, and besides having her voice trained, she was quite fascinated with the study of the violin. While speaking of her remarkable musical talents, it must be revealed that she can play other instruments besides those mentioned above, and that she derives a special pleasure from playing on the "Musical Saw," which she manipulates very skillfully.

Want to Know All About the Mysterious German Star? Here Are All the Facts, Told for the First Time

MARLENE DIETRICH

Her name was Marlene von Losch before she married Rudolf Sieber, German studio executive. The name Dietrich is a family one.

Her father was a nobleman and army officer.

She was born in Berlin. First intended to be a musician.

Met her husband on her first visit to any studio—and fell in love.

But in spite of this love of and gift for music, this art was not destined to become her fate and the stepping stone to her fame. For, when she left Weimar and returned to Berlin, she discovered that her strongest ambitions and desires leaned toward the stage.

WHAT was she to do? The greatest shining light in the theater firmament, as every one knows, is Max Reinhardt. In connection with his various theaters, Mr. Reinhardt also conducts a theater school where young talents are discovered and trained, and are then offered opportunities as actors in his theaters. It is in this school that the brightest careers of the German stage have made their beginnings. No wonder that the dream of every stage aspirant centers in being admitted to Reinhardt's "Theaterschule," a wish that is not easily gratified, as the selection of artists is very strict and the doors of this school open only to those of most extraordinary talent and ability.

One of Reinhardt's most important co-workers, Berthold Held, is the director and a teacher of this school. He himself gave me the following interesting account of Marlene Dietrich's first steps towards the stage:

"It is now eight years since Marlene Dietrich presented herself to me in company of her mother; a young girl, like so many others, with an unquenchable desire to go on the stage," he said. "Of course, this meant a test, for only such pupils are accepted who convince me from the first of



Above, Miss Dietrich in her masquerade as The Black Knight in "Dishonored," her last American-made picture. Compare the Dietrich of 1931 with the Dietrich of "Das Schiffe der Verlorenen Menschen" and note how the German actress has gained in poise and surety. Left, Miss Dietrich in the library of her Berlin residence with her little five-year-old daughter, Marlies, affectionately called "Heidede"

Marlene Dietrich as Her Home Folks View Her

their ability. Twice she put in appearances to recite for me; something of literary value which would enable me to judge her existing dramatic talent. The fact that I accepted her as my private pupil is proof of her ability.

"I started the study of famous parts from classical plays with her. I remember well that I studied with her the role of Princess Eboli from Schiller's 'Don Carlos.' This private course lasted but a few months; but within that time there occurred an incident which affected her future life. To give her an opportunity to cooperate in a film as a super, I took her to the Efa Studio and thus she made her first acquaintance with the movies, with Klieg lights and camera, if only at a distance, as a small unknown super. But she also made another important acquaintance at the Efa Studio; for I, myself, introduced her to the director and I noticed at once, that in the first second of their meeting there was a mutual interest between them. You might call it love at first sight. The fact is, that one year later this director and manager, Rudolf Sieber, became, and what is more, is still her husband.

THIS sympathy helped her career along, for already on the following day she was advanced to an extra, sitting in the first row, with a monocle in her eye, instead of being in the background as a super.

"Incidentally, it is quite interesting to note that on that same day, I took another young lady to the Efa Studio, for whom this same day proved to be of no less importance; she became the wife of Ernst Lubitsch later on.

"At that time I had already gotten the impression that Marlene's interest in the film was far greater than that in the stage; her career proved it. The last time I met her was a year and a half ago. It happened before her engagement and big success in 'The Blue Angel,' at the Ufa, under the direction of von Sternberg. Although at that time she could already look back on several film successes, she told me that artistically she felt dissatisfied, had not yet been able to develop in the right direction and was anxious to accomplish something totally different. It was obvious that she was suffering from unsatisfied and strong artistic ambitions. Very shortly they were to find surprising satisfaction." That is the story of Marlene Dietrich's teacher who directed her first dramatic steps.



A lovely photographic study of Miss Dietrich and her daughter, Marlies. Outside of her work, Miss Dietrich says her whole life is wrapped up in her little daughter.

produces a charming "Revue" in 1928 with the title "Es Liegt in der Luft" ("It's in the Air"). Marlene Dietrich has one of the principal parts and is triumphantly successful. Suddenly she belongs in the front row of the Berlin theater world. Her charm, her singing and her dancing are big assets and establish her success. Her song hit, "Wenn die Beste Freundin mit der Besten Freundin" ("When the Best Friend with the Best Friend"), from this revue is still remembered by Berlin theater-goers.

And naturally now she draws the attention of the film world. This is what her first director, Robert Land, has to say about her discovery for the movies:

"I saw and heard Marlene Dietrich in 1928 in the revue, 'It's in the Air,' and was fascinated. I said to myself at once that this artist was made for the films, and I asked her to call on me to talk things over. She came, but said at once that it was of no use, that she had been in about thirty pictures and had gotten nowhere; that she had never been selected for a principal part and probably was not suited for it. All that talk did not discourage me. I asked her to drink a glass of water to notice her natural motions. My impressions of this confirmed me in this

(Continued on page 98)

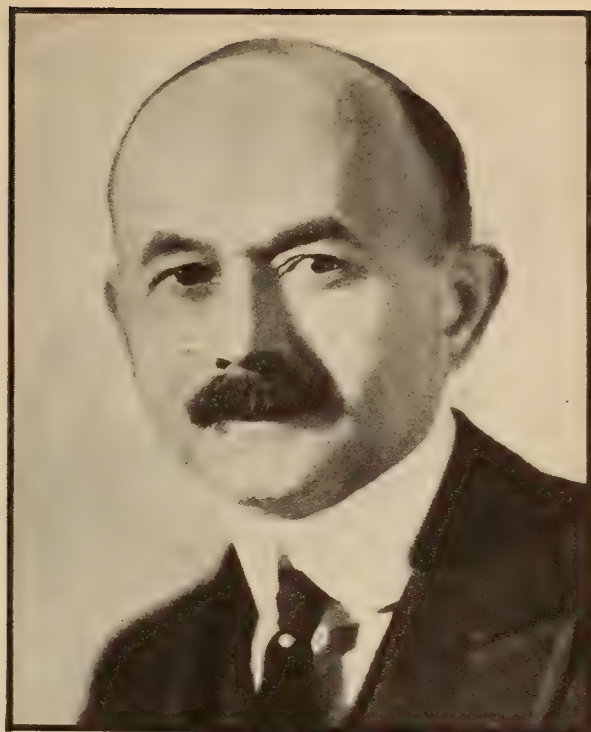


Miss Dietrich, who is Mrs. Rudolf Sieber in real life, in the library of her Berlin home. Here she divides her time between her family and her work.

The MORALS of Hollywood

Motion Pictures Must Justify Themselves Artistically and Socially—
and Discard the Fear of Truth

By JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY



Judge Ben B. Lindsey Underwood

JUDGE BEN BARR LINDSEY is a notable figure in our national life. For over twenty-five years he attracted wide attention for his handling of the juvenile court of Denver. Through him our methods of correcting juvenile delinquency took a step forward.

He was a candidate for governor of Colorado and he is known from coast to coast as a writer and lecturer. Recently, Judge Lindsey has been a storm center, due to his advocacy of companionate marriage.

Judge Lindsey has spent much time in Hollywood and he knows and understands movieland and motion pictures.

UNQUESTIONABLY Hollywood is influencing the ideals, customs, standards—that is, the “morality”—of the country to the remotest cross-roads community.

I am not here concerned with the private lives of the actors, actresses and other artists who form the most picturesque part of the world's greatest movie colony. If that subject were under discussion I should say, as I have often said before, that the private living of Hollywood is on as high a plane as that of lawyers, doctors, writers, or any other professional group. There are variations in the moral code among the picture people as elsewhere, but it is my opinion, from rather close contacts with their domestic life, that their behavior is no less wholesome than the behavior of other social minorities with the same unlimited opportunity to do about as they please.

In this article I am dealing with the morality of Hollywood as reflected on the screen and with the effect of that reflection on the lives of the millions of movie patrons in the nation. What is Hollywood telling the people about life? Is Hollywood giving them the facts

so that they may arrive at valid conclusions as to the full life, the more desirable life? Is it telling them the truth about “success” and “failure”? Is it giving them an accurate view of the turbulent world in which they find themselves in 1931? Is it a stimulating, educative force, deepening individual and social consciousness? Is it an encouragement to honesty and courage or to evasion and cowardice? Do the movies stand for reality or for escape from reality?

HOLLYWOOD'S influence on the more superficial phases of living are obvious. Skirt lengths fluctuate to the dictates of the reigning queens of stardom. The make-up of the studio lot is a commonplace in Midletown. Carmine lips, purplish eyelids, beaded lashes, plucked eyebrows, hair sleeked close to the cranium or bobbed with frizzly ends—these are but parts of the movies' conquests. A new animation lights the eyes of the flappers of Main Street. Puritan America, stolid, repressed, runs a whole new gamut of facial expression. Gestures, dazzlingly adroit, punctuate the witticisms of Yankee repartee. There is a new boldness and freedom in the walk of our girls; in their dress a franker revelation of physical charms.

These changes I do not lay entirely at the door of the movies, but I am convinced they have been sped up by the movies and their spread is far wider than it would have been if the klieg lights had not been born.

A keen young observer tells me she is satisfied that the technique of love making is taking on a new finesse in America due to the influence of the screen. She insists the late Valentino was the “great lover” in the eyes of hundreds of thou-

sands of girls, that he set new standards in romance which alert youths everywhere copied or sought to improve upon! She was referring, no doubt, to deftness and flair of manner, to deference of approach, to nicety of address and caress, which rural America of the North and West, at least, had, down to the twentieth century, neglected.

"I protest against the success propaganda of the movies—the never-ending dangling of the bit of wealth and social prestige before aspiring youth. As the movies see it, the full life is the life of entanglement with limousines, costly establishments, gorgeous raiment, dazzling banquets."

—JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY.

(Continued on page 107)



Janet Gaynor saved the slippers she wore in "Seventh Heaven" and she wears them at least once in every film.



Edmund Lowe always wears his student cap from Santa Clara University when he dons his make-up.

Their Good Luck Tokens

By JACK BEVERLY

MOTION picture people have the reputation of being the most cold-blooded, selfish folk in the world.

Yet, when you get to know these people, if you ever really do, you find beneath the selfish callous exteriors that they are quite as sentimental at heart as you or I.

Few of them but have saved some memento from the picture that launched them on a successful career. Mr. Powell himself, I am told, has kept the beret that he wore as the legionary in "Beau Geste," as a kind of talisman and souvenir.

Dick Barthelmess, who has the reputation of being strictly business, is, at heart, one of the most confirmed sentimentalists I know. Not content with one souvenir, he has kept a reminder of each spectacularly successful picture he has made. Going into his dressing room one finds on the walls the Chinaman's cap from "Broken Blossoms," the gun from "Tol'able David" and the boxing gloves he used in "The Patent Leather Kid."

Pola Negri, who was sup-

posed to think of nothing and nobody but herself, had the bedroom suite used in "Passion" shipped all the way to America and used it in her own bedroom as long as she was here. In company with Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, I recently visited the people who bought

her home, and there, in all its splendor, was the Louis XV suite from "Passion." After selling them the house, Pola, as soon as she was settled in Europe, wrote and asked if they would sell her back that suite so she could have it again.

Speaking of Sue, one naturally expects her to be sentimental. Nor is one disappointed. She has kept a little lace shawl she wore in "Soft Cushions," her first picture. And quite little it is, too. Sue played a harem belle.

Betty Compson, whose career has been one of ups and downs, whose successes have been almost as numerous as



The business-like Dick Barthelmess is sentimental, too. He saved the old musket you see here that he used in his first big hit, "Tol'able David."



Dick Arlen cherishes the aviator helmet and goggles he wore in "Wings." And why not? They brought him luck.



Mary Brian saved the little acorn which Peter Pan gave her when she played Wendy, and she never parts with it.

The Movie Favorites Are Just as Sentimental About Their Lucky Talismans as Other Folks

her friends and who has developed into one of our shrewdest business women, still cherishes a lace blouse she wore in "The Miracle Man."

RUTH CHATTERTON, the woman of the world, who brags that she lives in the midst of turmoil, never puts anything away and can never find anything she looks for, has saved a pair of shoes from almost every successful picture or play in which she has appeared. She has a trunkful of them and can tell you at a glance in which production any pair of shoes was used. One pair, she showed me, was used in "Daddy Long Legs." That was her first stage starring vehicle. She played an orphan and, knowing that orphans get only what is left and what no one else wants, she started on a hunt for shoes to wear in the play. Appearing in Denver, she noticed a scrub-woman with an old, old pair of shoes, coated with the gray that comes from age. Said Ruth: "If you'll take those shoes off right here and now and give them to me, I'll give you \$15 for them." And those are the shoes she values today.

Shoes seem to be a favorite keepsake, although I've never been able to figure out why. Mothers treasure the first shoes their babies wore. Joan Crawford, although only the mother of a large family of dolls, has kept a pair of satin slippers in which she danced the Charleston in "Sally, Irene and Mary," which first attracted attention to her and started her on her hey-day career.

Marie Dressler has kept a pair of torn stockings and

dilapidated shoes which she wore—no, not in "Anna Christie," but in "Tillie's Punctured Romance," which was made before many of you ever saw the light of day and in which Charlie Chaplin appeared but wasn't even featured. But if you think Miss Dressler doesn't remember "Anna Christie" with a tear and a smile, get her to show you the glass beer mug which she kept as a reminder of that heart-wrenching scene in the saloon of that picture.

JANET GAYNOR, too, has the shoe penchant and kept the pair she used in "Seventh Heaven." So profound is her belief in their talismanic qualities that she has not only kept them but actually wears them in some

one scene of every picture she makes. If the shoes are out of keeping with the character she portrays, she wears them in a close-up where they don't show.

William Haines, who boasts of his unsentimentality and who swears that he wants to live in the present and not the past—who hasn't even a still from any of his pictures—has kept the complete uniform he wore in "Tell It to the Marines."

And Mrs. Oakie's boy, Jack, who is the last person one would ever suspect of sentimentality,

has kept the hats he has used in almost every picture he's made. But the gob's lid from "The Fleet's In" is the one he puts under his pillow at night.

Dick Arlen, whose life has been as kaleidoscopic and colorful as any O. Henry ever wrote about, who has been buffeted about until he (Continued on page 100)

Call them talismans, mementos, charms, lucky keepsakes, sentimental souvenirs or what you will, they stand for an unforgettable memory in the lives of your movie favorites. Even Marie Dressler has the dilapidated shoes she wore long ago in the popular "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

The Seven-Year Romance of Charles and Virginia

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



Charles Farrell first saw Virginia Valli on a huge ballroom set at Universal City. He was an extra. She was a star. His love started there—but she never knew until years later. Then they met. Fame, by that time, had come to Farrell. And their romance started. Above, Farrell on his yacht. Right, Virginia Valli.

ABATTERED Ford made its reckless and noisy way across the continent of North America. At the wheel sat a young man from Cape Cod, a tanned, curly headed youth with an irresistible twinkle of adventure in his eyes.

"Where you bound, brother?" asked the gas station men along the highways.

"Hollywood," said the young man, and let it go at that.

One does not tell chance acquaintances of gas stations of romantic dreams cherished since boyhood, of hours spent in a picture theater—by chance, owned by one's father—watching Tom Mix and Wally Reid and Richard Barthelmess in fictional deeds of glory.

Charles Farrell, only son of an old Cape Cod family, had broken away from the family traditions and was bound for the new gold rush land of the cinema. He had his Ford, his health, and a few—a very few—dollars. Arriving, he became one of the great army of extra men. Three dollars a day when he worked, sometimes five, but not often.

One day the fates sent him out to Universal City to appear in a ballroom scene. To Charlie the day was much like all other days to start with. Made up, he

stood about the set, talking with other extra men. When suddenly there appeared beneath the dazzling lights a vision of beauty such, as it seemed to the young man, he had never seen before.

A dark, slim girl, with a pure, oval face and serene dark eyes under a madonna brow.

That was Charlie Farrell's first glimpse of Virginia Valli. And it was a case of a cat looking upon a queen. For Virginia Valli was a star, a famed beauty, already at the top of the picture world. Nobody had ever heard of Charlie Farrell and he had never played anything but extra parts.

From that day forth, all Charlie's dreams were of the lovely lady he had seen from afar. He had spoken to her, too, casually, and she had been kind and gracious. He noticed that while she was dignity itself, and seldom laughed, she was nearly always smiling. That soft, mysterious smile remained in his mind, flashed before him on lonely evenings, stood between him and many a girl he met and

who bestowed looks of approval upon this unknown youth.



VIRGINIA VALLI doesn't even remember those first meetings on the Universal lot. She was married, very unhappily. She was busy and hard working. There was nothing to call her attention to any one of the many extra men who came across her path. Life wasn't very gay for the lovely Virginia in those days and that soft smile often hid a heart that was lonely and sad.

But Hollywood moves fast. Hollywood believes in drama, in changing life swiftly and unexpectedly. The scenes shift almost too quickly for the eye to follow. The panorama amazes anyone who has time to stop

and think about it.

Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli met at the Fox studio.

Charlie was no longer an extra man. He was a comet. "Seventh Heaven" had been made. There is no one interested in pictures who doesn't remember that Charlie's part as the cocky sewer rat who "looked up," as that very remarkable fellow, Chico, raised him to stardom overnight.

Virginia Valli was no longer a star and no longer a married woman. She had left her husband some time before. It was a severe wrench, because Virginia believed in the "forever and ever" part of the marriage service. But it had to come and she knew it.

Someone, in the course of the passing days, introduced the two. Miss Valli smiled—politely and without interest. But Charlie was for the moment dumb. A warm tide of memory swept over him. Always this girl would carry the halo of those young dreams. He

Great Love Stories of HOLLYWOOD

was a stranger in her eyes. But she was very close to him. The nearest thing to an ideal the boy had ever had. He grew red and a little breathless. He wanted to ask her to go to dinner with him, to let him see her sometime, somewhere. But courage failed him and the moment passed.

They saw each other from time to time. Virginia conceived an odd liking for this handsome young man, who looked at her with a wistfulness she could never understand.

The two were nearer—but not much.

THERE was another man, an older man, distinguished, successful, handsome, who occupied most of Virginia's thoughts just then. She wondered whether she was in love with him. She wondered whether she could ever be in love again, after the romantic fashion she had conceived when she dreamed over Tennyson's poems. She wondered why she didn't seem to care much about anything.

The truth, of course, was that Virginia Valli had been deeply wounded by her unsuccessful marriage. She is naturally a quiet, rather reflective person. And at that time she frankly shrank from life, from anything that might expose her to more hurts. It is not wise nor necessary here to go into the things she had suffered with her first husband. But they were humiliating, unpleasant ugly things. They couldn't happen to any girl and leave her where they found her. Her self-respect had been battered. Her self-confidence was at its lowest ebb. The gay and happy heart she had carried into her young girlhood was afraid now. Perhaps, after all, life wasn't meant to be very happy.

None of that showed in her face. She was more beautiful than ever. But she was adjusting herself to new concepts, new philosophies. From those days of confusion emerged Virginia, the philosopher, the woman Charlie Farrell was to love and eventually to marry.

Where many girls would have been shattered, would have grown hard or reckless; where many girls would have come out of that confusion and unhappiness with the old theory of "take what you can get, live for today, have all the fun you can," Virginia Valli did something quite, quite different.

She became a wise and tolerant and understanding person, convinced of life's compensations. A love of peace and comfort came to her. Her vision broadened. "The world is so full of a number of things," said Virginia. Books became real friends. Real friends grew in importance. The worlds of music, painting, travel, opened their doors to her. Laughter was to be sought, always. Work wasn't a burden but an opportunity.

VERY few women come to understand the meaning of comfort, of security, of kindness and confidence, and particularly of companionship, before they are thirty. Virginia Valli knew all those things in her



Acme and P. & A.

Happy? Yes, indeed! The bride and the bridegroom, photographed just as they started on their honeymoon trip to Europe. Thus the romance of Charles and Virginia came to its happy conclusion.

twenties. And she came to be much valued by men and women, who sought in her serenity and her sureness a safe harbor for confidences and a solace in misery.

You could trust Virginia, her tact, her understanding, her secrecy. There aren't many young women like that around.

In the meantime, Charlie Farrell had gone through the unusual and so little understood romance with Janet Gaynor.

Gay, emotional, stormy, vivid little Janet. They "grew up" together in pictures. They were the ideal young lovers of the screen. The (Continued on page 82)

The HOLLYWOOD



Censors have banned the glimpses of a cow reading Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks" from a cartoon comedy. Herb Howe reports that the event was looked upon as dangerous to the morals of the community.

Hollywood, Cal.:

PREDICTIONS of a new World War are about to be fulfilled. The feud over Marlene's resemblance to Greta threatens a reign of terror, and now Tallulah Bankhead waltzes home from London looking like Marlene, while from Paris come the rumblings of Pola packing her munitions for another onslaught of Hollywood. With these Swedish, German, Polish and Alabaman Amazons letting fly at one another, Hollywood will be a No Man's Land in which Mussolini would not dare open his peeper. So if nothing is heard from me again you'll know I have flown to Angelus Temple for sanctuary with Aimee and Ma.

Art in Ruffles: Frederick James Smith is a great picture critic but he admits he awaits my report on Marlene Dietrich's legs. He knows I have studied abroad.

In my opinion Miss Dietrich is an artist to the tips of her toes. In "The Blue Angel" she achieved emotional heights with her back turned. Indeed when she hitched up her little ruffled affairs I felt she was our greatest pantymimist.

Leg-Minded: The public as a whole does not appreciate art. For that reason I am a little worried about the future of Marlene's gifts. Some of my she-friends think she makes too much of them. A few suggest that her director is leg-minded. Alas, they cannot realize that an artist is interested primarily in form. Furthermore Miss Dietrich arrived in this country with only one trunk. You can't get much into one trunk. Something had to be left out, and Marlene may wisely have decided she could get along best without skirts.

When Oscar Wilde was asked by the customs officials what he had to declare he said: "Nothing but my genius." Marlene might have bettered Oscar by saying: "Nothing but my geniuses."

DRAWINGS BY KEN CHAMBERLAIN

Hollywood Relations: Carl Laemmle, Sr., has put his son Junior in charge of production at Universal. I went to see Junior recently and was waiting in the anteroom when an impetuous young fellow rushed in:

"I want to see Junior," he said.

"You will have to wait," said the secretary. "He and his lawyer have just gone in to see his father."

"Oi, oi!" cried my friend. "So he takes his lawyer along when he goes to see his father now."

Sensitive Spots: The Humane Society is investigating the treatment of animals used in "Trader Horn." I don't know what they can find out more than they see in the picture. Those alligators certainly looked abused to me. You can't shoot even an alligator in the tail without hurting his feelings. I know because I have a friend who doubled for one.

Superior Slaughter: The Humaners get awfully upset if a boy plagues a kitten in a picture or a cow is made to read "Three Weeks," but I haven't heard any of them objecting loudly to the millionaires who go on "big game hunts." And Lady-So-and-So with her foot poised delectably on the stomach of a murdered lion is considered a heroic person. I have set traps for ground squirrels on my rancheria but when my police dog caught one and started shaking it viciously before my eyes I slapped him smartly on the wagger and told him to stop imitating his superior creatures.

Human Baboons: I am not worrying about the Humane society doing the same to M.-G.-M. What worries me is that the picture boys may get scared and confess the stuff was faked. Remember how mad we got when we found out that those weren't real baboons that made off with the gals in "Ingagi"? Of all the dirty tricks! Several baboons wrote me furious protests.

Corrupting Cows: I think it inhumane of those Ohio censors to bar that cow from the screen because she read Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks" in a cartoon comedy. She'll never be able to stage a come-back unless she changes her name so that Will Hays doesn't recognize her. I don't see how "Three Weeks" can corrupt a cow's morals. I know little about the love life of cows but, even before I found out about Santa Claus, I learned that a calf on my grandpa's farm was born out of wedlock. Cows are terribly sophisticated.

Camels Demand Privacy: I recall the indignation of a camel on the Universal lot. She was about to become a mother, and of course the local chatter writers had to tell. That camel was madder than Garbo when anyone tried to see her. News photographers insisted on taking a picture of the birth. It occurred at night and spotlights were turned on the expectant mother. When the baby was born the mother tried to kick it to death. They told me that a camel in captivity always tries to kill her young. It is my opinion she preferred to see it dead than see it become an actor. Camels apparently cannot adjust themselves to the picture business. They seem to demand privacy. At least this mother camel in giving birth to her child snorted something that sounded to me like, "PULEEZE!"

Others Understand Einstein, But—: Rendered disconsolate by letters from Garbo fanatics who resent my weakness for Dietrich I was only able to go on when I received a note saying that I alone knew and understood Buddy Rogers. That makes up for my failure to understand Einstein.

BOULEVARDIER

By
HERB HOWE

Beautiful, But—: Evelyn Rossman of Milwaukee, asks me to do a story about Buddy Rogers. I tried to. I asked him to fill out a questionnaire. It was no more impudent than the one sent me by California's "Who's Who." I filled mine out, though I admit I oathed. Buddy, on the other hand, was the perfect gentleman and answered mine with the silence of a tomb. So I can only write epitaphically—Buddy Rogers: Silent Star.

Nina Hallelujahs Abroad: Nina Mae McKinney, the little colored girl who starred in "Hallelujah," told me it was her intention to become the toast of Paris, wear gowns like Gloria Swanson's and drip diamonds from her physique like Peggy Joyce. Well, Nina has been chateauxing abroad, drippin' diamonds and wearing pink face powder. According to *The Pittsburgh Courier*, a paper for the colored people, "the girl of a hundred loves" has signed to do an Ufa talkie for \$50,000. She is doing so well, in fact, that she felt she could afford to send her chaperon back to New York. As my colored boy Ambrose says: "That girl am sure a whip!"

Her Steeped Bed: When Nina Mae arrived in Paris she sent her card in to Josephine Baker, the American negress who has snake-

New World War of Greta vs. Marlene Stirs Hollywood—The Tricks of Old Debil Talkie—Star Salaries Leap in Movieland

hipped herself into fame and riches. Miss Baker, sensing rivalry, refused to see Nina. After all, Miss Baker is now a countess and recently was chosen "Queen of the Colonies" for the French Colonial

Exposition. The colored folks' newspaper, *Pittsburgh Courier*, says:

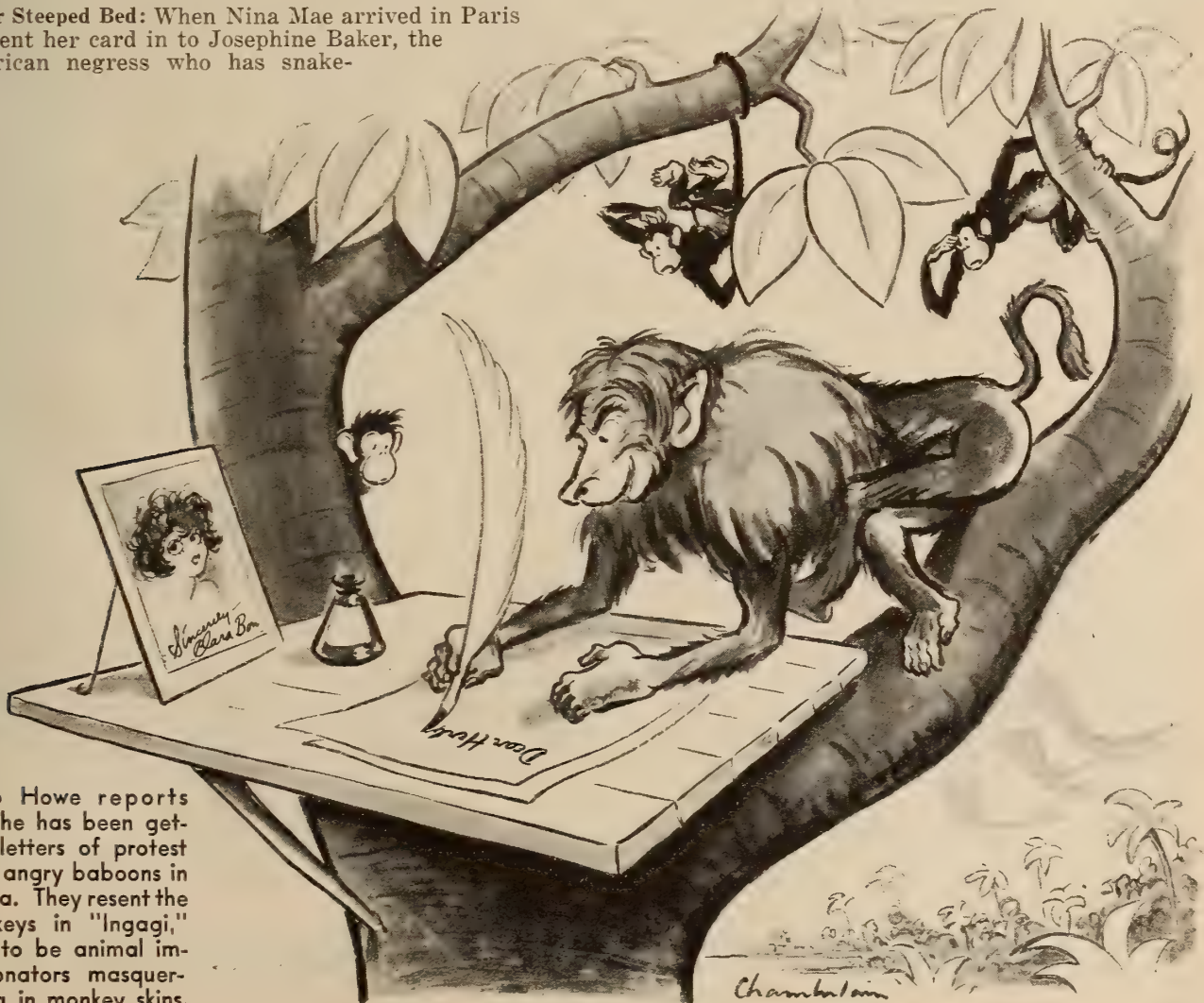
"Miss Baker lives in a colonial mansion valued at a quarter-million dollars, with a sunken swimming pool, luxurious motor cars, a number of servants, and she sleeps on a bed which is steeped in historical lore."

Steep sleep!

Pola's Passion Bed: Norma Shearer, a sharp wit, told me that when she and Irving Thalberg were looking for a house in Beverly Hills after their marriage, a realtor took them through Pola Negri's mansion. Conducting them to the star's bedroom he pointed to the Du Barry bed.

"That is the bed," he said impressively, "that Miss Negri used in 'Passion.'"

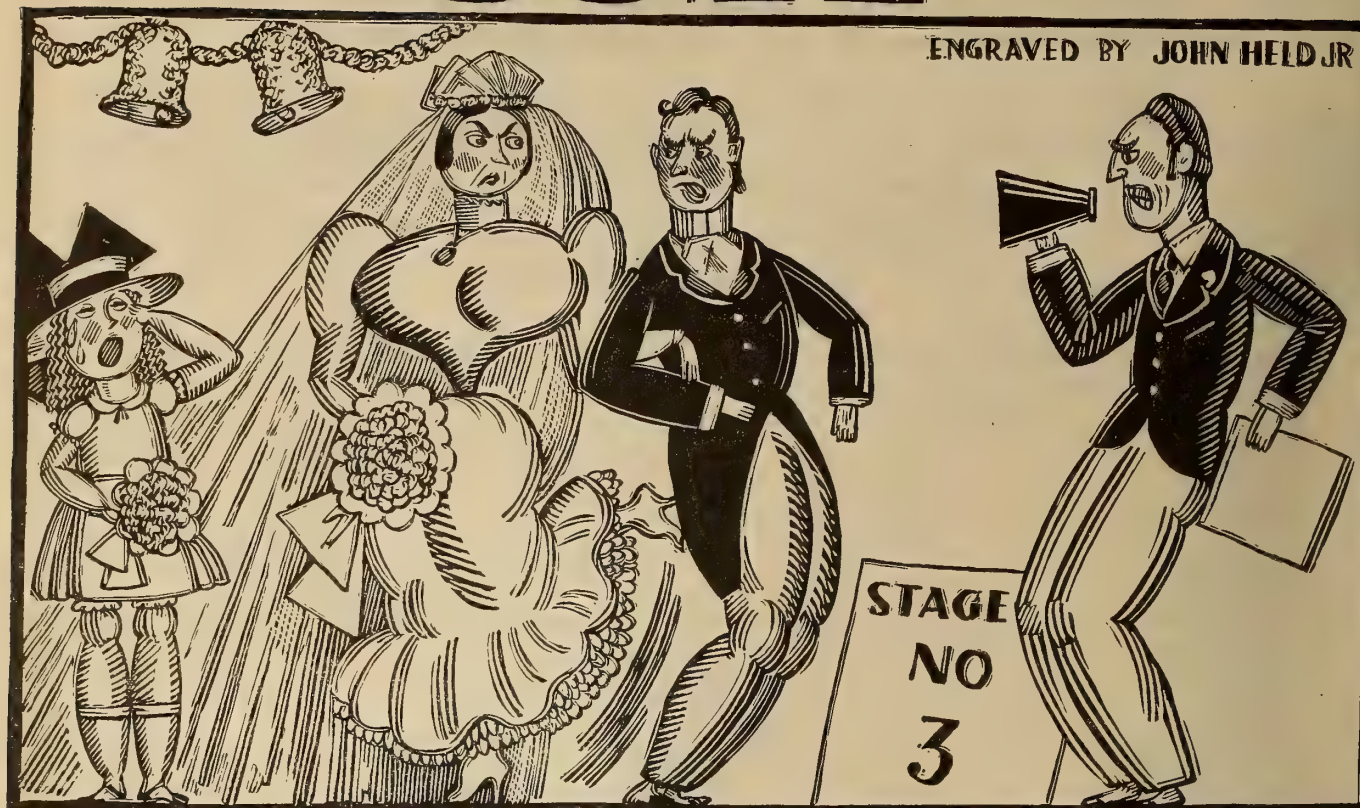
The New Sirens: The original (Continued on page 114)



Herb Howe reports that he has been getting letters of protest from angry baboons in Africa. They resent the monkeys in "Ingagi," said to be animal impersonators masquerading in monkey skins.

JUNE

ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR



THE MONTH OF JOY & HAPPINESS

M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.	M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
1	Mon.	1891: Clive Brook born at London, England.	17	Wed.	1775: Battle of Bunker Hill. 1895: Louise Fazenda born at Lafayette, Ind.
2	Tues.	Hedda Hopper born at Hollidaysburg, Pa. Year unknown.	18	Thurs.	1815: Waterloo. 1907: Jeanette MacDonald born at Philadelphia.
3	Wed.	1808: Jefferson Davis born. 1929: Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr., married in New York.	19	Fri.	1863: Maximilian, Austrian archduke, executed in Mexico.
4	Thurs.	1794: Robespierre beheaded. 1901: Lane Chandler born at Culbertson, Mont.	20	Sat.	1928: "Give Clara Bow a Break!" slogan originated.
5	Fri.	1910: First author returns to Manhattan with violent tales of Hollywood's mental shortcomings.	21	Sun.	This day Summer begins in the North Temperate Zone.
6	Sat.	1900: Ralph Graves born.	22	Mon.	1901: Jack Whiting born at Philadelphia, Pa. Moon in first quarter.
7	Sun.	1909: "Violin Maker of Cremona," with Mary Pickford in her first real rôle, released by Biograph.	23	Tues.	This day give a thought to such films as "The Beast of Berlin" and "The Battle Cry of Peace."
8	Mon.	1880: Clarence Badger born at San Francisco. 1896: Blanche Sweet born in Chicago. Moon in last quarter.	24	Wed.	1910: Martha Sleeper born at Lake Bluff, Ill.
9	Tues.	1915: First Sam Goldwyn story reaches Broadway.	25	Thurs.	"Twenty degrees cooler inside" hangs in front of the movie theaters.
10	Wed.	1900: Virginia Valli born at Chicago, Ill.	26	Fri.	1878: Ernest Torrence born at Edinburgh, Scotland.
11	Thurs.	1902: Walter Byron born at Leicester, England.	27	Sat.	1930: Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers married.
12	Fri.	1897: William Austin born at Georgetown, British Guiana.	28	Sun.	1858: Otis Skinner born at Cambridge, Mass. 1899: Lois Moran born at Pittsburgh, Pa.
13	Sat.	1929: Lambs' Club deserted by Broadway actors, all en route to Hollywood.	29	Mon.	Full moon tonight.
14	Sun.	1777: Stars and Stripes flag adopted by Fourth Continental Congress.	30	Tues.	1903: Madge Bellamy born at Hillsboro, Tex. 1919: Liquor banished from United States for all time.
15	Mon.	New Pioneer day in Idaho. New moon tonight.			
16	Tues.	1895: Stan Laurel (Laurel and Hardy) born at Ulverston, England. 1905: Barry Norton born at Buenos Aires, Argentina.			

Watch for This Feature Every Month

Birthstones for June: Ancient, emerald. Modern, agate. The emerald is said to bring happiness to wearers born in the month of June.



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

Here is a trick photograph of the perfect pair of Paramount. Both charmers are one and the same—Carole Lombard. The twin image effect was gained by the photographer. Miss Lombard is one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood and she has been getting a number of prominent rôles recently.



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

JUNE MacCLOY

Miss MacCloy, who scored in Doug Fairbanks' "Reaching for the Moon," is wearing white jersey pajamas appliquéd with modernistic designs in yellow and blue.



Photograph by John Miehle

GLORIA SWANSON



Photograph by Hurrell

Norma Shearer's screen poise and self-possession have created an illusion. The Hollywood theory is that luck has played no part in her career, rather that she has ordered and directed her life with the greatest forethought and efficiency. "It isn't true," says Miss Shearer. "Nothing has been planned. I didn't plan my film career. I wouldn't have gone into pictures if I hadn't been broke. I didn't marry Irving Thalberg because he was the big executive of my company. I wouldn't have married him if I hadn't been madly, deeply in love. Things have just happened."



Photograph by Hurrell

In "Strangers May Kiss" Norma Shearer plays a rôle similar to her part in "The Divorcee." In this interview Miss Shearer tells for the first time how she chanced to play this sort of sophisticated rôle.

Luck and Motherhood

Norma Shearer Gives Her First Interview Since the Birth of Her Son—
and Tells of the Part Chance Has Played in Her Career

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THERE is no danger that Norma Shearer will retire from the screen.

The lady who in one year had a baby and won the Academy award for the year's best performance has just signed a new two-year contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Slimmer, lovelier, sweeter than I have ever seen her, Norma Shearer is back on the lot, ready to go to work. Her son—and he is a beautiful baby if ever I saw one—will be eight months old on April 25th.

I admire Norma Shearer tremendously. She is a perfect example of a fine new type of womanhood. Ridiculously young, she is a great success in her chosen profession, she is a successful and beloved wife to a very busy and important man, and she is a sane and happy mother.

It is "some woman" who in her early twenties can drive that team of jobs and remain serene, alert, beautifully competent. Few of our younger screen stars have had the courage to venture so much.

AS we sat across a small luncheon table for the first interview Miss Shearer has given since she took time out to become the mother of Irving Thalberg, Jr., a new conviction about Norma came to me.

I have known her for seven years and always she

has been something of an enigma to me. To most people. Always gracious, always available, taking her part in things social and professional, she has nevertheless betrayed little of her inner self to the world. Friendly—but aloof. Charming to talk with, but essentially reserved. Not given to intimacies, and belonging to none of the small cliques which make up Hollywood, having no satellites to follow in her wake, she has moved in Hollywood but never quite been of it.

But as we talked freely over luncheon, it came to me that the keynote—I'm sure that there is a keynote to every character and that you can't estimate that character without first finding out what it is—the keynote of Norma's character is sincerity.

The revelation surprised me, but the more I thought, the more I listened, the surer I became.

She knows herself. Her power of analysis is proved by her work as an actress. She has had the courage to apply that analysis to herself. Her reserve comes from a fundamental sincerity which, if you will stop to think a moment, you will agree that few of us possess in daily contact with life.

"I AM a very lucky girl," she said quietly. "Sometimes I am amazed at my own luck. If anyone had told me a few years ago (*Continued on page 120*)



Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen gave a patio puzzle party recently. Left to right: Jobyna Ralston (Mrs. Arlen), Dick, Patricia Meighan, Walter Huston, Sue Carol, Nick Stuart.

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY
EVELYN GRAY

GAMES have come back into fashion with a vengeance these days. All kinds of games, and they are now forming the basis for a lot of charming and informal entertainment in Hollywood. When the picture folk are working hard and don't have time for big parties, small groups get together and bridge is having a very hard time to hold its own.

One of the most popular modes of entertaining right now is "puzzle parties." You have probably seen many of these big cut puzzles, which comprise hundreds and hundreds of small pieces and when put together form beautiful and often famous pictures. It's great fun to get a few friends together and try putting one together in an evening. And it's quite the thing now to "exchange puzzles." Once you have done one yourself, you put it back in the book and exchange for another one with some friends.

DICK ARLEN and his delightful little wife, Jobyna Ralston Arlen, are puzzle fans. Dick has been making so many pictures that he seldom has time to go out socially or to plan engagements ahead, so Joby likes to give him some fun at home and often asks their intimates in for a patio supper and an evening with a really intricate puzzle and I'm sure many wives of busy husbands would find this a good example.

The other evening Dick and Joby and Mr. and Mrs.

Nick Stuart—Mrs. Stuart, of course, is better known to the movie fans as Sue Carol—Walter Huston, and Patricia Meighan met at the Arlen home for such entertainment. The Arlens have a very pretty and unusual home at Toluca Lake, a real early California bungalow built right on the shore of the lake and just a minute's drive from the Lakeside Golf Club, where Dick gets his exercise.

Jobyna had a real puzzle ready and everybody started in. Sometimes these puzzles take weeks to do. Corinne Griffith has one about four feet square, which was so beautiful when she finished it that she had it shellacked and framed and it hangs over the mantel of her Malibu Beach home. Aileen Pringle is another puzzle devotee and right now is completing one which fills the whole ping-pong table.

IT being a warm spring evening, supper was served in the patio, from which the guests could watch the late evening colors on the lake. After dinner, they settled down to puzzle making and had a grand time. Incidentally, anagrams has come back into favor and almost everyone has a set of anagram blocks which are brought out for any gathering of five or over. It's great practice for one's vocabulary and the dictionary is becoming a best seller again. Carey Wilson, the famous scenario writer, is conceded the championship. With Jack Gilbert and Douglas (Continued on page 96)

Behind the Screen Dramas

WHAT I LEARNED AT A
HOLLYWOOD PARTY

AS
TOLD TO
VIRGINIA
MAXWELL

EACH month NEW MOVIE is presenting the real romance of a Hollywood unknown. You can read everywhere of the stars and the famous folk. These stories are of the people who never get their names into the electric lights.

This month NEW MOVIE offers the surprising drama of a little tourist and what happened when she actually met the movie star she had watched so many times in the little theater back home. This story, like the others of the series, is genuine. Some of the names are fictitious of course. But the little dramas are from real life, as they were gathered in Hollywood by Miss Maxwell.

The pictures, made by Stagg, the famous Hollywood photographer, were made on the actual locations described in the stories.

MAYBE we can start off understanding each other when I tell you I was a misfit. Just didn't belong to any clique of girls, never popular with the boys and when I had made up my mind to go in for some sort of career I found, after many disappointing experiences, that I just didn't make good at any of the artistic things I tried to do. I was a dreamer and dreamers are rarely practical people!

It was when I was twenty-three years of age that I found the glorious opportunity of going with my brother to the Pacific coast.

Mother had a cousin who had moved to Southern California for her health several years before. And when Harold's stamp collection business began to prosper and he decided to spend his vacation visiting Aunt



That tennis game was the beginning of everything, although I was far from realizing it then. The players were all well-known picture people. And it was there I met a very popular young star. Her first name is Mary. She took an interest in me—and that interest changed my whole life.

Hattie, I was thrilled and delighted to be asked along.

That was how I made my simple and unheralded debut in Los Angeles, which, of course, means to every tourist a trip to Hollywood. No, I didn't get a job as an extra in the movies; nor did I suddenly swing to the heights of stardom through one of the lucky breaks we read so much about. I'm going to tell you about the amazing thing which happened to me at a Hollywood party one evening, just when I had begun to think

It Was Her First Hollywood Party But in the



Mary would never dream of offering me one of her gorgeous frocks to wear, even though I hinted strongly that I'd feel funny in my old lace dinner dress. She ignored the hint, being entirely wrapped up in making up her lips.

Hollywood was one of the coolest little spots on the map.

Harold and I were awfully anxious to see Hollywood, for we, like everyone else in the world, had heard so much about it. Two days after we arrived in Pasadena, Aunt Hattie and Uncle Will got out their Ford and drove us over to Hollywood.

WE drove out to Culver City first and right up to the M.-G.-M. Studio gates and asked to see Greta Garbo. The uniformed guard looked us over appraisingly, asked us if we were long lost relatives, and when he learned we were just admirers, wanting to see her in person, he burst right out laughing and told us to write Miss Garbo for an appointment.

Only after several such attempts did we realize how silly we were—actually trying to talk with a world-famous personality for no good reason except idle curiosity.

You can imagine my surprise then when Harold phoned me breathlessly one afternoon to tell me he'd actually been talking with Leatrice Joy. Leatrice, who was formerly the wife of the famous John Gilbert

and mother of his little daughter, Leatrice Joy, 2nd. How many times had I followed the story of their romance in the magazines back home. And here was Harold actually meeting Leatrice Joy herself.

Quite excitedly he told me how he was sitting in a stamp-collector's office (Harold always kept his business in mind no matter where he went) when he walked Leatrice Joy. She was making a collection of rare stamps for her baby daughter and had come to purchase some.

The broker introduced Harold and they chatted for quite a while. In fact, it was Harold who sold Leatrice Joy the stamps he had taken out to the coast to dispose of. He hurried home to tell us all the thrilling details of his afternoon, but the crowning glory was when he announced that his friend had invited him to join a group of movie tennis players at a friend's home Saturday. They needed an extra player, one of Harold's ability, anyway, and I was just imagining how Harold must have boasted about his tennis trophies after Miss Joy opened up the tennis subject.

It was funny to hear both Aunt Hattie and Uncle Will handing Harold a whole volume of advice before he went out to Beverly Hills that day.

As I look back upon it now, from my own beautiful home on the mountainside overlooking Hollywood, I chuckle with delight. But that is ahead of my story.

THE upshot of that memorable day was that Harold was asked to bring me along next time. He had told some of the players about

lonely me and I guess he worked up a little sympathy in my direction so that they suggested I be dragged along next time. I have no illusions that they urged him or that anyone would ever have missed me had I not showed up.

For me, it was the beginning of everything, although I was far from realizing it then. The tennis game was like most tennis games, except that the players were well-known picture people. Most of the men were in white linen, while the girls wore bathing suits or tennis shorts.

I haven't told you everyone who was at the tennis match that afternoon, since one of the girls, a very popular young star, asked me not to mention her name in this story. Her first name is Mary. It was this beauty who seemed to take an interest in me and for no apparent reason we found ourselves sitting on the side lines, under a huge umbrella, chatting about home towns and linen frocks and layer cakes.

Before the day was over Mary gave me her private telephone number and asked me to call her up. She had a lot of special fan mail she wanted answered and

Moonlit Patio Garden She Found Real Romance

she thought my mind ran in just the right channel for replies. She would outline what she wanted to say and I would put it into lovely words for her.

I WAS delighted with this opportunity, for it not only gave me a few hours work to do each day, from then on, but it afforded me some money with which to indulge in a few of the delectable accessories one sees every day in the Hollywood Boulevard shops. Aunt Hattie was glad, too, for I guess she had begun to grow weary of seeing me hang around the front porch in between dish-wiping events.

To me, it was the open road to a group of charming movie acquaintances and the realization of the first childish desire I had, just to see, face to face, one of my own movie favorites. Before three months had elapsed I had met many of the stars at premieres, at teas, at informal dinners. For Mary had learned that I was more than a secretary. I was conscious of my lack of great beauty, although I concede I am fairly attractive; so conscious of my shortcoming that Mary seemed to appear more beautiful by contrast. She admitted this frankly to me one day during our confidences, so I'm really not being catty in remarking it.

And then came the memorable event of the season. It was a party given by a Beverly Hills society matron. Mary saw to it, for the reason I've told you, that I was included in the invitation. That was how I came to be asked to the grand occasion when we were to meet the most popular male movie star of the day, a movie idol whose fame was international. I had always adored him on the screen. His eyes were liquid pools of passion in close-ups, his profile one which artists came to Hollywood to sculpture. His body was exquisitely moulded and usually the scenario included scenes in which he could show his bronzed muscles covering his tall, slender frame like those of a Greek god. He had always been my favorite star and I know that millions of other girls felt the same way about him as I did.

WHEN Mary told me I was at last to have the opportunity of meeting the one star over whom I'd been raving ever since I got in with the movie set, I was fairly breathless.

So long had I kept this secret affection for him locked in my heart that it seemed almost like a fairy tale that I was to see him, actually be close to him in person, and if we were introduced, to feel the touch of his hand.

Little pins and needles seemed to play through my body all that day, though I tried to keep a poker face on before Mary. I was terribly afraid she would tell



I wandered out to the moonlit patio. It was a glorious night, typical of California—a gentle mellowness in the air like the evenings of early Spring back home. I don't know how long I sat there dreaming, humming the music of the distant Hawaiian orchestra, when from somewhere I heard a familiar voice.

him, and if he laughed, as he probably would, I think I would have died of shame.

So I kept pinching myself that it was all true that night as I carefully dressed for the party. Mary would never dream of offering me one of her gorgeous frocks to wear, even though I hinted strongly that I'd feel funny in my simple lace dinner dress. She ignored the hint, being entirely wrapped up in making up her lips at the moment.

"Your big boy is very high-hat," she said suddenly, as she swung around from her dressing-table to face me. I was surprised that Mary was still thinking of my flattering words about him.

"High-hat? How do you mean?" I asked.

"Every picture star in Hollywood has tried to make him at some time or other—but he gives them all the freeze-out. Conceit, I guess, afraid of having anyone else cut in on his popularity."

It was the first time the thought occurred to me that Mary liked him pretty well (*Continued on page 103*)

Comes the SUMMER



Above, Anita Page makes a charming appearance in a one-piece jersey dress of white, featuring a short sleeved bolero jacket of brown, the brown shade being carried out in the belt and button decorations. Brown and white sport slippers and bag add an attractive color touch, while the hat and gloves are white. The white chiffon frock, worn by Miss Page at the right, shows an interesting use of black lace insertion designs. Forming the only ornamentation on the otherwise plainly made frock, the contrast gives a striking effect.



POSED
for
NEW
MOVIE
by
ANITA
PAGE



In the circle at the upper left Miss Page demonstrates one of the attractive early Summer hats, Grecian in mood. This is a combination of white silk braid with a wreath of green laurel leaves. A fine mesh veil adds an alluring feminine touch to the hat. Colorful printed silks combined with lines lend themselves to the Summer suits designed for the new season. Miss Page reveals a combination of this type just above, her suit showing a sleeveless bolero and bell-shaped skirt of printed silk with handkerchief linen blouse of short sleeve, rounded collar design. Left, Miss Page appears in a rose-colored knitted suit with flesh-colored sweater. Knitted suits are arriving to join the Summer sportswear styles fashioned in three-piece patterns consisting of sweater and skirt with cardigan jacket.

What the Well Dressed Mermaid Will Wear This Summer



Top left, Dorothy Jordan in her trim two-piece bathing suit showing a modernistic pattern carried out on the white top of her pleated trouser suit. Above, June MacCloy in her new anti-sunburn bathing suit. This is the latest beach vogue. It is a high-necked jersey suit in white and dark blue. The top part is appliquéd with a modern design in blue and yellow. The beach jewelry is of carved wood. Left, Catherine Moylan demonstrating that plaid gingham is the newest thing for beach pajamas. It is a youthful pattern carried out in blue, yellow, red and black, fashioned in a backless style with an accompanying bolero jacket.

Newest Beach Styles



Above, Dorothy Jordan in one-piece white bathing suit, ideal for real swimming. The white cap matches. Left, Lillian Bond in a short and abbreviated romper beach suit. Made of printed striped or dotted wash material, in splashy colors, these suits are ideally designed for active sports.

Leila Hyams, at the right, in a smart orange-jersey swim suit with orange rubber slippers. Ideal for the water or for acquiring a beach suntan.





Chester Morris Gave Up All Hope of Being a Screen Favorite

I LIKE Chester Morris. He's real, he's regular, and he's natural. I'm glad I interviewed him.

You know, this interviewing business gets tiresome on occasion. Herb Howe even goes so far as to say that interviewing drives you crazy and offers himself as Exhibit A.

It's particularly tough when you meet your subject for the first time and have to form a definite estimate in a half hour or so.

Chester Morris fell into this class as far as I was concerned. I had met him, yes. I knew him, yes. But I didn't know him well enough to write about him.

Then, to begin with I was forty-five minutes late for the appointment. That alone was unlikely to work me into his good graces. No one likes to wait that long for anyone. I walked into his home in Whitley Terrace, overlooking all of Hollywood, in some doubt about events.

CHESTER MORRIS is one of a stage family. His father, William Morris, was a famous actor and will be remembered for his success in many Broadway hits. He was a leading man of the Frohman company at the Empire Theater in New York, a company that made theatrical history. And Etta Hawkins, Chester's mother, was a comedienne in that same Frohman company. The acting urge and talent descended to their children, for Willy Morris, who made a big hit on Broadway as the warden's daughter in "The Criminal Code," is Chester's sister. Adrian, one brother, is also an actor and another brother, Gordon Morris, is a playwright. It certainly runs in the family. For two years the whole family appeared together in a playlet written by William Morris and called "All the Horrors of Home."

Chester's first ambition was to be a magician. His idol was Alexander the Great and he once played hookey from school at Mount Vernon, New York, and bummed his way into the

Chester Morris comes of a well-known stage family. His father is William Morris, long well known on Broadway. His mother is Etta Hawkins, who made a name for herself as a comedienne behind the footlights years ago. One brother and a sister are on the stage. Another brother is a dramatist.

Turned Down by Griffith

By DICK HYLAND

Big Town to see Houdini, another of his heroes.

When he was twelve, he gave his first performance as a magician. Billing himself as "The Mysterious Morris" he packed the family basement with other kids his age who wanted to see him strut his stuff.

"Dad sneaked into the basement and I didn't see him," Chester told me. "After it was all over he informed me that if I ever did any of that Mysterious Morris stuff again he'd disown me. I must have been pretty terrible. The kids guessed what I was going to do before I did it and told me immediately afterwards just how I'd done it."

Thus ended his original life plan. So he decided to follow in his father's footsteps and become an actor.

He was fifteen when he began attending the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. He's a real New Yorker, by the way, having been born there. But his school days didn't last long.

One morning he took a train up to New Rochelle and talked his way into motion pictures.

Edwin Thanhouser was then making films and he paid young Morris fifty dollars a week, which looked like all the money in the world. The first his family knew about his venture was when the movie appeared in Mount Vernon and the theater owner billed Chester as "Local Boy Makes Good." Until that moment, his family thought he was still at art school.

The following year, his troubles began. Things started getting very tough for young Morris. Sweet sixteen may be all right for girls, but for young gentlemen with stage ambitions it's something else again. Chester was one of the world's best examples of what has been called the awkward age. He was too big for boy parts, too young for leading men, and too awkward for juveniles.

He had about decided that family tradition or no family tradition, a fellow must eat, when the break came. After months of hanging around booking offices and managerial sanctums, he was given a role with Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead."

At seventeen, in a road company of "Turn to the Right," he was the youngest leading man on the American stage.

HE landed on Broadway the following season and stayed right there until he came to Hollywood. All of which is why Chester Morris, still in his twenties, has the air of an old and experienced trouper. Despite his youth, he's a real veteran.

D. W. Griffith, who has been responsible for more great careers in pictures than any other one man, in-



Chester Morris saw part of the pre-view of "Alibi" and went home to pack his trunk. He felt sure that the movies were not for him. Then "Alibi" opened—and Morris found himself a Hollywood hit.

directly gave Chester Morris his start in pictures. D. W. had seen the young man in a stage play in New York and asked him to make a talkie test. Morris did it. And that, apparently, was that. He never heard from D. W. again. Never knew whether the test was good or bad. Tests are like that.

After wondering for a few weeks, Chester forgot it. But that test was to have its day, nevertheless.

Young Morris was under contract to the stage producer, Al Woods. As soon as "Crime" closed, he was to be cast in "Jealousy," a play with only two roles. Morris decided that movies weren't for him. He would stick to the stage, where he was sure of work and a good salary.

Destiny, however, was pulling other strings. Roland West, one of the big movie directors, was going to shoot "Alibi." It was difficult to cast. While he was searching for just the right actor, he happened to see the test Chester Morris had made for Griffith.

"Come to Hollywood and play in 'Alibi,'" said West.

"Nix," said Chester Morris. "I'm under contract to Woods and I don't know anything about Hollywood."

The more Morris refused, the more determined West was to have him. If he could square Woods, would Morris change his mind? Morris said he might. Joseph Schenck, head of United Artists, for whom "Alibi" was to be made, arranged matters with Woods and Chester Morris came to Hollywood with a six months' contract in his pocket.

It took three months to make "Alibi." For the other three months, Chester Morris just sat. Sat until he was almost crazy. The picture (*Continued on page 117*)



Photograph by Hurrell

LEILA HYAMS

CHAPLIN Goes Home

What Happened When the Great Comedian Climbed the Rickety London Tenement Stairs to the Room That Once Was Home

By WILBUR MORSE, Jr.

CAREERS of the more famous stars of Hollywood are like great houses, with the many rooms filled with varied, colorful stories. Some phases of those careers, like some rooms of the houses, have been thrown open wide to the public. Every bit of the furnishings have been described in detail.

But there are other rooms, rooms, into which the public glimpsed. They are the dens, a-brac sacred to the memories. They are the attics and, dark closets in which are stored gotten events, memories that retailed in print.

There is in Hollywood no whom more has been written told than Charlie Chaplin. His like a collection of jewels, timate friends. This story is lection. It is a peek into cherished memories. It was Charlie himself but by Tom ial genius of story-telling, who for many years.

It is a timely story because revisiting London, his home ond time since he became report of the first time

The story starts in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in the very

"We had just finished our Geraghty told me, "when an stepped up to our table and wouldn't walk out on the the street. It was the first day of Charlie's first visit home to London since his funny feet and cane and derby had become interna-

nationally known. All morning long a great crowd had milled around the front of the hotel, hoping to catch a glimpse of 'Chol-

lie.' Several times he had walked out onto a little balcony and waved and smiled at this great mob of fans. But now the crowd had grown to such propor-

tions the police were having difficulty keeping traffic moving. The inspector believed if Charlie would make just one more appearance, the 'bobbies' could get the crowd to disperse without much difficulty.

"Charlie looked at me and a shy smile came over his face. 'I wonder what they're saying about me down there?' he said,

more private has never crowded with bric- of their owners. sometimes, the souvenirs of for- have never been

personage about and more left un-remnisces are shown only to in- a gem of that col- Charlie's den of told me not by Geraghty, that gen- has known Chaplin

Charlie has been town, for the sec- famous. This is a Charlie went home. dining room of the center of London. luncheon coffee," inspector of police asked Charlie if he balcony overlooking

and then suddenly started out of the room. I followed him and we went down a back way out into the street. We pushed our way through the crowd and joined thousands of men and women who were craning their necks, intently watching the little balcony overhead.

"Suddenly, as if by some prearranged signal, the great crowd began to clap. Charlie and I clapped too and I asked a man next to me what it was all about. 'Hit's Chollie; 'e's 'ome 'e is,' the cockney said, apparently believing I would know immediately who 'Chollie' was. There is only one 'Chollie' to England.

"And what are you clapping for?" I asked. 'Oh, if you clap long enough, 'e'll come out and tike a bow,' the Britisher informed me and turned around to resume his adoring gaze at the balcony, clapping louder than ever."

AND so the two men, having clapped a demand for their own appearance, stole around through the crowd again and went up to the balcony to bow for the last time that day. The cheers and shouts, the wild reception that greeted the appearance of the short, gray-haired little man on the balcony left no doubt in anyone's mind who was London's favorite that day.

And then, as the police finally persuaded the crowd to disband and the streets were cleared except for the normal flow of traffic, Chaplin suggested they go for a ride through London.

"We were moving along one of the main streets," Geraghty recalls, "when suddenly Charlie told the driver to turn down a narrow little alley. We went along this alley for several blocks until we came to where an old water trough divided the street.

Charlie told the chauffeur to stop and we got out of the car. Dirty, ragged little kids were playing around the water trough. An old hack drew up beside us and a horse that looked like it had fought in the Hundred Years' War poked a withered head into the water. Charlie looked at the water trough and then at me. He smiled and asked if I remembered the fine appointments of his

(Continued on page 86)



Photograph by Acme

Up in the dingy tenement room Chaplin lay down upon the floor and looked up to the ceiling cracks. "They used to be my school books and my story books, too, those cracks," he told his companion. "I used to lie here by the hour and dream of those cracks."

The Baroness Yvonne Ulp was the newest foreign screen hit to capture Hollywood. Imperious, avaricious and crafty, she used her double to draw attention away from herself. While her double dressed the part, the baroness hid herself in the drabness of jersey and an old felt hat.



A Ringer for Royalty

THE girl stood marooned on the end of a shadowy dock and raised a tragic face toward the wavering streaks of an electrician's dawn as it glimmered over the murky waters. Slowly into view behind her loomed the sinister silhouette of a pagoda, the bamboo-slotted sails of a Chinese junk, a tea house where, judging by the forthcoming action, everything was served except that harmless beverage—all in all, a very creditable counterfeit of an Oriental waterfront, minus the smells. For over an hour the piece of female flotsam had been stumbling back and forth through a tangle of bales and cordage, with the result that every bone and sinew throbbed achingly, but no trace of the strain marred the perfection of her profile.

Little by little the battery of lights and cameras hemmed her in until a snort from the director informed her that the peak of achievement had been reached, whereupon Miss Lorna Wedgewood fluttered her sin-shaded eyelids and waited for the word of dismissal. It came in its usual form of approval.

"Astoundingly exquisite!" crooned the director, waving her away, but at the same time giving the impression that he was thinking of his own mind.

And "Beautiful!" seconded Mr. Chester Dorset, who had been on Stage G for only a few minutes and now hovered in the background with a bashfulness that clearly marked him as a stranger to the Prismatic Studios. His appreciative gaze swiftly catalogued Miss Wedgewood's charms: the creamy skin, the willowy figure, the bluish-black coiffure sweeping wavelike from a side parting in the style that had influenced a million damsels who wanted to appear exotic. Then, as she sagged wearily into a chair, Mr. Dorset headed toward her, one hand resting on a bulge that destroyed the symmetry of his double-breasted serge.

"MAY I show you something as lovely as yourself?" he inquired, half expecting to see a tiny hand extended for a continental kiss. "Mr. Klink told me that your mind was very sensitive to beauty."

The hand, which on closer inspection had the roughened palm of a tennis addict, regally indicated another chair, and Miss Wedgewood, not trusting herself to speak, merely smiled upon her visitor. That gentleman, thrilling to the warm brown eyes with their glints of gold, drew from his pocket an oblong case of purple leather stamped with a coronet.

"A feast for a connoisseur," he said rather stagily. There was a click, and from a bed of satin flashed a circlet of light alive with an orange-whiteness that burned and glowed. "Canary diamonds," intoned Mr. Dorset, covertly watching the girl's reaction, "from a Russian treasure-room. Can't you see frosted Moscow sunshine imprisoned in their facets? And now they are awaiting a throat like—"

The Exciting Hollywood Adventures of the Czar's Crown Jewels, a Balkan Vampire and Her American Motion Picture Double

BY
STEWART ROBERTSON

Drawings by C. A. Bryson

A burst of theatrical laughter underlined by a shade of despair checked any further high pressuring. "You don't want me," Miss Wedgewood told him enviously. "I couldn't buy even the box. But aren't they gorgeous!" "I beg pardon," said the puzzled Dorset, "but aren't you Baroness Ulp?"

Lorna shook her head. "I'm just her stand-in. You don't suppose a big star is going to loaf around for hours before a scene while the geniuses squabble, do you? I happen to be her twin in contour and coloring—in everything except ability, I guess—so I get sixty a week to do the drudgery."

"But you're beautiful," protested Mr. Dorset. "I thought so the moment I saw you."

Miss Wedgewood smiled wanly. "Beauty's cheap out here," she said without vanity. "I was nothing but an extra until Prismatic rescued the Baroness Yvonne Ulp from some Balkan backyard that got sponged out after the war, but the very fact of looking like her ruins any chance for the future. Nobody wants a number two edition, even of the left-handed cousin of an ex-king. Who are you, anyhow, carrying a necklace like that?"

"I'M from Bombardier and Company, Fifth Avenue. We send a smooth worker out here every Summer with a few choice articles, and this year it's my turn. You see, when we call on the stars personally, they're so flattered at having been singled out that selling them isn't very difficult, provided it's done with a lyrical note."

"Frosted Moscow sunshine?" laughed Lorna.

"You've hit it," grinned Mr. Dorset, who under the veneer of business was a friendly and personable young man. "Look here, you're the first person I've seen who isn't suffering from a display complex. Couldn't we have supper together? I'm not asking you because you resemble the——"

"Sh-h-h-h! Here she comes now. Don't make any noise or there'll be fireworks."

All uproar was hushed as a tallish girl slithered onto the set, and Mr. Dorset stared admiringly at the Baroness Yvonne Ulp, whose last name was the surviving syllable of several that had been whittled off in order to find room for it on a theater marquee. There was the same clean curve

(Continued on
page 106)

Lorna Wedgewood was the baroness' double—on and off the screen. Her duty was to double for the Balkan vamp in the studio and in public. For sixty dollars she gave up her own identity, too, for all time. She was the baroness' smoke screen.





Constance Bennett is one of the most interesting figures in pictures today. Her poise and sophistication have singled her out for immediate recognition. She moves but little in movie circles. Her closest friends are not concerned with motion pictures. She is oddly aloof from rumors—and there are many of them—that revolve about her in the film colony.

of Pathé, heard she was considering a return to pictures. He immediately approached her. Connie had been on the verge of signing the Ufa contract at a large salary. She could make pictures in Europe, but in America there was that uncompleted contract with M.-G.-M.

NEGOTIATIONS hung fire for two weeks. Many were the long-distance calls put through across the Atlantic during that time. Conversations with Mr. Kennedy, with her attorney, with M.-G.-M. As soon as the last-named company had heard there was a chance of her coming back to the films they wanted her to finish out her contract.

That contract had been made at what seemed an exorbitant figure for her services, even in those days, but in the face of the sal-

PART III

THAT was in March, 1929. Coincidentally the talkies were just getting a firm foothold in the picture industry and the various companies were rushing about as haphazardly as ants, trying to secure new talent.

Connie's poise and sophistication, her beauty and the husky cadences of her voice were as famous in Europe as they have since become in America. The Ufa officials in Germany knew of her, knew of her theatrical ancestry and learned of her divorce. They also knew that there is no anodyne for sorrow equal to hard work, and they realized their chance had come. They sent a representative to see her, with instructions to sign her for two pictures.

Four years of shopping, of an empty round of social pleasures—teas and bridge in the afternoons; theaters, night clubs, bridge and dancing in the evenings—had begun to pall upon her. Besides, what was the use? She and Philip were estranged. She might better go back to pictures for a time.

She was on the point of signing with Ufa when the Marquis de la Falaise, who was acting as personal representative in Paris for Joseph F. Kennedy, then head

ary she had been offered by Pathé and Ufa (who were bidding against each other and constantly raising the ante) the M.-G.-M. remuneration looked like pin-money. Eventually M.-G.-M. gave Miss Bennett a release and let Pathé and Ufa fight out the battle between themselves. And Pathé finally got her.

It is interesting to note that M.-G.-M. recently paid Pathé \$125,000 for Connie's services for one picture, "The Easiest Way."

But let Miss Bennett explain. "I signed for five years," she says. "I'd have signed for ten if they had asked me, because I had no intention of remaining in pictures. I thought I would come over, do one or two pictures and then retire again. But it sort of gets into your blood. You start going good and you work like the deuce to see if you can't go better."

Hardly had she signed her contract, closed her Paris house and boarded a liner than trouble commenced. Aboard the steamer she received a cablegram from the Pathé publicity department in New York:

"On your arrival you will be faced with battery of news cameramen and ship news reporters. A very clever young man in our department has thought up

The Romance of the COMET GIRL

By S. R. MOOK

splendid way for you to crash front pages in all papers. Idea is for you to say 'No young girl should ever marry a millionaire.' This may shock you at first, but am sure on thinking it over you will agree it is a clever idea."

Constance thought it over—for about two minutes—and sent this reply:

"Tell your clever young man that I don't want to crash the front pages in that way. For some inexplicable reason whenever I come to America I always land on the front pages—and without having to make an ass of myself to do it."

THAT was the beginning of her troubles. When she reached New York she related the incident to Mr. Kennedy, treated it as a joke and added, "Besides, why shouldn't a girl marry a millionaire if she wants to?"

And Mr. Kennedy repeated it as a joke. But, by the time it had gone the rounds, the humor had been deleted and it was told as a serious matter of big import. So immediately a young woman wrote an interview supposedly given out by Constance, called "Every Girl Should Marry a Millionaire."

"Now, how," Constance demanded in exasperation, "could every girl marry a millionaire? In the first place there aren't enough millionaires to go around and, in the second place, even if there were, it doesn't stand to reason that all of them would want to marry. It's ridiculous." But there was nothing that could be done about it.

Then came several other interviews which disturbed her—vexatious little things she was supposed to have said but hadn't—things that annoyed her in the same way a gnat or mosquito annoys a person. She began to resent interviewers who wrote what they pleased rather than what she said.

BUT the one that really infuriated Constance, and I have never seen her so burned up over anything, was one called "\$250,000 a Year on Clothes!" "I never gave out any such interview," she stormed. "That girl came to me and began talking about clothes. I discussed them with her because I like clothes and I enjoy talking about them. But I never gave her the price of a single

AT this moment Constance Bennett is the most talked-about young actress in Hollywood. No player has made greater strides in popular favor during the past year.

Miss Bennett's childhood was typical of a theatrical family. Her father is Richard Bennett, the stage star, and her mother is Adrienne Morrison, herself an actress and the daughter of Lewis Morrison, a well-known stage star of his day. Miss Bennett attended smart schools in the East and in Paris and made her society debut in Washington. About this time she met Chester Moorehead, student at the University of Virginia. There was a runaway marriage—but subsequently Miss Bennett was persuaded by her parents to go to Paris to forget.

Following her divorce and upon her return to America, she went into pictures. Her success was immediate, but she met Philip Plant, a young millionaire. After a hectic courtship, the two were married. Miss Bennett left the screen. Then followed four years spent abroad, in Paris and on the Riviera with her husband.

All this ended in another divorce and Miss Bennett picked up the broken skeins of her life and faced a new future. This month's instalment of her life story tells how she came to her present brilliant success and how she looks toward the future.

garment. I've always thought it was very poor taste to flaunt the price you pay for things—whether cheap or expensive—in people's faces. After I was gone, she went up to the publicity department of the studio and they filled in figures that are enough to start a revolution. A woman couldn't spend that much on clothes in a year."

The result of all this has been that Constance has refused to see writers, and this, in turn, has led to charges of "temperament."

Maybe she is temperamental, but I don't think so. I've known her for a long time and I've never seen any evidences of it. She has too keen a sense of humor for that sort of thing. If she ever did start throwing things, I imagine she would burst out laughing in the midst of it.

I happened to be on the set of "This Thing Called Love" the afternoon they finished shooting. The company was dismissed. Just as they started to leave the set the assistant director asked her to wait a moment. She turned and the director handed her a box containing two dozen American beauty roses which the electricians, prop men, camera men, grips and actors had chipped in to buy for her because it had been such a pleasant engagement and they had wanted to do something to fix it in her mind, too.

INCIDENTALLY, her personal maid has been with her for years. Her secretary, chauffeur, cook and housemaid are the same ones she engaged when she first returned to this country. Not a bad record for a star who is supposed to be selfish, cold-blooded and ritzy.

Her sense of humor is illustrated by another incident I witnessed. They were engaged upon a shot of Connie and her supposed-husband in a room together. "I'll turn on the radio," he announced.

"Don't bother," said Constance, "I'll do it."

"Ah, no," responded her husband, "I'll turn it on."

Nobody liked the way he read the last line but he himself. He rather fancied his inflections and stubbornly refused to change the delivery. The actor who played the husband is not without a sense of humor himself and, in talking about it afterwards, he laughed. "You can see," he said, "the line doesn't mean a damned thing. But I just happened to like the way I read it."

The Movie Meteor Flashing Across Hollywood



When Miss Bennett came back to pictures in 1929 she intended to make one or two films—and then quit again. "But it sort of gets into your blood," she admits. "You start going good and you work like the deuce to see if you can't go better."

The director was beside himself. Connie pulled him aside. "Don't worry. Just go ahead and take the shot. It'll be all right."

So they started the scene with the actor all puffed up and thinking he had won his point.

"I'll turn on the radio," he announced presently.

"All right," said Constance quite unconcernedly, thus removing all opportunity for him to deliver his last line. Being a good actor, he recovered himself quickly and the surprise he felt over the retort he got instead of the correct cue didn't show in his face.

TO me, Constance Bennett is the most interesting figure in pictures today. She may not have an angel's disposition. Few of us have, and as a rule those few are uninteresting to the point of deadliness.

But when she is upset over a thing or doesn't like a person, that person knows it. She doesn't say one thing to your face and another when your back's turned. Not so long ago she had an argument about her contract with Neil McCarthy, the Pathé attorney. The session lasted for hours. When it was finished Mr. McCarthy picked up the phone and called the studio executives, who were waiting to hear the outcome. "Whatever that girl says is O. K.," Mr. McCarthy announced. "She hasn't a crooked bone in her body, and when she fights, she fights in the open."

She has a clause in her contract that permits her to take ten weeks' vacation a year—all at one time, so she can go to Europe if she chooses. Last year she made the trip. This year she has forfeited the vacation in order to get in another picture or two.

"I can't understand," I said, "why you don't use those ten weeks to do a stage play."

"I'd die of fright if I ever had to face an audience across the footlights," she responded.

"But I should think the urge would be in your blood," I persisted. "Didn't you like to go back-stage when you were a kid and your father was a star?"

"Oh, sure," she answered carelessly, "but that was because I was the daughter of the star, and I could go sailing in while other people had to wait to be announced (Continued on page 98)

The Men Who Make the Movies

The Story of Samuel Goldwyn

BY LYNDE DENIG

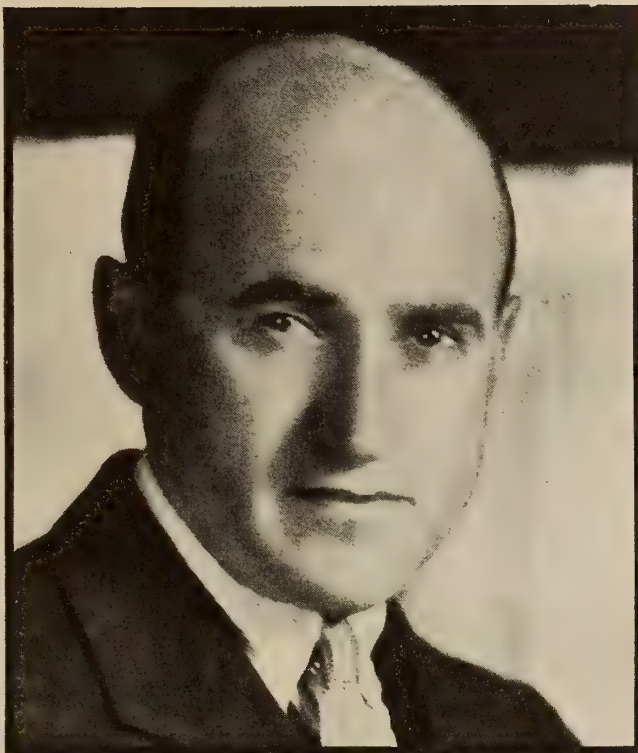
SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S eyes are well focused: One is set on beauty, the other on money. More fortunate than most men, he has found considerable of both before reaching the end of his rainbow. Throughout his career as a producer of motion pictures, which started in 1910, Sam Goldwyn has been a practical idealist with a strong creative urge. He has taken his share of knocks and has come up fighting, generally with a new star in his corner of the ring. Every night when they kneel to give thanks for manifold blessings, Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, Lois Moran, Belle Bennett, Gary Cooper, Walter Byron and sundry others should mention Sam, their discoverer and, to an appreciable degree, their artistic creator.

The familiar story about George Bernard Shaw and Goldwyn is, in reality, not as extravagant as it may appear. It seems that in the course of a discussion over screen rights to his plays, Shaw said: "The difference between us is that you are thinking of art, whereas I am thinking of money." Oddly enough that may have been the case, for Goldwyn always has shown profound respect for the artistically elect.

IN 1920 he assembled a group of distinguished writers whom he dubbed Eminent Authors, once referred to in a newspaper as the Imminent Authors. Gertrude Atherton, Rex Beach, Basil King, Rupert Hughes, Mary Roberts Rinehart were in the group. The results were less than satisfactory, but Goldwyn went right along angling for the biggest fish in the literary pond. There was, for example, the sad case of Maurice Maeterlinck, a bewildered poet whose knowledge of bees availed him little in a Hollywood studio.

As was his habit when anything of seeming importance transpired, Goldwyn worked himself into a fever of excitement over the coming of the renowned Belgian. Maeterlinck must travel across the continent in a kingly fashion: a private car, no less, and gala receptions sponsored by social leaders in the principal cities en route. Edwin Justus Mayer (now a playwright), one of the smartest of the young publicity men on the producer's staff, was assigned to special escort duty.

Eddie borrowed a morning coat from another member of the publicity staff and was ready to depart with his precious cargo. At the farewell pep meeting, Goldwyn, in a display of enthusiasm, slapped Maeterlinck on the back: "I know you'll make good," he said. But the poet's bluebirds shed their feathers in California and his bees would store no honey. Goldwyn took a few brisk canters on the bridle path in Central Park and



Samuel Goldwyn

promptly forgot the illustrious but expensive Maeterlinck.

REVERSING a customary procedure, Goldwyn adopted his business name for personal use, instead of naming his business after himself. Left an orphan in Warsaw, Poland, at the age of ten years, he came to this country in the steerage and landed his first job in a glove factory in Gloversville, N. Y. As Samuel Goldfish, he grew to manhood in Gloversville, advancing steadily in the glove business, saving money the while, with a view to establishing his own business when a favorable opportunity arrived.

In 1910, he met Jesse L. Lasky. They pooled their resources, founded the Lasky Pictures Corporation and remained partners until 1917, when Goldfish withdrew to found another company with Arch and Edgar Selwyn. Taking the

first four letters of Goldfish and the last three of Selwyn, without aid from a numerologist, they evolved the name of Goldwyn and called their company Goldwyn Pictures. A few years later, sam had his own name legally changed.

While the record may indicate that Goldwyn is essentially a lone, rather than a partnership executive, this same record will show that the producer has been a keen picker of men. At the beginning of his independent career he selected men such as Howard Dietz and Kenneth MacGowan to bring him and his pictures into contact with the public. Explosive of temper, exacting, and a veritable dynamo of nervous energy, he has a keen regard for men cast in a different mould.

AMONG other qualities contributing to Goldwyn's success, is his appreciation of the importance of maintaining friendly relations with the press. He always finds time to be courteous to the men and women behind the typewriter, which recalls an anecdote now being printed for the first time. In connection with the announcement of some new policy, Goldwyn invited representatives of magazines and newspapers to his office. At the close of the conference, he stood at the doorway bidding his guests farewell, addressing each by name. He shook hands with a reticent young man and then, by way of a pleasant comment, he said: "Give my regards to Sime," Sime being Sime Silverman, editor and publisher of the unique amusement weekly, *Variety*. It happened that the man addressed, instead of being a representative of the famous Sime, had been an inconspicuous member of Goldwyn's own publicity department for more than a year.

(Continued on page 90)

HOLLYWOOD'S



Of Will Rogers Mr. Howe says: "The best ambassador of good will is Good Will. A skyscraper among bungalows, he is the loftiest character on the Hollywood Olympus. And he is the typical American, being part Cherokee.

EACH month in NEW MOVIE Herbert Howe has been discussing the outstanding personalities of Hollywood through the years. He has related his impressions of Rudie Valentino, of Pola Negri, of Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, and of Mabel Normand, the greatest of them all. Next month he will tell you about Richard Barthelmess, Alla Nazimova and other vivid figures of the films. The story this month—on Will Rogers and Marion Davies—is complete in itself, as are the others of Mr. Howe's Hall of Fame series.

WHEN I first met Will Rogers he had hardly begun to talk and hadn't learned to write. He had just graduated from the Follies into the higher art of Hollywood and was appearing in "Jubilo" on the silent screen.

"Been down to see our picture?" he asked, twirling his rope and mangling his gum.

"No," I said.

"Aw, you ought to go see it," he drawled. "Some-

The Boulevardier Discusses the Honest Funny Man, Will Rogers, and Tells About Charming Marion Davies and Her Charities

body ought to go see it." In "Jubilo" he impersonated Romeo in a burlesque of the balcony scene. He said the reason the scene was put in the picture was that Sam Goldwyn had a lot of costumes left over from a romantic production starring Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen.

"I don't want to brag," he said shyly, "but I wear Gerry's tights."

A lady interviewer watching him at work in his tights couldn't repress a little squeal over the shapeliness of his legs.

"Well," blushed Will, "I wasn't in the Follies five years for nothing."

The day I met him the publicity boys were after a photograph of his hands. It was for use in a cigarette advertisement. Will doesn't smoke but he was agreeable providing the endorsement read: "I don't smoke and that's why I can recommend your cigarette."

Looking at his gnarled hands, he shook his head ruefully.

"Guess I'd better wear huskin' mittens," he said. "We could say they was to protect my delicate paws from the nicotine stains."

Then he had a brighter idea:

"I tell you. I'll get Gloria Swanson to let me use a photograph of her hands. We'll write underneath: 'Will Rogers' hands—see what ropin' does for the hands!'"

WILL doesn't look you straight in the eye when talking. I suspect those who do. It is the ruse of slick lawyers and promoters. Will looks at the ground and chews his cud. But now and then his little eyes dart blue lightning into yours. Catching you off guard he sees more than by a challenging stare.

Will is naturally shy. Fifi Dorsay who vamped him in "They Had To See Paris" used to make him blush by insisting on acting as his maid.

"Aw leave me alone, Froggie," he would plead as Fifi darted at him to brush off his clothes and smooth his hair each time he came on the set.

"But Monsieur Rogers, your clothes are all dust and your hair is terrible. I cannot have my lover look so . . ."

Fifi never succeeded in placating his hair. "He says he is Indian," Fifi remarked to me, "and I believe him. His hair is made of wire."

Fifi also revealed that Will cannot remember his lines unless he composes them. Considering the lines composed by the screen dialoguists, I suspect Will of smartness rather than bad memory. No lines are as good as his own. But Fifi says he forgets the names of characters too. He always called her Fifi in the picture instead of the character name.

He likes Irene Rich as his leading woman because he is used to her as his picture wife. You may have noted that he always calls her Mary on the screen. Mary is the name of his own wife.

Rogers is like that.

HALL of FAME

By
HERBERT HOWE

WILL is fifty-one. His birthday is November 4. He has a daughter and two sons, Will, Jr., and Jimmy.

He was proclaimed mayor of Beverly Hills without an election. Beverly Hills is too small to rate a mayor, but Will put it on the world map with his by-line.

Will's idea of a home is the log cabin in which he and Mrs. Rogers started housekeeping. He is one of Hollywood's cowboys who was a cow hand and still is, in sympathy. He occupies a mansion in Beverly and has a ranch in the Santa Monica hills, but he refuses to admit a telephone. Ropin' and polo are his pastimes.

He writes for more than six hundred newspapers, including several in foreign lands, and his copy is always on time. He scribbles his comments and articles on backs of envelopes or whatever is at hand when he happens to think of them. He has written seven books, innumerable magazine articles. His income is said to be well over a million a year from writing, acting, public speaking.

Acting made him a writer. When he was working in silent pictures on the Goldwyn lot the publicity men used to quote him in copy. His observations on the set were so good that smart Sam Goldwyn engaged a stenographer to follow him around taking them down for sub-titles. Eventually an agent wised Will up to the profit of writing his own stuff.

Will's dramatic career started in the pastures of Oklahoma. From there he twirled his rope into a street carnival. Harry Weber, theatrical agent, saw him and signed him for vaudeville. It was Mrs. Rogers who advised him to accompany his rope-twirling with some of the comments he made around home.

Fifi Dorsay's critique of his appearance is correct. At home he is the same nobby dresser he is on the screen. He has never worn a dress suit except for comedy. His pants are without creases and his shoes without shine. Being Indian, he feels he is compromising enough by wearing them at all.

AS a silent actor Will was a loss. The talkies have advanced him to premier position: "They Had To See Paris," "So This Is London," "Lightnin'". . .

The Fox company pays him better than half a million a year.

In my opinion he is the best talkie comedian. "So This Is London" clocked more laughs with me than "City Lights" or "Feet First."

Will has wit along with humor and a shrewd satire. His humor springs from character as much as from line. You see and hear him even when reading him.

Will's old home is Claremore, Oklahoma, as everyone knows. And as everyone knows he raised two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the drought sufferers when he toured that section without pay.

Today Will Rogers is the loftiest character of the Hollywood Olympus.

A skyscraper among bungalows, he casts his shadow so much farther than the rest that it is hardly fair to compute him with them.



"Marion Davies' name is a beacon of charity. Her hobby is to help in ending capital punishment. That's what won me to her army," says Herb Howe. "One never knows!"

Philosopher, critic, actor, friend to man, he is an international favorite. The earth is his fan.

It is no pun to say that the greatest ambassador of good will is Good Will.

LAST month I said Doug Fairbanks, Sr., is the typical American. He is. But Will is a heap more American. He's part Injun . . . Cherokee. If we take him as typical of the race we have to admit we have the wrong people on the reservations. They should be in Washington.

The Governor of Texas thinks Will should be elected to the great White Tepee. The magazine, *Life*, once conducted a humorous campaign to elect Will president. It wasn't nearly as humorous as some that have been conducted seriously.

Will Rogers holds a paradoxical distinction: A funny man, he is the one person we take seriously. It's his honesty. If honesty were the best political policy now-a-days Will would be the logical successor to cherry-chopping George and honest Abe.

He has such an enormous following that newspapers dare not drop his comments. One paper omitted his remarks for a day when they disagreed with the editor's viewpoint. Since then they have appeared regularly. It is said that Mr. Rogers offered the ultimatum of dropping them regularly or running them regularly.

Will is politic as well as honest. He said of the Governor of Texas: "He is a very (Continued on page 116)

The Anti-Movie Month



Clive Brook, born in London on June 1, 1891, had his Sun in conjunction with Neptune when he was born. Neptune is the planet ruling the motion picture industry. The combination of the Sun and Neptune not only gives him great magnetism, but the Sun is also squared to Saturn, giving him caution as well. Brook is well armed for success on the screen.

ARE you listening to Evangeline Adams' astrological radio broadcasts over a national network from Station WABC in New York City? You can hear her comments and predictions twice each week, on Mondays and Wednesdays. Check this feature on your local radio programs. You can write to Miss Evangeline Adams, in care of NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

JUNE people just don't seek the limelight. Of course, some of them get into it. Ralph Waldo Emerson was a June person—at least, he was born under what is generally known as the June sign, Gemini, although in reality it governs everybody born between May 22nd and June 21st. So were Dante and Walt Whitman and Richard Wagner and Conan Doyle and Queen Victoria. Gene Tunney, too, if you prefer a modern and pugilistic example! But generally speaking, in the great world of affairs, men and women born under Gemini have either been content to hide their lights under a bushel or to be the powers behind the throne.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the typically limelight professions: politics, the stage and the screen. The late Robert M. LaFollette is about the only nationally known politician who was born under Gemini; the late Richard Mansfield, the only well-known stage actor

If You Were Born Under the Influence of Gemini You Naturally Avoid the Limelight. Wit Rather Than Emotion Governs Children of This Astrological Sign

whom I recall. And when it comes to the screen, the list, though slightly longer, is short enough in comparison to the Aries and Taurus lists which we have been considering the last two months.

THE very notable screen successes, Al Jolson and Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, were born on what we call the "cusp" between the signs Taurus and Gemini, and because of that fact may be said to partake of the qualities of both signs. But of those who were born strongly under Gemini alone, about the only names which occur to me are Clive Brook, Virginia Valli, Jeanette MacDonald, Ernest Torrance, Ralph Graves, Blanche Sweet, Louise Fazenda and Barry Norton.

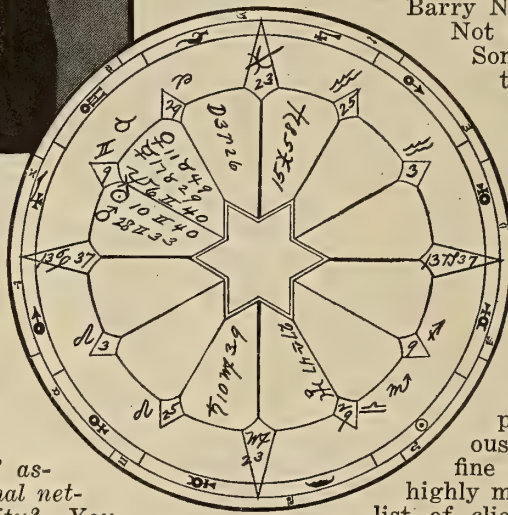
Not a bad list by any means. Some of these artists are certainly among the picture elect. But there aren't many of them; and the degree of fame which some of them have achieved would seem to be considerably less than their undoubted talents deserve. This is no new experience for me. In my broadcasting work, I have found it very difficult to select well-known Gemini people to use as conspicuous examples of the really fine qualities of this versatile, highly mental sign. I have in my list of clients hundreds of sterling

people whom I know to be successful in their own modest way, but whose names are not so well known to the general public as are those of many less talented people born, for example, under Aries, the sign of leadership.

All of which leads me to the conclusion that people born between May 22nd and June 21st must work especially hard if they hope to win a wide popular success.

Another thing: you may have noticed that a good many of the famous people I mentioned in the beginning of this story were writers. I might have named others: Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; Julia Ward Howe, who wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"; Lord Bulwer-Lytton, who wrote "The Last Days of Pompeii". For Gemini is essentially a writer's sign, a literary sign. Even Gene Tunney seems to have felt its influence! And it would not be surprising to me if some of the well-known actors and actresses now performing on the screen found the greatest opportunity for the display of their Gemini talents in writing for the studios instead of acting in them.

The reason for Gemini people's turning to writing instead of acting is simple. Gemini is ruled by Mercury,



of JUNE

Why So Few Gemini Folk Become Actors on Stage or Screen

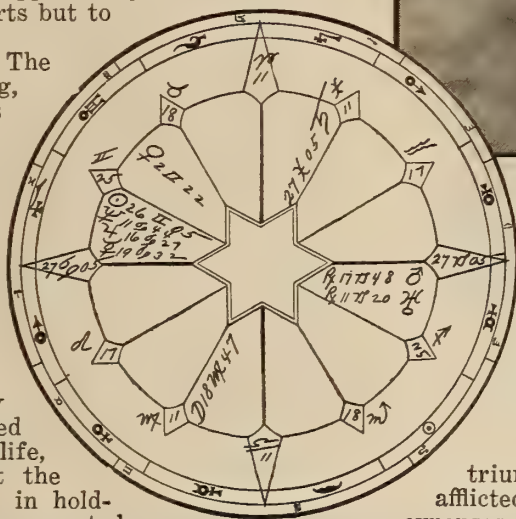
BY
EVANGELINE ADAMS

the God of the Intellect, who presides especially over all those engaged in the production of literature: not only writers, but editors, publishers, proof-readers—even printers and book-sellers. Of course, the fact that you are born under Gemini doesn't mean that you *must* occupy yourself in any of these professions; but it does indicate that you are likely to win your greatest success by your wits rather than by any such highly emotional activity as acting. Even Richard Mansfield, believed by some to have been the greatest American actor, was of the distinctly intellectual type.

I would not say that the picture heroes and heroines I have named are wholly devoid of emotional appeal. Nobody could watch Clive Brook in some of his love scenes and believe that! And although I am not so good a judge of the girls, I daresay that Jeanette MacDonald stirs feelings in the masculine part of her audience which could hardly be described as purely intellectual. What I do say, however, is that even these physically attractive and emotionally appealing artists do stand out from the general run of movie actors and actresses because of the appeal they make not only to our hearts but to our brains.

Take Clive Brook. The reason for his strong, physical magnetism is obvious the moment you look at his chart, and it has very little to do with the fact that the Sun was in Gemini when he was born. Mr. Brook has Venus in the magnetic, physical, earthy sign Taurus; and in this respect his horoscope is similar to that of Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York. Need I say more? In real life, however, I daresay that the woman who is successful in holding Mr. Brook's affection must be chummy with him on the mental side as well as the emotional, because his Venus, though in the physical sign Taurus, is also in conjunction with Mercury, the ruling planet of his own sign Gemini. He also has the Moon, which rules his relations both with the public and with women, in another mental sign, Aries—a condition, by the way, which should make him very careful about leaning too far out of high windows! I have never known anybody with the Moon in Aries who wasn't susceptible to dizziness on looking down from high altitudes.

THE outstanding reason for Mr. Brook's success in pictures, as revealed by his horoscope, is the fact that the Sun was in conjunction with Neptune when he was born. Neptune, as you know by this time if you have been reading these pages from month to month, is the planet ruling the moving-picture industry. The combination of the Sun and Neptune not only gives him great magnetism, but since the Sun is also squared to Saturn, it gives him caution as well. He should be careful not to become too cautious. Mr. Brook's Jupiter, the planet which rules money and success, is in Neptune's own sign, Pisces, so he is doubly armed for



Jeanette MacDonald, born in Philadelphia on June 18, 1907, is a distinct Gemini person. Her luck is mercurial. It rises and falls like the mercury in a thermometer instead of keeping an even course, as is the case with less volatile types. Miss Adams says that extraordinarily good conditions surround Miss MacDonald through the year of 1931.

triumphs on the screen. His Jupiter, also, is afflicted by Saturn, which probably means that his expenses increase along with his income. Isn't that true, Mr. Brook?

If this actor has come through the past few months without illness or without trouble of some sort with women, he is lucky. On the health side, he should look out for colds; they might easily develop into pneumonia. He is the type to whom fresh air is almost as essential as daily bread. As for his relations with women, Jupiter is going to be very friendly with the Moon beginning this Summer, a condition which should also have a most beneficial effect on his relations with the public. The years 1931 and 1932 should be important for Mr. Brook, either personally or professionally. What he gets out of them for good or evil depends on the direction in which he turns his energies.

Miss MacDonald is under wonderful conditions right now. If she isn't already signed up to a long-time contract, this would be a prime time to negotiate one. Her Sun is in conjunction with Mercury, which rules all writings, including contracts and all other papers having to do with the law. I put this fact first in talking about Miss MacDonald because she is primarily a Gemini person, which is another way of saying that her "luck" is mercurial. It rises and falls like the mercury in a thermometer (Continued on page 84)



What, No Comeback?

BY SALLY BENSON

Photographs from Albert Davis Collection

Remember Charlie Ray's many charming performances of the old silent films. This—in "The Pinch Hitter" of 1917—was one of his best. No one could play appealing boyishness so charmingly.

ing out on his rounds carrying your burglar tools. Sir James M. Barrie pointed to the horrible consequences in "The Little White Bird." If you remember, Peter Pan, good and fed up with petting and pampering, flew out the window one night to get away from it all. But when he decided to come back home after his brief fling, he found another little boy in his crib, a little boy who took what was handed him and who seemed to be doing pretty well by himself.

We all remember Peter Pan. And the little boy who stayed in the crib? Well, his name escapes me.

Everyone has his troubles and what's worrying me right now is how to get away from all this whimsy and back to an interview with Charles Ray. Charles Ray is out of pictures. He has been out of pictures for several years and yet, so far, it hasn't occurred to him to try to stage a comeback. There is something about the words, "Bill Hart Plans to Stage Comeback" or "Charles Ray Plans to Stage Comeback" that he doesn't seem to care about. He left moving pictures for very good reasons and he still has those reasons.

"People come to me," he said, "and say, 'Listen, Ray, here's how you made your mistake.' Only, you see, I don't think I made a mistake."

"SO I said to the Boss, lissen, I'm through. I've stood enough outta you for the last six months and now I'm through. And then I told him a few things he oughta know about hisself. Did he burn up!"

Of course, the only trouble with this declaration of independence is that the Boss doesn't really burn to a crisp. And the next day, when you press your face against the windowpane from the outside looking in, there is another young man sitting at your desk or start-

"Paris," made in 1927, was one of the last of Charles Ray's silent films. He was trying to turn to more sophisticated roles—and the plan didn't work out. In "Paris", by the way, Joan Crawford gave an interesting performance. That was long before stardom came to her.



Charlie Ray Doesn't Like the Word. Besides, He Has Been Studying Singing for a Brand New Musical Career on the Stage

"Sometimes I think that a person who doesn't succeed has more to congratulate himself on than one who does. But now the general opinion is that a man who is a great success must be a great guy. No matter what you do or how you go against what you really believe, if you click with the public and your bank account is big enough, you get by. Men like Legs Diamond and Al Capone are shamefacedly admired by many people. They admit that those two men are thugs and deserve to be shot, but then they will add, 'Well, it's all right if you can get away with it.'"

"That's been my trouble. I don't want to get away with anything."

"Several years ago I worked my way to the top in pictures. I suppose I could have stayed there if I'd really wanted to. Instead I got the idea that I could produce better pictures for myself than anyone could produce for me. You know the answer. I lost what money I had—and my shirt besides."

"That's another funny thing. Why is it considered a disgrace to lose money? Almost every actor or actress who has tried to break away from the big companies and produce pictures independently has lost money. And most people blame them for it. Maybe the pictures weren't good. What of it? We thought they were and we were the ones to pay for our mistakes, if you want to call them that."

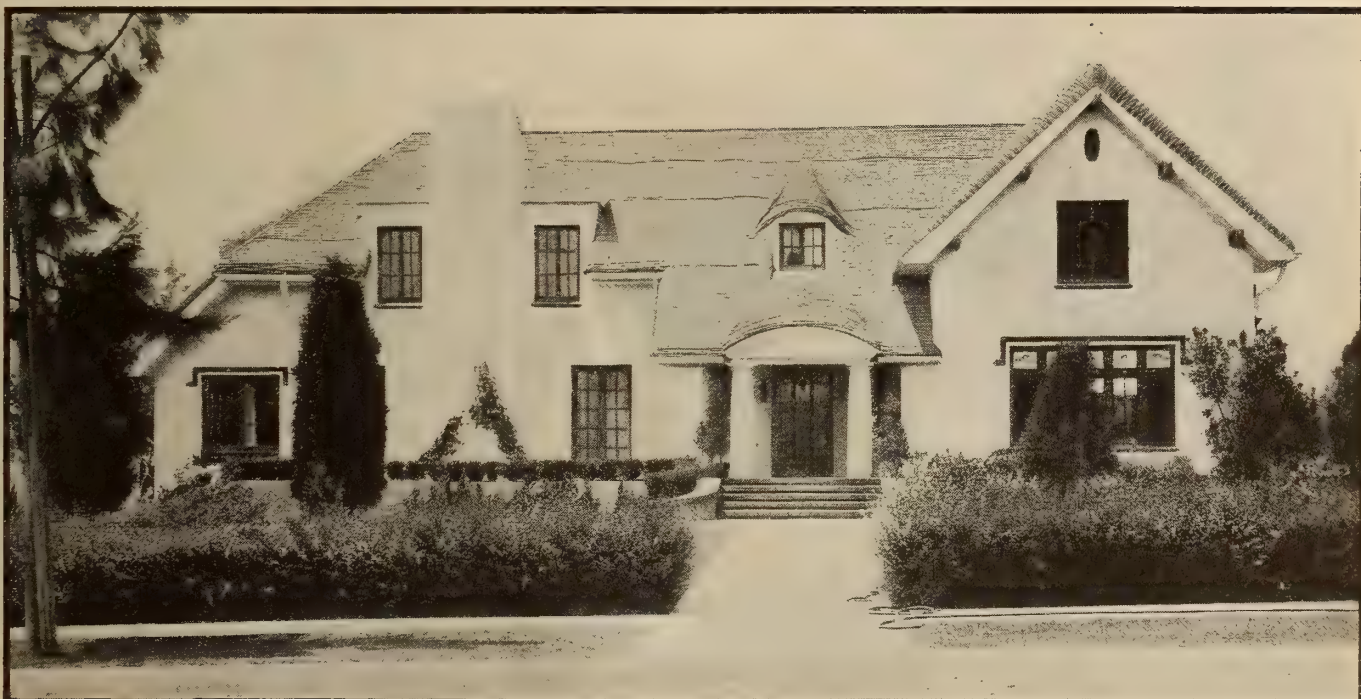
"Suppose, for instance, that I had salted away all my money and bought a lot of bonds with it, or stock.



Charles Ray was a mighty favorite of the old motion pictures. Then he lost his fortune producing the kind of pictures he liked to make. After a period of readjustment he turned to vaudeville for stage experience. Then, too, he studied singing. He wants to carve a new career for himself in musical comedy.

The crash on Wall Street would have come along just the same and I would be just as before. But there would be this difference. (Continued on page 94)

The Hollywood home that once belonged to Charles Ray. It was Ray who imported the first English butler to the then pioneer town of Hollywood and thereby startled the natives. According to legend, they used to ring the door bell just to catch the butler's annoyed expression.





Romantic moments of "Strangers May Kiss," "Ten Cents a Dance" and "East Lynne."

REVIEWS

"The Front Page" is a Newspaper Play Hit—Comments Upon the Important New Motion Pictures

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

IT is difficult to make newspaper folk interesting to the public at large, but I think that young Howard Hughes' United Artists production of "The Front Page" turns the trick.

Strangely enough, just as the film version of "The Front Page" was launched, came news of the death of the real "Hildy" Johnson in Chicago.

Rowdy Newspaper Drama

When Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur wrote the rowdy stage play of this title, they not only built their drama around Johnson, but they borrowed his name as well.

The Hildy Johnson of "The Front Page" is a bright young newspaper man who is just on the verge of ditching his job, migrating to New York where an advertising agency position awaits him and, of course, marrying the girl.

Since the biggest story of his career breaks just then, Hildy has difficulty in wrenching loose. "The Front Page" points the idea that, if you are once a newspaper man, you always will be a newspaper man.

The real Hildy Johnson seemed to encounter none of the temptations fabricated by the Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur. He went right on covering the Cook County Criminal Court Building for his paper, *The Herald and Examiner*.

When he died the inside men of the office—who hardly knew him—talked in whispers of his newspaper prowess and the powers-that-be closed the Criminal Courts Building for the afternoon of the funeral.

But I digress. "The Front Page" is a corking picture. It is alive all the way, swiftly, racily and riotously adapted (by Bartlett Cormack) and directed (by Lewis Milestone). This hard-boiled newspaper play turns out to be a breathless film adventure. I hand chief honors to Mr. Milestone, who, you know, directed "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Adolphe Menjou Scores

A particularly fine performance is contributed by Adolphe Menjou as the dynamic, sardonic managing editor, who tries to save Hildy from wasting his talents on love and self-advancement. There is the same dapper, boutonniere exterior, but beneath is a hard-boiled editor who stops at nothing. Menjou makes you believe him.

I am afraid I have not said enough about the story of "The Front Page." Most of the events take place in the press room of



Adolphe Menjou scores a real hit in "The Front Page," playing a different sort of rôle, that of a hard-boiled managing editor. Pat O'Brien is the reporter and Mary Brian the girl.



Interesting scenes of "Unfaithful," "My Past" and "Tabu."

the Criminal Courts Building, where the boys have gathered for a game of poker while they await the hanging of a little anarchist. It is Hildy's last watch. Then the killer escapes—and hell breaks loose. Hildy just can't walk out on the fun, even with his bride waiting at the train.

The newspaper men are racily written and acted. A fine profane scorn runs through their observation of men and events. They have seen the magnificent machinery of a great city's political life in all its tragic sordidness.

Pat O'Brien, a newcomer, is excellent as Hildy and George E. Stone, the unforgettable young Jew of "Cimarron," is great again in another character rôle, that of the humble killer who escapes for a few dramatic minutes. Mae Clark is touching as a cynical street-walker who tries to help the pathetic little murderer.

The Modern Woman

The movies certainly have broadened their views upon womanhood. Take Metro-Goldwyn's "Strangers May Kiss," based on the yarn by Ursula Parrot, which stars the personable Norma Shearer. The girl of this story gives her love without question to a newspaper chap. When he rides on to new adventure, she moves to Paris and proceeds to furnish that city with something to talk about. Wine, men and song! It's all very modern. In the end, the war correspondent comes back, settles down to radio broadcasting and takes the girl for better or for worse. Such is screen life in 1931.

Miss Shearer is quite fascinating as Lisbeth, while Robert Montgomery, as one of those self-sacrificing young chaps who hides his love behind a quip and a cocktail, does very well, indeed. Neil Hamilton is the newspaper chap.

There's another of these modern young women who dances with tears in her eyes in "Unfaithful," Ruth Chatterton's new film. She is the American wife of a philandering peer and she hides her broken heart under a mask of gayety. She even sings a little song, "Mamma's in the Dog House Now," for her roystering guests. I found "Unfaithful" to be slow and dull—and Miss Chatterton to be far from her best. Still, it isn't her fault.

Shot at Dawn

I must report my disappointment, too, at Marlene Dietrich's second Hollywood-made film, "Dishonored" (Paramount). This is a thick and turgid spy yarn that starts with another close-up of those superb Dietrich legs and ends with a firing squad. Miss Dietrich plays No. X-27, who lets a Russian spy get away and, despite her record of vamping spy after spy before a firing squad, is shot for treason. "Dishonored," to me, is slow and rather uninteresting. Even the German star is not up to her previous work as the cynical, world-weary widow who stops at nothing for dear old Austria.

Barbara Stanwyck has genuine screen possibilities. There is a fine and honest directness about her work. In Columbia's "Ten Cents a Dance" (which derives its name and theme from the *Continued on page 79*)

Scenes from current motion pictures: "Body and Soul," "Honor Among Lovers" and "The Great Meadow."





Walter Huston, Toronto Boy, Gained His First Stage Training in Small Touring Theatrical Shows

He has played stock, has been featured in numerous Broadway productions, is known as one of the greatest character actors on the American stage, and in addition to a whole string of motion picture successes, has achieved the crowning glory of having played Abraham Lincoln, the part many an actor would have given his soul to portray. He is the favorite actor of Eugene O'Neill, George M. Cohan and Arthur Hopkins.

Toronto, the birthplace of Mary Pickford, is also Huston's birthplace. He is of pioneer Canadian stock, his family having resided in the vicinity of the small town of Orangeville, a short distance from Toronto, for generations.

Robert Huston, his father, was well known in the city years ago as a building contractor. He was the son of one Alexander Huston, who, in 1828, hewed a home out of the wilderness at a spot known as Hog's Hollow. His mother, formerly Elizabeth McGibbon, was the daughter of a pioneer school-teacher and was a woman of considerable refinement. Both parents died several years ago.

Walter was the kid of the family. He had two sisters, Nan and Margaret, and one older brother, Alex. Margaret was prominent in Toronto and New York as a singer. She married W. T. Carrington, wealthy Gothamite, and since her marriage has practically given up her professional career in order to coach talkie stars. Nan, the eldest sister, resides with Margaret. Alex, the big brother, is a successful commercial artist in Toronto. It was from Alex that I obtained the intimate details of Walter's home town life.

A city boy, fond of spending his Summer holidays on the farm of his uncle, another Alex Huston, at Orangeville, Walter evinced his passion for the stage early in life.

"Margaret was perhaps the best known singer in Toronto at that time," Alex related to me. "Some of the best musicians and singers in town used to visit our house often. Walter would entertain the guests without hesitation, he would give imitations, sing coon songs, or dance, just to be entertaining.

"Walter wasn't a bashful boy by any means," Alex said. "He had plenty of friends and, of course, some of them were girl friends. He was a genial sort

Walter Huston at the age of nineteen. Note the natty man-about-town attire. At this time Mr. Huston was something of an actor, although Broadway knew little of him.

Walter Huston was born in Toronto. His father was a building contractor and his grandfather was a Canadian pioneer. Huston boarded a train out of Toronto twenty-five years ago to join a small touring troupe. He received \$15 a week for his first services as an actor.

WHEN Walter Huston of the stage and screen was a little boy he was known for his ability to make friends and to keep them. I have been talking to folks "who knew him then" and I am convinced that it is this genial quality that has helped him to get to the top in show business.

Twenty-five years ago he boarded a train out of Toronto to go with a traveling show. He was to receive the princely salary of \$15 a week. The other day I met him when he stepped off an incoming train at Toronto. He carried in his pocket, two neat little papers which require that he make four motion pictures a year for five years at \$50,000 a picture.

Attracted to the world of amusements by a visit to the circus when a lad, he has worked probably as hard as any actor on the American stage to get to the top. He started with a small time traveling show. He was eleven years in vaudeville.



HOME TOWN STORIES of the STARS

By HAL MILLER
of The Toronto Star

of a kid. He never came home with any black eyes; I usually attended to that. But, mind you, he wasn't backward about scrapping if there was any just cause for it."

Old Winchester Street School, visited by Walter when in Toronto last Fall, was where he got the first urge to enter the amusement field. While playing hookey from studies to attend a circus, he fell in love with show business. His ambition at the time was either to swing lazily from a high trapeze or to be the brave fellow who fearlessly put his head into the fierce lion's mouth.

At school he took an intense interest in sports. He played rugby, baseball and hockey. At hockey he excelled. He played with the St. Simon's hockey team. If the puck game had in those days just a fraction of the big time popularity that it has today, he might even have followed sport instead of the stage.

After he left school he got a job in the hardware department of Simpson's store. He worked there for nearly two years. Meantime he had enrolled in the Shaw School of Acting, conducted by John Shaw, who had large classes. Periodically dramatic performances were presented at the opera house.

"I shall never forget one incident that occurred when he was playing the part of a villainous henchman who was abducting the beautiful heroine," Alex said. "With the assistance of another young actor, he was carrying a dummy down a ladder. The lights were dimmed and the audience was in great suspense. Suddenly the dummy caught in the lattice work and the two thespians fell to the stage. The audience nearly went wild with laughter."

Rose Coghlan passed through Toronto with a company. Supers were needed and young Huston left his duties at the store and made his professional debut. That settled the fate of Walter Huston.

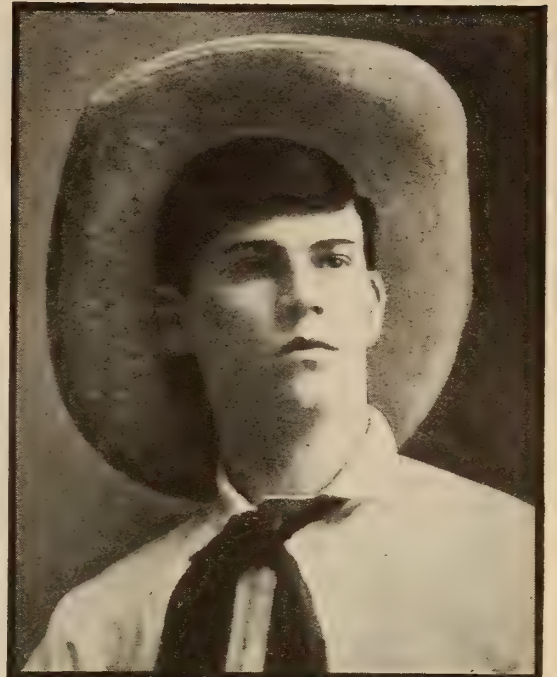
With fuel thus added to the histrionic fires, he left home with a repertoire company booked to play small towns. He left with parental consent, but he was warned by mother and father that the adventure would end disastrously. He was also warned not to write home for money.

He surprised parents and everyone else by sticking to it. The

Walter Huston, the future Lincoln of the films, pictured at the age of three. This is the first picture ever made of the popular actor.



Walter Huston at seventeen. This picture was taken of him in a bucolic rôle he played in melodrama at the old Toronto Opera House.



tour took him through Canada and the United States. It was rough going at times, but he kept writing glorious letters home. When he and the show parted company he would not admit defeat. The show finally went broke in Lyons, N. Y., after a busy period of tramping. Pride would not allow him to write home for funds so he hopped aboard a freight train for New York. The city always has been severe with children who dare to pass its portals, seeking fame and fortune. It was no less severe with Huston.

Work on the stage was not to be had. He finally managed to get a job as a waiter and eventually fortune smiled. It was a relief when after a long period he got a place in a stock company, playing "Convict Stripes," a melodrama by Hal Reid, father of the late Wallace Reid. He played the part of the convict, and was in the company the year after Mary Pickford, then a child actress from Toronto, had played in it. Lillian Gish made her stage debut in the same play and the same company, taking the place of her life-long friend, Miss Pickford.

Walter later found a place in Richard Mansfield's company. However, he spoke his lines so nervously that he retired ignominiously to a stock berth in Bridgeport. He even held his spear in honor of Shakespeare's art in those early days, and he declared that he has since played every rôle in the repertoire of American stock companies except the cake of ice in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Huston left the theatrical business flat (Continued on page 101)



Lilyan Tashman demonstrates her favorite facial massage. Upper left, knead the under jaw lines with the fists. Use a pressing and lifting movement from the center of the chin to a point just below the ears. Always work upwards, never downwards. Top center, relax the muscles around the eyes. Using the third and fourth fingers of both hands, start at the inner corner of the upper lid, running the finger lightly to the outer corner, around and beneath to the inner corner.

THACKERAY once said, "I peer into the bonnets of women I meet to see over how wide a kingdom rouge reigns."

Today milady's bonnet has become merely a twist of cloth or a wisp of felt and straw which perches, rather miraculously, on the back of her head, so that her whole physiognomy is open to the most searching gaze. If there be any mid-Victorians about who are still bemoaning the fact that Fashion has made Jezebel surrender her monopoly of the rouge pot, let them saunter forth and look into the uncovered faces of girls hurrying to offices or of matrons flitting from shop to shop. Behold—exclamations and rejoicings will come from their lips when they notice with surprise that the majority of women this summer look so *healthy* and yet so *unrouged*!

What fun to delude our gentlemen friends, husbands and sweethearts. Of course, women are still using make-up, only it takes about twice as long to apply it as it did formerly, for it must be done with delicacy and artistry. Until recently one frequently noticed women using such combinations as rachel powder with red cheek rouge and raspberry lipstick, or some other combination as utterly lacking



By ANN BOYD

Upper right, furrows of the brow can be neatly sidestepped by massaging the forehead with the four fingers of both hands. Start at the bridge of the nose, bring the fingers upward in an arch and draw them in a horizontal line to the temples. Left, stimulate the circulation of face and neck twice a day by pressing and lightly slapping with palms of both hands. Start both treatments at the chin and work upward to the temples, repeating until tingling sensation is felt.

in harmony. For several years Parisian designers have stressed the *tout ensemble* in costumes, and at last color harmony has been brought into the realm of cosmetics.

ARE you capable of being honest with yourselves? If you are you will take a magnifying mirror under a strong north light. For those of you who have been lazy and neglectful in the care of your skins during the winter months, this experience will not be a pleasant one. Even if you have taken care of your skin assiduously, take another look to determine whether the present treatment is agreeing with it. There are really only two types of skin—oily and dry. Some people, however, may have mixed skin. The skin may be dry on certain parts of the face and oily on others, as for instance, dry on the cheeks and chin and oily on the nose and forehead. If this be the case the treatment must be a little more subtle, in order to strike a balance for the whole. A person's skin is constantly changing. The treatment that suited your skin last year may be totally wrong, even harmful this year. One must be constantly on guard.

Notice the skin on your
(Continued on page 97)

The Proper Care of the Face

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 31)

Will Rogers' favorite attire is blue denim trousers, cowboy boots and an old battered hat. His favorite pastime is—telling stories.

BETTY COMPSON'S name is printed on the new packets of matches she hands out to friends . . . Greta Garbo's new Spring outfit was a navy blue suit tailored in smart, plain lines . . . Loretta Young has given up the house she and Grant Withers occupied during their brief married life and gone back to home and mother . . . Johnnie Mack Brown is building a Colonial cottage high in Beverly Hills. It has lots of bathrooms, lots of view but no swimming pool. . . . Joe E. Brown would rather be a professional ball player than a stage or screen comedian. Joe has his own baseball team at the Warner Brothers-First National studio and plays each Sunday.

Wallace Beery received as a gift, the other day, a print of the first "Swedie" comedy he made for the old Essanay company in Chicago twenty-one years ago. Wallace played the role of a Swedish servant girl with Ben Turpin as his heavy lover. He was paid \$75 a week for producing, directing and acting in the comedies. He still thinks they are funny.

Antoinette Morales, Spanish dancer, accidentally kicked El Brendel, Swedish comedian, in the eye the other day and he wound up in a hospital. Brendel was leaning over when Toinette kicked backward. He did not duck in time.

Charles Butterworth, the "dead-pan" comedian, never laughs on the screen—nor off. . . . Dorothy Mackaill has had the same hair dresser for five years. . . . Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson, the comics, are each building handsome homes in Hollywood although they are on the road in vaudeville eight months out of the year. . . . Jack Reclaud, the Nevada phenomenon, ate two electric light bulbs and chewed up four safety razor blades for the "Strange as it Seems" series at Universal. . . . Ramon Novarro studied French from phonograph records to perfect his speech in that tongue. . . . The stork is expected to make a visit to the home of Shirley Mason this Summer. Shirley is the wife of Sidney Lanfield, a director.

With her troubles at Pathe all ironed out, Ann Harding is happy again. Ann will make four pictures a year and will not be loaned. Her husband, Harry Bannister, also has been re-signed. . . . Mabel Coleman, who was forced by ill health to retire from the screen, is back again, working in Cecil De Mille's "The Squawman." . . . A bandit forced his way into William Haines' home, blindfolded Beulah Brown, the maid, tied her hands with telephone cord, gagged her with adhesive tape, bound her to a chair then ripped a hundred \$1 bills from the wall. Each bill was autographed by some member of the motion picture colony. But Beulah managed to free herself—and what a squawk she made!

ON the fifty-eighth anniversary of his father and mother's wedding day, Douglas MacLean was quietly married to Lorraine Eddy, in the drawing room of his father's apartment in Los Angeles.

It had been Dr. MacLean's wish that the wedding should take place upon that day and that he himself—Dr. MacLean spent many years in the ministry—should perform the ceremony. All plans had been made. A few days before the date set, the father was taken ill, and a stroke of paralysis rendered him helpless. The last conscious thought he had was to protect the romance of his son.

"No matter what happens, the children must be married on that day," he said. "It will bring them luck and perhaps as much happiness as mother and I have known in our fifty-eight years together."

So Douglas and his beautiful bride followed his wishes. Only his mother and four or five intimate friends were present when Judge Edwin T. Bishop, an old friend of the family, read the marriage service.

The honeymoon trip, which will be made on Douglas' yacht, has been postponed until Dr. MacLean is better.

MacLean, for years a comedy star, is now producing pictures at RKO. The new Mrs. MacLean was a musical comedy actress and has made a num-

ber of motion pictures in Hollywood.

Barney Glazer, writer, walked into a room where three tables of bridge had been playing for several hours. "Lord," he said, "there's enough smoke in here to cure a ham." William Boyd, actor, jumped to his feet. "I resent that," he said, "and besides once a ham always a ham. You can't cure them."

Greta Garbo's favorite sport is walking. She spends much of her "between pictures" time at one of our nearby mountain resorts and indulges in this pastime of hiking.

WHAT would you do, little girl, if you were given a contract that would earn you a lot of money, and make you Jack Gilbert's leading lady?

Gilbert and John Robertson, the director, were on the set one morning ready to start shooting the first scenes of "Cheri-Bebi," Jack's next picture. But Edna Best, English actress who was to play opposite Jack, failed to show up at the starting hour. The company waited. Finally came a messenger

(Continued on page 79)



When the Barrymore yacht, the Infanta, pulled up to the dock at Long Beach, Calif., the photographer caught this picture of the Barrymores, Dolores, Jack and little Dolores Ethel. The Infanta had just finished an 8,000 mile cruise in Central American waters.



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

Two mighty important things happened to Kay Francis in a single week. She married Kenneth MacKenna and sailed away on his yacht for a honeymoon. And she was signed by the Warner Brothers under a special contract which will eventually make her a star. All within seven days, too! So Miss Francis gets congratulations on two counts.

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 77)

boy with a telegram. It was from Edna Best, who was on the train going east. "Please forgive me," it said, "I am on my way back to my husband in London. I'm awfully homesick and besides I am just afraid I wouldn't be any good in the picture.

Edna Best."

And that was that. Jack got a new leading lady. But 'tis said in Hollywood that Miss Best will be back—with her husband.

Marion Davies wouldn't think of sitting at a table with thirteen. She has been known to hold off a dinner for an hour, while she would try to get someone to occupy the place made vacant by a last-minute disappointment from the fourteenth guest.

PRETTY DOROTHY LEE, the blonde favorite of RKO, is the latest Malibu convert. She bought Johnny Farrow's house. And Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wheeler and their two-year-old daughter have also moved down, after rebuilding a charming house. The day they moved in was a great occasion, as Bert Woolsey and his wife came down to assist. We suggest that RKO make a picture with the Wheeler-Woolsey combination on settling in a new house. It was very funny.

POLA NEGRI is reported to be signed by RKO. The star of former years may come to Hollywood and make several pictures. If she does, Hollywood can be prepared for some lively scenes. Nothing stagnates with Pola around,

and they have rather missed her:

Sixty thousand dollars for eight weeks' work!

That's the little plum Jackie Coogan draws down from Paramount under a recently signed contract. Twelve hundred and fifty dollars a day! Which, for a boy of 16 just trying to get along, isn't so bad.

Paramount also signed Mitzi Green, aged 10, for 40 weeks at a salary of \$625 a week with an option for a longer term at the rate of \$1250 a week.

The contracts, together with others to Carmen Dee Barnes, 18; Jackie Searl, 10, and Sylvia Sidney, 20, were submitted to the Los Angeles superior courts for approval, as provided by the California law affecting minors.

Reviews

(Continued from page 73)

recent song hit) she plays a dance-hall hostess who marries the wrong fellow. Hubby turns out to be a discontented weakling and scoundrel but Barbara does everything she can to save him, even to going back to the dance-hall and having her slippers trampled as of yore.

Love in the South Seas

Frederick W. Murnau, the German who made "The Last Laugh," and Robert Flaherty, the American who filmed "Nanook" and "Moana," went to the Society Islands in the South Pacific and filmed "Tabu." They quarreled before the picture was completed and Murnau finished it alone. Murnau then came back with the completed "Tabu"—and was killed in an automobile accident near Los Angeles.

"Tabu" is frequently beautiful but more often dull. It has synchronized music but no dialogue. And very few subtitles. The story—of two young and loving Polynesians who flee before the edict of their priests that pretty Rari must serve the gods as a virgin priestess—is told pictorially. The background of coral atolls and fleecy clouds is lovely, the native girl who plays Rari is utterly charming and there are breath-taking moments of a native hula-hula. The average movie-goer, I am afraid, will be bored by "Tabu."

"Body and Soul" introduces the Fox Studios' entry in the race for stellar popularity. The entry is Elissa Landi, who has possibilities. "Body and Soul" is too weak to indicate just what Miss Landi may do.

I refuse to say much about Mary Pickford and her adventures with "Kiki" (United Artists). Suffice it to remark that her playing of the little French gamin (done on the stage by Lenore Ulric) is something that will not add to her laurels.

By LYNDE DENIG

The Hot Heiress—First National:—Perhaps you did not know that Ben

Lyon is something of a singer. Well he is. In this merry farce Ben crosses notes with the musical comedy boys that have found their way to the screen and stands a comparison without loss of prestige. He plays a riveter who sings while he rivets the iron girders of high buildings. The morning slumbers of a gorgeous young heiress are disturbed by the rapid fire of Ben and his fellow riveters. A red hot bolt eludes Ben's catching bucket and enters the bedroom of the heiress, setting it on fire. Ben follows the bolt and ignites the heiress, emotionally. But you don't have to credit the story. Ona Munson is pretty.

River's End—Warners:—Words don't mean much when the thermometer hits zero and the wind sweeps through the bleak forests of the Northwest. This tale is a carryover from the days of the silent screen when James Oliver Curwood frequently pulled the puppet strings that the Canadian mounted police might ride in the cause of justice. The plot adheres to a familiar formula, the rugged Charles Bickford playing a dual rôle, that of a fugitive from justice and the officer who captures him. J. Farrell McDonald, Zasu Pitts and Evelyn Knapp are in the cast of a clean-cut picture. It is refreshing to smell the pines after a sequence of perfumed boudoirs.

Hell Bound—Tiffany:—Soon they will erect monuments to gallant gangsters gone soft over their cuties. Nick, the bold, bad man in "Hell Bound," makes a strong and, it should be added, a successful bid for sympathy, as played by Leo Carrillo. He is as hard as they come until his henchmen drop an unconscious girl in his apartment and kidnap a doctor to care for her. After a hasty examination, the doctor diagnoses the young woman's ailment as pneumonia and orders her not to be moved. From that time on, Nick hangs around a florist's shop buying roses and neglecting his business shame-

fully. In the end, a rival gangster takes him for a ride and the doctor gets the girl.

Father's Son—First National:—A sincere picture adapted from a story by Booth Tarkington, an author who knows boys from the inside out. The trouble seems to be that the material supplied by this particular plot runs dry before the picture is complete. Even such competent players as Lewis Stone, Leon Janney and Irene Rich fail to cover the bald spots, or to suggest any uncertainty about the ultimate outcome. The methodical father is annoyed by the irregularities of his spirited son. The mother sides with the boy. They leave home and establish themselves in a cottage, whereupon the father takes his fill of silence accompanied by loneliness. What happens? One guess: Yes, of course, just that, and Dad is going to be a boy again.

Ingagi—Congo Pictures:—In case you don't know what the title indicates (we didn't), Ingagi means gorilla, the most deadly animal in all of Darkest Africa—or so we are told. This wild-game picture has aroused a deal of discussion and litigation. Some folk that know their African jungle say it is faked. At all events, you will see a lot of animals not generally met outside of a zoo. As for the authenticity of the gorilla that takes a native girl out for a ride, we can't say. It may be Joe Frisco on his day off.

The Gorilla—Warners:—"The Gorilla" is beginning to show his age. In the vital years of his youth his mere shadow thrown on the stage was enough to set audiences squealing. His second incarnation in a silent picture brought a number of creepy moments, along with laughs, whereas this, his third manifestation, is appreciably less effective, despite the antics of Joe Frisco. Perhaps the difference is in the responsiveness of an audience grown slug-

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Reviews

(Continued from page 79)

gish on a steady diet of comedy-melodramas. The best part of the picture comes near the close when there is confusion concerning the identity of the true gorilla and the imitation contrived by Frisco. Harry Gribbon plays a good second to Joe.

It Pays to Advertise—Paramount:—Somehow a story setting forth the advantages of advertising seems out of date. Everybody conceded as much, thereby removing any basis for argument. The play from which this comedy was taken did very well, but that was a number of years ago and the picture lacks the spontaneity of the stage piece. A wealthy soap manufacturer, having amassed a fortune in a quiet manner, is unwilling to change his ways. His son, an up-an'-at-'em lad, is all for aggressive methods and his girl is right there to cheer him on. In a remarkably short period, the son corners the soap market. You will see Skeets Gallagher, Norma Foster, Carole Lombard and Eugene Pallette doing their best to grow laughs in dry soil.

Men Call It Love—Metro-Goldwyn:—The keynote of this picture is sounded in one of the early scenes when Adolphe Menjou, playing Tony, a debonnaire man-about-town, announces that he is about to live up to his reputation as a menace to loosely tied couples. Not content with easy conquests he focuses his insinuating eyes on Connie (Leila Hyams) notoriously faithful to her husband, who happens to be something of a scamp. Tony wins his woman but, politely declining to consummate his conquest, he returns Connie to her lawful mate as good as new. The picture is in accord with the current style in society comedies in which the old-time villain is whitewashed.

Honor Among Lovers—Paramount:—An expertly acted comedy in which there are several delightful scenes, developed by Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, as smooth a pair of drawing-room lovers as one needs desire. The rather familiar tale of a Wall Street broker and his all-too-be-witching secretary is given a coating of sophistication. Almost everybody is politely emotional, save the swaggering, staggering husband who is always mixing his drinks at the wrong time, thereby serving a purpose, that of arousing sympathy for the loyal wife and the honorable broker. When the action threatens to become dull another round of drinks is served.

Don't Bet On Women—Fox:—Una Merkel, as an alarmingly outspoken girl, comes pretty close to walking away with this picture, despite the presence of such able performers as Edmund Lowe, Jeanette MacDonald and Roland Young. Miss Merkel is continuously amusing in a frothy story expressing the thought that it is unwise to rely upon the emotional stability of a woman. As a disillusioned man of the world, Lowe accepts the comfortable assurance that all women

are vulnerable. Young, playing a trusting husband, contends otherwise. There is, for example, his wife. He is ready to bet on her loyalty. Yes, he has confidence—a bit too much, in fact.

Crashing Hollywood—Educational:—Better than the average short comedy in both idea and treatment. An attractive young miss, "fresh from the farm," is prepared to crash Hollywood with the assistance of a couple of experienced flappers who have been in Hollywood long enough to know the ins and outs, particularly the outs, of the studios. The sweet child from the country wants excitement and plenty of it, so her friends throw a wild party at which she is supposed to meet celebrated picture stars. The impersonations of Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd and several others are diverting.

The Great Meadow—Metro-Goldwyn:—An aggravating picture in that it suggests something far more impressive than is revealed on the screen. Taking Elizabeth Madox Roberts' spirited story of pioneers on their heroic trek from Virginia to the new lands of Kentucky, Director Charles Brabin has turned out an uneven picture that grasps at reality without capturing it for more than fleeting periods. The narrative is as episodic as an illustrated lecture. One feels that the actors are merely impersonating the intrepid Virginians undergoing hardships. The long trail winds through too many extravagances and the whooping Indians are ludicrous. By way of compensation, there are many beautiful backgrounds.

June Moon—Paramount:—By all means see this adaptation of a renowned stage comedy. As a sap from Schenectady, who writes the most terrible lyrics in the belief that he is a genius, Jack Oakie is quite at his best. In situation, dialogue and characterization, the tone of the original piece has been preserved. There is a humorous combination of hardness and sentiment in this presentation of Tin Pan Alley. The types in "June Moon" are particularly fortunate, including the hardboiled wives and sweethearts, who grow impatient while waiting for their composer-companions to turn out a song hit. Oakie is capably supported by Frances Dee, June McCloy and Wynne Gibson.

A Fowl Affair—Educational:—A really clever novelty produced by Al Christie. The cast of this farmyard romance is composed exclusively of feathered farmyard residents: ducks, chickens, turkeys, bedecked in various costumes. They act out their story set to dialogue supplied by human voices. It is all very ingenious and entertaining. Children will love it: so will their parents.

My Past—Warners:—Nothing to get excited about, even with Ben Lyon, Lewis Stone and the attractive Bebe Daniels seeking emotional ease on a sumptuous yacht. Miss Daniels plays a

girl who is suffering the consequences of a speckled past during which she had developed a taste for millionaires, champagne and Mediterranean cruises. Because of this past and her indebtedness to a kindly though elderly lover, she sails away from the one true love of her life. It happens that her two admirers are business partners and the best of friends. With a gallant gesture, the senior partner withdraws, leaving the young folk in each other's arms just as nature intended.

Honeymoon Land—Educational:—The first of a series of camera journeys into the garden spots of the world with Claude Flemming. As a starter, Mr. Flemming selected the Hawaiian Islands, showing rarely beautiful scenes in colored film. The trip is accompanied by a running narrative, informal in tone, yet sufficiently explanatory. Looks like a popular short-subject number.

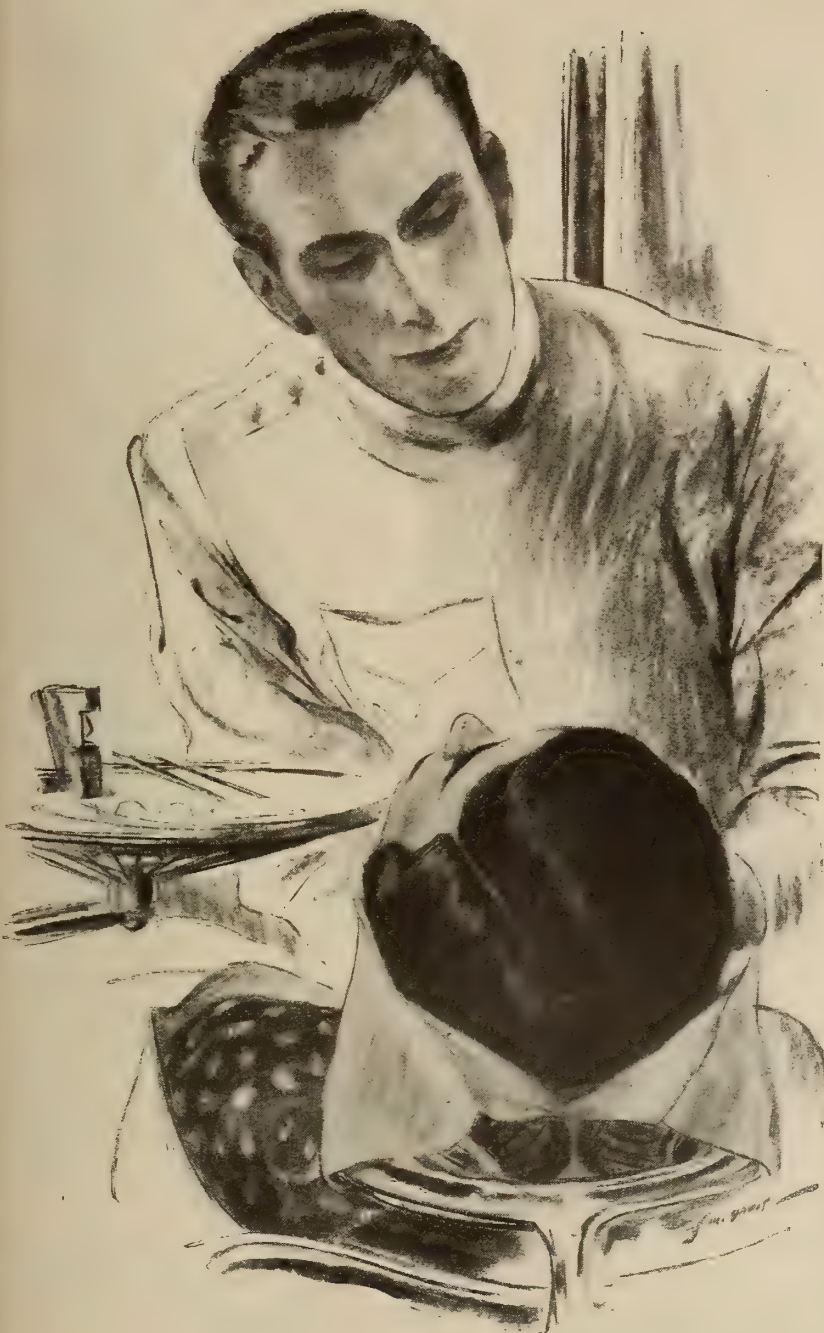
Dance, Fools, Dance—Metro-Goldwyn:—Almost a spot news picture in that the story is obviously suggested by recent happenings in the smarter circles of Chicago's gangster set. The murder of a police news reporter and the massacre of a group of racketeers are the incidents on which the plot revolves. A society girl (Joan Crawford) and her young brother (William Bakewell) take a head dive from high into low society after the family fortune is wiped out in a stock market crash. As a reporter, Joan is commissioned to locate the murderer of her fellow worker. It's pretty tough to find the evidence leading straight to her spoiled brother, but such is life. An exciting melodrama with Joan working at wide-eyed tension.

Man of the World—Paramount:—The less you know newspapers and the mental machinery of those who make them, the more you are likely to be impressed by this exposé of a blackmailing scandal sheet. Accepted without a too close questioning as to probabilities, the picture is a diverting bit of fiction, in which William Powell is a very smooth cosmopolite who falls heart first for the wealthy American girl he had set out to blackmail. Carole Lombard is the beautiful and trusting creature responsible for the blackmailer's reformation. Looking pensively over the rail of a steamer bound for South Africa he tears a \$10,000 check into bits, drops them into the sea, and that's that.

Charlie Chan Carries On—Fox:—Charlie Chan, as impersonated by Warner Oland, is one of the most winning of screen sleuths. His urbanity is charming rather than sinister and his cunning is nicely tempered with Oriental philosophy. In the latest and perhaps the best of the Earl Derr Biggers' detective yarns, Charlie is quite at his best. The sight-seeing of a group of around-the-world tourists is interrupted by a murder, or rather a series of murders. When the pride of Scotland Yard is laid low, his friend Charlie carries on. Naturally, he gets his man. There is suspense right up to the close of this well made picture.

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A Conversation between
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DENTIST: It can be. But its seriousness largely depends on how long you have had it.

YOU: I've had it quite a long time—for years, I suppose. I remember I was rather worried when I first noticed that my gums were tender and bled easily. Why should I have "pink tooth brush"? I take such awfully good care of my teeth!

DENTIST: Anybody may have "pink tooth brush"! Modern diet, you see. Soft foods. The gums need exercise to keep them healthy, just as one's muscles need work. Without exercise—work, if you please—your gums grow lacy and dull. They get soft—a bit flabby—and in time they begin to bleed.

YOU: And after that?

DENTIST: Well, "pink tooth brush" makes it easy for any one of an entire group of gum troubles to get a start. Vincent's disease, for instance, gingivitis. Sometimes, even pyorrhea, though that particular one is rather rare.

YOU: I haven't any of those terrible things, have I?

DENTIST: You'd probably know it if you did! But there's another reason to stop "pink tooth brush" quickly! An unhealthy condition of the gums is likely to spoil the natural polish of your teeth. Neglect it and the roots of some may even become infected. And that may threaten some of your sound teeth.

YOU: No, thanks. I'll get rid of the "pink tooth brush" instead of my teeth! What's this about massaging Ipana Tooth Paste into the gums, to stop "pink tooth brush"?

DENTIST: Ipana has ziratol in it. Ziratol is what we dentists use for toning and stimulating the gums back to health. You see, Ipana plus massage speeds up circulation and firms the gum walls. Try it. Just clean your teeth with Ipana. Then massage some more Ipana lightly into your gums. Once or twice a day. In a month or so your gums should be considerably harder and healthier than they are right at this minute.



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Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 39)

world that loved them in pictures visioned a great romance, in which they should continue to live the story they filmed in their private lives. Farrell and Gaynor became the modern synonym for Romeo and Juliet.

No one, least of all the four principals involved in the story, would ever deny that there were times when Charlie and Janet were in love with each other. They had brief flutters of romance.

Between them existed—and still exists—one of the most unusual friendships I have ever seen. They love each other devotedly. They fight for and with each other. I don't think there is anything Charlie could ask of Janet that she wouldn't do. I don't think Janet could get into any situation where Charlie wouldn't help her out at any cost.

But they were not in love with each other, except for those brief flirtations.

The truth is that each, for real love, desired someone entirely different.

LITTLE Gaynor, with her red hair and black eyes, her quick mind, her facile emotions, wanted a big love story;

she wanted to be idolized, courted, dramatized. Every girl does. This is not the love story of Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, but that story cannot be entirely separated from the love story of Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli.

For, while the millions of movie fans expected, hoped, for the marriage of Janet and Charlie, something quite different was going on. Without sacrificing one jot of their loyalty and affection for each other, Charlie and Janet were each seeking the thing necessary to their own happiness, the thing they didn't find in each other.

Janet wanted romance, drama, out of a story book. She found it in the dashing young San Franciscan who flew to Hollywood by airplane to meet her, who showered her with flowers, presents, attentions, compliments. Who gilded life for her, as Charlie, whom she knew so well, whom she saw every day on the set, could never do.

Charlie wanted—peace, contentment, comfort and security.

Very, very often, boys take on the color of their homes, their mothers, when they look ahead and decide what

they want from this side of life.

Charlie Farrell had been brought up on good, solid, Cape Cod common sense. He isn't in the least romantic in Janet Gaynor's definition of the word. To him romance is safety. He is, in reality, rather shy, and a great deal modest. His idea of love is the idea he saw enacted before him for years, the quiet devotion, companionship, and fidelity of his father and mother. He isn't very sure of himself even yet. He wants to be bolstered, to be reassured.

But he was romantic enough never to lose that first picture of Virginia Valli.

SUCCESS flooded in upon him after "Seventh Heaven." Money came, too. He hadn't had any money until then, had scraped along as best he could, sharing a room at the Hollywood Athletic Club with Dick Arlen, continuing to drive a Ford. With the turn of his fortunes, he remained calm and unextravagant.

But he was able, at last, to ask Virginia out to dinner.

Love didn't come to him, nor to her, in any blazing and sudden fashion.

Charlie went home from that first date feeling that he had found the greatest thing in the world—a woman who understood him. He hadn't felt self-conscious with her, nor inadequate, nor nervous. He had told her things about himself and she had been interested and his boyish humor had amused her so that her dark eyes lighted with real pleasure.

It seemed to him that life was fuller, more wonderful, now that he could look forward to other days and evenings with Virginia.

The girl went home stirred with a sweet and pleasant sense of having found a man who didn't make demands, who wasn't hectic and violent. He was a sweet kid and she liked him.

The thing grew, day by day. Janet married Lydell Peck, and the newspapers and the fans pictured Charlie as heart broken, as deserted. As a matter of fact, he and Virginia, chaperoned by Colleen Moore, were on a trip on Charlie's beloved boat.

Two years ago, Charlie asked Virginia to marry him. She didn't say no, but she wouldn't say yes.

She said, "Let's be sure. If it's right, if we really love each other enough for marriage, enough to go through the rest of our lives together, it won't change anything to wait. You have heavy responsibilities. So have I. I don't want to make a mistake, for your sake as much as mine."

SO they waited. It wasn't Charlie's wish. He grew more and more impatient as time went by. Virginia went to New York with her best friend, Colleen Moore. She wanted to apply the further test of absence. Of late her heart had grown very light. They played together like kids, she and Charlie. The wise eyes grew merry. Love grew surer and surer. Hours spent together proved she had found a real companion. She knew what she could do for Charlie, what a splendid home she could make him, how she could guide and protect his

(Continued on page 92)



Acme—P. & A. Photo

While making "Stolen Heaven" Nancy Carroll spent a synthetic vacation in Palm Beach, which was staged for the movie cameras in a Long Island Studio. Maybe that prompted her to dash off to the real Palm Beach before starting another picture. Here is Miss Carroll at the swimming pool of The Flamingo at Miami Beach.

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Tower Group—June, 1931

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The Anti-Movie Month of June

(Continued from page 69)

instead of keeping an even course as is the case with less volatile types. She should, therefore, seize the moments when conditions are especially favorable to fortify herself for the future. By the same token, people with horoscopes like Miss MacDonald's should save in the periods of prosperity against that rainy day which may come to any of us.

I DON'T mean all this to sound pessimistic. It is not. But I was struck right away by the extraordinarily good conditions which surround Miss MacDonald during 1931. It is the best year she has had for a long time, astrologically speaking; and although she is coming into a much better period than the one which she had just passed through—especially in 1927 and 1929—she is not likely to have such a wonderfully good year as 1931 until 1935. On the other hand, I will say for Miss MacDonald's peace of mind, she is not likely to have any really very hectic times until at least 1937, during which year she should be careful lest she share a temporary setback through some friend or associate whom she has herself befriended. Incidentally, Miss MacDonald should never gamble and should never let her fire insurance lapse. These last warnings are particularly applicable right now.

As for Virginia Valli, since she has just carried off Hollywood's shiniest matrimonial prize, I could hardly expect you to believe that she was under anything but the most favorable stars. And fortunately such is the case. She is coming under excellent financial conditions this Summer which should last through 1932. The latter year, however, may not be so favorable for her in a personal way unless she diverts its vibrations into energy to be used in her



The horoscope of Virginia Valli, as drawn by Evangeline Adams. The famous astrologer makes some interesting predictions for the bride of Charles Farrell.

work. There is a real danger of scandal in 1932; and I advise her to be on the lookout for a woman who may be inclined to make trouble. I suppose that is good advice for any girl married to a man as handsome as Charlie Farrell; but, as it happens, it is so

Next Month in NEW MOVIE
Evangeline Adams will discuss the
month of July and the influences
of the planets upon people born
in that month. She will tell you
about a number of the notable
July movie folk.

obviously written in Miss Valli's chart for 1932 that any competent scientific astrologer could hardly fail to see it.

As against this one cause for warning, there are many favoring influences in Virginia Valli's chart, which, if she will give heed to them, should enable her to make a real success of her married life. In the first place, she has her Sun in conjunction with Neptune—the same relationship that Mr. Brook has—which not only makes her successful in her chosen profession, but gives her a subtle influence over men in real life. Her Mercury is in the domestic sign Cancer; and inasmuch as it is also in opposition to Saturn, she is the type which is either very suspicious or has absolute faith. Unless she is given cause for suspicion, the latter trait will predominate, and will contribute no end to the success of her life with Mr. Farrell. Many men have told me that the chief thing which keeps them faithful to their marriage vows is the confidence which their wives show in their marital integrity. So, Mrs. Charlie Farrell, take warning!

And you, Mr. Charlie Farrell, take warning, too! Don't give this wife of yours, with her Mercury in opposition to Saturn, any undue cause to be jealous. Give her plenty of time, too, to commune with herself. People with the Sun in conjunction with Neptune in a sensitive sign like Gemini must have plenty of time by themselves; if they don't, they get out of tune with life. And the husband of such a woman has on his shoulders the heavy responsibility for giving her that time.

The one thing to remember about all these Gemini people—about all Gemini people everywhere—is that they are children of Mercury. They have minds—and they must be allowed to use them!

IF YOU WERE BORN UNDER GEMINI

IF you were born between May 22nd and June 21st, you too are strongly under the influence of Gemini, the sign of the Zodiac whose symbol is the Twins. And twin-like, you are the kind that should have more than one line of work to keep you busy. Gemini people actually accomplish more by having two occupations and changing from one to another as the mood dictates. If possible, the two lines should be confined to the same business and should contribute to the same end. But one thing is certain: Gemini people must have variety; otherwise they become mentally dead.

If you are a true Gemini type, you have a sensitive nature, very susceptible to impressions; you gain knowledge through experience quite as much as through books. Your great versatility, combined with a tendency to lack decision, may cause you to scatter your forces. You must guard against thus dissipating your strength. You require much exercise and much sleep. You should practice concentration, and learn to finish one thing before beginning another.

You should have a good deal of artistic ability.

You do things for the joy of doing them rather than for the results. You are very observing and have a retentive memory. These traits are very useful in any kind of literary work. In fact, people born in your sign, which is ruled by Mercury, the God of the Mind, do well in literary pursuits, as writers, editors, publishers, printers, proofreaders or booksellers. They also make good bankers, diplomats, lawyers, public speakers—in fact, they have an aptitude for most professional or artistic callings.

Versatile people are usually nervous people; so sons and daughters of Gemini would do well to check the first symptoms in neuritis. They are also sometimes susceptible to rheumatism in the hands, arms, shoulders and nerve centers. As I told Mr. Brook, they should get plenty of exercise in the fresh air and try to sleep more than most people.

Gemini people find congenial mates among the natives of Libra or Aquarius.

The main thing for you to do, if you are a true child of Gemini, is to cultivate concentration—and, incidentally, look out for your nerves!

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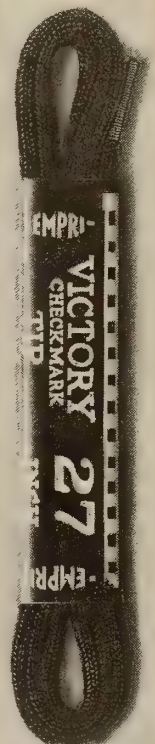
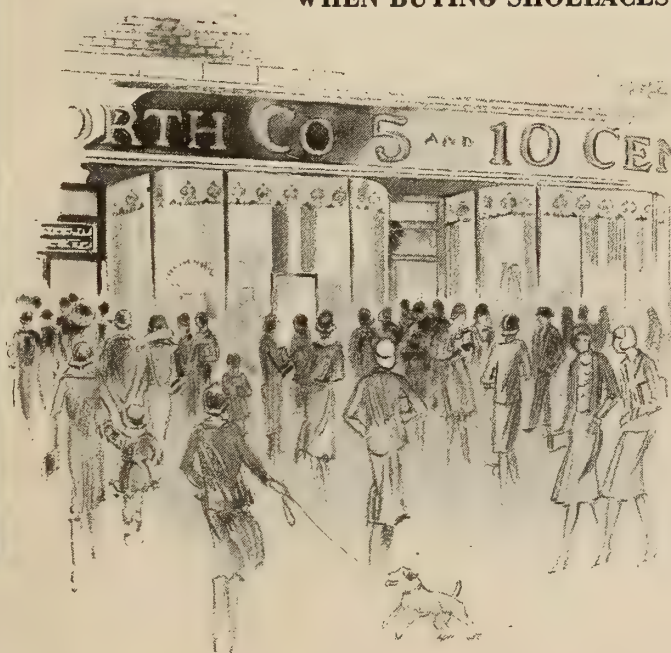
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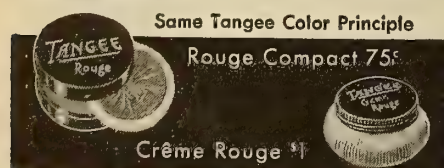
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Chaplin Goes Home

(Continued from page 59)

bathroom in Beverly Hills. 'This was my first tub,' he told me and related how every Saturday night when he was a kid he used to steal up to this water trough and take a quick bath.

"From the water trough we walked on up the street, the car following us at a distance. We passed a pub, a police station, some shabby looking shops and then came to a tenement. When I saw it I thought of the one in which *Sentimental Tommy* was born and raised. The stairs and the halls seemed to be the very ones Barrie has immortalized. We climbed about four flights and then Charlie rapped on a door.

"A TALL, middle-aged woman answered our knock. As she opened the door, I saw she was wearing a plain black shirtwaist and skirt. When she saw who was standing there, she let out a cry and rushed forward.

"Chollie, Chollie, yer back,' she shouted. And then suddenly she seemed conscious of her poverty and his air of wealth. And her face fell a little, and she turned, as if half ashamed. Charlie asked if we might come in. The woman smiled a little wanly and then asked us to wait a minute.

"While we stood in the dimly-lit hall, I could hear her straightening up the room, but it was some change in her own bearing I noted most when she again opened the door. Her shoulders were straighter. Her head was held high. There was a proud light in her eyes. And then I saw what had brought back her spirits. Pinned now to the black shirtwaist, which had been bare of any ornament when she first greeted us, were two medals, decorations, we learned later, bestowed upon a husband and a son who had been among the hero-dead of the war.

"This is where I lived for many years as a boy,' Charlie told me as we entered the apartment. While the woman watched us quietly, with a show of friendly understanding, Charlie led me around the room, pointing out patches on the walls, breaks in the woodwork, or the angle of a window he had known so well when the room was his home.

"And then suddenly he turned to the woman and made what, as I heard it, seemed an astonishing request.

"Would you mind if we lay down on the floor a minute?' Charlie asked her. The woman shook her head and Charlie walked over to the center of

the room and bade me lie flat on my back. He took a place beside me and then I began to understand.

"DO you see those cracks in the ceiling?' he asked me, pointing with his cane to a hundred lines that ran every which way in the plaster. 'They used to be my school books and my story books, too, those cracks. When I was a boy, living close at home to nurse my mother when she was sick, I used to lie on my back on the floor this way for hours and look at those cracks.

"That line there was the Thames finding its way through England to the sea. And those crazy-quilt patches were fairyland in whose confines my imagination wandered through a thousand wonderful adventures!"

"We left the flat a few minutes later and as we went downstairs again it seemed word had spread through the whole neighborhood whose fine car it was drawn up at the curb.

"Gathered on the sidewalk were fifty or more men, women and children. The adults all seemed to know Charlie. He remembered them all. And the welcome they gave him touched my heart more than all the impressive ceremonies with bands and wreaths and committees of celebrities I've ever seen. Those simple folk of that impoverished quarter, who had known Charlie as a little boy, were his 'home town' to which he had come back in honor.

"The inspector of police asked Charlie once more that evening to step out on the balcony at the Ritz and show himself to thousands of fans gathered to acclaim him. Charlie did. But this time his wave was a little perfunctory, his smile a little forced. And I knew his eyes were going over the heads of the crowd, over the roofs of the tall buildings on the square, over the towers of the rich—to that other square where the water trough still stood and poor people lived shabbily . . . where he, as a little boy, had run to the police station to ask help for a sick mother.

"Charlie came back to the table looking a little sad. We sat a moment, thinking of the crowded events of the day.

"It's been a marvelous day,' Charlie said. 'It's been a thrilling day. I've always wanted to come back to London this way. But I'd always hoped I'd be able to bring my mother back with me. It seems different than I'd pictured it . . . different without her!"

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Guide to the Best Films

(Continued from page 8)

partnership with Winnie Lightner. The best moments of the picture are toward the close when Joe is tossed about on a wrestling mat having been tricked into a match with a professional wrestler. *Warners. Class B.*

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath. Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood succeed in being hilariously funny in this adaptation of a popular stage comedy. Exceptionally good entertainment of the lighter sort. *Metro-Goldwyn. Class B.*

Fighting Caravans. Plenty of wide-open spaces without much dramatic filling. Somehow the director failed to catch the spark of life. *Paramount. Class C.*

Cimarron. The Oklahoma land rush of 1889 provides the setting of this Edna Ferber story which is fairly well handled. Richard Dix and other capable players are in the cast. *Radio. Class A.*

Inspiration. Greta Garbo as seductive as ever. The story is rather obviously contrived to present the star in an exotic setting giving full play to her emotional suggestiveness. *Metro-Goldwyn. Class A.*

The Easiest Way. An up-to-date version of a drama that caused a deal of tea-table discussion some twenty-five years ago. Constance Bennett makes a glamorous girl and Adolphe Menjou a tactful tempter. *Metro-Goldwyn. Class A.*

Little Caesar. One of the best of the gangster-bootlegger melodramas. Edward G. Robinson is a convincing gangster in a yarn replete with action. *First National. Class A.*

The Right to Love. A character study in the minor key with Ruth Chatterton portraying both mother and daughter leading frustrated lives on a barren farm. *Paramount. Class C.*

Paid. An old stage favorite, "Within the Law," provided the basic material for this drama starring Joan Crawford in a congenial role. *Metro-Goldwyn. Class B.*

No Limit. Not much of a picture for Clara Bow who deserves better material. *Paramount. Class D.*

One Heavenly Night. Evelyn Laye and John Boles may be seen in this uninspired adaptation of an English musical comedy. *United Artists. Class D.*

Kiss Me Again ("Mademoiselle Modiste"), a Victor He bert operetta, traveling under the name of its most famous song. Bernice Claire essays the role made famous by Fritz Scheff. *First National. Class C.*

The Bat Whispers. If the bat whispered less audibly, the spookiness of this mystery melodrama might be increased. The picture suffers from a too obvious over-emphasis. Chester Morris works hard. *Paramount. Class B.*

Illicit. Barbara Stanwyck, a direct and honest actress, will be well liked in this study of modern marriage and its problems. *Warners. Class B.*

The Painted Desert. William Farnum in slow moving story of the picturesque West. Not a bad picture of its type save that it moves too slowly and is wanting in suspense. *Pathe. Class D.*

(Continued on page 89)

Buy a bandana with that \$3 you save

Compared with dentifrices in the 50 cent class, Listerine Tooth Paste at 25 cents saves you \$3 a year. Let your fancy dictate what you buy with the money. The bandana is merely a suggestion.



Critical women prefer this tooth paste—and for a very definite reason

WOMEN who try Listerine Tooth Paste invariably refuse to use any other. They will not run the risk of affecting their teeth with an inferior dentifrice.

This tooth paste, they find, keeps teeth whiter—more sparkling—absolutely free from discoloration. It cleanses gently and smoothly, with a really amazing quickness.

The secret of Listerine Tooth Paste's popularity lies in the cleansing agents. They are hard enough to remove tartar, and dislodge even the tiniest food particles between the teeth. And yet they are too soft to work mischief on the enamel.

A lifetime of preparation was necessary to produce a dentifrice embodying all the virtues of Listerine Tooth

Paste. That's why, once we offered it to the public, it was acclaimed by ever-growing numbers. Now 4 million people, in all walks of life, have discarded more expensive brands in favor of this new one at about half the price.

Don't take anyone's word for it. Make it a matter strictly between yourself and us. Try a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste. Then study the improvement in the looks of your teeth. Watch for the added lustre. The purer white color. The new feeling of health and aliveness in your mouth.

Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ a tube saves you about \$3 a year over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Buy things you need with that saving.

Lambert
Pharmaceutical
Co., St.
Louis, Mo.

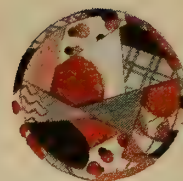


The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

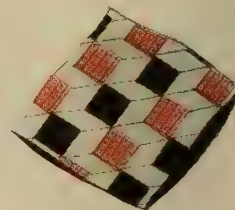
10¢ size on sale at all 5¢ and 10¢ stores



JU32. The petal rug, made from bits of old and new material, shown above dates from Colonial days but it is appropriate for any bedroom.



A memory pillow is easy to make from patches of your favorite dresses.



JU34. This circular gives directions for making the square cushion, and the round one shown above.

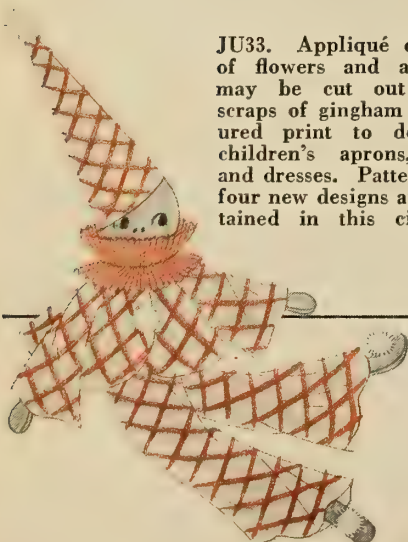


JU35. Directions for making three striking bags, including the one shown here, are given in this circular.



JU36. Patterns for the patchwork quilt shown above and the piece-work cover on the bed at the left (above) are given in this circular.

JU37. With the help of this circular you can make the calico dog below; also the rag doll (lower left corner) whose body is made from an old stocking.



JU33. Appliqué designs of flowers and animals may be cut out from scraps of gingham or figured print to decorate children's aprons, bibs and dresses. Patterns for four new designs are contained in this circular.



Write to Miss Frances Cowles in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or twelve cents for all five circulars. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given beside the descriptions.



Guide to the Best Films

(Continued from page 87)

Reducing. Marie Dressler carries most of this comedy on her own broad shoulders. She is assisted by Polly Moran, Anita Page and Sally Eilers. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class B.

The Command Performance. Another mythical kingdom along with its decorative royal family. Neal Hamilton should be well liked by the matinee girls who enjoy seeing their heroes bedecked in colorful uniforms. *Tiffany.* Class B.

The Gang Buster. You will see Jack Oakie having fun with the racketeers and making them like it. *Paramount.* Class B.

Resurrection. Lupe Velez as the sorrowful Katusha. A sombre story but an interesting one. *Universal.* Class B.

The Blue Angel. The picture that made Marlene Dietrich famous. Emil Jannings is there too. Among the must films of the year. *Paramount.* Class AA.

Tom Sawyer. Just right for the youngsters. Also good for their escorts. Jackie Coogan as the immortal Tom Sawyer. *Paramount.* Class A.

The Man Who Came Back. Based on an old stage favorite, it brings Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell together. *Fox.* Class B.

Reaching for the Moon. Douglas Fairbanks reaches for the moon and gets Bebe Daniels. Fairbanks' antics in modern clothes. *United Artists.* Class B.

The Devil to Pay. Ronald Colman in a tea-sipping comedy. All very English you know, and refined. *United Artists.* Class A.

Common Clay. Constance Bennett suffers very prettily and convincingly in the role of a sadly misused maid. Bring two handkerchiefs. *Fox.* Class AA.

Romance. Greta Garbo looking quite entrancing as a mid-Victorian heroine. *Metro-Goldwyn.* Class AA.

Holiday. Combining an able actress, Ann Harding, and a worth while play, this production registers well. *Pathe.* Class AA.

Journey's End. Renowned war drama from the viewpoint of an English officer. *Tiffany.* Class AA.

All Quiet on the Western Front. Will live as long as people are interested in the horrors of war. *Universal.* Class AA.

Song o' My Heart. If you want to see and hear John McCormack this is your picture. *Fox.* Class AA.

Lummo. Winifred Westover scores in this intelligent treatment of a Fanny Hurst story. *United Artists.* Class B.

The Love Parade. Admirers of Maurice Chevalier must not miss this happy combination of story and acting. *Paramount.* Class AA.

Sin Takes a Holiday. Constance Bennett again. This busy actress is quite at her best in a sophisticated story. *Pathe.* Class AA.

Abraham Lincoln. A worthy production in all respects, presenting Walter Huston as Lincoln. *United Artists.* Class AA.

Free Love. For a time there is neither freedom nor love in this story, but Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin get things smoothed out very comfortably. *Universal.* Class C.



Shooting up fast — but thin as a rail

... until we discovered this easy way to make him gain

"WHEN Johnny was four years old, he began to grow so fast we couldn't keep him in clothes. No sooner did we buy him some new things to wear than he'd shoot up a little more . . . and there would be his arms and legs poking out like little sticks.

"That's what worried us, the child didn't fill out. He couldn't gain an ounce. We asked our doctor about it, and he said Johnny was so lively, he burned up his food in energy before it could do him much good. He suggested Cocomalt, at meals and between meals—for extra body building nourishment.

"We've been giving Cocomalt to Johnny for two months, and you ought to see him now! He has gained seven pounds and that lanky look is gone."

Promotes sturdy growth

This mother's letter to thousands received from all over the country. Underweight and lack of proper development are often the result of *insufficient nourishment*—even in cases where the

child is virtually stuffed with food. For the young growing body, busy and active all day, demands *extra* tissue-building proteins, carbohydrates and minerals.

Cocomalt, the delicious chocolate flavor food drink, gives the child all the varied nourishment of a well-balanced meal . . . *without strain upon the digestion.* It adds 70% more nourishment to milk, almost doubling the food value of every glass your child drinks.

Contains Vitamin D

Cocomalt contains Vitamin D, the same element produced by summer sunshine. This vitamin helps to ward-off rickets, to build sound bones and teeth.

Try 10c size — or send for trial can

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk. ½ lb., 1 lb., and 5 lb. family size at all grocers. Also a generous sized 10c can at stores featuring 10c packages. Or send for a Free Trial Size.

Cocomalt

COOL! REFRESHING!

R. B. DAVIS CO., DEPT. AA-6, HOBOKEN, N. J.

Please send me a free trial-size can of Cocomalt. I am enclosing 10c. to cover cost of mailing.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK



The Men Who Make the Movies

(Continued from page 65)

One more story: Putting it politely, it may be remarked that Goldwyn is outspoken in his business relations. If he disapproves he is apt to erupt with devastating intensity: there is no checking him until he has had his say. A visit to a hospital to have his tonsils removed coincided with a trade paper announcement of the company's list of pictures for the coming season, something of importance in a business way. The producer had not been out of the ether for many hours when a phone message came from the hospital: "Mr. Goldwyn wants to speak with Mr. —." Then a faint voice barely audible: "Why didn't we get a better break? I think the publicity is terrible." A moment of silence and: "I can't talk yet, I'll see you later." This is the one instance on record when the producer was unable to give forceful expression to what was on his mind. As promised, a few days later he talked fluently.

At the time he lost control of the company which bore his name and which he and the Selwyns founded, Goldwyn showed himself to be a game loser. Instead of retiring placidly into some less competitive activity, he immediately set about organizing another producing organization. Before long, he was back in the center of things with pictures challenging the best. Particularly, he displayed rare judgment in picking players. He brought Vilma Banky from Hungary when she was entirely unknown in this country; he staked thousands of dollars on his faith in Ronald Colman and Lois Moran; he gave his directors plenty of leeway in the matter of expenditures and again made himself a vital factor in the motion picture world.

IN 1927, Goldwyn was elected an owner-member of the United Artists Corporation and since then has contributed such conspicuous successes as "Stella Dallas," "Bulldog Drummond," and "The Awakening." By reason of definite artistic accomplishments, he has won the respect of his associates and thousands of men and women throughout the country, who are genuinely interested in the development of motion pictures into entertainment for intelligent adults.

Physically, Goldwyn always keeps in superb condition. He rides horseback regularly, walks at high speed with long, swinging strides and presumably eats an apple a day. His hands are an indication of the artistically sensitive side of his nature. They are finely shaped and expressive. When Goldwyn, Sr., wants to take a rest, which seemingly won't be for many years to come, Samuel, Jr. should be ready to team up with his energetic dad; or, perhaps, he will want to become an actor, like his mother, known on the stage as Frances Howard.

In NEW MOVIE next month the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia gives his impressions of Hollywood



IVORY SNOW

gives silks

A quick trip
through gentle Ivory suds

Dissolves instantly
in lukewarm water

When you just look at Ivory Snow, you know it will protect delicate silks, fine woolens. Ivory Snow is snowy-white, of course. Every tiny Snow-pearl is pure Ivory Soap and so very thin that it turns into gentle Ivory suds the moment water touches it. Even lukewarm water!

Now—no waiting for hot water. No "beating up" suds. No cooling of hot suds. (And you know how hard it is to guess at the safe temperature for silks and woolens after you've been whisking up hot suds.)

Ivory Snow is quick, handy and very, very kind to fine things. A big box for 15¢.

New!

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Pure



**Silk
and woolen
manufacturers agree**

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mal-linson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Hand-woven Homespuns, the makers of the downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers.

Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

(Reviews appear on page 72)

UNFAITHFUL—Paramount. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Fay Kilkerry* and *Fay Houston*, Ruth Chatterton; *Carl Heiden*, Paul Lukas; *Ronald Kilkerry*, Paul Cavanaugh; *Gemma Houston*, Juliette Compton; *Terry*, Donald Cook; *Aunt Janie*, Emily Fitzroy; *Jeffries*, Leslie Palmer.

MAN OF THE WORLD—Paramount. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Michael Trevor*, William Powell; *Mary Kendall*, Carole Lombard; *Irene*, Wynne Gibson; *Harold Taylor*, Guy Kibbee; *Frank Thompson*, Lawrence Gray; *Victor*, Andre Cheron; *Fred*, George Chandler; *Spade*, Tom Costello.

DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Bonnie*, Joan Crawford; *Bob*, Lester Vail; *Bert Scranton*, Cliff Edwards; *Rodney*, William Bakewell; *Stanley Jordan*, William Holden; *Jake Luva*, Clark Gable; *Wally*, Earl Foxe; *Parker*, Purnell B. Pratt; *Selby*, Hale Hamilton; *Della*, Natalie Moorhead; *Sylvia*, Joan Marsh; *Whitey*, Russell Hopton.

KIKI—United Artists. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *Kiki*, Mary Pickford; *Victor Randall*, Reginald Denny; *Alfred Ratt*, Joseph Cawthorne; *Paulette Vaile*, Margaret Livingston; *Eddie*, Phil Tead; *Bunson*, Fred Walton; *Dr. Smiley*, Edwin Maxwell.

HELL BOUND—Tiffany Prod. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Nick Cotrelli*, Leo Carrillo; *Platinum Reed*, Lola Lane; *Dr. Robert Sanford*, Lloyd Hughes; *Dorgan*, Ralph Ince; *Sanford's sister*, Helene Chadwick; *Gilbert*, Richard Tucker; *Rosie*, Gertrude Astor; *Gaspape*, Harry Strang; *Ham*, William Lawrence; *Omaha*, Marty Faust; *Bat*, Jack Gray; *Bliney*, Phil O'Brien.

FATHER'S SON—First National. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Bill Emory*, Leon Janney; *William Emory*, his father, Lewis Stone; *Ruth Emory*, his mother, Irene Rich; *Dr. Franklin*, John Halliday; *Vestibule Johnson*, Robert Dandridge; *His Father*, George Reed; *The bad boy*, Mickey Bennett; *Dinah*, Gertrude Howard; *Mrs. Stewart*, Bertha Mann; *Chauffeur*, Grover Ligon.

THE HOT HEIRESS—First National. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Juliette Hunter*, Ona Munson; *Hap Harrigan*, Ben Lyon; *Bill Dugan*, Tom Dugan; *Olly*, Walter Pidgeon; *Margie*, Inez Courtney; *Lola*, Thelma Todd; *Irene*, Elsie Bartlett; *Mr. Hunter*, Holmes Herbert; *Mrs. Hunter*, Nella Walker; *The Doctor*, George Irving.

THE GORILLA—First National. Directed by Bryan Foy. The cast: *Garrity*, Joe Frisco; *Mulligan*, Harry Gibson; *Arthur Marsden*, Walter Pidgeon; *Alice Denby*, Lila Lee; *The Stranger*, Purnell Pratt; *Cyrus Stevens*, Edwin Maxwell; *Simmons*, Roscoe Cairns; *Jeff*, Will Philbrick.

MY PAST—Warner Brothers. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Doree Macy*, Bebe Daniels; *Bob Byrne*, Ben Lyon; *John Thornley*, Lewis Stone;

Marian Moore, Joan Blondell; *Consuelo Byrne*, Natalie Moorhead; *Lionel Reisch*, Albert Gran; *Miss Taft*, Virginia Sale; *Mrs. Bennett*, Daisy Belmore.

THE FRONT PAGE—United Artists. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: *Walter Burns*, Adolphe Menjou; *Hildy Johnson*, Pat O'Brien; *Peggy*, Mary Brian; *Bensinger*, Edward Everett Horton; *Murphy*, Walter Catlett; *Earl Williams*, George E. Stone; *Molly*, Mae Clarke; *Kruger*, Matt Moore; *Pinus*, Slim Summerville; *McCue*, Frank McHugh; *Sheriff Hartman*, Clarence H. Wilson; *Schwartz*, Fred Howard; *Wilson*, Phil Tead; *Endicott*, Eugene Strong; *Woodenshoes*, Spencer Charters; *Diamond Louie*, Maurice Black; *Mrs. Grant*, Effie Ellsler; *Jenny*, Dorothea Wolbert; *The Mayor*, James Gordon; *Jacobi*, Dick Alexander.

DON'T BET ON WOMEN—Fox. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Roger Fallon*, Edmund Lowe; *Jeanne Drake*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Herbert Drake*, Roland Young; *Tallulah Hope*, Una Merkel; *Chipley Duff*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Doris Brent*, Helene Millard; *Butterfield*, Henry Kolker.

EAST LYNNE—Fox. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Lady Isabel*, Ann Harding; *Robert Carlyle*, Conrad Nagel; *Captain Levison*, Clive Brook; *Cornelius Carlyle*, Cecelia Loftus; *Lord Mount Severn*, O. P. Heggie; *Sir Richard Hale*, David Torrence; *Barbara*, Flora Sheffield; *Joyce*, Beryl Mercer; *Dodson*, J. Gunnis Davis; *William as a baby*, Ronald Cosbey; *William*, later, Wallie Albright.

THE GREAT MEADOW—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Berk Jarvis*, John Mack Brown; *Diony Hall*, Eleanor Boardman; *Elvira Jarvis*, Lucille La Verne; *Betty Hall*, Anita Louise; *Evan Muir*, Gavin Gordon; *Reuben Hall*, Guinn Williams; *Thomas Hall*, Russell Simsey; *Mistress Hall*, Sarah Padden; *Sally Tolliver*, Helen Jerome Eddy.

STRANGERS MAY KISS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Lisbeth*, Norma Shearer; *Steve*, Robert Montgomery; *Alan*, Neil Hamilton; *Geneve*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Celia*, Irene Rich; *Andrew*, Hale Hamilton; *Spanish Dancer*, Conchita Montenegro; *Harry*, Jed Prouty; *De Bazan*, Albert Conti; *Waiter*, Henry Armetta; *Waiter*, George Davis.

MEN CALL IT LOVE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Tony*, Adolphe Menjou; *Connie*, Leila Hyams; *Jack*, Norman Foster; *Helen*, Mary Duncan; *Callie*, Hedda Hopper; *Joe*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Brandt*, Harry Northrup.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE—Paramount. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Rodney Martin*, Norman Foster; *Mary Grayson*, Carole Lombard; *Ambrose Peale*, Skeets Gallagher; *Cyrus Martin*, Eugene Pallette; *Adams*, Lucien Littlefield; *Comtesse de Beauvrien*, Helen Johnson; *Thelma Temple*, Louise Brooks; *Donald McChesney*, Morgan Wallace; *Miss Burke*, Marcia Manners; *Perkins*, Tom Kennedy; *Office Boy*, Junior Coghlan; *Johnson*, John Howell;

(Continued on page 92)



Her Hair Grows Lovelier Every Day!"

TRUE ADMIRATION is won for the hair regularly washed with ColoRinse. It heightens the natural color tone. It restores that glowing sparkle of youthful lustre. And it revives the shimmering softness, the silky sheen, that nature intended all hair to have.

You can use ColoRinse whenever you please. The colors are harmless vegetable compounds... twelve shades to select from. Made by Nestle, the originators of the permanent wave.

Nestle
**COLO-
RINSE**

NOT A DYE... NOT A BLEACH

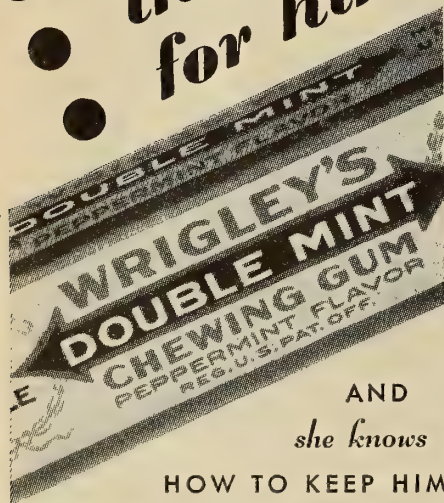


Casts of all Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

(Continued from page 91)



"Just the mate for him"



AND
she knows

HOW TO KEEP HIM

He is thrilled with that elusive charm which leads man to his mate. And she knows she can hold him always by the sweet lure of her pretty, young lips — if she chews **DOUBLE MINT** daily, which keeps lips round and ever beautiful!

● Inexpensive Satisfying

L-107

Window Cleaner, John Sinclair.

JUNE MOON—Paramount. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Frederick Martin Stevens*, the boy wonder, Jack Oakie; *Edna Baker*, old-fashioned and nice, Frances Dee; *Eileen Fletcher*, a gold-digger, June MacCloy; *Paul Sears*, a song-writer who once wrote a hit, Ernest Wood; *Lucille*, his wife, cynical, selfish and snappy, Wynne Gibson; *Maxie Schwartz*, who sees all, knows all, Harry Akst; *Sam Hart*, song-publisher, he likes the ladies, Sam Hardy; *Goldie*, cute but wise, Ethel Sutherland; *Window Cleaner*, who once wrote songs himself, Frank Darien; *Young Goebel*, a talkative pest, Harold Waldridge; *Miss Rixey*, a flapper, Jean Barry.

TABU—Paramount. Directed by F. W. Murnau. The cast: *The Boy*, Mah-tah; *The Girl*, Reri; *The Old Warrior*, Hitu; *The Policeman*, Jean; *The Captain*, Jules; *The Chinese Trader*, Kong Ah.

DISHONORED—Paramount. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. The cast: *X-27*, Marlene Dietrich; *Lieutenant Karamau*, Victor McLaglen; *General von Hindau*, Warner Oland; *Secret Service Man*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *A Young Lieutenant*, Barry Norton; *Colonel Covrin*, Lew Cody; *Court Officer*, Davison Clark; *General Dymov*, Wilfred Lucas; *The Manager*, Bill Powell.

HONOR AMONG LOVERS—Para-

mount. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Julia Traynor*, Claudette Colbert; *Jerry Stafford*, Fredric March; *Philip Craig*, Monroe Owsley; *Monty Dunn*, Charlie Ruggles; *Doris Blake*, Ginger Rogers; *Maybelle*, Avonnie Taylor; *Conroy*, Pat O'Brien; *Margaret*, Janet McLeay; *Riggs*, Ralph Morgan; *Inspector*, John Kearney; *Louis*, Jules Epailly; *Butler*, Leonard Cary.

BODY AND SOUL—Fox. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Mal Andrews*, Charles Farrell; *Carla*, Elissa Landi; *Jim Watson*, Humphrey Bogart; *Alice Lester*, Myrna Loy; *Tap Johnson*, Donald Dillaway; *Major Burke*, Crauford Kent; *Major Knowls*, Pat Somerset; *General Trafford Jones*, Ian MacLaren; *Lieut. Meggs*, Dennis D'Auburn; *Zane*, Douglas Dray; *Young*, Harold Kinney; *Sam Douglas*, Bruce Warren.

TEN CENTS A DANCE—Columbia. Directed by Lionel Barrymore. The cast: *Barbara*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Ed-die*, Monroe Owsley; *Carlton*, Ricardo Cortez; *Mrs. Blanchard*, Blanche Friderici; *Molly*, Sally Blane; *Eunice*, Phyllis Crane; *Mrs. Carlton*, Olive Tell; *Smith*, Victor Potel; *Jones*, Al Hill; *Leo*, Jack Byron; *Casey*, Pat Harmon; *Nancy*, Martha Sleeper; *Ralph Clark*, David Newell; *Wilson*, Sidney Bracey; *Mrs. Crane*, Aggie Herring; *Mr. Crane*, Harry Todd; *Yvonne*, Peggy Doner.

Great Love Stories of Hollywood

(Continued from page 82)

life from the many devastating forces of Hollywood. And suddenly she knew that was what she wanted to do.

Her own career had never particularly held her. She wasn't the sort of woman who cared about the spotlight for herself, nor did she crave self-expression particularly. The business of being an actress had been a business with her. Her beauty and her talent, a fine, competent talent though never a great one, had naturally suggested pictures to her. She liked her work, but she knew it didn't fill her life. Normally, though she would always shine, she was a wife, a home maker.

That, after all, was primarily what Charlie needed.

Before them, she saw fine, intelligent, happy, decent years of love growing daily stronger because its roots were sound and planted deeply in mutual understanding and respect, in ideas and ambitions shared. They would love each other better when they had come to their Golden Wedding than

they loved in the first kiss. Life was a long affair, and perhaps Browning was right when he said, "The best is yet to be."

IT was sorrow that finally brought about their decision to marry at once.

Charlie's mother died, and the shock was very great. He had loved her with a closeness and a devotion not seen every day. His home had been hers and she had been active always in his life. In his grief, he turned to the woman with whom he had always found peace and real consolation. He knew it was what his mother would have desired.

So, after seven years, Virginia Valli and Charlie Farrell were married.

To me, it is a real romance. Built not upon the sands of a shifting passion, but upon a rock. And I'm pretty sure the winds of time and change and chance and temptation will beat upon it in vain.

Hollywood's Own Cooking Page

(Continued from page 10)

vegetables. But *pot au feu* made from beef and bone is the best known. It is indeed the national dish of France. It is the sort that Mr. Cody prefers."

Here are some of the facts that Mr. Cody's cook brings out in his discourse on soup.

One may add the onion chopped as in Mr. Cody's recipe, or one may put in the soup pot one or two whole onions stuck with two whole cloves. There should also be a single clove of garlic, though one need not mention that to prejudiced Americans.

Remember that the soup should be cooked slowly for several hours, but never once should the gentle bubbling cease until it is finally taken from the fire.

If you wish you may serve the soup directly after it is done, without waiting for it to cool. A good way to remove grease while still hot is to dip a large soup ladle into the soup where it is bubbling in the center. The grease is in this way forced to the sides of the pot, and the bouillon taken up in the ladle will be as free from fat as one could desire.

Many French cooks omit tomatoes from the soup pot. They use carrots, a little turnip, parsnips, leeks—never enough of any one vegetable to permit its flavor to dominate.

MR. CODY'S French cook reminds us that while the thrifty French women add many things to the soup pot to add to the flavor without increasing the cost, she always does it with discretion. Vegetables are always well trimmed and thoroughly scrubbed. Possibly she will use scraps of cooked meat if she must be very thrifty, but she does not add meat that has been burned or browned deeply in previous cooking and she never, never adds meat that is corned, smoked or pickled. That would spoil the delicacy of the flavor.

Not the least important part of the French *pot au feu* is the *boeuf bouilli* or boiled beef, that remains after the bouillon and vegetables have been taken off. It may be served, surrounded by the vegetables, as the meat course, following the soup, or the next day. To give flavor one passes gherkins, pickled onions, grated horseradish or tomato sauce. If you like you may serve the boiled beef cold, cut into thin slices, strewn with chopped parsley and seasoned with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper.

Here is a choice recipe for boiled beef that remains from *pot au feu* as given by Mr. Cody's cook.

BOEUF BOUILLI EN MIROTON

Peel and slice some onions into a skillet containing a little melted butter and cook them until they are nearly done. Add a tablespoon of flour and let it brown slightly. Then stir in enough of the bouillon to make a smooth brown sauce. Season with salt and pepper and let cook four or five minutes. As soon as the onions are thoroughly cooked, add slices of the beef. Let simmer until the beef has taken up the onion flavor and the sauce has been reduced to the desired thickness. Serve with mustard for those who like it.

discover...with Jo-cur'

the Beauty Secret

of
your
hair!



HAVE you discovered how the soft high-lights, lovely finger-wave and satiny sheen of your hair enhances the beauty of your face? Millions of women know this secret. They know how lovely hair brings out the depth of the eyes, the texture of the skin, the delicate contour of every feature. That's why so many women depend upon Jo-cur' Beauty Aids to keep their hair always looking its best. These famous preparations are so easy to use, so delightful (and inexpensive, too) that they have a permanent place on the modern dressing table. There are just four Jo-cur' Beauty Aids. First, Jo-cur' Hot Oil Treatment—the only product of its kind—eliminates dandruff and gives new life to the hair. Secondly, Jo-cur' Shampoo Concentrate which thoroughly cleanses the scalp and leaves the hair soft, silky and easy to finger-wave.

Then, Jo-cur' Waveset—the world's premier finger-waving liquid. With it, you can set the kind of lovely, lasting finger-waves you've always wanted—and set them so easily! Finally, Jo-cur' Brilliantine brings out the full lustre of every wave. Try Jo-cur' Beauty Aids. Remember they are easy to use at home. Remember, too, their fine, pure quality, their generous sizes and their low price.



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25c and 50c at drug and department stores

Jo-cur'
Beauty Aids
for The Hair

inconspicuous

ASK FOR MODESS INDIVIDUALS AT 5 AND 10¢ STORES

THOUSANDS of women already know that Modess is the best sanitary protection they have ever used. It is so comfortable in every way. A soft layer of cotton is meshed right in with the gauze covering, making an extra cushion of comfort between the gauze and the softly fluffed filler material. This is why you are never conscious of Modess. And Modess is five times as protective as is really necessary for complete safety. It is deodorant, and easily disposable. Modess can be worn inconspicuously under the thinnest dress.

Buy a supply of Modess individuals. You'll find they come in very handy for emergency use—for packing in your traveling bag—for guest use.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.



What, No Comeback?

(Continued from page 71)

Everyone would simply say I'd had a tough break. As it is, I've just been several kinds of a fool."

"It's nice to have a lot of money, though," I said.

"Why would you like to have money?" Mr. Ray asked.

"Oh, so I could do whatever I wanted and go wherever I wanted."

"That's just it. Suppose you had a lot of money and couldn't do whatever you wanted? Then you might just as well be where you are now. When I had money, I did what I wanted. I lost the money but I'm still doing what I want."

I'VE been studying singing for three years. It's hard work and something that can't be neglected for a minute. My singing teacher, who is a fine

man, by the way, tells me that he doesn't believe that there will be any great artists of any kind in a few years. No one wants to take the time to perfect himself or herself in anything any more."

"I haven't a great voice. It's a light opera voice and I'd like nothing better than to produce and sing in something like 'The Student Prince.' Of course, that's not Metropolitan Opera material, but it's every bit as good in its own way."

IHAVE the book and music for an operetta of that sort. An American one. It's a farm story and the scene is laid in Indiana. When I produce it, which should be very soon now, I want to take it to London, after we finish playing the United States, and then



Wide World Photo

Marlene Dietrich had a sensational reception upon her return to Germany. Among other things she posed for a bust by the sculptor, Ernesto de Fiori. **NEW MOVIE** offers a remarkable study of Miss Dietrich by a well-known German writer this month. This tells the whole story of the famous star's life, for the first time. Turn to page 32.

afterwards to Australia. It would go well in both places because we've branched away from the sort of American jazz stuff that they have been hearing."

"But about Hollywood," I said. "This morning I read a story by Elsie McCormick who is out there. She said that in front of Grauman's Chinese Theatre they have imprints in the asphalt of Harold Lloyd's glasses and Tom Mix's horse's hoof. Doesn't that sound almost too silly to be true?"

"THOSE things aren't really as bad as they seem. Probably when the theater opened the asphalt was still soft and somebody told Harold to put an imprint of his glasses on it for a joke. That's the way those things start. It doesn't mean very much until someone thinks it's important enough to write about."

"But they have a bronze tablet there, marking the spot."

"That must have been Grauman's idea."

"She also said that Cecil De Mille keeps the crown of thorns which was used in 'The King of Kings' on a red velvet cushion in his office."

"He probably does," Mr. Ray said. "And she wrote about it, mentioning De Mille's name several times. And now you and I are talking about it, mentioning De Mille's name several times. That's why he keeps it there."

"It seems silly," I said.

"IT'S a business and not an art. And it has to be done the way it is done, I suppose. I can see why film companies don't see the necessity for hunting up new stories all the time. The same old stories can be reproduced year after year. Take 'Tol'able David' for instance. It's been made twice and may be made again and again. Because the children who saw the first silent version have grown up, and there are several million new children old enough now to cross the street car tracks to the theater. Enough of them to pay the film companies to keep on re-producing it."

"INTERVIEWS are pretty bad," I said. "Here I come and spend an hour with you and then go back and try to write about Charles Ray as I saw him."

"I suppose I've been interviewed hundreds of times," Mr. Ray said thoughtfully. "And each time it's different. My manager used to say to me, 'Now look here, Ray, this girl who is coming to see you today likes such and such a thing, and she's this sort of person. Play up to it.' And I used to try to. Then when the interview came out, he'd read it and rush around to me, 'That wasn't what I meant,' he'd say, 'Can't you do anything when I'm not around to help you out?'"

"AFTER several years of that, I thought I'd quit trying to please the interviewer and try to be myself."

"What happened?" I asked. "It was too late," he said. "I didn't know when I was being myself any more."

Well, that's this interview. And if it doesn't check up with that bit of fantasy in the first paragraph, it's just too bad. If the editor doesn't like it, he knows what he can do. I could tell him a few things about running a magazine. I'd go right up to him and say, "Lissen—"

Oh, well, anyway I should sell apples right through the Summer.

Parisiennes Dance In Starched Chiffon

PARIS is putting starch in chiffon and wearing it dancing o' evenings. Some of the newest dance frocks are designed of filmy chiffon, starched to resemble the resiliency of organdy. The skirts of the new frocks have a semi-bouffant line and give an airy effect as the dancer moves across the ballroom floor.

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How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 48)



Here is how Mr. and Mrs. Arlen kept their guests amused before supper was served. Walter Huston couldn't finish the puzzle—nor could any one else. Mrs. Arlen hopes to get it solved in the next few months. Left to right: Mr. Huston, Sue Carol, Nick Stuart, Mrs. and Mr. Arlen and Patricia Meighan.

MacLean as close seconds.

At the Arlens' little party the men didn't "dress" and the girls wore soft afternoon frocks. Joby Arlen's was of beige romaine crepe, with a little cape of heavy lace. Sue Carol wore a simple dress of emerald green crepe and Miss Meighan a dark print.

The supper was just right for such a party.

First, avocado and crab meat cocktails, served with Thousand Island dressing and little hot cheese sandwiches. Then chicken en casserole, with hot biscuits, peas, spinach, and a simple salad of fresh lettuce with French dressing. For dessert, fresh pineapple, which had been sliced, sugared and set in the ice box for a few hours. To this, Jobyna adds a few teaspoons of grenadine syrup and before serving some sprigs of fresh mint

MRS. ARLEN'S recipe for the chicken en casserole is a particularly good one. The chicken is fried a

delicate brown first. Then make the gravy in the iron skillet in which it was fried. Put the chicken in the casserole, pour over the gravy and allow to simmer in a slow oven for two hours. This particular hostess insists that the flavor of the chicken is spoiled by adding a lot of other things, and once you've eaten her masterpiece, you would probably agree.

Also, she makes a French dressing so delicious that her friends are always asking for the recipe. Half a teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of sugar, cayenne pepper, mustard to taste, two table-spoons of vinegar, four of olive oil—added slowly while beating—a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce. Beat for two minutes with a rotary egg beater.

If you like small parties better than big ones, or are too busy for things social, try one of these puzzle evenings and just such a dinner and you'll find it a perfect way to entertain and be entertained.

Two Striking Features in Next Month's NEW MOVIE

MAURICE CHEVALIER

A brilliant story about the popular French star by Ted Cook

MARIE DRESSLER

Superbly described and analyzed by Jim Tully

First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 76)

shoulders or any other part of your body—how smooth it is. Why? Because the skin has been protected. Even on an elderly person the skin of the body remains smooth while the skin of the face is most often wrinkled. Therefore, it behooves all of us to protect and nourish our skins. With the dozen or more excellent brands of creams on the market, it is up to each individual woman to experiment—to find the creams which agree with her own particular type of skin. The skin must radiate health—the only perfect background for the new delicate coloring.

A. Dumas of New York and Paris, sculptor and painter and an authority on the art of make-up, considers the face as a picture, a composition in which there are two high spots—the eyes and the lips. These two features create the impression of the face because they are the most vivid, the eyes in brilliancy and the lips in color. Science reveals to us that the color of our blood, not our hair, should determine the shade of rouge we should wear.

WHEN applying cleansing cream pat firmly but gently the muscles on each cheek that lie over the jaw bone, near the chin. Do this three or four times again when applying skin tonic. This causes the blood to rush up into the cheeks and prevents the muscles from sagging. After the face is thoroughly cleansed place a tiny dab of finishing cream on the chin, the tip of the nose and the forehead. Then massage this over the face. The international specialist recommends cream rouge because of its lasting quality and because it can be blended more perfectly than either liquid or powder rouge. First moisten the finger tip with cleansing cream then apply the cream rouge. For the full round face rouge should be applied by starting under the center of the eye and working gradually towards the temple. The long face usually has a slender nose, therefore rouge should be applied on the cheek somewhat away from it, so as not to exaggerate the nose. Remember—the cheeks must be more pale than colorful! Powder should be as near the natural color of your skin as possible. The vogue for suntan powder has passed. Rumors from across the Atlantic are to the effect that white powder will be worn this season, but certainly not for day make-up. In the evening, if a bizarre effect is desired, white powder might be permissible. But it is so ageing, and shows up every blemish and wrinkle in a woman's face. Lipstick should be the same shade as cheek rouge. If the lips are too large, apply the lip rouge in sharp outline, making the cupid's bow just inside of the lip. If the lips are too thin, enlarge them by making the bow slightly above the edge of the upper lip.

What causes ingrown toe nails and what can I do to get rid of them?—J. B., Madison, Wisconsin.

(Continued on page 99)



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The Romance of Marlene Dietrich

(Continued from page 34)

intention to win her over for the talking pictures. Trying to persuade her I said, 'People will say that you resemble Greta Garbo, but do not let that irritate you.' At last I engaged her for a small part in the picture, "Prinzessin Olala," and her debut encouraged him to select her for the principal female part of his next picture, "Ich Kusse Ihre Hand, Madame" ('I Kiss Your Hand, Madame'), opposite Harry Liedtke, one of the most famous German movie stars."

"It was only gradually, after everything went well, and she scored a big hit in 'I Kiss Your Hand, Madame,' that she gained her assurance and self confidence.

"Marlene Dietrich is a dear and grateful person; we are still great friends. She is very charitable and kind hearted. I have known her to befriend poor fellow-actors, who were in need; pick them up from the street to take them home with her, feed them and give them money. Incidents like that which emphasize the kindness of her heart are far from being exceptions."

OTHER film engagements followed. Her first vamping part was in "Die Frau, Nach Der Man Sich Sehnt" ("The Woman One Longs For") and the fact that such a celebrated director as Kurt Bernhardt selected her for the part is direct proof of her ability.

Soon after that she was offered a leading part by Maurice Tourneur, when he produced "Schiffe der Verlorenen Menschen" ("Ships of Lost Men") a big production, similar to "Die Insel der Verlorenen Schiffe," ("The Isle of Lost Ships"). A picture from it, reproduced in NEW MOVIE, shows Marlene Dietrich from an altogether different angle.

Then came another small film and

while between times she appeared again on the stage, her film career would not progress enough to satisfy her unbelievable ambition. That was the time of her depression, of which her teacher Berthold Held was telling, until in September, 1929, Ufa selected her to play the principal part in "The Blue Angel," opposite the great Emil Jannings. How, after that, Jesse L. Lasky engaged her for Paramount and how her world fame spread, is well known.

Less known, however, than her film career is her private life; her motherhood is not less important to her, perhaps even more so than her career, and her mother love a still stronger feeling than her ambition.

For seven years Marlene has been happily married to Rudolf Sieber whom she met at the Efa Studio when she was still an obscure super and I think we can safely say that all rumors of divorce intentions are groundless. They have a daughter, now five years old, by the name of Marlies, but whom every one knows by the name of Heidede, a pet name which her mother gave her.

Outside of her work, Marlene Dietrich says that her child holds her whole interest. She does not indulge in sports of any kind and has no particular hobbies. Her "one and all" is her Heidede. When the baby arrived, she refused every engagement and every stage activity. There was a pause of about a year and a half between her last engagement in Vienna and the taking up of her stage career—and this interlude was given over wholeheartedly to motherhood. And just as she herself received a careful education through the efforts of her parents, so does she see to it that her own child receives a thorough education, and the child already speaks French and English, as well as German.

The Romance of the Comet Girl

(Continued from page 64)

and all that sort of thing. The stage itself has never had any attraction for me and the fascination of a bare stage and the glamour of an empty auditorium is all a lot of hooey as far as I'm concerned. I much prefer pictures."

FOR those of you who must have FACTS: she is five feet four inches tall, usually weighs around ninety-eight pounds, has blond hair, fair skin and blue eyes. She had a Cadillac 16 roadster which she drove herself and rented a closed car when she wanted to go out at night. Recently she traded in the roadster on a convertible cabriolet so she could drive herself in the daytime and have her own chauffeur drive her at night.

She goes from one picture to another

with hardly an interim between them and, since her return to the screen, has made successively: "Rich People," "This Thing Called Love," "Son of the Gods," "Three Faces East," "Common Clay," "Sin Takes a Holiday" and "The Easiest Way."

She goes her way, apparently untouched by and unconcerned over the rumors which fly about her. If something uncomplimentary reaches her and she thinks there is a foundation for it, she studies it out. If she thinks it is prompted by jealousy or envy, she ignores it.

Her closest friends are, for the most part, people not directly concerned with the motion picture industry.

And those who really know her cannot talk about her without raving. Don't I know? I'm one of them!

First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 97)

Ingrowing toe nails are usually caused by short, tight shoes. If one has a tendency to this condition, the toe nails should never be cut round but always straight across, and then the back of the nail should be scraped, so as to produce an inclination to curl upward or backward, away from the edges. After this, any cuticle accumulated under the ingrowing edges of the nail should be removed. When the nail is completely ingrown, the soft part surrounding the nail is inflamed and swollen, and extremely painful. In such cases soap and water baths must be taken and continued for a long time, the softened nail lifted and between it and the flesh a small piece of carbolized cotton should be placed. Renew this daily.

Is brilliant nail polish in good taste? So many women are wearing it, but I feel a little self conscious when I put it on.—Mrs. C. C. F., Denver, Colorado.

The fad for violently carmined nails, I hope, will be short-lived. They should only be so carmined when you are going to be under the electric lights and when you are wearing an evening dress or a dinner gown.

My eyes are so small. What would you suggest to make them appear larger and more beautiful? — Helen from Nashville, Tenn.

To give more expression to eyes that are small and have not much depth, apply eyeblack evenly and lightly over the eyelid. Do the same but more lightly under the eye. Use the index finger, which should always be covered with fine linen or cleansing tissue, in applying the eyeblack.

I am sixteen years of age, have blond hair and light blue eyes. What perfume do you think would be the most suitable for me? I would be so happy if you could help me in this matter.—D. G., Portland, Oregon.

There is a tradition that blondes and light brunettes should use the flower odors such as violet and rose and lily; brunettes the richer and more musky odors. Blondes can really be just as intense in temperament as brunettes and just as vivid in coloring. Perfume should really suit your personality and temperament. If you are vital and intense, the rich Oriental perfumes would be just as suitable for you as for a brunette. Many women today are choosing a variety of perfumes for different occasions. For example, one perfume for sports wear and another one for evening wear. And there are some women who vary their perfumes with the seasons of the year.

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**TOWER BOOKS
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Their Good Luck Tokens

(Continued from page 37)

has hardly an illusion left, is the most sentimental of them all. He still cherishes the goggles and helmet he wore in "Wings." And I don't in the least doubt that he also has the teddy bear he carried as a luck piece in the picture, although he vehemently denies it.

Mary Brian and sentiment, naturally, walk hand in hand. Well, in "Peter Pan" Peter gave Mary, who was playing Wendy an acorn which she wore on a chain around her neck. When the picture was finished Mary kept the acorn—and still has it.

Gary Cooper, silent and grim, almost the last person one would suspect of having a soft side, has a robe his father gave him when he left home to enter pictures. Not being able to wear it himself in his first big picture, "The Winning of Barbara Worth," he loaned it to one of the other actors to use in the film. He still has the robe and also the western hat which he himself wore in the same picture. Later, when "Children of Divorce" established him, he kept the riding boots, trousers and dress suit he wore in that opus.

CLARA BOW'S harum-scarum disposition leaves one the impression she never gives a thought to anything other than the fleeting moment in which she lives. Yet, she has a picture of Glenn Hunter who was the star of "Grit," the first picture in which she appeared as a leading lady. She probably was happier in that film than any she has ever made since. The world hadn't heard of her and she was free to do as she pleased without fear of the consequences.

Edmund Lowe, the hardboiled Sergeant Quirt of "What Price Glory" and "The Cock-eyed World," has a cap he wore while attending Santa Clara University. When he went on the stage he used it for a make-up cap to hold his hair in place while he put on his grease paint and he has used it for that purpose ever since.

Beautiful Mary Astor's sentimentalism is tempered with a streak of Scotch thrift. When she was working on "Beau Brummel" with John Barry-

more, he gave her a ring to wear during the production. And Mary, assuming that his good wishes extended beyond the five or six weeks they were engaged on the picture, has kept right on wearing the ring—right down to this very day.

Richard Dix, who seems so completely practical, has kept—of all things!—the Bible he used in "The Christian." How many of you can recall that picture?

Bebe Daniels was playing the lead opposite Harold Lloyd in his old one and two reel comedies. In one of them he was supposed to toss her a rose—and did. It was a red velvet rose and Bebe still has it. Now, when her script calls for the use of a rose Bebe hauls out this faded old relic of the days to which people refer when they say, "I knew her when—"

LEW AYRES' success has been meteoric—so swift and amazing one wonders how he finds time to adjust himself to his changed position. Through it all, he clings to the cap he wore as the little German in "All Quiet." Where one sees other actors in Hollywood sailing down the Boulevard in berets, Lew wears this same cap.

Norma Shearer, cold and self-contained as she may appear on the surface, guards the glasses she wore in "His Secretary" which marked her first big success. She also has the ballet skirt she wore in "He Who Gets Slapped."

Ramon Novarro, in his study at home, has the hand-sewn leather reins he used in the chariot race in "Ben-Hur," as well as the helmet.

Marion Davies, one of the wealthiest women in pictures or out, for that matter, keeps the little silk hat she used in "Little Old New York." It is put away in a satin-lined box and she counts it one of her dearest treasures.

Adolphe Menjou, svelte and suave, has the waistcoat he wore in one of the restaurant scenes of "A Woman of Paris" and he tries to wear it in at least one scene of every production he's in—just for luck.

(Continued on page 102)

HOLLYWOOD—

The Most Interesting Town in the World
Described by the Most Brilliant Writers
in NEW MOVIE Every Month

Adela Rogers St. Johns
Herb Howe
Frederick James Smith
Ted Cook

Jim Tully
Dick Hyland
Rosalind Shaffer
J. P. McEvoy

and many others

Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 75)

in 1905, when he was employed in city water and electrical plants in Nevada and Missouri. He won a city engineers license in St. Louis and he managed the Union Electric Light and Power Company's plant. But in 1909 he was back on the stage in vaudeville.

Bayonne Whipple, a vaudevillian of ability, next came into Huston's life. She had earned a reputation for herself as a single act, and the two, having fallen in love and married, determined upon a vaudeville career together. He invented mechanical devices and then wrote playlets around them. The aim of the pair was to develop something unusual that would capture attention right from the start. They made good immediately and for eleven years played continuously in variety houses in the United States and Canada. All the acts were written by themselves and carried such titles as "Spooks," "Time," and "Shoes," etc.

The discerning eye of Brock Pemberton was as alert as Huston's ambition. He saw him in vaudeville and promptly signed him to play the title rôle in "Mr. Pitt." He scored an outstanding success.

After that he was cast as Sam Crane in "The Easy Mark." Eugene O'Neill then selected him for the rôle of the 76-year-old Ephraim Cabot in his play, "Desire Under the Elms." Huston's portrayal of the bitter old New Englander established him as a stage star. O'Neill cast him for the principal rôle of Ponce de Leon in his play, "The Fountain." Later in "The Congo" he had the rôle of Flint, the paralytic.

"Elmer the Great," written by Ring Lardner and offered by George M. Cohan, had Walter Huston in the rôle of Elmer Kane, the dumb ball player, which Jack Oakie played in the film, "Fast Company." Mr. Cohan had Huston in mind as the principal character when he wrote his play, "Gambling," but George M. played it himself when Huston was not available. In Kenyon Nicholson's "The Barker" Huston had the rôle of the side-show spieler, Nifty Miller. Claudette Colbert acted with him and she, too, has since gone on to success and into talking pictures.

Huston later appeared for Arthur Hopkins in "The Commodore Marries," and he is understood to be about to do another play for Mr. Hopkins. His first feature motion picture was "Gentlemen of the Press," in which he had the principal rôle.

He played once more with Claudette Colbert in "The Lady Lies," and in "The Virginian" he was Trampas, the bad man, who fought it out with Gary Cooper. He has appeared in several short subjects for Paramount, "The Bishop's Candlesticks," "The Carnival Man," and "Two Americans." In the last feature he acted the parts of both Grant and Lincoln. Searching the country for a Lincoln for his talking picture, "Abraham Lincoln," D. W. Griffith picked Walter Huston when scores of leading American character artists were seeking the part. If Huston does nothing else, he always will be remembered for his Lincoln.

Here's How Anne Barclay Saved the Price of a New Pair of White Kid Shoes



"THESE white kid shoes aren't a bit worn," said Anne Barclay, as she took them down from the cupboard shelf, "but still they're not fit to wear—I guess it means buying a new pair!"

Then someone told her about ColorShine, the perfect cleaner and polish for all white kid and calf shoes.

"Just what I need!"—so that very day she stopped in the 10c store and bought a bottle of ColorShine White Kid Cleaner.

"I've learned something," said Miss Barclay, after ColorShine had made her shoes smart and clean again. "Just think! I've saved the price of a pair of new shoes, and now I know how to keep my shoes looking clean with ColorShine."

It's real economy to use ColorShine—a 10c bottle will clean your white shoes many times. Shoes that are kept clean and smart not only look much better, but actually wear longer. There is a ColorShine Polish for every smooth leather shoe, Neutral Creme for brown, tan or light colored shoes, and with Black Dye you can make your summer shoes suitable for fall wear.

You'll find ColorShine Shoe Polishes in 10c stores everywhere; 15c in far west and Canada. Be sure to get a supply of ColorShine on your next trip to the 10c store. It is sold at the hardware counter. The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.

Let
ColorShine
SHOE POLISHES

Make Your Shoes

10¢

Look New

15¢ in Far West and Canada

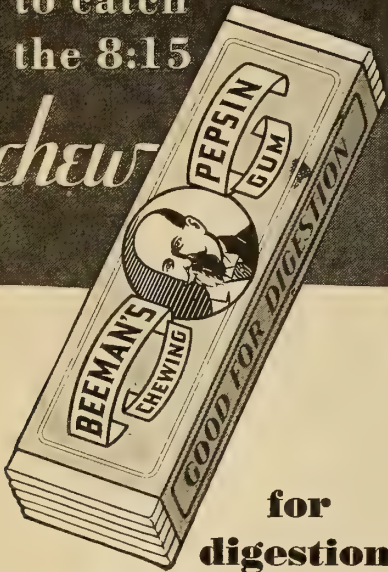


On the jump?



When you bolt
your breakfast
to catch
the 8:15

chew



for
digestion

HURRY here, there, everywhere! That's the way we seem to work and play nowadays. But watch out for your digestion when you eat in a hurry.

Finish off your meal with Beeman's. It's the pepsin gum — perfected by Dr. Beeman over 30 years ago as an easy, pleasant way to aid digestion.

Healthful, smooth and flavorful, Beeman's is praised by millions. Just see how good and good for you the pepsin gum can be. When you stop for cigarettes, ask for a pack of Beeman's.

**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion**

Their Good Luck Tokens

(Continued from page 100)

Polly Moran has a revolver she used in the old "Sheriff Nell" pictures. She says she wouldn't take a million dollars for it and that it helped her through some tight places in the old days. Well, and why not?

Conrad Nagel, the good boy of Hollywood, has, believe it or not, the tiger skin from Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," in which he appeared. He has it on the floor of his study at home.

ANITA PAGE always has kept the make-up brush which the late Lon Chaney gave her to use when they were making "While the City Sleeps." This was the second picture she made after her arrival in this land of the lotus eaters. Lon taught her a great deal about make-up during that picture which she has never forgotten. Among other things, he told her never to be afraid to experiment. And she never has been. Look at her hair. It was a lovely soft brown when she got here!

Billy Bakewell's laughs are only interrupted when he can't keep his chatter bottled up any longer, but underneath this boyish effervescence is a hallowed memory of "The Iron Mask," in which he appeared as a dramatic actor for the first time—and under the auspices of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. He still has the mask he used in that film.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has a number of pictures in which he has gotten good notices but it was his work in "The Dawn Patrol" which won him his starring contract. He keeps a broken pro-

peller from one of the airplane sequences of that picture as a souvenir.

Once upon a time, when Marilyn Miller was a tiny little girl, her mother made her a tiny ballet costume to wear in an entertainment in which she appeared. Marilyn still has that same little costume.

Marie Prevost is as soft-hearted as they come. When she and Phyllis Haver graduated from Dr. Mack Sennett's Finishing School, they had their bathing suits for diplomas. Phyllis gaily burned hers and made quite an occasion of the event. But not Marie. She kept her suit and now, when things look black, she pulls it out, gazes at it and says to herself, "You're better off even now than you were then, child."

Evelyn Brent, popularly supposed to be as cold and unconcerned as they come, has a lace shawl and a petticoat from "The Jade God," a picture she made in England and which really established her as an actress long, long before "Underworld" shot her upward in popular interest.

And Bessie Love kept the top hat made of brilliants which she wore in "Broadway Melody," the picture which marked her return to the screen in a big way. She also has pressed—and put away—the little nosegay of flowers which she carried in "Lovey Mary."

Hard-boiled? Calloused? Nix! These Hollywood filmites positively drool sentiment. There's only one word that fittingly describes them. They're *SOFT-boiled*. That's what they are!

Gary Cooper with the bathrobe he had when he scored his hit in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Gary has saved it carefully, because he thinks it's lucky.



Behind the Screen Dramas

(Continued from page 51)

herself. I could tell by the tone of her voice she was slightly bitter toward him because her beauty apparently made no impression.

"And he's never been married?" I said, hoping for more information concerning my movie idol.

"No. He's too high-hat for any woman. Thinks he's a little God whom no one can approach."

MARY ordered her big car for that evening and her uniformed chauffeur to drive us. We had to go only a short distance, but we surely went in style. The car pulled into a winding gravel path studded on either side with huge palm trees and bordered with lanes of wonderfully colorful flowers over which spotlights played.

The house was a massive Spanish affair, set down in the center of a beautiful garden. At the door, two uniformed butlers stood to direct the parking of the cars. Inside, in the flower-decked foyer of this spacious home, our hostess waited to greet her guests. This society woman was giving the party in honor of the famous movie idol whom she'd met on the steamer coming back from Europe.

There was a luxurious buffet supper—everyone helped himself to the dainty bits of food spread out on a huge, lacc-covered table in the alcove off the ballroom. Hawaiian string orchestras, in various parts of the house, sent forth their seductive, melancholy music as the guests lolled about on silver cushions strewn about the floor. Low lights and soft music! Beauty everywhere, and perfumes so exquisitely blended the air became almost anesthetic to the susceptible.

And then I saw him! He was standing against the little bar in the buffet room, chatting with an older man. I knew him instantly. He was even more handsome than he seemed on the screen, his hair was so black and his profile so perfectly chiseled. Against the immaculate whiteness of his evening shirt, his skin looked very bronze. I stood breathless for a long minute, studying his face, his build, his every movement while he was quite unconscious of being watched.

Suddenly I saw Mary approach him. She wormed her way through the crowd, got a place at the bar next to him and lifted her glass to his face in a toast which I could not hear. He bowed politely and lifted his glass to hers.

(Continued on page 104)

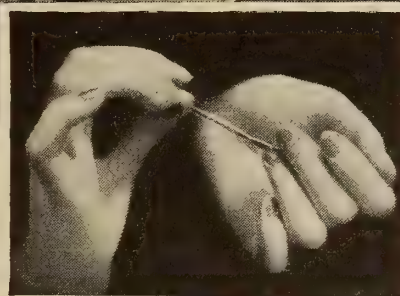
Next Month—Another True Life Story of Hollywood

"The Adventures of a Professional Escort"

The real story of a college boy in the midst of the most glamorous town in the world.

Only *this* Nail Make-up gives fingertips enduring charm

Costs less—wears longer. Chosen by Smart Women and great Beauty Editors in 8 capitals of the world



our polish for its lustre. And the high brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish endures long after perfumed polishes are dull and lifeless."

• • •

Alluring fingers the world around are groomed by the simple Cutex method. A little booklet enclosed in every Cutex package describes the treatment in detail.

Give yourself this quick manicure once a week... then a few minutes' care each day will keep your nails flawlessly lovely.

Just push back the cuticle; cleanse the nail tips, and use the Nail White—Pencil or Cream. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

Only Cutex Liquid Polish has ALL these advantages:

1. Dries in 30 seconds. 2. Never cracks, peels, turns yellow or white. 3. Lasts a whole week. 4. Sparkles always with smart lustre. 5. Comes in sturdy bottles, easy to open.

NORTHAM WARREN · NEW YORK · LONDON · PARIS

Cutex Liquid Polish

Tips the fingers with romance

Behind the Screen Dramas

(Continued from page 103)



Why
Should

GRAY HAIR



make you
older than
you are?

Famous
Single Lock
Test Package
FREE
MAIL COUPON

I could save countless women many a headache if they would send for my FREE SINGLE LOCK TEST PACKAGE.

Gray hair is so unnecessary. In over 30 years I have shown millions of women the way to ever-youthful hair. You need no experience. Merely comb clear, colorless liquid through your hair. Youthful color will come—color that matches perfectly your own hair whether it be black, brown, auburn or blonde. Results are natural-looking—nothing artificial. Your hair stays soft and lustrous—waves or curls easily. You can wash it without fear of fading. No danger of rubbing off on hat linings or linen.

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I want to show you, too. You can make the test at home without risk or expense on a single lock snipped from your hair. I only ask you to see for yourself. Your druggist can supply the full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee. But why not send for Free Complete Test Package now?

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FOR FREE TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
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Name

Street

City State

▼ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ▼

☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN
☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

I FINALLY got over to them without seeming to rush things. Mary saw me and drew me to her in an effusive embrace. (That was also to show up her beauty by contrast—meow!)

When she introduced us, I couldn't utter a word. The handsome one looked at me from those wonderful eyes and suddenly extended his hand. I found myself grasping his hand and only some one who has lived through it could understand the thrill that ran through me when my fingers touched his. Maybe I did hold on to his hand extra long—I've heard so since—though I didn't realize it then.

No, you'd scarcely believe it, but he actually asked me to dance. Mary told me later he did it only to make her jealous. I felt myself in paradise as we stepped about the low-lighted room; his graceful body close to mine so that I could almost hear the beating of his heart against my own.

The music stopped, all too soon. He looked down at me and said, "Well, shall we have something to drink?"

I nodded, afraid to trust my own voice.

"I brought you some punch," he smiled, flashing his beautiful white teeth, "for I'm taking only vichy with a dash of lemon. Working, you know, on the new picture, and my close-up shots are scheduled for tomorrow."

We chatted a while about the studio, and it was then I believed Mary was wrong in her opinion of this matinee idol. He didn't seem the least bit conceited. I thought he was marvelous.

IN another moment, a slender brunette with eyes like turquoise gems had taken my movie idol by the arm and led him away to another group. He nodded to me as he left and I lifted my hand in a little gesture of farewell.

I couldn't find Mary so I wandered out to the moonlit patio which descended upon a garden of shadowy palms and flowers. It was a glorious night, typical of southern California nights—a gentle mellowness in the air like the evenings of early Spring back home, a soft sky overhead cupped like a huge blue bowl above the earth. Myriads of stars twinkled golden in the sky and in the distance a waxy moon cast its enchanting spell over everything. Not a sound to break the lovely silence of the garden. I stepped down and began walking across the lawn to the arbored pagoda near the swimming pool. From the house I could hear the soft, lilting strains of the Hawaiian music and I felt myself almost in another world.

I found a little two-some seat and sat there looking up at the glorious sky, content to be alone now because I had my thoughts—thoughts of a memorable night which would never come again.

I don't know how long I sat there dreaming, humming the words of the little song of romance to which the exquisite movie couples were dancing back there in the house. All I know is that from somewhere I heard a familiar voice, a voice which suddenly broke the spell when it whispered: "Why are you sitting out here all alone?"

Quickly I turned and my hand went to my throat to stifle the sudden joy and surprise which threatened to make me scream. For there, before me, in this glorious spot of all places, stood the man of my dreams.

"Why, it's you," I breathed, getting up from my seat.

He laughed mirthfully. "Of course, did you think it was my double? I use him, now and then—but only in pictures."

HE sat down and motioned me to take my seat again. I did so at once.

"You haven't told me yet what you're doing out here all by yourself," he insisted.

"I wanted to get away from it," I told him, nodding toward the house, "just to roam around the garden and breathe in this glorious atmosphere. I love to sit all alone and think. Sometimes I believe I never was meant to be very sociable. I've always been that way. I like to read and to take long walks alone and try to think out things about life."

He turned and regarded me quizzically for a moment. "You don't really mean that you prefer to be alone most



Here you have Greta Garbo done according to the principles of dynamic symmetry. This bust portrait was executed by Julian Bowes, New York sculptor. The bust is based on the proportions actually existing in the physical make-up of the famous actress. Because they are of such high order and coincide with the proportions used by Phidias, the famous sculptor of ancient Athens, in his statue, "Athena," Mr. Bowes believes that the proportions actually existing in the head of Miss Garbo are the most beautiful in the world.

of the time—that you honestly enjoy solitude and quiet contentment?”

I nodded, realizing suddenly I was perhaps making myself out to be just a small town nobody who had never been many places nor had many thrills.

“I enjoy life, understand,” I corrected myself quickly, “and I love to have friends. But I mean that this sort of thing, sitting out here alone and thinking, also gives me the biggest sort of thrill. I prefer it to that madcap whoopee back there at the house. Maybe I am just a misfit, I don’t know.”

He leaned over and his hand brushed mine for a minute as he picked up my chiffon handkerchief. Then I was sure he meant it, for his hand actually touched mine and in the next moment I found my arms being pressed tenderly close to my body as his gorgeous eyes swept my face searchingly.

“Dearest child,” he begged, “tell me once again that you really mean that—tell me so I’ll know it is true that there IS one girl in Hollywood who doesn’t thrive on thrills alone.”

I looked at him intently and nodded my head. Slowly then, his lips touched mine as he took me in his arms, smoothing my hair back from my forehead and whispering the tenderest words any girl could hope to hear.

“I KNOW, my darling, that I’ve found at last the girl I’ve been searching for,” he whispered, “the girl who will honestly enjoy living far out with me on my lonely ranch—a girl whose eyes reflect more than shallow vanity. I didn’t think I could ever find her in Hollywood. I’ve been looking a long while—looking for a girl who sees life with my own sense of understanding. I want you to marry me, darling before I lose you to some one else.”

“But—but you don’t even know my name!” I said, slightly dazed at this proposal.

“Right—but what’s in a name? It’s what’s in your soul that I found—the sort of thing I’ve always been in love with but could never realize. Tell me, then, what is your name?”

I told him they always called me Ellie, although I was baptized Helen.

Of course, I knew HIS name! The whole world knows it. That is why I couldn’t reveal it here because you, too, would surely know who he is. And he wouldn’t like that, for my handsome movie idol husband is really quite a sensitive soul with a personal hatred of all the glitter which goes to make a movie idol’s life. Like me, he loves our home, our beautiful patio garden, which he had built almost in duplicate of the spot where we found each other’s inner voice that memorable night.

Folks have often asked me since, when my husband and I travel, just what a Hollywood party is like. I can only smile to myself when I think of what I learned at ONE Hollywood party—it was the age-old truth that men, though they be movie stars, adored by millions of women, are always looking for their ideal woman. That woman is usually as nearly like the man’s mother as he can find. Maybe the two generations of women can’t be reconciled on looks, but the mothers of men have those qualities which are revered by little boys and which, quite instinctively, men look for when they mean to marry.

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A Ringer for Royalty

(Continued from page 61)

of throat and bosom, the high cheekbones that lent a suggestion of the Far East and—but no, the Ulp mouth was less generous and her eyes, instead of being brown, were a treacherous grey.

The suave noblewoman gurgled her way through the scene with one of these provocative accents that get a woman either choked or cherished. The very quaintness of her diction made it sound all the more attractive to American ears, and it was easy to see why she exerted more appeal than such obvious sirens as might be found in New Orleans or Nantucket.

"She certainly is voluptuous," sighed Chester as the action ended, and the Baroness posed sullenly for a few stills.

"She always gets the men," observed Lorna tartly. "One look, and they're off to tell the girl friends how to step up their lure. Well, thanks for showing me that necklace, but I don't care for diamonds this afternoon."

"Here, wait a second," said Mr. Dorset anxiously. "What about my invitation? I'm staying at the Beverly-Wilshire, and—"

"For supper? Well—, all right, I'll take you up. You're new to Hollywood and you'll forget me after today, but I was going to dine at your hotel tonight, anyhow. Better run after your prospect, but don't breeze up to her like you did to me."

"Why not?"

"OUR dispositions aren't twins, that's why. Unless you've a letter from the Department of State your cue is to be humble. I've heard it whispered that blood wasn't the only thing that was blue around her palace when the weather was flirting with zero, but she's right there with the ritziness now. So go easy, and good luck Mr. —."

"Chester Dorset. Humble? Why, I'm from Bombardier and Co! On the Avenue since 1840, Miss —."

"Lorna Wedgewood. Yes, I know, but age doesn't mean a thing in Hollywood, unless you're selling some of those Vancouver vintages. Don't rile Yvonne, that's all. *Au revoir* until seven."

The mystified Chester advanced toward the supple beauty who, figuring him still another interviewer, favored him with a scowl and backed away. For answer the jeweler snapped open the purple case, and in the midst of the 'ohs!' and 'ahs!' from the multitude, Baroness Ulp's eyes narrowed shrewdly. She beckoned imperiously, and Mr. Dorset trailed out of Stage G and over to her Elizabethan bungalow, where she oozed onto a day bed. Once in the proper pose she stretched out her hand.

"Give zem to me," she commanded, rather than asked, and Chester silently passed over the glittering chain. The Baroness clasped it around her ivory throat and uttered little cooing sounds of rapture over an affinity that was

more durable than mere flesh and blood.

"Part of the Russian crown jewels," whispered Mr. Dorset, reciting the routine that had been prepared for his firm by a writer of time tables in his spare moments. "Gaze into their depths—surely an *artiste* like yourself can see the frosted Mos—"

"Pipe down!" snapped Yvonne, who had soaked up quite a stock of Americanisms. "*Sacre cochon!* You interrupt my thoughts, so spik when you are spoken to, wise guy."

The emissary from Fifth Avenue subsided, raging inwardly.

"YOU, who are a tradesman," continued the star, "it is a privilege for you to be in my presence. Am I not ze Quin of Hollywood?"

"Look here, Baroness," gritted Chester. "This is America. I represent Bombardier and Company, and I'd like you to know that our gems are bouncing on the bosoms of the elite all over the world. If you don't behave like a lady I'll simply offer the necklace to some other star."

"Peeg, ox, br-r-rigand!" stormed the lady. "What I care for your Bombs or your buzzums!" Then swiftly she melted into seductiveness. "But not buzzums like Yvonne's, is it not true? You are not so cruel as to take from me zis necklace. Ow mooch it costs?"

"Forty thousand dollars," said Chester, unaware that if the Baroness had thought the setting sun to be a nickel she would have begun sprinting toward the horizon with ungainly leaps and bounds.

The modern Du Barry struggled upward to a more dramatic posture. "Ah, you take me for ze sap! A fortune for a string of beads, says you, but no, not for zis babee."

"But you are known to possess some very fine sapphires and rubies, worth even more," countered Mr. Dorset. "Otherwise I'd have approached someone else, but Mr. Klink, the president, told me—"

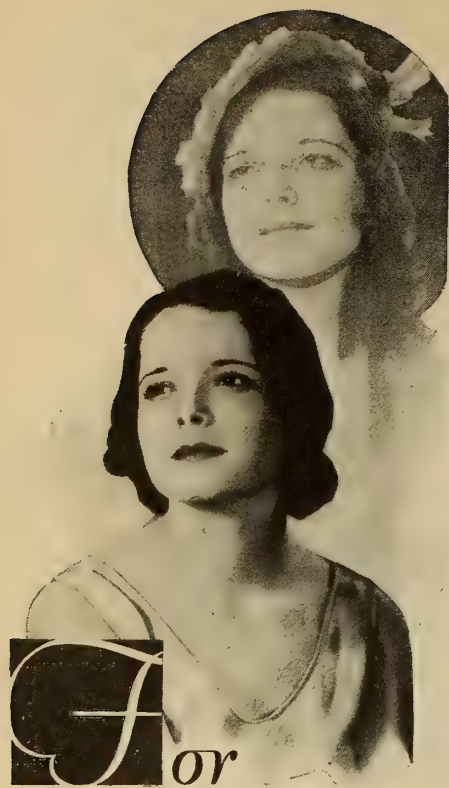
THE bungalow door opened gently and a publicity man inserted a curious head. Due to his pinkish-white complexion and beady eyes Mr. Wimple resembled a highly bred guinea pig, and now he seemed to nibble at an invisible lettuce leaf as he inquired; "Anything doing in here? Somebody told me you had a handful of diamonds as big as olives."

Yvonne's pale grey eyes smoked with sudden avarice. "I'll give you a story in a minute," she told him, then turned back to her caller. "And do you think a beautiful woman buys her own jewelry?" she demanded. "Tell me, my little cabbage, do I look like a cripple?"

"Far from it."

"Then pairhaps even you can understand how a count or a marquis might be happy to please my fancy with a

(Continued on page 110)



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COMPLETE protection you must have—you can have perfect comfort as well. Dixie Belle Sanitary Napkins are made to give you both. The filler is fine, absorbent cotton. Form-fitting because self-adjusting, it assures invisible protection at all times. It is encased in a soft, round-mesh, flexible net, which has no edges to slip or twist and cannot ravel. Dixie Belle Sanitary Napkins are deodorized as made—you will appreciate this added protection.

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Another Amusing Yarn of Hollywood, by Stewart Robertson, is Coming
in an Early Issue of
NEW MOVIE

The Morals of Hollywood

(Continued from page 35)

She resented my momentary smile. "Would you," she inquired tartly, "have young America return to the uncouthness of the hay-rack and bobsleigh rides? Finesse in love-making" and her smile returned—"is what every woman needs."

Now, of course, I am not going to join the hue and cry against these changes in the artifices of life. They do not alarm me. As I see it, it would be hard to prove that these fluctuations in folk ways are against the social welfare—which, after all, I suppose, is one of the important tests of the unsoundness of any morality.

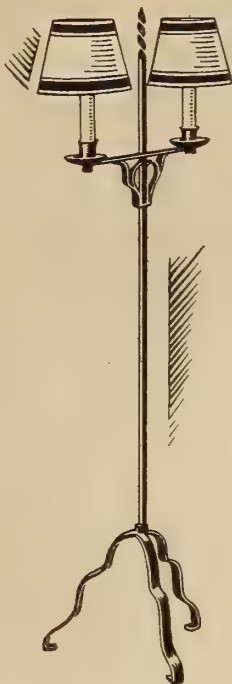
So far as "improving the technique of love-making" is concerned, may I say that I see no particular menace in that? The screen, through its Valentinos and their feminine counterparts, is probably quickening the urge toward sex relationships. Perhaps romance is being forced to some extent. But there need be no serious social consequences in a sanely and justly organized society in which youth is guaranteed an adequate earning power and in which the institution of marriage is liberalized.

UNDER right conditions, the normal effect of the screen's elaboration of romance would be earlier mating and marriage and more children. I think the weight of opinion among eugenists is that the best time for married couples to have and rear children is in their twenties, and not in their thirties or forties as is becoming increasingly the case in our ruthless, inhuman machine age.

Even a casual observer cannot fail to note the greater comradeship existing between young parents and their children. There is on the whole more patience on the part of the parents in a relationship and a better understanding, due in large part, I think, to the fact that the standards of these parents and their children are not so widely at variance as are the standards of the middle-aged and their young. And, of course, if we are thinking of effects upon the family as a social unit the screen is not to be condemned at all if its influence is toward earlier mating. For earlier mating makes for longer and stronger relationships between parent and child, for an inter-weaving of interests that in the old days involved three generations.

(Continued on page 108)

Put New CLOPAY Shades all through your house and . . .



buy a lamp with the saving!

CLOPAY Shades cost only 10c each

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SUPPOSE you need twenty new window shades. At fifty cents each—the least for which even passable old-fashioned window shades can be bought—they make a \$10.00 hole in your budget.

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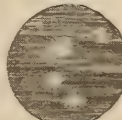
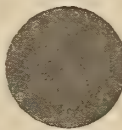
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Plain color Clopay Shades come in smart tones of green and tan.



One of the lovely chintz patterns in which Clopay shades are also made.



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WOOLWORTHS
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The Morals of Hollywood

(Continued from page 107)

Incidentally, I may say that the passing of the grand-parent, forced upon us by modern industry, appears to me to be a distinct social loss.

In none of the aspects of life that I have discussed do I regard the screen as a menace to morals. I do not, however, regard the "morals of Hollywood" as unassailable. They are assailable, in my opinion, and on quite fundamental ground.

My quarrel with the screen is that it is so intent upon building up the "gossamer fabric of unreality." It is guilty of false pictures of life—or, at least, of mere half-truths. Take the familiar example of the rich man's mistress, for instance. A sincere study of this type, without the glamour with which the movies envelop her, could hardly hurt either adolescent youths or grown-ups. For the truth would disclose the difficulties of her status. I am not thinking, in this connection, of the externals of wealth or economic security but of poignant inner realities, of the poverty of human relations founded solely on sex lure, of the ultimate failure of such lure and the total bankruptcy of spirit that often follows.

WHY should the screen be afraid of Truth? The great art of literature and the stage is not. The spoken drama

and the printed novel have made glorious contributions to general enlightenment, through which alone a better race can come.

I know that one of the answers is that the screen play must make its appeal to the "lowest common denominator" of social intelligence if it is to "pay." I do not believe it. And, besides, it is my belief that the average output of the films strikes below the intelligence of average audiences. Isn't it at least indicative that one of the greatest box office successes of recent years "All Quiet On the Western Front," is by acclaim of the best critics one of the artistic triumphs of the movies?

I deplore the constant recurrence of the old platitudes—or rather, the shallow materialistic application of those platitudes to modern life. "Honesty is the best policy"—therefore the "honest" youth in the pictures always winds up handsomely rewarded in wealth and social position. Things just don't happen that way. Perhaps they ought to, but the movies have no right to misrepresent and tell people that they do.

"The wages of sin is death." They may be, but the movies' illustration of the theme is infantile. The girl who "goes wrong" may not end a social outcast. On the contrary, she may ride to

worldly pomp and power as the acknowledged wife of a dominant political boss or corporation magnate. I have known just that thing to happen, and this denouement, it seems to me, may possess more of innate tragedy than do the rags of poverty.

Why lie about these things? Honesty and chastity are standing on slippery ground if they have to be bolstered up with the cheap props of dollar success.

I HAVE to register my protest against this whole success propaganda of the movies—the never-ending dangling of the bait of wealth and social prestige before aspiring youth. As the movies see it, the full life is the life of entanglement with limousines, costly establishments running over with servants, gorgeous raiment, dazzling banquets, affairs with mistresses. It is the life of an insatiable thirst for what the late Thorstein Veblen called "conspicuous consumption." It is the life of speed, in the physical sense of that word—it is utterly devoid of pose. It is the life of a "superior" caste affecting disdain of, or amusement at, the "herd." Its humor is the humor of snobbery that finds the hod-carrier and the brick-layer "funny" *per se*.

The full life of the movies is a life of childish boasts—it is proud of the "big-

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gest," the "fastest," the "latest," the most expensive. Culturally it harks back to the barbarous hordes that swarmed out of the Northern forests, smashed through the frontiers of the Roman empire, and buried for nearly a thousand years the finest products of the human intellect beneath a deluge of primitive lusts and superstitions.

The full life of the movies means death to discrimination, moral and intellectual. It means death to any civilization worthy of the name. Yet it is held before the youth of the land to stimulate them to more and more ruthless competition in the world of industry and commerce.

What a prize it is, indeed, for the fierce conflicts that are devouring the vitality of our age!

As long as the movies remain mere propagandists for a jazz success, they will, of course, evade the important issues of life. They will ignore the dramatic struggles of the individual against the forces of heredity and environment. They will ignore the struggles of the people for justice and freedom. We shall not know from the movies that there is preventable poverty, ignorance, disease, superstition, in our midst. We shall be so drugged that the facts of life will make no sharp impress upon us.

I AM not pleading for more propaganda in the movies but for less. I am not asking that the films flood us with panaceas or isms. I am asking that they see clearly and help us to see clearly, that through their honesty they stimulate the critical faculty of the people—and I do not mean by this a fault-finding attitude but a habit of essaying the values of life and of consciously and deliberately choosing both individual and social courses of conduct, instead of being driven by fate like dumb beasts.

Perhaps I should say that I would like to see the movies teach us to think, not tell us what to think. Why shouldn't the movies, as real educators, thus add to the dignity of human existence?

I am not pessimistic, I may add, as to the outlook. I see in the films a number of signs of revolting intelligence, of increased willingness on the part of the box-office to listen to the culture it has been compelled to employ. No one comes away from such screen plays as "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Journey's End," "Anna Christie," without a feeling of encouragement. There is an under-current of dissatisfaction among actors, directors, script writers, as to the present artistic achievements of the movies. More and more one hears the voice of protest from the critics of the liberal and independent press. For the profession itself there is excellent tonic in the Beatons' trenchant young semi-monthly Hollywood magazine, "The Film Spectator."

I think the genius of Hollywood—and no informed person will deny its existence—is beginning to take its work more seriously and to realize that the cinema must finally justify itself artistically and socially. I think it will more and more seek out the essential comedy and tragedy in our perplexed, disorderly world and steer farther and farther away from the emotional gush of adolescence.

As I see it, the morals of Hollywood are on the up-grade and will be less justly assailable in the coming decade than they have been in the past.

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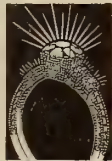
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Be sure to ask for Othine-double strength at any drug or department store. Money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and leave your complexion soft, clear and beautiful.

A Ringer for Royalty

(Continued from page 106)



Only a handkerchief

BUT it was no joking matter to the bride. Someone had stepped on her "going away" handkerchief. The rare little bit of handed-down lace was crumpled and soiled. And it had to be washed with infinite care. Could we? We could and did.

We rather pride ourselves on our ability to take care of our guests. You'll find it reflected in rooms that have closets big enough to hold *all* your clothes—in *every* appointment which a hotel worthy of the name provides. But what you'll be sure to notice is a spirit of *extra* service, in all the little things which United Hotel employees are taught to take the time to do well!

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. . . . The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. . . . The Washington-Youree
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NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . . The Bienville
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rare gem? Let us imagine also a presence, but no names, alas. Ah, it was that way in my dear Europe, but here I have morality clause in my contract. Even so, Yvonne will be present wiz your necklace. You like to know by who?"

"Naturally," said Chester, glowing at the possibility.

"From ze beeg fat President Klink!" trilled the Baroness with a triumphant wink at Mr. Wimple, but that genius shook his head.

"Shoot again," he advised. "You ought to know we couldn't ring in the boss on anything that looked like scandal."

Yvonne regarded him through half closed lids. "Not so good, eh? Just like me, my ugly Wimple; also, not so bad. Maybe zat is why I own so many jewels already; maybe zat is why I bet you I get zis string of canaries. As ze funny comedian say, 'I'm from Waltham, babe—watch me!'"

PROMPTLY at seven the dress-suited Chester Dorset was searching in vain on the promenade for the radiant Miss Wedgewood. Around him surged a cluster of guests, their friends and a sprinkling of nearby house owners whose Filipinos had refused to function. The large and lardy Mr. Vandevener Klink, also browsing about, threw him a nod and then waddled out of sight. The next moment a stir near the boulevard entrance drew Mr. Dorset's attention, and up the promenade, past a barrage of audible admiration, came a lissome figure in a crescent spangled black chiffon etched against a creamy white cloak.

Chester prepared to execute one of his best bows as the beautiful European drew closer, then suddenly he was aware of golden brown eyes crinkling with amusement. Straight to him she came, hand outstretched, and as he bent over it a sultry North Carolina voice told him swiftly, "They take me for Yvonne. Hurry, let's go into the dining room."

When they were seated Mr. Dorset gazed curiously at the dazzling ensemble. "What's the idea?" he inquired.

"I'm working overtime," laughed Lorna. "I noticed you looked sort of surprised when I said I was coming here tonight, but there's ten dollars extra in it, and it's welcome. The studio wardrobe furnishes the clothes, so I do it often."

"But why?"

"Yvonne's here, and doesn't want to be made a target. She hates all the trivial glory that other stars live on, so wherever she goes I'm sent ahead to draw the fire. I don't blame her much, either. Some fellow rushed up to me the minute I got out of the studio car, jabbering about me being his goddess, and that gets on a girl's nerves, because the right man never does it. Look, there she goes now with Vandy."

Mr. Dorset craned his neck at a highly rouged damsel in a jersey suit and drooping felt hat who paddled along in front of the magnificent Mr. Klink. The president of Prismatic Pictures was still frowning and showed little enjoyment for a task that would have enthralled most men.

"I'D never have recognized her with that makeup," murmured Chester. "No fashionable pallor left at all. Why, Miss Wedgewood, you look more like her than her own self, and yet your eyes and mouth are so much more human."

"Do you really think so?" smiled Lorna, feeling her heart give an unfamiliar skip.

"More than that. I think—"

Lorna grew rosy with confusion. "Remember that people are watching me, and I'm supposed to be aloof. Just be formal for now, but—but I'd like to hear the rest tomorrow. Oh, I wonder what Yvonne's telling Vandy."

Across the room the unfortunate Mr. Klink resembled a prisoner at the stake as he listened to his biggest box office asset.

"But baby," he remonstrated, "you mean to say you wouldn't renew your contract when it expires in September just because I wouldn't pay a handsome ransom for a necklace? You're too much of a lady to do a trick like that."

"That's joost it," hissed Yvonne. "You make me be a lady by contract—no love affairs, no presents, no excitement like in the delectable Brussels or Vienna or Monte Carlo. Ahhh, but you Yankee men are dumb!"

"You're not so wise yourself," said the president, "seeing that when you first came over here you thought the subway was the underworld."

The Baroness waved an impatient hand. "True, I have one invisible nut who says I am his goddess over ze telephone and in his letters, but he says he is poor. Pouf for him, and double pouf for you! All you give me is money, but I need more zan zat." A sheen of tears overlaid the glittering eyes. "Oh, Vandy, don't you love me pairhaps a leetle?"

"Commercially, yes," stated Mr. Klink, "but sentimentally speaking, your bones are too close to the surface, baby, and anyway, I'm reserved. But don't cry—before you're through you'll have enough frogskins to buy yourself something similar to that old Baron you hooked before he caught the croup in his draughty castle."

"But you are getting reech from my pictures, is it not so? And I, Baroness Ulp, am ze only foreign girl who talks good American. Ah, you blush—you cannot deny it! Zen what is a string of diamonds compared to publicity?"

"**T**HAT'S all you highbinders think about," groaned the president. "What good does it do a man like me to get rich, I'd like to know? Here I am being thwarted by the dames just like when I was trying to make the Bronx brassiere-conscious back in 1913—the shame of it!"

"Some publicity for me," admitted Yvonne, sensing victory, "but more, mooch more, for you. Klink ze distinguished, ze generous—"

"You're crazy! If I should weaken enough to slip you the necklace, nobody'll know a thing about it but you'n meand that Fifth Avenue gouger. Leave me alone with these celery hearts, now, or I'll give the newspapers your passport photograph."

"But no," cooed the Baroness, "you do not comprehend, Vandy darling. Zis

will be unique. For ze first time in history a picture company will bestow upon zere outstanding star a token of admiration, and you, ze gallant president, will make ze presentation."

The pale grey orbs narrowed viciously. "Ozzerwise, peeg, I quit, and I bet you Galazy Pictures will be glad to get reckless."

A leer of relief spread over the Klink physiognomy. "I may wear spats," he confided, "but at heart I'm a gypsy—a sport, see? I'm not promising anything, remember, but supposing our directors agree, it wouldn't be good business to make the purchase too quickly. First we'll have publicity pictures of you and the necklace just as an appetizer. Then comes the announcement that Prismatic is going to reward you for your swell work, which'll make us look pretty magnanimous. We can drag that out over a week, and finally I'll hang it on you in front of the City Hall, providing you'll practice up on looking embarrassed. Come on, sweetheart, smile for Uncle Vandy."

But Yvonne, knowing her males, preferred not to exhibit too much gratitude, and merely gazed somewhat wistfully through the web of dancers.

"Ah, zere is my stand-in," she thrilled. "Almost, but not quite so beautiful as myself, and wiz ze snooty person from New York. La, la, la! Poor man, he chooses to escort her because she is my very close double. I wonder what he says to her."

"You're so much lovelier," Mr. Dorset was insisting, "and you don't have to look like her in the least. Dye your hair red or yellow, forget that silly foreign way of dressing it, and still you're the most gorgeous girl I've ever seen. Your eyes, your mouth . . . no, I don't care who's looking."

An hour later, after Mr. Klink and his slipshod companion had left the hotel, to be followed by a young lady whose mask of indifference seemed to have slipped, the word flew across that Ulp the exotic, the mysterious, at last had bent a well turned knee to Cupid.

SUPERVISED by the imaginative Mr. Wimple, the process of acquiring the frosted Moscow sunshine became as delightfully uncertain as the area of next season's bathing suits. With the flick of a pencil the publicity man multiplied their value, and an interested public awoke one morning to read "KLINK'S PALATIAL GESTURE TO COST ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND," followed by a not too veracious account of the principals involved. The contemplated gift was, it seemed, only another example of Prismatic's beneficence, and the Fifth Avenue custodian called nightly upon the indispensable Yvonne that she might gloat over the bauble that had once chafed the neck of an empress.

The jubilant Chester Dorset sent enthusiastic telegrams to his firm and succeeded in selling numerous rings and brooches to other females whose envy had been aroused. Most of his spare time was spent with Lorna, and that unfortunate twin began to realize that the happiness denied her by Hollywood might well be found in a Long Island bungalow if one could overlook the weird names of some of the villages.

The week drifted by, and as "ROYAL JEWELS SURPASSED ONLY BY YVONNE ULP'S BEAUTY" gave way to "ALL HOLLYWOOD AWAITS CEREMONY," the covetous Yvonne condescended to treat Chester as almost

(Continued on page 112)



Oh! my vacation's ruined!

Plans all made . . . and what plans! Ticket. Reservations. Everything ready. Even her suitcase packed with all her new clothes . . . lying open, ready to be shut and locked. How could such an awkward, stupid accident occur? A bottle of ink pushed off the desk and everything in the suitcase absolutely ruined! Spotted and spoiled . . . her complete vacation wardrobe. Oh dear . . . oh darn . . . oh what to do!!

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White Rit and boiling water . . . and in a flash the ink spots were gone . . . gone, the spots and streaks and ruined colors, too. Everything made fresh and white ready to be tinted to its original smart shade. The situation saved, with White Rit and New Instant Rit Tints. From despair to delight . . . with Rit!

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A Ringer for Royalty

(Continued from page 111)



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an equal. All went smoothly until the dynamic Wimple, desiring to interpolate a little suspense, came to bat with "WILL CURSE OF CENTURIES OVERAWAY PRISMATIC?" and went into artistically perjured details concerning the tears of Yvonne at the chance of losing the necklace because of its newly discovered historical bad luck. Then came "SALE HANGS BY A THREAD!"

Mr. Klink chuckled approvingly at this master touch as in company with Mr. Dorset he watched his expatriate fondle the chain of mellow light at dinner that evening.

"Oh, Vandy, I keep you!" she declared. "Not only are you noble, but oo, so liberal just like Rockefeller."

"Lay off," grinned the president, his economical scruples having vanished at the outspoken irritation of other studios. "You'll own this ice by Tuesday night, and in return maybe you won't blow up in the middle of any more pictures."

"Nevaire," promised the Baroness, and after returning the diamonds to their guardian she entertained her guests with wisps of an autobiography that needed fire bricks for bookends. Then the gentlemen, hatless and preferring to walk home like true Bohemians, stepped into the fragrant darkness of Canyon Drive, and shortly after Mr. Dorset separated from Prismatic's president he became aware of a change in the weather.

THE sudden surge and sway of a Japanese pine seemed to forecast a windstorm, then a vivid flash of lightning seared his brain, and the pride of Bombardier and Company found himself gulping on the concrete, held there, not by the vengeance of the heavens, but by a large and sinewy hand, while another pawed through his Tuxedo. There was a blood-curdling laugh, and Mr. Dorset squirmed in frenzy as he felt the leather case depart, then all went blank until he sifted back to consciousness in his room at the hotel.

The gaping visage of Vandevor Klink made him realize the worst.

"Is it—?" he faltered.

"It is!" yelled Mr. Klink. "But I'm not wasting any sympathy on you because I'm the guy who needs it. A little throttling is good for you, at that. Say, I left Yvonne chewing the furniture and raving about it being a fake. She thinks I never meant to buy your beads at all, and now she says she'll walk out on me next month. She's coming in to see you, though, and maybe those bruises will convince her."

Mr. Dorset forgot his Fifth Avenue aplomb. "You're responsible," he rasped. "Why didn't you buy it at once instead of steaming up the publicity? And I'm not Exhibit A, so keep that gargler out of here. I want to see Lorna Wedgewood, so ring her up."

"He could have his pick of Hollywood, and he chums with stand-ins," said Mr. Klink wonderingly, as he made the call, and later, when he witnessed the meeting, he made a mental note to describe it to his favorite romantic director. Then annoyance replaced politeness.

"Never mind the mush," he grumbled. "Listen, can't you remember how this

hold-up bird looked? Was he tall with red hair or short with a blue sedan? For the love of Yvonne's contract, be helpful."

"I NEVER even got a peek at him," snapped Chester. "He must have come from behind, for all I remember is a whiff of garlic—why, what's the matter, honey?"

"Nothing, dear," said Miss Wedgewood breathlessly, but her brown eyes were kindling as she turned to the woe-begone Vandy. "Do the papers know about this?" she asked.

"A fat chance. D'you think I'm crazy to kill all that ballyhoo without a little private detective work? Say, I'd slip Yvonne a string of rhinestones before I'd let the other studios give me the laugh."

"You'd have a wonderful chance of getting her to go through with it. She thinks repression is something you do to a suit of clothes, so you'd better listen to me."

"I should take orders from a stand-in, hey? Well, I'm not that far gone and—"

"And I'm not, a stand-in any longer," flashed the girl. "You're listening to the future Mrs. Dorset, who has the fullest intentions of saving her fiancé's job, and incidentally, your face. You get Yvonne down here, give her a suite and lots of blarney, but *don't let her go out!* Lock her in, if necessary, until you hear from me. And please call Wimple at once and tell him what I say goes. Hurry, if you still want your dignity to pay dividends."

"Well, why not?" said Mr. Klink, lurching hopelessly to the phone and bumping his nose against the French receiver. "The whole colony is nuts, anyhow, except me. But what—oh, these women!"

The door had closed on a scampering Lorna, and long before the two mystified males had finished asking each other questions she was chattering into the large and flapping ear of the appreciative Mr. Wimple.

LAGUNA BEACH, that remote and quiet hideaway, had surrendered to the night. For one last triumphant moment the Pacific had sparkled like a burnished shield, dazzling the amber eyes of Miss Wedgewood as she strolled along the cliffs, then darkness blotted out everything save the luminous fringe of surf. She walked slowly, carrying an evening paper that announced "BARONESS DEFIES EVIL AS PRISMATIC WAVERS," and smiling a queer little smile of hopefulness. In her imagination the gloom was peopled with phantoms, and then, as she neared the deserted bulk of Dana Point, there came a sudden rush out of the stillness, and two muscular arms imprisoned her. "How dare you!" she tinkled, somehow failing to struggle.

The arms relaxed, and a shadowy form knelt at her feet. "Ah, my goddess," it said huskily. "Those scoundrels shall not trick you, nor make you weep. I am poor, but I can serve you—look!" Something swung in a shimmering arc as the stranger sprang upright, surrounded by an aroma of garlic.

"My diamonds!" cried Miss Wedgewood.

wood. "How wonderful you are!" "No one need ever know," throbbed the worshiper. "They are yours to treasure after your little hour in Hollywood is over, and whenever you wear them I beg you to think of me, your invisible lover, who has spoken to you only over the telephone. And now I must go, because it is dangerous to stay. Adios, my goddess!"

"Take this with you," said Lorna impulsively, and raising her face courageously to his, she kissed him with a fervor that would have done credit to Yvonne. Then, watching him disappear among the crags, she felt the old studio weariness creeping over her, but the despair of being just a double was gone forever.

HER borrowed Prismatic limousine arrowed through the intervening forty-five miles, and on the way she removed as much as possible of the Ulp likeness. Eyebrows lost part of their curve, her grackle's-wing hair was parted smoothly in the center, accentuating the oval of her face, and the ghastly Continental pallor gave way to a normal, healthy tan. In the very act of lessening the resemblance she took on a new quality of self-reliance, and a little before midnight she found the three arguing heatedly in the Ulp suite.

"You look so extra beautiful," said Chester, after one exultant gaze.

"Cat! Huzzy! Por-r-reupine!!" shrieked Yvonne.

"Hey," growled Mr. Klink, flourishing an afternoon extra, "what's the idea of having Wimple end this story with the statement that Yvonne has run away to Laguna because she's in hysterics at my cruelty? And what's happened to your looks?"

"I'm just being myself for a change and I kind of like me," said Lorna gaily. "The story? Well, it's all linked up with a garlicky gentleman who kowtowed to me in front of the Beverly-Wilshire the other night, but anyway, here are your diamonds, Mr. Klink. Pretty, aren't they? No, don't grab! Pay my Chester, and then they're yours."

"I don't get this," mumbled Vandy, fishing out his cheque book, "but anything to keep this walking wasp from calling me more names. There you are, Mr. Dorset. And there you are, my flaming torch, only you'll have to give it back so I can make another delivery with a little assistance from the news reel boys. Come on, Baroness, shake a leg; haven't you dived into enough love scenes to recognize the symptoms?"

"That's your farewell to the industry of illusion," said Chester, when the door had closed. "You're not sorry, honey?"

"We-e-el, there's one more performance I'd like to see. There's a magician working about two blocks from here who—"

"But it's after midnight!"

"It's never too late for his act, darling," said Lorna happily, "and he'll do it for us, I'm sure. Besides, we're all alone in Yvonne's suite! Hadn't you better come along and watch him turn Miss into Mrs.?"

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of the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, published monthly at Jamaica, N. Y., for April 1, 1931.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. E. Flynn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24th, 1912, embodied in Section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Hugh Weir, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Frederick James Smith, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, J. E. Flynn, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Catherine A. McNelis, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Marie L. Featherstone, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1931.

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The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 41)

sirens lured men to destruction by their voices. Remembering this, the good god Cinema struck them dumb when first they came upon the screen. (That's the reason, my leetle shildren, the screen was silent so long.) But they soon got around him by working their havoc optically, and so he yielded to old debil Talkie and we now have double-barreled sirens. As a warning angel, I issue this list of the most fatal ones:

Ann Harding has soul in the face and It in the voice—what a bedebiling combination!

Jeanette MacDonald, vice versa, evangelizes you with the voice and devils you with the eyes. (She has me on the rocks, good yachtsman though I be!)

Greta Garbo, the smoldering mystery, has a tragic timbre as deep as her feeling, she smolders. (And where there's smoke you know there is fire.)

Marlene Dietrich decoys you with her beauty and while you are gazing unaware stealthily entrances you with a mesmeric voice. . . .

“—Ah, there's danger in your eyes, *chérie*—and in your voice *aussi*.”

The Svengalis: The strong silent man of the old days may be a falsetto failure today. Old debil Talkie has played debilish tricks. Voice is an eloquent revelation of man. Here are the rating Svengalis:

Richard Dix was vanishing in memory as “The Vanishing American,” but in “Cimarron” he returns with deep-chested resonance and mellifluous strength.

Wally Beery of the agile mug was always a feature but he now booms on the shores of stardom.

Chevalier is the skylark of screen drama, and I doubt if any actor can surpass him in skylarkiness, but muted he would be just another bird in a gilded cage, despite his optical dexterity.

Vampire Wives: I should sell that title to some movie producer—Siren Wives. Hot, huh? My theme would be that vampires make the best wives and I'd try to lure Theda Bara and Louise Glaum out of domesticity. They were the fiercest vampires that ever spider-webbed mankind. Theda has been married to Director Charles Brabin uninterruptedly for many years and is seen occasionally at Beverly Hills parties. Miss Glaum is the wife of a theater owner and lives near her old wolf woman haunts, though few in the colony know it. On the other hand, some of their angelic contemporaries have married and gone to vamping with such ferocity that their homes have gone the

way of the Hesperis. Villains on the screens, heroes at home; most movie players are Jekyll-Hydes.

The Unconventional Nagels: I was quietly lassoing myself with spaghetti in the Paris-Rome the other night when Conrad Nagel and Ruth came in. There has been long a fraternal bond between Conrad and me. We grip hands silently on meeting and recall with suppressed emotion how we dropped our first millions together in a Hula-Hula movie production.

I knew Conrad and Ruth when they first came to Hollywood some twelve years ago. They were married then, and though most of their friends have been divorced several times they go on boldly ignoring the Hollywood conventions. It takes fortitude to go on radiating marital bliss while being held up to the world as a happy home exhibit.

“You'd think they'd feel ashamed being so conspicuous,” murmured my friend whose husbands change almost as rapidly as the hue of her hair. “Do you suppose it is just a pose?”

Well, if it is, it's original.

Is Hollywood Heaven? All the world is suffering depression save Hollywood. Maybe this is heaven, and the gods and goddesses real. Anyhow they are immune from worldly woes.

Constance Bennett is receiving three hundred thousand dollars from Warner Bros. for two pictures. This gives her a weekly wage of thirty thousand.

Ruth Chatterton gets a million dollar contract giving her seventy-five dollars a week for household expenses.

Ann Harding was able to banish the wolf when Pathe hiked her wage from fifteen hundred to six thousand a week with a promise of eight thousand soon.

Star values shift as erratically as other stocks. You never know what you are worth when you sign the contract. Producers gamble as well as stars. Sometimes they buy up the contracts they gave rather than produce pictures with a star who has slumped. And then the same star may turn round and make a hit. Corinne Griffith was not considered a great talkie star. Warners offered her two hundred and fifty thousand dollars rather than go through with a contract that would have given her six hundred thousand. Being a shrewd orchid she grabbed it, as shrewd orchids always do. She retired, studied voice and recently was offered a fat contract by another company to return. But Corinne is rich and prefers to sun herself on the Malibu beach.

John Gilbert made a great contract at a lucky moment and will receive a

Are you reading Herb Howe's crisp and brilliant comments upon Hollywood and the motion picture folk in

The HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARDIER

each month in NEW MOVIE? Mr. Howe writes only for NEW MOVIE and he is movieland's foremost commentator.

million dollars for four more pictures, despite the animosity of the microphone.

Greta Garbo, on the other hand, signed before her value was known and so pinches along at four thousand a week. Her contract is up in a year and then she probably can claim a wage that would make Andy Mellon shriek. Providing she doesn't decide to go back and buy Sweden with her present savings.

Will Rogers was getting five hundred thousand a year and recently signed for a slight increase—probably a million.

Novarro's Bad Business: When Novarro signed his first contract with M.-G.-M. he startled the officials by offering to work for less than they offered the first two years in order to make more the last two. The officials smilingly agreed to that. Novarro's friends wept over his childish business judgment. Contracts are optional. If he didn't make good in the first two years he would never be optioned for the last two. "Get the money while the getting is good," is the Hollywood business policy. But Novarro made good and received five thousand a week for the last two years. He re-signed at a salary that commenced with seventy-five hundred per.

The movie business is a gamble, but it beats poker: You can't attack the cards:

Young Boulevardier: I beached myself for a night with Adela Rogers St. Johns and husband Dick Hyland at their new Malibu place. They have a star in their home who is officially known as Dick Hyland, Jr., but generally called Boom Boom by his large following of fans. Boom Boom admits to the age of two. An athlete and modernist, Boom has embraced the nudist cult. We saw him romping the beach with a little neighboring siren his own age. Both were clad only in their coats of tan. Summoned inside, Boom was asked what he wore on the beach.

"My bathing suit," said Boom stoutly, thereby proving he has inherited his parents' gift for fiction.

"What did the little girl wear?" asked his mother.

Boom cogitated a moment and then replied: "Her stomach."

The next time I go abroad Boom Boom will act as the Boulevardier.

Big-Hearted Hollywood: The charity of Hollywood is well known. A new example in generosity was set by a bride who on learning that the honeymoon was to be spent in Cuba recollected that she had been to Cuba and so decided to send her girl friend in her place, because her pal had never seen Cuba.

Hollywood Goes Mexican: California originally belonged to the Mexicans and it looks as though it would be reclaimed. The señoritas from below the line are doing much to re-establish the old charming customs in Hollywood. Gary Cooper, Mexicanized by Lupe, eschews the Hollywood drinks. He says the Mexican tequila leaves you without a head.

"Also without a stomach," says I, a Mexican convert if there ever was one.

Foreign Menace: Mme. Chanel has arrived from Paris and the headline read: FAMOUS COUTURIER COMES TO L. A. TO DRESS THE STARS.

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Hollywood's Hall of Fame

(Continued from page 67)

wealthy man, and knows enough politics not to think he can put in a lot of reform measures." The same might be said of the sage columnist, Will. He doesn't broadcast all his beliefs. At a dinner recently he suggested a surtax on big incomes to relieve the poor. If he had said the same in his column he might have been suspected of a grandstand play. But the people who attended the dinner were pretty well-to-do, and yet none of them would have suffered more by a surtax than Will himself. "Suffered," of course, is not the right word. Will doesn't suffer that way. What touches him is the distress of the other fellow. You get the feeling about Will Rogers that he doesn't love his neighbor as himself; he loves him more.

Over the radio Mr. Rogers said the government had done nothing to relieve drought sufferers. The twenty million dollar loan that was passed by Congress is mockery to a man who has no security to offer except his hungry children. Some of our senators and representatives said as much. Will's utterance was not a criticism of the government; it was a criticism of those of us who criticize and do nothing. If you listened to him you would feel more like digging into the sock, providing you had one unmortgaged.

IN Europe they have long thought of Uncle Sam as Uncle Shylock, the money lender. We were intolerant of their viewpoint, but now that our government is loaning the war vets their own bonus money we comprehend better. The pinched man is the one who squeals.

The mistake the Europeans make is in failing to distinguish between the people and the government. The American people are the most generous on earth—possibly because we are better fixed—but we are not as well represented by our government as by our individuals—for instance, Mr. Rogers. He made this clear in a good-humored comment at the time Mr. Hearst left France at the request of the French Government. Will said, in effect, that the French individually have a fine sense of humor, as a whole are a great people; that ill feeling was created between peoples not by the people themselves but by their petty governments. His comment was printed in a Paris paper.

Will Rogers is our best representative abroad. The tolerance of his understanding has broken through bitter barriers. All great men respect him and receive him. In a few bright lines he wrote the best interpretation of Mussolini I have read. It echoed the cry of Mussolini himself which I heard in Florence. The people were cheering "Viva Mussolini!" Mussolini raised

his hand in the Fascisti salute and cried, "Not Viva Mussolini . . . Viva Italia!"

Will Rogers says he has never met a man he has not liked. That is hard for most of us to believe. It is easier to believe that never a man met Will without liking him.

Yet in his assertion lies the secret of compelling personality. No man is so persuasive as he who likes you. The gods are all-loving.

I INTENDED to write about several potentates this month, but when I start thinking of Will I can't seem to remember the others. Anyhow it would be unfair to drag out another male after Will Rogers. I don't believe in closing a show with a dumb act. So I have looked over the ladies and decided that Marion Davies could stand up better with Will than any of the others.

It's Marion's liking for people that turns the trick for her, too. I have never heard anyone express dislike for her.

I have the unhappy distinction of not knowing her intimately. I have attended only one of her parties. That's almost a record. Most of Hollywood rooms and boards with her at one time or another. When she left for a vacation, a Los Angeles newspaper carried a line: "Marion Davies Leaves For New York—Thousands Homeless in Hollywood."

She has an English brick residence in Beverly Hills and an enormous Georgian mansion on the Santa Monica beach. Both are usually filled to capacity. A flag floats from a pole in front of the beach palace. I am told she hauls it down when she doesn't want to receive guests. It has been flying every time I have passed and looks pretty weather-beaten.

Charity seems the high-note of Miss Davies' personality. You don't have to know her to know about that. She appears to be a magnanimous person. By example and prestige she compels the stars to think about others at Christmas time. This is quite a feat, and is as good for the stars as for the others. They are all required to do a turn in her benefits.

Her name has been made a beacon of charity. Last Christmas she entertained fifteen hundred children at dinner on her studio stage, which was converted into a wonderland of toys. She burdened them with gifts and provided an entertainment beyond the dreams of the poor little children of the rich.

She took over the entire Biltmore Hotel to entertain the world war veterans. During the evening she went around meeting them personally.

Her public example is more valuable
(Continued on page 118)

The Grand Duke Alexander of Russia

Tells you his impressions of Hollywood in Next Month's NEW MOVIE. What does a Grand Duke think of a make-believe motion-picture Grand Duke? The brother of the late Czarina and the first cousin of the King of England tells you all in NEW MOVIE next month.

Turned Down by Griffith

(Continued from page 57)

hadn't been released. Nobody in Hollywood had ever heard of him. United Artists was busy with Pickford, Fairbanks, Colman, Swanson—and they overlooked young Mr. Morris just out from New York.

THE contract expired. The option wasn't renewed. Still "Alibi" hadn't been released.

Morris went to see Roland West. "What do I do now?" he demanded.

"Sit tight," said West. "I've got ideas, but it's not time for them yet."

So he sat some more. In the meantime, he was getting down to bed rock financially. One morning early he added up his bank balance—he'd been trying to ignore it—and discovered he had two hundred bucks. Just enough to take his wife and himself back to New York.

At nine the phone rang. They were going to preview "Alibi" at ten. Chester Morris went.

Fade out. Fade in on Chester Morris's bedroom early that same afternoon. The afternoon of that "bad day" on which he almost left Hollywood forever. Action—young actor packing as fast as he can pack.

A telephone rang. Young Mr. Morris jammed another shirt into his suitcase.

"LISTEN, Kid," said the voice, "this is your old friend, Roland West. You take the extra pair of socks out of your pocket and put your tooth brush back in the bathroom. Prepare yourself to have dinner with Mrs. West and me."

"No," said Morris.

"Why? What in heaven's name is the matter with you?"

"I saw that picture 'Alibi' this morning."

"You did not. You only saw half of it. You walked out when it was half over. What kind of a way is that to act?"

"I couldn't stand any more. It was terrible."

"Maybe it was," said West, "but a lot of folks don't think so. You were all right. You gave a fine performance."

"Then why didn't they take up my option?" yelled Morris.

"They never do," said West. "Not the first time. It's a social error to take up an option the very first time."

"Yeh?"

"I must talk to you," protested West.

"When?"

"Tonight."

"I'll be on my way to New York," said Chester Morris.

"I'll be right over," said West.

He came, saw and finally conquered. He signed Chester Morris to a personal contract. Since then, this young stage actor has climbed by leaps and bounds into public favor.

Now he's glad he stayed. He likes Hollywood. He and the wife, a pretty, devoted non-professional, have a lovely home in the foothills, two children—a boy two-and-a-half and a tiny new baby girl—and they think Hollywood is a great place.

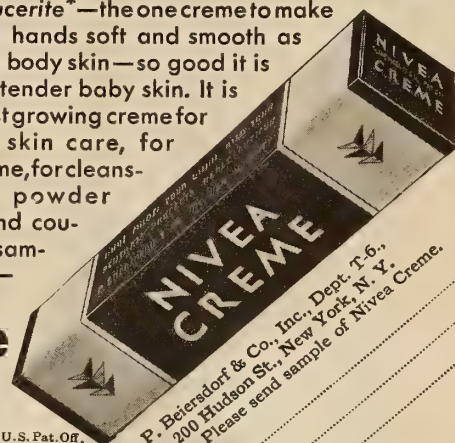


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Hollywood's Hall of Fame

(Continued from page 116)

than the money she spends. But her charity is not all public by any means.

A girl I know was suddenly taken ill. The doctor said she must go to the mountains for a long rest. The girl hadn't a penny. In desperation one of her friends told Marion's secretary. A few days later the girl was in the health resort the doctors advised.

A neighbor's boy home from military academy was telling of one of his buddies: "He's a swell kid—and do you know, they say Marion Davies is putting him through."

Thus one aspect of Miss Davies is a sort of legendary Lady Bountiful.

SHE has the Irish wit and sympathy that beguile you. Like Mabel Normand in this, as well as in reputation for kindness, she insinuates herself into your confidence and affection.

I lunched with her one day. Some one had persuaded me of the benefits of an orange juice diet. Anyhow, I was nobly abstaining from all other foods. Marion did not approve. She was almost maternal in her clucking over the probable effect upon my health. When I left I contained soup, salad and innumerable chops. She's a gentle mesmerist.

She ate rather well herself. Good

food and laughter comprise her diet for a good disposition. She loves laughter, has the native Celtic genius for invoking it.

"My stomach sticks out terribly after lunch," she sighed, patting herself comfortably. "The director complains. He can only take closeups of my face after lunch."

On our way to the stage Miss Davies was stopped by a feminine celebrity, who drew her aside.

"That woman causes me more trouble," said Marion on rejoining me. "She is always fighting the studio executives and getting fired, and I have to get her back again. This is the third time she has asked me to fix things up for her."

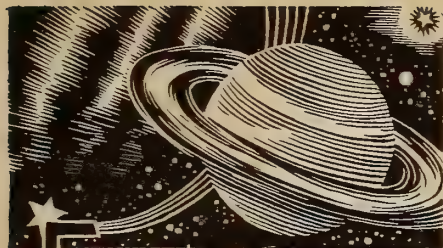
Marion herself thinks the executives are swell. Trust that colleen to get her own way without fighting.

IT is the fashion now to extol Miss Davies. She's the queen of Hollywood. A few years ago it was considered smart to make cracks about her acting. True, she was far from being the comedienne she is today, but she didn't merit all the criticism. Certain phases of her temperament were against her as an actress. For one thing, she suffered from a feeling of inferiority.

Robert Montgomery returned to Broadway with his wife recently for a visit. When he left New York he was an unknown, trying to get a real chance on the stage or the screen. In the interim fame found him—and made him one of the most popular of present-day young motion-picture actors.



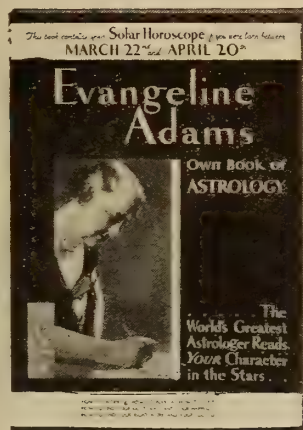
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"I endured agonies of shyness," she told me. "I guess you would call it the inferiority complex. Possibly that is why I forced myself to go on the stage. I was determined to overcome it."

Marion used to stutter. It was rather charming with her piquant beauty. She still stammers when embarrassed but she is not as self-conscious as formerly.

When Marion made her picture in New York she was almost a recluse.

"I never went to parties," she said. "I only felt comfortable with my sisters. When I came to Hollywood I made up my mind to get over my foolishness. I like people and I surrounded myself with them. Now I hate to be alone. I particularly like people who make me laugh." She finds plenty in Hollywood.

WHEN we returned to the set, Miss Davies excused herself to go into a scene.

"Now I have to stand up there and cry," she said. "I think there must be something the matter with a person who can weep for no reason."

I expected to see an assistant rush up with the glycerine. But to my astonishment the tears welled into her blue eyes and flowed as from a breaking heart.

"What's the matter with you?" I demanded when she came back. "What makes you cry so easily?"

Her reply was characteristically Irish. She said she was thinking of how much more money another star made than she did.

"How much does she make?" I asked. "Eight thousand a week," said Marion.

"How much do you make?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I make fifty thousand a picture and fifty per cent. of the profits."

"What's the matter with that?" I said.

"There aren't any profits," said Marion sadly.

Her comedy is as straight-faced as Buster Keaton's. There may not have been much profit on her pictures at that time. She was just past the turning point of "Little Old New York" on the way to her present popularity. Today the actress who she facetiously claimed was the cause for her weeping is out of the business, and Marion, I'm told, gets more per picture than any star on the lot. Well, she can't make too much to please us kiddies who attend her Christmas parties.

HER clowning conceals a sensitive nature. With her face still dewed with tears, allegedly induced by thoughts of money, she told me it was the desire of her life to help in ending capital punishment. I believe she called this her "hobby."

There is no posture of saintliness in Marion's charity. She is not bribing heaven with her acts. These outward gestures are the reflex of an inner kindness.

Her personality is a warm radiation. Call it "sympathy." Tact and insight are its attributes. These combined with a sense of humor make her great company.

Marion is so generous with her ability to do favors, so appreciative of any conferred on her, that in paying her tribute a man is liable to suspect his own motive. I frankly admit that the thing that finally won me to join her army is her hobby to end capital punishment. One never knows!

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Luck and Motherhood

(Continued from page 47)



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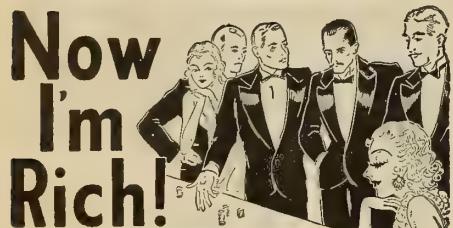
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what life held for me, I wouldn't have believed a word of it. I have had a great deal of luck."

"I'm sure it's not fair to call it luck," I said. "You've worked very hard. You've given the best of yourself to the things that came to you. You have exercised control and mentality and not allowed yourself to be messed up by this peculiar place we live in, which is more than most people can say. Sincere effort deserves reward."

"Oh," she said, "as to that, so many people make a great effort, and honest effort, and don't get the reward. So much good work is done in the world and yet if luck is not present, it doesn't get anywhere. I have been lucky."

"THERE is a very general opinion," I said, "that none of it has been luck, or chance, with you. That you have ordered and directed your life and laid and carried out your plans with the greatest forethought and efficiency."

Norma Shearer flushed vividly. I liked that flush. It disturbed the almost classic perfection of her features, but it was a real and honest thing. It somehow opened a channel of communication between us.

"I wonder why people think that about me?" she asked, rather wistfully.

"Perhaps it's the way you look," I said. "You always look so poised and self-possessed. I've never seen you when you didn't seem to be in charming command of any situation."

"But it isn't true," she said. "It isn't true at all. Is it because I don't go leaping about, because I don't do

funny things, or get into rough houses? I'm just not that kind of a person.

"But as to this—ordering my life, calculating my moves."

She leaned forward.

"Shall I tell you the real truth? I didn't plan my film career. I wouldn't have gone into pictures if I hadn't been broke. I didn't marry Irving Thalberg because he was the big executive of the company for which I worked and because together we might do bigger things than either of us could do alone. I wouldn't have married if I hadn't been madly, deeply in love. Loving him as I did, I would have married him if he'd been out of a job altogether. I didn't plan to have a baby—between contracts. I had a baby because—it happened and I wanted one.

"That is the absolute truth.

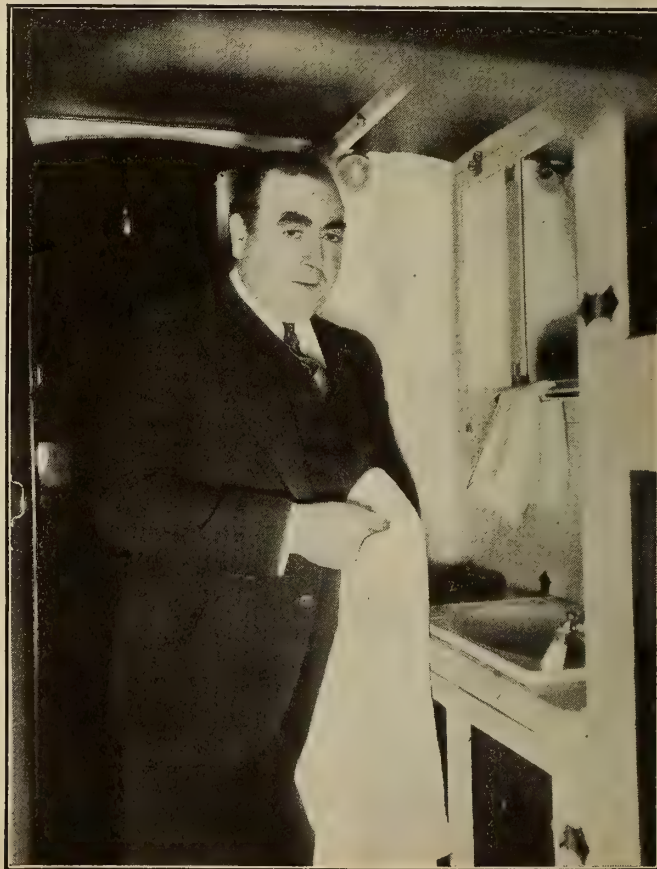
"I try to control my own character. That is important to me, as a person. With the world the way it is nowadays, I feel we need to know ourselves, to build our resistance to life's essential madness.

"But I haven't all this poise people talk about. Naturally, I don't go around and tell everybody how I feel about everything. I am not violently temperamental outside, because working my way up I had to learn to control that emotional violence. Otherwise, I would have been dispensed with immediately.

"I SUFFER agonies of shyness. I face every new picture with fear and torment. When I go on the set with a new director, I am scared to death.

"I don't like emotional scenes

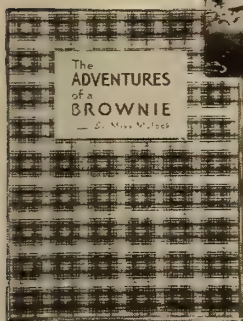
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in public. I resent them. When they were kind enough to give me the Academy award, maybe I didn't look moved and excited. I tried to show my gratitude, my appreciation. Should I have said aloud what I was thinking—that I myself felt that Gloria Swanson in 'The Trespasser' and Ruth Chatterton in 'Sarah and Son,' both deserved it more than I did? Wouldn't that have sounded silly and affected?"

"You deserved that award," I said. "We all thought so. Your part in 'The Divorcee' was a new and very subtle one. It required great finesse. It was such a leap ahead for you as an actress."

"I am torn between two alternatives in my work," she said. "I want to be a fine actress. I want to do everything I do as well as I can. And I don't know just which way to go. I suppose I could study more, work more, take lessons in enunciation and speaking lines. I am afraid to. Because I believe with all my soul that spontaneity is the flame which makes any work come alive. I believe an audience can feel sincerity. I am afraid if I study too much I will lose sincerity and spontaneity and they seem to me more important than any amount of polish and technique. Do you know what I mean?"

I did. I told her about a long talk I once had with Charlie Chaplin about that. I had come to the point in my own fiction writing where I was conscious of what I was doing and how to do it, and I felt that my work was stale and dead in consequence. I asked Chaplin, the great artist, how he faced the problem of wedding technique and spontaneity.

"I do it mentally," Chaplin said. "I always try to put myself back in the frame of mind, the emotional state, that I had when I made my early pictures. Always I try to think and work spontaneously, feel a little unsure, get a little upset, and let the technique take care of itself. When you drive an automobile, you think of that particular road, those other cars, the scenery, the possible motor cop—and let the actual shifting of the gears, the steering, putting on the gas, be automatic."

I TOLD Norma that. She nodded. It struck me that she looked little and girlish as she sat there in gay green and black pajamas. I had forgotten that she is a little thing. Her superb carriage gives an illusion of height. In reality she is only a little over five feet.

"Yes, I see that," she said. "But it's difficult to do. I aim at it. But I want my work to be real, alive, sincere, even if there should be ragged edges."

She was thoughtful, her eyes narrowed.

"Planned! Ordered!" she said. "Did anyone in the world ever live a more carefree life than Irving and I do? We don't own a house. We don't own anything. We don't want to. In Summer, we can take a house at the beach. In Winter, we move back when we feel like it and rent a place. When we go on a vacation, we don't know until an hour before time to leave whether Irving can actually get away or not. We pack and dash.

"Our dinner hour is anywhere from six to ten. We may be alone or we may have two or four last minute guests. We both hate to set hours. We never make engagements ahead if we can

(Continued on page 122)

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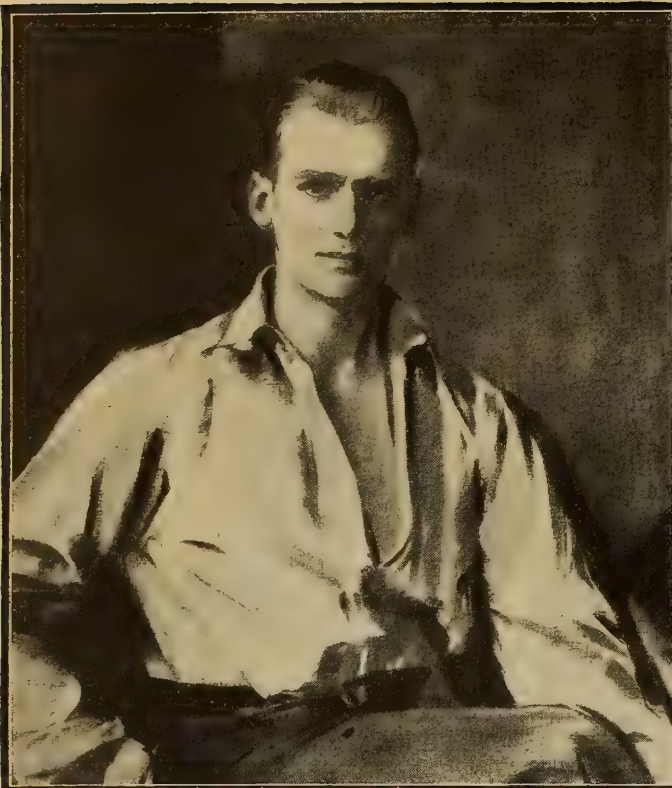
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When Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and his wife, Joan Crawford, were in New York recently, they posed for Erik Guide Haupt, the well-known artist. Reproduced above are the paintings, which are to be exhibited shortly.

Luck and Motherhood

(Continued from page 121)

help it, because sometimes when those engagements arrive they are just the very thing you don't want to do on that particular night.

"We try in every way we can to make our lives flexible and free.

"I remember when I first came to M.-G.-M. to work—long before Irving and I were in love. I used to get home for dinner at eight or nine sometimes. My mother didn't like it and she finally called the studio. She said, 'Mr. Thalberg, couldn't you please arrange that Norma gets home on time for dinner?' Irving said, very politely, 'Mrs. Shearer, won't you please arrange that dinner time is when Norma gets home?'

"I understand Irving's work and he understands mine. That is why we are happy. He can't regulate his days. Neither can I. We don't want to. It's much more fun this way."

WE had finished lunch. Norma curled up on a window seat. She looked more like a deb than a mother. Motherhood has softened her. It seems to me often that the young unmarried girls look harder, older, than the young married women who have fulfilled their destiny.

We talked babies for a while. I have always admired Norma, as a person, as a beauty, as an actress. I never felt her lovable until then.

"Wasn't I lucky to have a boy?" she said glowing.

Later, we went back to her work.

"You know how surprised

everyone was when I made 'The Divorcee'? It was so different from anything I had done. Everyone said I had deliberately planned to start a new line of pictures, to do a new type of rôle.

"Do you know how I got that part?"

I didn't. I had wondered. I had given Norma a lot of credit for selecting just that, and for the daring it took to make so radical a change. I had wished that Mary Pickford and Clara Bow would have as much courage—or as much opportunity—to do new things.

"This is what happened," she said. "I made a sitting of pictures for a photographer named Hurrell. They were to illustrate a special magazine feature in which I was supposed to represent the different phases of woman—you know. The spiritual, the flesh, motherhood—all those things.

"In those that were to represent the flesh, I wore a metal negligee and had my hair dressed differently. We had some wild music playing and I did my best to look wicked and abandoned.

THE pictures came through and I was really startled. They looked so different. I took them to Irving. He studied them carefully. I said,

"That looks like the girl in 'Ex-Wife'—that was the book from which 'The Divorcee' was made. He said, 'Maybe you could play that part.' I was crazy to do it. It was something new dramatically, for me. So—I did it. If I hadn't had those pictures taken it would never have occurred to me that I could do it and I know Irving would never have seen me in it."

"Are you trying to prove to me that you aren't smart?" I said. "You can't do it."

"I'm not trying to prove that," she said, and laughed. "Most women are intelligent enough nowadays. I'm trying to prove that I haven't just played chess with my life, that I'm not calculating and careful. I'm trying to show you that I know I've been lucky and that I'm grateful for the luck I've had. God has been very good to me. My work—my husband—my wonderful baby. I've been blessed and I—I hope I deserve it."

As I went out an enormous, cream-colored town car was standing in the drive.

"My goodness," said Norma Shearer Thalberg, with a funny little smile, "and I've got a Rolls-Royce, too. I forgot about that. Once, if you'd told me some day I would have a real Rolls-Royce I'd have been awfully thrilled and excited and incredulous. Now—it's nice. But it doesn't seem very important. Except that Irving gave it to me and it's nice for the baby."

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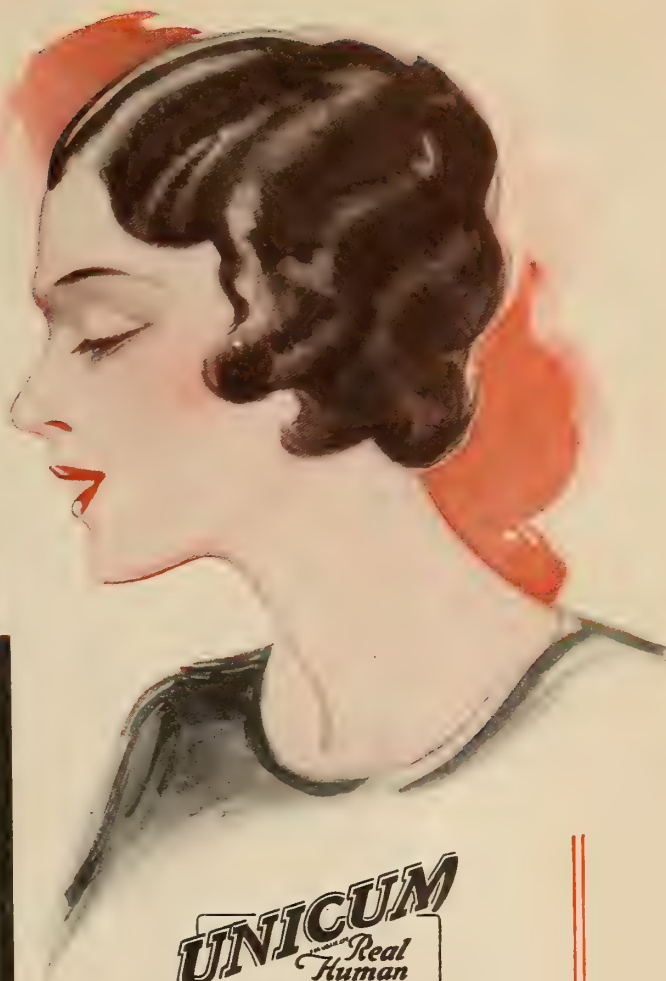


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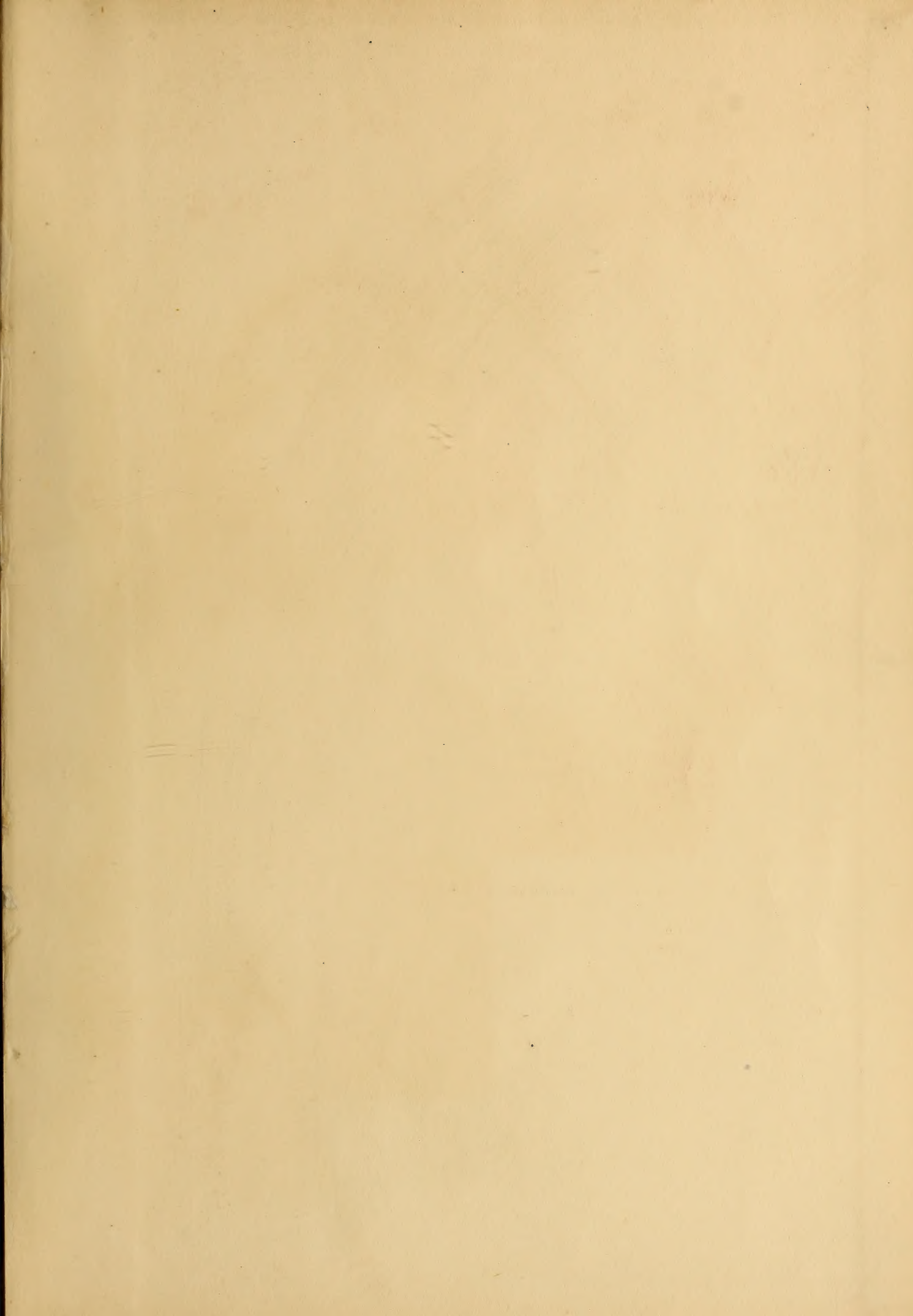
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